

WANTS.

BY W. W. PHELPS.

He wants a friendly hand of firmness,
With the celestial grip;
To reach through one eternal union,
Love's everlasting trip.

He wants an arm that locks for glory,
To hold on with a smile—
That's stretch'd in charity and blessing,
And industry the while.

He wants a foot that's ever steady,
And treadeth in its place;
And though it runs, it is not weary,
Because it moves with grace.

He wants a head that seeks for wisdom
From higher heads above—
Whence light and knowledge come through priesthood,
To blissify our love.

He wants an eye that's wishful—winsome—
But never winks to roam;
An honest heart, with all life's treasure,
To coin its bliss at home.

He wants a lip of placid sweetness;
An ear that will receive;
A form from Father's ancient image,
To multiply like Eve.

He wants the royal blood of Ephraim,
From any country, whence,
And more than elegance and beauty,
"The precious betterments."

No matter whether she is thirty,
Or twenty, or sixteen—
If she but lives to her religion,
And bows to be a queen.

He wants a lady like Miss Burbage,
Who's lovely anywhere;
Whose virtues constitute her fortune,
That fortune may he share?

He wants her for her sacred honor,
A lawyer—ess for God,
To help the rising sexes gather
Their legacies abroad.

G. S. L. City, May, 1858.

Hard Times—or the Philosopher's Stone.

CHAPTER I.

"What makes you look so dull this morning, Ellen?" inquired Mr. Chester, a young merchant in a small way, to his wife.

They had been married about a year, and thus far not an ill-natured word had been spoken by them. At his marriage, Chester had taken a small, but neat and convenient house, in the upper part of the city. He had been able to furnish it in a plain manner, but since his marriage his business had added many articles of luxury to his small establishment.

The 'times' had begun to tighten up however, and business was dull. The notes were due, and he had to bestir himself to make his payments.

Fortunately for him, however, as the stringency in the money market began to weigh most heavily, his father's administrator placed him in possession of two thousand dollars, which had been reserved to await the contingencies of a law suit, and which had now been satisfactorily adjusted.

With this sum he had been able to pay off his more pressing demands, and to lay by a surplus of five hundred dollars to meet a note which would fall due some two months hence.

The receipt of this sum had also induced him to increase the luxuries of his house. The parlor had been newly furnished, and the old parlor furniture placed in the sitting room. They had everything that was necessary for comfort and for creditable appearance.

"You look very dull," continued the husband, as he rose from the breakfast table.

Ellen looked up at him with a languid smile but made no reply.

"What ails you?"

"I was thinking how lonesome I should be here all day."

"Lonesome! Why don't you go out, then, and take the air. Walk down Washington street, and round the common—it will revive your spirits."

"How absurd you talk! Walk round the common in the month of December. Why I should freeze to death."

"Not so bad as that," replied the young husband, chuckling his wife under the chin. "Go to the Athenæum and see the pictures."

"I couldn't do that every day, and you don't know how lonesome I am."

"Can't you read?"

"I don't want to read all the time."

"Read part the time, then."

"But Fred, I have been thinking of something, and a smile played upon the pretty lips of the young wife."

"What Ellen?"

"I miss something in our house."

"Do you?"

"O. very much indeed."

"Well Ellen, what is it?"

A piano; it would be so nice to practice these long dreary days. I should be as happy as a princess if I only had a piano."

Mrs. Chester's father was in affluent circumstances, and before she was married, she had been accustomed to many luxuries, which her husband's limited means would not permit him to provide.

"But Ellen, I can't afford a piano. The times have not been so hard in ten years."

"You have five hundred dollars in the bank."

"But I have reserved it to pay all notes."

"Don't you expect to make enough to pay it?"

"It is very doubtful; my business hardly pays expenses."

"You will be able to pay that I know," continued the eloquent petitioner.

"Well, my dear, you shall have a piano."

"You are a dear husband. You'll get me one of Chickering's?"

"Any kind you please, my dear."

And before dinner time the instrument came home, and Mrs. Chester was as happy as a piano could make her, albeit she had little idea of the significance of 'three per cent a month, and protested notes.'

CHAPTER II.

Men said the times would be better, but the prophecy was vain. Merchants failed, brokers failed, the bank and insurance companies failed. Business was duller than it had been for the last twenty years. Poor men lounged at the corners of the streets, vainly waiting for a job, while their wives and children shivered with the cold, and hungered even for a crust of bread. Ruin and disease were the order of the day, and men wondered where would be the end of it all.

Fred. Chester's business did not pay his shop expenses, to say nothing of his household, and when that dreadful note fell due, he had not a dollar towards redeeming it. He stared at the note in the face, and it was now his turn to look sad.

Five hundred dollars was a small sum, yet he could not raise it. Even three per cent. a month, without collateral, would not procure it. Something must be done. Some friend must get him out of the scrape or he must certainly fall. His wife's father was wealthy, but he had married his daughter against his wishes, and there was no hope in that quarter. But Ellen's uncle, a blunt, honest master mason, had always looked kindly upon him, and perhaps he would open his purse strings.

The note was due on the following day, and he decided to make the application to Uncle Luke, as he was familiarly called. In the course of the forenoon, however, he happened to call at the store, and Fred. stated his position.

"Eh," said the blunt old mechanic. "I thought things was going on swimmingly with you."

"So they were, but the times are so deucedly hard, that I cannot make enough to pay expenses," replied Fred., with a dolorous expression of countenance.

"Where's the two thousand dollars which you received from your father's estate?"

"I paid my debts with it."

"But didn't you tell me that you didn't owe above two thousand dollars?"

"I paid off fifteen hundred."

"And the rest?"

"Well, that went in various ways."

"And your stock is all mortgaged?"

"Yes, for one thousand."

"You have done a good business?"

"Yes."

"Well, well, I am in a hurry just now, but I will go up and dine with you, and we will talk it over," and Uncle Luke left the shop.

Fred. did not like his uncle's inquisitiveness, but had a strong hope that he would get him out of his present scrape. Writing a hasty note, he dispatched his boy to inform his wife that Uncle Luke would dine with them.

CHAPTER III.

Dinner came, and so did Uncle Luke. Ellen had a nice dinner ready, and her pretty face covered with smiles, when she welcomed the honest old man to partake of the hospitalities of her board.

Uncle Luke seated himself at the table. His accustomed smile had disappeared, and he looked rather stern.

"Fred," said he suddenly to the young merchant, as he inserted his fork in the breast of the nicely browned roast turkey, "you have not found the Philosopher's stone yet?"

Fred. suspended the operation of carving the turkey, and gazed with a look of astonishment full in the face of the speaker.

"What do you mean, Uncle Luke?" asked he.

"You don't know what the Philosopher's stone is do you?"

"No."

"I found it out when I was quite a young man, and what prosperity has crowned me, I owe to that."

"Pray explain, Uncle Luke."

"After dinner, I will."

Somehow in spite of the extraordinary preparations Ellen had made for the reception of her uncle, the dinner did not pass off very pleasantly. There was a reserve on his part, which threw cold water on the whole affair. But it was finished at last to the relief of all.

"Now uncle, come into the parlor, and Ellen shall play you a tune or two on her piano," said Fred. leading the way.

"On her what!" said the old man with a start of surprise.

"On her piano, of course."

"Then you keep a piano."

"Certainly, we could not possibly get along without a piano, could we Ellen?"

"I'm sure we couldn't," replied the young wife.

"O, it is such a comfort."

"Such a luxury, you mean," answered Uncle Luke, with a cold sneer, "what did you give for it?"

"Five hundred."

"Is it paid for?"

"Certainly, it is."

"And your note due to-morrow which you cannot meet."

"Fred. glanced at Ellen, who looked as woe-begone, as though she had lost every friend she had in the world."

"It was not his fault, uncle; I teased it out of him," said she.

"Then he is a bigger fool than I took him to be," replied Uncle Luke, contemptuously.

"And then he is not doing business enough to pay his expenses, you dine on roast turkey, and all manner of fancy stuff."

Uncle Luke, though conscious that he was meddling with that which did not concern him, could not control his indignation, at the wanton extravagance of the young people. He felt kindly towards them as he always had, and though his words were harsh and cold, he intended to do them a kindness.

"Yes, and Ellen, you wear a silk gown for every day and to crown all you have got a piano. Do you expect to pay your notes in this manner, Fred., continued he; here is the secret of hard times—extravagance—silk dresses; roast turkey, ice creams and pianos."

"Things were going very well with me when I bought the piano," suggested Fred.

"No matter, you are a fool; now I will tell you what the Philosopher's stone is."

Uncle Luke paused, and looked coldly into the eyes of the young merchant.

"Well, Uncle what is it?"

"Live within your means. If you do not earn but a dollar, spend only seventy five cents," and Uncle Luke put on his great coat and edged towards the door, without even alluding to the important topic in which Fred. felt so much interest.

"But Uncle Luke can you lend me the money I want?" asked Fred. dismayed at the thought of failure.

"No, I cannot."

"Then I must fail."

"You ought to have thought of that, when you bought the piano," replied Uncle Luke sternly, "do you know Waters?"

"The carpenter."

"Yes," "Apply to him and he will lend you the money."

"But he is almost a stranger to me."

"No matter, go to him," and Uncle Luke left the house.

"Oh, Fred. this is all my fault," said Ellen bursting into tears.

Fred. did apply to Waters.

"What security can you give?" asked the carpenter.

"I don't know," replied Fred, doubtfully, "My stock is mortgaged."

"Household furniture?"

"No."

"What have you got?"

"A piano, and—"

"That will do, give me a bill of that. If not paid within thirty days, the piano is mine."

Fred. assented and received the money. The papers were executed, and Fred got out of the scrape.

During the succeeding thirty days he tried hard to raise the money to redeem the piano, without success. Waters took it at the appointed time, and seemed perfectly satisfied with his bargain.

A few days after the young couple were surprised to receive an invitation to dine with Uncle Luke, and to their astonishment, when they arrived, they found their piano in his little parlor.

"Did you buy this," asked Fred.

But Uncle Luke would answer no questions, yet he promised to make him a present of it as soon as he paid all his debts.

The dinner consisted of corn beef and baked potatoes, with an apple pie for dessert. Uncle Luke was in unusually good spirits, and never once apologized for the singular fare he had placed before his guests.

But they understood the meaning of it. It was intended as a lesson for them, and they profited by it.

They brought home the Philosopher's stone and began to live by a humbler system. The hired girl was discharged, and Ellen had so much to do in attending to her household duties, that she had no time to be lonesome, they were much happier than when she moped all day in the parlor, and better than this, the times began to mend, and Fred's business prospered again. He paid off his mortgage, and the piano was duly returned to them because they could afford a luxury.

An Ocean River in the Pacific.

Lieutenant Bent, of the United States Navy, read an interesting paper before the Geographical and Statistical Society last evening on the existence of an ocean river in the Pacific, flowing to the northward and eastward along the coast of Asia, and corresponding in every essential particular, with the Gulf Stream of the Atlantic. By a series of careful observations with barometers and air and water thermometers, together with abstracts from the logs of the winds, currents and daily positions of the ships of the Pacific squadron, the data from which were made diagrams of various passages between different points on the Atlantic coast and the eastern half of the Pacific ocean were obtained.

These diagrams show an increased temperature of both sea and water the moment this stream is entered, but that of the water is generally the greater, and so continues until the stream is left. On the northwestern edge the transitions are comparatively abrupt, but less so on the southeastern; and along the whole line of the stream, as well as in the middle of it, strong tide rips, resembling heavy breakers on shoals of reefs, are constantly encountered.

The existence of a strong northeast current on the coast of Japan was noticed by Cook and other early navigators, and the Japanese have given it the name of the "Kuro-Siwo," or "Black Stream," from its dark blue color, as compared with the adjacent ocean. Springing from the great Equatorial current of the Pacific, the oceanic stream extends from the Tropic of Cancer on the north of Capricorn, with a width on the south of three thousand miles, and a velocity of from twenty to sixty miles a day.

Upon reaching the coast of Asia, it is diverted to the west, and in passing through the great Polynesian Archipelago is split into innumerable streams, which diffuse a fertilizing warmth over all that portion of the globe. The "Kuro-Siwo," which extends from the southern end of the island of Formosa to the Straits of Sangar, separating Nippon from Jesso, with an average velocity of from 35 to 40 miles, and a width varying from 100 to 500 miles. At this point a current of cold water, running counter, and intervening between it and the southern and eastern coast of Jesso, is encountered. It is supposed to proceed from the Arctic Ocean, and is so powerful that a vessel attempting to make headway against it, is almost sure to be drifted to the southwest.

Striking resemblances between the "Kuro-Siwo," and the Gulf Stream may be traced—such as the coincidences in their recirculation, and in the strata of cold water lying in the longitudinal direction of each of them.

The influence of the Kuro-Siwo upon the climates of Japan and the west coast of N. America, is as might be expected, as striking as that of the Gulf Stream on the coasts bordering the North Atlantic. From the insular position of Japan, with the intervening sea between it and the continent of Asia, it has a more equable climate than we enjoy in the United States; and since the countercurrent of the Kuro-Siwo does not make its appearance on the eastern shores of the islands south of the Straits of Sangar, and as these islands, in their geographical position, have a more easterly direction than our coast, the Kuro-Siwo, unlike the Gulf Stream, sweeps close along this shore, giving a milder climate to that portion of the empire than is enjoyed in corresponding latitudes in the United States.

The softening influence of the Kuro-Siwo is felt on the coasts of Oregon and California, but in a less degree, perhaps, than those of the Gulf Stream on the coasts of Europe, owing to the greater width of the Pacific ocean over the Atlantic.

Still, the winters are so mild in Puget's Sound, in lat. 48 degrees north, that snow rarely falls there, and the inhabitants are never enabled to fill their ice houses for the summer, and vessels trading to Petropaulowski and the coast of Kamtschatka, when becoming unwieldy from accumulation of ice on their hulls and rigging, run over to a higher latitude on the American coast, and thaw out, in the same manner that vessels frozen up on our own coast retreat again into the Gulf Stream on a favored by an easterly wind.—[Portland Transcript.

AN EXACTING HUSBAND.—Wycherly, the comedian, married a girl of eighteen when he was verging on eighty. Shortly after Providence was pleased, in its mercy to the young woman, to call the old man to another and a better world. But ere he took his final departure from this, he summoned his young wife to his bedside and announced to her that he was dying; whereupon she wept bitterly. Wycherly lifted himself up in bed, and gazing with tender emotion on his weeping wife, said:

"My dearest love, I have a solemn promise to exact from you before I quit your side forever here below. Will you assure me my wishes will be attended to by you, however great the sacrifice you will be called upon to make?"

Horrid ideas of suttes, of poor Indian widows being called on to expire on funeral pyres, with the bodies of their deceased lords and masters, flashed across the brain of the poor woman. With a convulsive effort and desperate resolution, she gasped out an assurance that his commands, however dreadful they might be, should be obeyed.

Then Wycherly, with a ghastly smile, said in a low and solemn voice:

"My beloved wife, the parting request I have to make of you is, that when I am gone, (there the poor woman sobs and cries most vehemently) when I am in the cold grave—(Mrs. Wycherly tore her hair)—when I am no longer a heavy burden and a tie on you—(Oh, for heaven's sake! howled Mrs. W., "what am I to do?")—I command you, my dear young wife,—(yes, dear," groined the horror stricken wife)—never marry an old man again!"

Mrs. Wycherly dried her eyes, and, in the most fervent manner, promised that she never would—and the faithful woman kept her word.—[Ex.

EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.—

Old Roger Ascham says: "It is a pity that commonly more care is had, and that among very wise men, to find out rather a cunning man for their horse than for their children. To the one they will give gladly a stipend of 200 crowns by the year, and loath to offer the other 200 shillings. God that sitteth in heaven, laugheth their choice to scorn, and rewardeth them their liberality as it deserves; for he suffereth them to have tame and well-ordered horses, but wild and unfortunate children."

"A wag in the Bowery placed on his door the other day, the following sign:—Drawing taught in 15 minutes." We went in and found the art was acquired by tugging at a wheelbarrow. We left, slightly impressed that a young man of about our size had been put up and sold.—[Ex.

SENSIBLE.—"When I goes a shoppin," says an old lady, "I asks for what I wants, and if they have it, and it's suitable, and I feel inclined to buy it, and it's cheap, and can't be got at any place for less, I allers take it without chattering about it all day, as some people I know do."