

“Why Don't you come Along.”

‘Two in a field—by an old field school,
Where the boys were romping wild,
I noted one with a shining face,
And he was but a child:
And as he romped upon the green,
With mind and muscle strong,
Anon he'd cry to the lagging boys,
‘Why don't you come along!’

So said the boy, but when he spoke
The man was in that boy;
And now his voice round Christendom,
Rings like a bell of joy;
For the world has taken up his cry,
And joined him in the song,
Now sung by nations in their march:
‘Why don't you come along?’

Come on! pause not! 'tis death to stop,
The tide is at the flood:
For men and things are on their march—
Halt never, if you would.
That cry is in the hearts of men,
Their watch-word, right or wrong,
And nations cry in every tongue:
‘Why don't you come along?’

The engine and the telegraph
Proclaim it to the man—
The man takes up the cheerful cry,
Which with the boy began.
O'er wood and plain—o'er sea and earth,
It rings in startling song;
‘Tis written on the firmament:
‘Why don't you come along?’

But yesterday, it took six men
To make a pin; but now
That little boy will do the work—
When done, he'll scarce know how.
Thought follows action—then we pause
To think, no longer strong;
But still keep up the school-boy's cry:
‘Why don't you come along?’

But yesterday the reaper's hook
Moved slowly through the grain;
McCormick, now, with a storm of hooks,
The harvest sweeps a main.
And as he cuts, and cleans, and bags,
He joins the world-wide song,
Old foggy reapers, tarry not—
‘Why don't you come along?’

Front! march! halt not! is now the word
To the regiments of men,
Say what you have to say at once—
Go! do it if you can.
Bids sing it, the engine shrieks it;
It's sung the stars among—
All nature breathes the world's great cry:
‘Why don't you come along!’

STEAMSHIP DISASTERS.—The appalling loss of life on the Central America has no parallel in the annals of American steamship navigation. The nearest approach is the disaster which befel the steamship Arctic, on the 27th September, 1855, by which something less than three hundred and fifty lives were lost. The steamship San Francisco, belonging to the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, which foundered in the Atlantic on the 25th of December, 1853, was lost under circumstances similar in many respects to the disaster which has just occurred; but the number of lives sacrificed was much less, not varying much from two hundred, including one hundred and fifty U. S. troops. Taking a retrospect, with a view to recount the various catastrophes which have befallen ocean steamships owned in or trading with the United States, we find that the following have been entirely lost:

NAME.	FATE.	VALUATION.
President	Never heard of	\$350,000
Columbia	All hands saved	300,000
Humboldt	All hands saved	600,000
City of Glasgow	Never heard of	200,000
City of Philadelphia	All hands saved	300,000
Franklin	All hands saved	480,000
San Francisco	A few saved	300,000
Arctic	A few saved	700,000
Pacific	Never heard of	680,000
Tempest	Never heard of	300,000
Central America	A few saved	*140,000

* Exclusive of about \$1,600,000 in specie.

If the cargoes were included, these figures would be more than doubled. The President was lost in 1841, no one knows how or where.—The Columbia, in nautical phrase, ‘broke her back’ on the rocks of the American shore of the Atlantic. The City of Philadelphia went to pieces on the rocks near Cape Race. The City of Glasgow sailed from Liverpool March 1st, 1854, and was not afterwards heard of. The Great Britain came near being included in the list, having lain ashore for some months at Dundrum Bay, coast of Ireland, but is now engaged as a transport for India. The Franklin and Humboldt went ashore and broke in pieces, the former on Long Island, and the latter near Halifax. The Arctic and Pacific were lost as already recorded. The iron steamer Tempest, measuring 1500 tons, sailed from New York Feb. 12, 1857, with a crew of from thirty-five to forty men, and was never heard from. On the Pacific several fine steamers have been lost, generally of a smaller class. The Independence for instance, was totally lost, with 180 lives, and the Tennessee, St. Louis, Yankee Blade, Winfield Scott and others, became total wrecks.

English steamers, in waters contiguous to the United States, have fared little better. Within a short time, we have had to record the loss of the fine iron steamship Canadian, on the St. Lawrence; also, the steamship Clyde, and several steamers in the West India Islands.

A calculation as to the number of lives lost in these steamers makes a total number of about 1700. This loss being irreparable, no consolation can be derived from the fact that a large

proportion of it might have been prevented by a division of these ships into compartments by water-tight bulkheads; but there is opportunity to make the adoption of such a means of safety compulsory upon the owners of all sea-going steamers, and thereby do much to prevent the recurrence of catastrophes such as we too often have occasion to deplore.—[N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

DUTY.—‘How could you live with one who had wronged you so?’

‘Because I felt it my duty,’ was the reply; ‘If I had forsaken him then, who would have cared for him? True, he had fallen immeasurably below man's estate; he had lost his truth, his honor and, in more than one respect, my confidence. But something in my heart—the voice of God—said, it is your duty to uphold him now, and I obeyed the voice. On his death bed he blessed me, not only that I had forgiven, but had kept sacred from my children the knowledge of his guilt. Suppose I had given way to the selfishness of revenge? My household had been broken up, my children disgraced and I—should I have been happier to-day?’

Duty is cold and stern, but she repays the worshipper at her shrine. The path is sometimes hard to tread, and seldom flower-crowned. Much sacrifice it calls for—and many times it is a rod of punishment, a crown of thorns—a cross—and nails in the hands, and cruel spear thrust in the side of our desires. But, oh! what glorious rewards she gives! See Florence Nightingale pierced with a thousand sorrows, as the writhing limbs and the chilling moans burdened her sense of sight and hearing. It was not pleasant to hold the shattered hand, to stand and gaze into great, noisome wounds, but Duty made it a holy task. The sick soldier seeing her pass, kissed her shadow with his grateful lips as it fell upon his pillow; and in how many hearts her name awakens such emotions that it can not be spoken but with tears of grateful joy!

Sad must be the fate and burdened the conscience of one who sacrifices duty lightly on the altar of any passion or desire. The mother who leaves her children at the call of fashion or frivolity, forfeits the sacred joys of home. Her recompense will come in after years when the fruits of her neglect bring bitter sorrow, and it is all too late to retrace the fatal path.

A thousand years of triumph in worldliness and vanity would not compensate for one hour mispent; and the calm sweet triumph that reigns in the heart when it can look back upon duties nobly performed, repays for years of self-denial—ages of grief and sorrow. Lay down the sceptre of childish selfishness; your life is not to be a merry farce, that shall make all smile who look upon it. Come—

‘To hallowed duty,
Here with a loyal and heroic heart,
Bind ye your lives.’

—[Boston Olive Branch. M. A. D.

HAPPY IDLE? IMPOSSIBLE!—Or so argues Carlyle, in an eloquent passage:

‘There is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness in work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works; in idleness alone there is perpetual despair. Work, never so mammonish, mean, is in communication with nature's appointments and regulations, which are true.

Consider how, even in the meanest sorts of labor, the whole soul of a man is composed into a kind of real harmony, the instant he sets himself to work. Doubt, desire, sorrow, remorse, indignation, despair itself, all these, like hell-dogs, lie beleaguering the soul of the poor day-worker, as of every man; but he bends himself with free valor against his task, and all these are stilled, all these shrink murmuring far off into their caves.’

‘Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness.’

But Ruskin varies this a little:

‘It is a no less fatal error to despise labor when regulated by intellect, than to value it for its own sake. We are always in these days trying to separate the two; we want one man to be always thinking, and another to be always working, and we call one gentleman and the other an operative; whereas the workman ought often to be thinking, and the thinker often to be working; and both should be gentlemen in the best sense. As it is, we make both ungentle, the one envying, the other despising his brother; and the mass of society is made up of morbid thinkers and miserable workers.

Now it is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy, and the two can not be separated with impunity.

All professions should be liberal, and there should be less pride felt in peculiarity of employment, and more in excellence of achievement.’

PUTTING THEM THROUGH in a Lump.—Elder Jones was not remarkable for his eloquence, nor was he a very good reader especially amongst the hard names. But he said that ‘all Scripture was profitable and therefore he never selected any portion, but read the first chapter that he opened to when he took the stand to preach. One day he stumbled in his way upon a chapter in the book of Chronicles, and read:

‘Eleazer begat Phineas, and Phineas begat Abishua, and Abishua begat Buckkiah, and stumbling worse and worse as he proceeded, he stopped, and running his eye ahead, and seeing nothing better in prospect, cut the matter short by saying, ‘And so they went on and begat one another to the end of the chapter.’

‘If spring puts forth no blossoms, in summer there will be no beauty, and in autumn no fruit. So, if youth be trifled away without improvement, riper years will be contemptible and old age miserable.

The Electric Telegraph.

The principle upon which the electro-magnetic instrument works is very simple, and may be thus briefly explained:

If a galvanic current be conducted round a bar of iron, the iron becomes magnetic, and will attract other pieces of the same metal, but its magnetism ceases the instant the current is broken. Now, if a small iron lever be suspended on an axis a short distance above the magnet, the end immediately over the magnet will be drawn downward, of course raising the other. This is the whole secret of the invention, although there are various methods of applying it.

Tiny cylinders, set in motion by clock-work, carry the paper. One of these rollers has a slight groove round its centre, and revolves immediately over the upper end of the lever, which terminates in a point.

When the instrument is at work, this point presses the paper into the groove, leaving a mark on the paper similar to that produced by pressure with the finger nail—the dots or dashes being regulated by the time during which the operator keeps the circuit complete by holding down the key of the instrument.

The moment the current is broken, the iron bar ceases to be magnetic, and the point falls from the cylinder, leaving a blank on the paper (which is continued in motion by the clock-work) until the circuit is again completed by the operator. Those who are familiar with its working, can repeat a message as recorded, simply by attending the sound:

A	B	C	D	E	F	G
—	—	—	—	—	—	—
H	I	J	K	L	M	N
—	—	—	—	—	—	—
O	P	Q	R	S	T	U
—	—	—	—	—	—	—
V	W	X	Y	Z	&	
—	—	—	—	—	—	—
1	2	3	4	5		
—	—	—	—	—	—	—
6	7	8	9	0		
—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Interrogation.	Period.	Italic.				
—	—	—				

—[Australian Newspaper.

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.—The two great painters of the Spanish School were Murillo and Velasquez.

The earliest known painters are Cimabue, Giotto, Landino, Massaccio, Quaino, Matsys and Albert Durer.

The oldest known painting is a Madonna and child, in 886. The oldest known paintings in England are the portraits of Chaucer, painted on panel, about 1390, and that of Henry the IV, in 1405.

Androides to perform human actions, have been made in all ages. Bacon made one to speak, and Albertus Magnus sp out thirty years in making another. The writing Androides is merely a pentograph, marked by a concealed confederate. So also the Automater chip-player, and the Sociable Girl; but they are in general constructed of wheel-work. Vancanson in this way made a flute-player; Hempsden the chip-player and speaking figure. M. Mollardet and Mr. Hancock made many. And while they displayed such contrivance, drew great views from the credulous. Vancanson made an artificial duck, which performed every function of a real one, eating, drinking and quacking. A coach and two horses, with a coachman, footman, page, and a lady inside, were made by Camus, for Louis XIV, when a child, the horses and page men moved naturally and perfectly.

The word Gazette is derived from the name of the venetian corn, which was the price of the first newspaper.

The Angora cat has one eye blue and the other yellow. Perfectly white cats are deaf.

A toad was found at Organ, France, in a well which had been covered up for one hundred and fifty years. It was torpid, but revived on being exposed.

The bones of birds are hollow and filled with air instead of marrow.

ALLIGATORS.—Alligators' nests resemble hay-cocks. They are four feet high, and five in diameter at their basis, being constructed with grass and herbage. First, they deposit one layer of eggs on a floor of mortar, and having covered this with a stratum of mud and herbage, eight inches thick, lay another set of eggs upon that, and so on to the top, there being commonly from one to two hundred eggs in a nest. With their tails they then beat down round the nest the dense grass and reeds five feet high, to prevent the approach of unseen enemies. The female watches her eggs until they are all hatched by the heat of the sun, and then takes her brood under her own care, defending them and providing for their subsistence. Dr. Lutzeberg, of New Orleans, packed up one of these nests with the eggs in a box for the Museum of St. Petersburg, but was recommended before he closed it to see that there was no danger of the eggs being hatched on the voyage. On opening one, a young alligator walked out, and was soon followed by the rest, about a hundred, which he fed in his house, where they went up and down stairs whining and barking like young puppies.—[Lyell, the Geologist.

HUMAN GLORY.—The Roman Forum is now a cow market, the Tarpeian rock a cabbage garden, and the palace of the Cæsars a ropewalk.

INTERESTING LETTER.—Subjoined is an extract of a letter from M. Gardiner, of Paris, to Judge Mason, Commissioner of Patents, dated April 30, 1857:

SIR:—I herewith present you my opinion, for which you have done me the honor to ask, regarding the practicability of extracting sugar from the Chinese sorgho, (*Holcus Saccharatus* of botanists.) This question being of the greatest importance, it affords me pleasure to perceive that the Government of the United States is anxious to obtain an answer. Up to the present time it has been a subject of but little attention, owing to the commercial relation of the cane in its conversion into alcohol—this being more advantageous than its manufacture into sugar. Aside from this fact, it is not less true that from the sorgho crystallizable sugar can be extracted, similar in every respect to that made from the cane of the tropics. Of this I entertain the greatest conviction, which is supported by authentic, though not very numerous facts.

I will not now give you an exposition of the process to be applied for the purpose of obtaining this sugar, because it is the same as employed with the cane, which is well known, and, further, because it is only experience in general that can indicate the perfected improvements to be introduced into this manufacture. What I am able to advance is, that the stock of *holcus saccharatus* contains crystallizable sugar, wit out furnishing a greater quantity of molasses than the cane. An experiment made at Verriers, with Clerget's apparatus, showed the sorgho to contain 16 per cent. of sugar, of which there were only 10 1/3 per cent. crystallizable, and 5 2/3 uncrystallizable; yet we can by no means depend upon a result gained from plants collected in the department of the Seine and Oise, in a climate altogether beyond the range adapted to this plant.

We are likewise far from acknowledging that there is a third of the sorgho sugar uncrystallizable; the more so as we entirely concur in the opinion of M. Hervey, who found that there is no uncrystallizable sugar, in pre-existence, in the cane, and that the formation of molasses is only owing to the action of the salts during the manufacturing process.

After this explanation, I would recommend, in the extracting sugar from the sorgho, to take great care in the first trials. The juice is very albuminous, and strongly charged with chlorophyll—attributable, in my opinion, to the short period the plant requires for its growth, and it might very likely happen that the ordinary process of defecation is not sufficient.

HUNTING NEGROES.—The general admiration of Jude brought up the topic of negro dogs again, and the clergyman told a story of a man who hunted niggers near where he lived. He was out once with another man, when, after a long search, they found the dogs barking up a big cottonwood tree. They examined the tree closely without finding any negro, and concluded that the dogs must have been fooled, and they were about to go away, when Mr. —, from some distance off, thought he saw a negro's leg very high up in the tree, where the leaves and moss were thick enough to hide a man lying on the top of a limb with his feet against the trunk. He called out, as if he really saw a man, telling him to come down, but nothing stirred. He sent for an axe, and called out again, saying he would cut the tree to the ground if he didn't come down. There was no reply. He then cut half through the tree on one side, and was beginning on the other, when the negro hallooed out that, if he would stop, he would come down. He stopped cutting, and the negro descended to the lowest limb, which was still far from the ground, and asked the hunter to take away his dogs and promise they shouldn't tear him. He swore he'd make no conditions with him after having been made to cut the tree almost down. The negro said no more, but retained his position until the tree was nearly cut in two. When it began to totter, he slid down the trunk, the dogs springing upon him as soon as he was within their reach. He fought 'em hard, and got hold of one by the ear; that made 'em madder, and they tore him till the hunter was afraid they'd kill him, and stopped them. I asked if dogs were often allowed to tear the negroes when they caught them? ‘When the hunters come up they always call them off, unless the nigger fights. If the nigger fights 'em, that makes 'em mad, and they let 'em tear him good,’ said the clergyman.—[Journal of a Northern Traveler on Ho seaback.

HOW VALIANT KNIGHTS FOUGHT IN THE MIDDLE AGES.—Their mode of fighting was as laughable as the stage combats at a country fair. Dismounting from their horses, they fought on foot with spear and battle-axe, thanks to their armour, for three mortal hours without doing much mischief. When they got out of breath with poking each other about, they seated themselves near a large ditch in the middle of the plain, took off their helmets, refreshed themselves, then replaced their headgear and started afresh. When driving an adversary with their long spears did not suffice to knock him down, wounding was quite out of the question. They urged these weapons forward with their breasts, and then if one lost his feet in the *melee*, he was smothered in his iron pot, and died as became a valiant knight.

* * * To be sure these impregnable paladins were superb fellows to lead on in a fight; for, clad in their well-tempered armour of proof, they led on to death like heroes their leather-jerkined followers and showed them an example of dauntless courage before weapons they knew could not hurt them, which the commonality, who were painfully vulnerable by arrow-heads and steel points, found it difficult to emulate. But peace be with them; they formed the nucleus of the English gentleman-soldier, who is still worthy of his hard-hitting, never-yielding, predecessors.—[A Winter's Sketches in the South of France and the Pyrenees. By F. H. Johnson, M. R. C. S.