

SCENES AT NAPLES.

A correspondent at Naples sends an account of the epidemic of the cholera: The town is, on the whole, as dirty and as filthy as striking as ever. We see one after another the inhabitants listening to the advice of the press and medical profession and endeavoring to scour the streets and houses, and to get rid of the cholera germs. At Pindino, San Ferdinando appear in a state of extraordinary cleanliness. At Pindino, San Ferdinando, and the Porto, on the contrary, in the little streets that twine and wind each other, where the Neapolitan scavenger has no trace behind them. There, in the narrow, ill-paved street, runs a stream of black and evil-smelling water, on either side the door stands open, but it is very difficult to see into these dark rooms, or rather into the narrow streets, where by gossipping families and romping children, the latter in complete nakedness. When we do succeed in getting a glimpse into the interior we find a miserable bed almost worn to shreds, with here and there a heap of rags, a rickety chair, a table, and a madonna's picture in gilt paper, all of which a dimly lamp that is never extinguished illuminates in a half-hearted manner. There is a stench and refuse which emits a vile smell, and no one stirs unless it be to buy a water-jug, upon which, as the Neapolitans say, Si mangia, si beve, E si lava la feccia.

Impressive Scene Among Alaska Glaciers.

A vast ice field, the accumulation of ages, stretched back as far as the eye could reach, or rose still like seemingly limitless walls they met the horizon. Icebergs whose wondrous colorings and grotesque formations exceeded our wildest imaginings, surrounded us on all sides. A huge blue pyramid growing fainter towards the apex where rested a mass of snowy whiteness, sailed slowly by to be followed by another, black at the waterline, growing bottle-green, lighter olive, and then by some inexplicable transformation becoming tipped with a delicate turquoise. Pinnacles, arches and domes in turn drifted by, till the speed of the Ancon was checked, and we found ourselves ready to drop anchor, while before rose a vertical ice-wall 500 feet in height and with a frontage of three and one-half miles. Not daring to attempt a pen picture, I quote the words of Muir, the State Geologist of California: "The whole front and brow of this majestic glacier is dashed and sculptured into a mass of yawning chasms and crevices, and a bewildering variety of strange architectural forms appalling to the strongest nerves, but novel and beautiful beyond description. Clusters of glittering, lance-tipped spires, gables and obelisks, bold out-standing bastions, and plain mural cliffs adorned along the top with fretted cornice and battlement, while every gorge and crevasse, chasm and hollow were filled with light shimmering and pulsing in pale blue tones of ineffable tenderness and loveliness." When at the fringe of a cannon huge masses of ice became detached and plunged into the water with a force that threw the spray hundreds of feet in the air, and even at the distance we were caused our steamer to sway violently, the excitement culminated, and the cheers of our party mingled with the echoes of the fall as the distant crags sent them back to us. We were landed on shore and after almost the entire afternoon spent climbing the side moraine, looking back at our ship, an atom in the distance, we returned feeling the half had not been told us. [Correspondence Providence Journal.]

Words of Wisdom.

Love, like fear, makes us believe everything. There can be no friendship where there is no freedom. Frugality is founded on the principle that all riches have limits. If you would not have affliction visit you twice, listen at once to what it teaches. It is good discretion not to make much of any man at the first, because one cannot hold out that proportion. To wish to do without our fellows and to be under obligation to no one is a sure sign of a soul void of sensibility. True politeness is the last touch of a noble character. "It is the gold on the spire, the sun-light on the corn-field." An old proverb says, "An unkind word falls easily from the tongue, but a coach and six horses cannot bring it back." When a misfortune happens to a friend look forward and endeavor to prevent the same thing from happening to yourself. Life, according to an Arabic proverb, is composed of two parts—that which is past, a dream; and that which is to come, a wish. Deceit and falsehood, whatever conveniences they may for a time promise or produce, are, in the sum of life, obstacles to happiness. We are linked both to the past and the future, and our duty to the former, well fulfilled, will best fit us to discharge our duty to the latter. He that does not know those things which are of use, and necessary for him to know, but an ignorant man, whatever he may know besides. Pride is like the beautiful acacia, that lifts its head proudly above its neighboring plants—forgetting that it, too, like them, has its roots in the dirt. Every man has his chain and his clog, only it is looser and lighter to one man than another, and he is more at ease who takes it up than he who drags it. Troubles spring from idleness, and grievous evils from needless ease; many, without labor, would live by their wits only, but they break for want of stock. Conversation should be pleasant, without scurrility, witty without affectation, free without indecency, learned without conceit, and novel without falsehood. If you are willing to be as pleasant and as anxious to please in your own home as you are in the company of your neighbors, you will have the happiest home in the world. Friendship without beneficence degenerates into a weak and worthless sentiment; beneficence without the spirit of friendship becomes a mechanical and lifeless routine. A generous, a brave, a noble deed performed by an adversary, commands our approbation; while in its consequences it may be acknowledged prejudicial to our particular interests. Whenever you commend, add your reasons for so doing; it is this which distinguishes the approbation of a man of sense from the flattery of sycophants and the admiration of fools. Sarcasm always leaves its doubt and its depression. Human nature avenges itself by suspicion. There comes the internal and unerring whisper, "As others have been used so shall we." A man should never put a fence of words around his ideas, because many who would otherwise give him a fair hearing, lack sufficient resolution to climb over such a rugged enclosure. The Loss of the "Wasp." When the British gunboat was lost with all her crew on board she was bound for Long Foyle to take the Sheriff and bailiffs to Inshull to evict the inhabitants. The total rental of this speck in the ocean is £18. It is a small island on the seaboard of Donegal, and it is well known as the scene of the wreck of the Iris some few years back, when the hardy islanders, at great risk of life and limb, succeeded in rescuing the passengers and crew of the ill-fated steamer. The extreme length of the islet is three miles and the breadth one and a half miles. It is distant from the mainland about nine miles, and of all the desolate specks of land it is the most uninhabited. Sixteen families with the light-house keeper make up the entire population. There is no arable land, and the surface of the ground is formed of rocks. Some of the tenants have never paid any rent, and others are from ten to fifteen years in arrears. A precarious livelihood is earned at fishing during the summer months, but, owing to the stormy and dangerous nature of the coast in the winter, the islanders go to the mainland until the spring, as there is no fuel to be obtained on the islet. There is only one landing place, and it requires skill and care to run into it in safety. So the attempt to collect \$90 has cost the British navy thousands of pounds and fifty-two lives. A Pen and Ink Portrait. A man of refined courtesy and pleasantness, who can make a flattering speech when needed, and yield to non-essentials with grace, there is in Lord Dufferin, as in all successful Irishmen—in the Wellesleys, and the Livernoses, and the Wolseleys—an element of granite hardness and impetuousness, rising sometimes into pitilessness, indispensable to the man who is to govern, and not merely seem to govern, under Indian conditions. The sceptre which guides and controls a fifth of the human race must bear of hard metal, and the man who cannot bear to punish may ruin provinces. Lord Dufferin can hang if needful, as he showed in Syria, or frighten opponents, as he showed on one great day in Constantinople, and is by no means, when pushed to the wall, the sweetly-soothing politician of which his career in Canada left in some minds an impression. How Doth the Busy Little Moth. It is astonishing what an appetite a moth has, and how many square inches of a \$60 overcoat he can get away with in one short summer. They don't make any noise about it, but as soon as spring opens, and it becomes warm, their appetite reminds them that they have been lying quiet for some time, and so they go to work to eat enough to last all winter. When fall comes again and you take your overcoat off the hook, it looks as though it had been chewed by a buzz saw.

Measuring Genius.

The great mass of what we call moral and useful men, practical men, and men of common sense are very useful men; they are the warp and woof of society, but they are not capable of understanding the heroic. Now and then it appears in a life, and we don't know where it came from. His father didn't like that: his mother wasn't like that, but here comes a heroic nature that is careless of matter or physical comfort, or even of society and its proprieties and its perquisites, and who has a sense of beauty. It buries in him to develop it. For the sake of giving expression to that he is willing to waste his whole life. He has the artist's impulse to color, to construct; it is in him, and for the sake of it he bears poverty, for the sake of it he says: "What though I am not known, am working on the higher sense. Why should I expect the lower and vulgar crowd to understand me?" And they did not. If you paint pictures and gets money, O! they can understand that, but not a man that paints portraits because it is in him, and he must do it without any relation to profit or any lower life whatever. Men who sing or sell their poems, we all understand them. They are on the market. Not that it is a discredit to them, but we interfere with them because they are manufacturing things that bring money. But man that sings as old Homer sung, as Dante sung, as Milton sung, how we pity them! We look back and say: "O! that they should have lived in such a dark age; they never got anything for it." They got themselves. They answered the highest and noblest impulses. We are all the time measuring men by the lower standards of what we call practical common sense men, who are like machines turning out fodder for themselves and other animals. [Henry Ward Beecher.]

How They Make Putty.

The process of making putty is a very simple one. The principal ingredients are raw linseed oil and whiting. Marble dust mixed with the whiting, and as it is much cheaper it reduces the cost of the putty. Paraffine oils are used to a great extent instead of linseed, and as the former is the cheaper and inferior oil of the two the result is to make an inferior article. To knead it, it is put in a chaser—an annular shaped trough from the centre of which a vertical shaft, with a shaft two inches in diameter, extends to the top of which are heavy iron wheels that rest in the trough. When the shaft revolves the wheels chase each other around the trough. The whole price of putty is about two cents a gallon.

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