

Do you ask for "more last words?" On a certain day next month come with me to New York harbor, and, standing upon the deck of an outward-bound vessel—"from New York to Liverpool"—you shall see my friend Stephanie Garnett and the "gentleman from Honolulu." You shall see them and give them a "God-speed" upon the broad Atlantic, and the broader ocean of life, receiving a cordial invitation to visit them, At Home, about 1869. And, when the last good-byes are spoken, you shall see the dew-drops quiver on the violets, as the young wife says, "Aloha!"

CORAL.

CORAL is a marine production, of which there are several varieties. It was well known to the ancients, but it was reserved for the moderns to discover its real nature. It is, in fact, the nidus or nest of a certain species of vermes. As an ornament, black coral is most esteemed; but the red is also very highly prized. Coral is found in very great abundance in the Red Sea, the Persian Gulf, in various places in the Mediterranean, on the coast of Sumatra, etc. It grows on rocks, and on any solid submarine body; and it is necessary to its production that it should remain fixed to its place. It has generally a shrub-like appearance. In the Straits of Messina, where a great deal is fished up, it usually grows to nearly a foot in length, and its thickness is about that of the little finger. It requires eight or ten years to arrive at its greatest size. The depth at which it is obtained is various—from 10 to 100 fathoms or more; but it seems to be necessary to its production that the rays of the sun should readily penetrate to the place of its habitation. Its value depends upon its size, solidity, and the depth and brilliancy of its color; and is so very various, that, while some of the Sicilian coral sells for 8 or 10 guineas an ounce, other descriptions of it will not fetch 1s. a pound. The pale and fashionable pink hue, at present so much sought after, naturally realizes a very high price; in fact, the charge for fine specimens is purely arbitrary. It is highly prized by opulent natives in India, as well as by the fair sex throughout Europe. The inferior or worm-eaten coral is used in some parts of the Madras coast, in the celebration of funeral rites. It is also used medicinally. Besides the fishery in the Straits of Messina already alluded to, there are valuable fisheries on the shores of Majorca, and Minorca, and on the coast of Provence. A good deal of Mediterranean coral is exported to India, which, however, draws the largest portion of its supplies from the Persian Gulf. The produce of the fishery at Messina is stated by Spallanzani to amount to 12 quintals of 250 lbs. each. The manner of fishing coral is nearly the same everywhere. That which is most commonly practised in the Mediterranean is as follows: Seven

or eight men go in a boat, commanded by the proprietor; the caster throws his net, if we may so call the machine which he uses to tear up the coral from the bottom of the sea; and the rest work the boat and help to draw in the net. This is composed of two beams of wood tied crosswise, with leads fixed to them to sink them; to these beams is fastened a quantity of hemp, twisted loosely round, and intermingled with some loose netting. In this condition the machine is let down into the sea; and when the coral is pretty strongly entwined in the hemp and nets, they draw it up with a rope, which they unwind according to the depth, and which it sometimes requires half a dozen boats to draw. If this rope happen to break, the fishermen run the hazard of being lost. Before the fishers go to sea they agree for the price of the coral; and the produce of the fishery is divided at the end of the season into thirteen parts; of which the proprietor has four, the caster two, and the other six men one each; the thirteenth belongs to the company for payment of boat-hire, etc.

OH BREATHE NO MORE THAT SIMPLE AIR.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

Oh breathe no more that simple air,
 Though soft its wild notes swell,
 For it but heralds in despair
 Within my heart's deep cell;
 And oh, in earlier, happier days,
 In fashion's crowded throng,
 I've heard from lips as fair as thine,
 That sweet and gentle song;
 But she, so beautiful, so young,
 One evening fell asleep,
 Was carried home to God—while I
 Was left alone—to weep.

That well-known strain has in my soul
 Renew'd the dreams of youth;
 When every scene was arrayed in
 The garb of faith and truth;
 And as I hear its melting note,
 I think of happier hours,
 When life was strewed with buds of hope,
 And fairy blooming flowers;
 Then all was bright and beautiful,
 But now these joys have fled;
 And she, who warbled that sweet song,
 Sleeps with the silent dead.

I ask thee, then, can I, unmoved,
 List to that melting strain,
 Which brings the idol of my soul
 Back to my view again?
 And oh, blame not my falling tears,
 As I list unto thee;
 For, though she's sleeping in the grave,
 She's still the same to me.

Then, oh breathe not that simple air,
 It fills my soul with grief,
 But let me in forgetfulness
 Find solace and relief.

THAT charity is bad which takes from independence its proper pride, from mendicancy its salutary shame.—SOUTHEY.