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POETRY.

LOVE-LIGHT.

"Go down to the meadow at break of day,
Go down to the meadow, son John,
And labor a day among the sweetest hay
That ever the sun shone on."

And John went down to the meadow-land,
But he saw not the clover sweet,
And the sky was dun, for he missed the sun,
Though it reddened his brow with heat.

He missed the sun, and he missed the light—
And the world seemed upside down,
Till he caught the sight of a smile so bright,
And a russey-woolsey gown;

Till he caught the sight of a golden head,
And a fair and merry face,
When so bright and round, with a sudden bound,
The sun went up in its place.

The sun went up and the light came down,
And the field was all aglow,
While his heart kept time to the merry rhyme
Of the reapers' song below.

And Mary laughed at her lover's mood,
As she turned from his fond caress,
Though the south winds blew from her lips so true,
The sweet little answer, "Yes."

"Oh, wherefore so glad?" said Farmer Gray;
"Oh, wherefore so glad, son John?
For the storm to day spoiled the sweetest hay
That ever the sun shone on."

But John knew nothing of the rain or flood,
And nothing of ruined hay—
For the flowers of joy in the farmer's boy
Were scattered along the way.

And merry the wedding bells rang out,
And merry the pipers did play,
At the golden dawn of the happy morn
That ushered the marriage day.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A LITTLE SECRET.

"It is with unmitigated gratification," said my friend, Richard Longchild, between the puffs of his cigar, "that I have obtained from the excavatory (puff) perquisitions of the persevering (puff) Jones, overwhelming corroboration of the heretofore theoretical deterioration of the (puff) species, *man*. Nothing can be more satisfactory. It is now (puff) *known* that we are descending, sir, at the rate of two inches and an eighth per century."

"I don't see the fun of *that*, though," said I.

"It shows, at least, what we were," rejoined Mr. Longchild, rather bitterly. "The indefatigable archæologist, in demonstration of the indestructibility—"

"I must be off in ten minutes, Dick," I remarked.

Dick took the hint, and, dropping from his polysyllabic stilts, came lightly to the ground.

"Yes. Jones has put his thumb upon a chap, who might, in his lifetime, if in condition, have whopped any amount of authenticated bones we know of. In the much-admired, but carefully avoided, island of Sardinia, there was a spot known by the natives as the Giant's Sepulchre. It proved to be thirty-seven feet in length, by six in breadth."

"The skeleton?"

"No; the grave. And ditto in depth."

"Thirty-seven feet!"

"No, six. With enormous stones reclining on their massive bosoms," continued M. Longchild, a little obscurely. "It was upon raising one of these that the important discovery was made that there was nothing beneath. Nay, I am wrong! Embedded in the soil, an object was perceptible, strongly resembling, both in form and volume, the drumstick of the Cochin China fowl. You smile. Wait. Slight and inconsequential as this success may appear, it encouraged the party to further explorations. These resulted, to cut my story short, in the actual discovery of the remains of a colossal human being, who could not have been less than twenty-five feet six inches in stature! Jones' amazement may be conceived!"

"It cannot exceed mine!" said I.

"But it was probably nothing," continued Dick," compared with that of Sertorius, if we may believe Plutarch. 'How great,' remarks that usually cold and cautious writer (betrayed for a moment into enthusiasm), 'how great was his surprise when, opening the sepulchre of the Phœnician Aniseus, he beheld a body of sixty cubits long!'"

"I should think so!"

"Now," resumed my friend, brightly, "what is this pigmy compared with more recent acquisitions? What would Sertorius have said to the giant of Trapani—sixteenth century—described by Boccaccio; who attained the height of two hundred cubits, and one of whose teeth, yet sound and serviceable, and weighing six pounds four ounces avoirdupois, is still preserved in the museum at Berlin?"

"Labelled, ignorantly, 'mastodon.' I have seen it," said I.

"While," concluded Longchild, frowning, "remains even more stupendous have revealed themselves to the scientific investigator. I cannot accept three hundred feet, British measure, as the *ordinary* stature of man at any definite epoch. But, twenty-five is a very different affair. It is, in point of fact, hardly more than double the height of well-developed individuals of our own time, occasionally to be seen—"

"For a shilling," I put in.

"Undeteriorated specimens," pursued Mr. Longchild, firmly, "of a race that peopled the earth in its august adolescence. To what may we attribute their present rarity? Simply to this. That, nature, delighting in contrasts, somewhere called into existence a new and puny race, intended probably as objects of curiosity and mirth to their mightier brethren. That, nevertheless, one of the latter, with a morbid love of the opposite, and a disregard of the general interests of humanity which cannot be too severely reprehended, took to wife some wretched little fifteen-foot thing, and inaugurated that decadence, of which," concluded Dick, striking his palm upon the table with a force that made the glasses ring, "we are reaping the bitter and humiliating fruits!"

"But" I observed, "to return to these highly valuable Sardinian remains. Is there no reason to apprehend that they may be claimed by the country to which they undoubtedly belong? There are antiquarians in that island—Spano, and others—no less enthusiastic than our own indomitable Jones."

"Spano," replied Mr. Longchild, "handsomely declined to advance any claim on behalf of his government. It is true he did not seem entirely satisfied that Jones's conjecture was correct."

"The skeleton was incomplete?"

"To the uninitiated, yes," said Dick. "The non-scientific observer demands that everything should be revealed to his actual senses. *Literally*, then, these invaluable relics consisted of a most gratifying though inconsiderable portion of the thigh-bone, a fibula that left nothing to be desired, and, to crown all, a couple of grinders. These, my friend, were all. But here Science steps in to our aid. Through her marvelous lens, we see these seemingly dissevered bones draw together, and, united with their missing fellows, grow into the mighty creature of which they had once formed part. We gaze with awe and rapture on those ship-like ribs, those tree-like legs, that dome-like head! We look upon each other and redden with shame, as the fancy occurs to us, that, had one of *us* to act as dentist to this gigantic thing, he would have to bear the tooth away upon his shoulder!"

Dick was silent for a moment, then resumed, more calmly—

"All this, Harry, confirms me in the belief that we all spring from one giant stock. If comparison with the remains of our massive sires be painful to our vanity, let us at least exult in the knowledge, thus confirmed, of what we once were. I myself," continued Dick, drawing himself up with dignity, "as my name, Longchild, would seem to imply, am a scion of a race remarkable for length of limb. If a baby could be described as colossal, *I* deserved that appellation."

"The painful reflection, after all, is what we shall ultimately descend to," interrupted I.

"What, indeed! My dear fellow, if we have already dwindled from three hundred feet to six, can you blame me for dwelling on the glorious records of the past, rather than on a coming period when the average height of man will be—pah! eighteen inches, with a tendency to further diminution? And I confess I derive but little comfort from the reflection that our (by that time) gigantic remains will, when exhumed centuries hence, extort the admiration of the tribe of hop o'-my-thumbs calling themselves men, who will come swarming around to gaze upon our massive frames!"

Longchild puffed out his chest, and stretched himself generally, as if in full enjoyment of the posthumous renown on which he loved to dwell.

The excitement, however, was but transient. Dick's spirits were evidently depressed, and aware that at such times he preferred to take refuge in his own reflections, I bade him farewell, reminded, as I did so, of my promise to visit him at Gaunthope-the-Towers (a place that had descended to him in Cornwall) the following week.

"Then, my dear Hal," he concluded, as, with a sigh, he pressed my hand, "you, who are already possessed of one sad grief of my life, shall learn a second fearful secret, one which, I am persuaded, will, independent of our friendship, have a certain romantic interest for you, and on which I earnestly desire your counsel."

I have recorded the foregoing conversation in order to exhibit my friend astride of his favorite hobby,—the gradual deterioration of our species from the hale and healthy giant, considered as cut off prematurely at seven hundred and fifty years, to the puny little contrivance now, by the combined operation of luck and care and skill, kept going for threescore and ten.

Nor was Dick colossal only in his theories. Everything about him had a gigantic flavor and twang. He spoke, when he thought of it, hoarsely and hugely. He used the most tremendous words and phrases. He surrounded himself with weighty and expansive accessories. His bed might have been the consort of that of Ware. In the calm waters of his bath the university match might almost (at a pinch) have been rowed. He wrote the smallest note with a quill furnished by the eagle or the swan. His walking-stick might have been wielded by the drum major of the Guards. His favorite riding hack was over seventeen hands in height.

Gaunthope-the-Towers hung, like a gloomy frown, upon the face of a dense and lofty wood. It might easily have been the residence of one of those tremendous persons who, before the days of their destroyer, Jack, regarded Cornwall with peculiar favor.

There was a smaller mansion, Gaunthope Lodge, lurking in the skirts of the wood, which, when found, proved to be somewhat like its gloomy neighbor, minus the towers, and reminded you of an ill-favored dwarf in attendance on a giant. Mr. Longchild affected to regard this appanage as of about the dimensions of a hen-coop, and magnificently left it to the occupation of his sub-forester.

A carriage drive about the width of Regent street, London, gave convenient access to Gaunthope-the-Towers, the great portals of which were some fifteen feet high. The hall displayed a complete museum of truculent weapons: clubs, maces, two-handed swords, and the like, such as might have been wielded by Titans.

I was met at the station by Mr. Longchild's mail-phaeton, a machine, or rather, moving edifice, of alarming size, to which were yoked two steeds of corresponding magnitude. The very whip placed in my hands was of such preposterous length as to assist the illusion that crept over me, as we thundered heavily along, of going on a visit to some friendly giant, and fishing, as I went, in a black and heaving sea.

Dick was waiting on the steps of his majestic dwelling, and seemed, good fellow! heartily glad to see me.

"Nice little things, those!" he remarked nodding towards his phaeton, as it veered slowly round in the direction of the stables. "Light trap, light horses! But to-morrow I'll introduce you to something like bone and substance, worthy of a brighter age."

There was no one but ourselves at dinner. Longchild, on succeeding to the property, two years before, had, so far from cultivating his neighbors, been at some pains to make it well understood that, as a mere bird of passage, he did not desire to form any local connections whatever.

Nevertheless, the bird of passage must have found sufficient to interest him, for he remained glued to his perch in a manner that awakened considerable general interest, and a special curiosity as to what on earth he did with himself. Dick exulted in this. There was something gloomy, menacious, gigantic (so to speak), in this standing mysteriously aloof. The domestic habits of the Cornish giant have never been ascertained with precision, and Mr. Longchild, resolving that no light should be cast on the matter through a degenerate descendant of that lamented race, sternly repelled attempts to allure him from his solitude.

In furtherance of his general plan, he made it his habit to ride after dark. Many a belated rustic, though your Cornishman is no heart-of-hare, felt a thrill of astonished fear, as two mighty horsemen, looming large in the rising mist, swept heavily across his way. Small blame to them! For Dick always bestrode his biggest horse, and was followed by his groom, a fellow seven feet high, mounted on an animal quite up to his weight, and they must have looked like Godfrey de Bouillon, of Westminster, attending George the Third, of Pall Mall.

We were waited on at dinner by a butler and two footmen, whose united length must (I am afraid I shall hardly be believed) have exceeded twenty feet. Everything was on the like tremendous scale, and Dick carried his singular hobby so far as to eschew the small and delicate cates, which, in his heart, he loved, in order to dine off joints that might have satisfied a bevy of aldermen.

When soup, a mighty turbot, a brace of capons the size of Norfolk turkeys, and a calf's-head, had been removed, there was heaved upon the board a magnificent haunch of venison.

"Harry, my good fellow," said my host, in a tone of regretful apology, "I am afraid you see your dinner."

I replied, with some alacrity, that I had distinctly perceived it half an hour ago.

"Nonsense!"

"It is true."

"Fie, fie!" said Dick, remorselessly beginning to carve.

"If you were to add 'fo-fum,' in the manner of your distinguished ancestors, I should tell you I can do no more,"

"Now, see here," said Dick, in a reasoning tone. "This will never do. Those lighter matters were merely provocatives and toys. (White burgundy, to Mr. Halsewell in a chalice.) Taste that, my friend. Then resume your weapons, and to your duty, if you be a man."

"If I were twenty-five men, you should not invite me twice. As it is, my appetite is gone. It was hale, but not immortal. It dwindled with the capon. It vanished with the calf's-head."

"Well, well," said Dick, "the fault is not ours. Let nature bear the blame of her degeneracy. How melancholy to reflect that, at a period of dinner when half a bullock and a couple of hogs would have been dealt with by my forefathers as a woodcock and a brace of larks, we cower and quail before a miserable haunch! Take away, and bring pitchers and pipes."

Two mighty claret jugs and some Turkish pipes (of which the specimen selected by Dick reached nearly to the window) having been produced, the butler placed a large carved box on the table, between us, and withdrew.

"Help yourself," said my friend, pushing the box, not without an effort, within my reach. "My great-great-grandmother's favorite snuff-box! She was nearly seven feet high, large in proportion, and snuffed inveterately. This box—chest, we should now call it—lasted her two days. And now, dear boy," he continued, "fill your pitcher, and listen to me. Harry, you see before you a miserable man."

"Go on."

"I tell my chosen friend that I am a miserable man," said Mr. Longchild, faintly, "and am simply requested to 'go on'!"

"Before I can sympathise with my friend's sorrows, I must know them."

"Harry, I am in love."

"My good fellow!"

"You're such a devil of a distance off," said Dick, "that I can't shake hands with you; else for the sympathy expressed in your tone, I would give you a grip you should remember for a fortnight. Yes, Harry, *I* love."

"Do so. Marry. And be happy."

"Harry, you know the upas-tree under which it is my lot to dwell," rejoined Dick, "and you bid me love and marry."

"I don't positively insist upon your doing either. It was only a hope, rather let me say, an expectation; for I see that your mind is made up."

"To the first, yes," said Dick, refilling his immense pipe, and sending forth a volume of smoke that almost obscured him, blushes and all. "But fill your goblet. It was towards the close of a sultry August day, that a solitary horseman might have been noticed, issuing from the picturesque defile created by the diggings of the Corburam & Treddidlem Railway, in close proximity to the sequestered and intensely Cornish village of Trecorphen. The animal he bestrode, though not less than seventeen and a half hands high, was almost concealed by the folds of the enormous traveling-cloak worn—in deference to the inclemency of a British summer—by the rider.

"An apparition so unwonted attracted to the casements more than one comely rustic face, usually on the broad grin; but to none of these did that pensive traveler vouchsafe the slightest heed, until he had arrived opposite the last dwelling: an edifice half hidden in trees, and singular enough in structure, having rather the appearance of a couple of tall dovecots, placed one upon another, with an observatory topping all.

"I never saw so queer a wigwam!" continued Dick, dropping the incognito. "Although of inordinate height, it consisted of only two floors, the lower of which might have accommodated a camelopard, who had a growing family in the nursery above.

"I checked my horse, and was admiring the simple grandeur of the building, when a—a figure—came into view." (Dick's voice trembled slightly, and he passed his hand across his brow.) "You are, doubtless, not acquainted with that majestic abstraction popularly known as Britannia. Sir, if for the shirt of mail we substitute a woollen spencer; for the fork with three prongs, one with *two*; and for the helmet, a natural diadem of fawn-colored hair, interpersed, for the moment, with wisps of hay, you have before you the noble object I am feebly endeavoring to depict.

"The hair decorations I have mentioned, proceeded from a truss of hay which she bore upon her shoulder, and which she flung up, as though it had been a penny roll, in the direction of a massive head and shoulders which appeared at the window of an adjacent loft.

"It was only when she turned and faced me, that I became aware of the full magnificence of that fair woman's proportions. I speak of her, of course, as compared with existing races. In brighter ages a mere doll, she was now what might not inaptly be termed a giantess. Henry Halsewell, that grand development was seven feet two inches in stature!"

"Whithout her shoes?"

"Or stockings,' replied Mr. Longchild, solemnly; "she hadn't either. This Cornish Britannia was, I should say, about three-and-twenty. Her manner, sir, was easy and dignified; and as she dibbed the handle of her tri—bident, I mean—into the soil, and, placing her white elbow between the prongs, gazed at me with great calm eyes, the size of cheese-plates, I felt my whole being dilate and thrill, in a manner to which I had been totally unaccustomed.

"My appearance, or that of my horse, seemed to awaken her interest. Summoned by a graceful backward movement of her disengaged thumb, the individual in the loft descended and stood by her side. He also, was (for modern times) hale and well grown, standing a good eight feet in his boots.

"For a whole minute, we gazed silently on each other. Then the male giant spake,—

"'I say, mister, won't ye step in? There an't no charge, and father's a sight bigger nor we. He's doubled up with rheumatis' just now, but he don't mind bein' draw'd out for strangers.'

"'My good sir!' I replied, rather taken aback by this address, 'by no means. Your worthy father shall not be forcibly straightened for *me*. Do not mistake a very pardonable admiration for intrusive curiosity. The attraction outside your mansion is more than sufficient. May I beg you to present me to your char—that is, your sister? My name is Longchild.'

"'Hern's Pettidoll.'

"I bowed, and a gracious smile widened Brttannia's lips to the extent of about a quarter of a yard. 'Pettidoll!'

"'There's sixty foot of us in family altogether, between eight; wi'out count o' the baby, which, bein' only a year old, an't four foot yet,' remarked Mr. Pettidoll. 'But won't ye come down for a bit?' he added, with involuntary deference to the stature of my steed.

"Wouldn't I come down! Ah, Harry! What would I not have given to 'come down'; to stand before that blessed creature; to tell her that here, at last, was the realization of my dream; that, united with *her*, and parent, perchance, of a line of giants, I— But, no, no. Once dismounted, the sense of insignificance in proximity to proportions so vast would be too strong for me. One single moment I hesitated. I even disengaged my right foot, preparatory to coming down, but my heart failed. I flung all the passion that was seething in my soul, into one look, and rode hastily away. But, sir, that look had been returned! She loved. Britannia loved me!

"Turning an angle in the road, I glanced back. She was immovable, leaning on her bident, her eyes (plainly visible even at that distance) still fixed on my retreating form."

"And that is the end of the story?"

"No, the beginning. I have visited this remarkable family," said Dick, with heightened color, "more than once: more, I may say, than twenty times. They grow, sir—"

"I should have thought that impossible!"

"Hear me out—grow more and more upon me. Britannia (Susan, I mean) is an angel! As she stood with her broad white hand on my horse's mane—"

"You are always on horseback?"

"I have never," said Mr. Longchild, "mustered courage to disabuse her of the idea she manifestly entertains, that I am of a stature equal to her own. She would not like to look down upon me. And, Harry," continued Dick, looking at me with wistful interrogation, "she *would* look down upon me, eh?"

"Well, physically, perhaps, yes. Intellectually—"

"Bah!" said Dick. "Now, Harry, you know my sad story, and myself, well. I put it to you, what chance, what hope, have I in the world of making this splendid piece of nature my wife?"

"Knowing, as you say, my good friend, both yourself and what you style your sad history, I affirm that you have every chance and hope. You shall marry the object of your singular passion."

"Harry!" exclaimed Dick, his really noble face lighting up in every massive lineament. "You good fellow! You give me new life! Complete the work. Lend me your assistance."

"Command it in everything. If taking you on my back in the momentous crisis of proposal, would give you a sufficient advantage in point of—"

"No jesting, if you love me," interrupted Dick. "Come of it what may, note that I am in earnest. I have set my heart upon this girl, and if I seem—timid, shall I call it?—it is because I do not wish to throw a single chance away. Susan Pettidoll is peculiarly sensitive, and (no unusual thing with these finer natures) keenly alive to the ridiculous. On my horse I am her emperor, her lord! On the earth, beside her, what am I?"

"But, surely, she does not suppose that she has been receiving the addresses of a giant?"

"I—I am not sure of *that*," interrupted Dick, coloring slightly. "I may have permitted myself allusions, tending vaguely in the most indirect manner, to foster that supposition; and herein lies the difficulty from which I rely upon your tried friendship, Harry, to extricate me."

"Speak!"

"I am due," said Dick, gravely, "at Trecorphen to-morrow; and sure I am that the whole colossal fraternity entertain the liveliest expectation that I shall then formally demand my Susan's extensive hand. *You* must visit, must see her, must (kindly but firmly) divorce her mind from the cherished faith that my stature is absolutely gigantic, or that I can even (speak with perfect candor) hold my own among her colossal kin. Succeed in this, and," concluded Dick, with quiet exultation, "I will answer for the rest."

The next afternoon found me at Trecorphen. The residence of the Pettidolls was easy to discover. Everybody in the sequestered village knew, and appeared to hold in high respect, that giant family, whose ancesters, I found, had been substantial farmers in that vicinity.

My summons at the lofty portal was answered by the young lady herself, in whose fair large face I fancied I could detect a slight shade of disappointment at the appearance of love's ambassador instead of love himself. She was decidedly handsome, and despite her amazing stature, which fully confirmed Dick's computation, was, nevertheless, as brisk and graceful in her movements as a fairy!

A human mountain, designated as "Brother Will," who appeared to have been playing with the four foot nursling, presently vanished with his charge; and I was left alone with Britannia to execute my delicate mission.

Space forbids me to repeat at length the conversation that ensued. Three things became clear. First, that the singular attachment was reciprocated; secondly, that Miss Pettidoll was fully prepared for the proposal I was empowered to make; thirdly, that a persuasion that her lover was of height commensurate with her own had full possession of her mind.

By way of preparation, I drew a moving picture of my poor friend's present mental condition, not to speak of that to which he would infallibly be reduced, should my mission, when fully declared, prove ineffectual. Britannia was touched. She even shed a mighty tear, avowing, with quiet simplicity, that her happiness (as far as she could judge of it), was involved in this affair. But then, alas! her father, still lying indisposed within, had peculiar views with regard to his daughter's marriage, and to him she must, of necessity, refer me. Would I see him? Of course, with pleasure. And we entered.

Mr. Pettidoll, reclining on a couch that might have served for Og, was still in a rheumatic state of curve, but might (at a rough calculation) have reached, when elongated, to about ten feet and a half. He had a fine old venerend head, and would have made an imposing study of an ancient patriarch in his decay.

To him I repeated the particulars of my mission, and expressed my hope of a favorable reply.

Mr. Pettidoll cleared his throat, and with language and manner somewhat above his apparent station, replied as follows:

"Young gentleman, my young friend, if I may call you so, I am now an aged man; and, though I hope at all times a resigned, I have not been a happy one. The remarkable proportions which Providence has allotted to my race have been the cause of much mortification, much separation from the general community of man, and, by consequence, much loss and curtailment of things appertaining to material comfort. My resolution was long since taken, and has acquired the force of an absolute *vow*,—never to permit one of my daughters to marry an individual of unusual stature. Giants are an anachronism. Never, never, with my consent—shall the unhappy race be renewed! Sir, my answer is given. Thanks, thanks, to your high-minded friend, but his offer is declined. Susan shall never wed a giant-husband."

"Thanks to *you*, my dear Mr. Pettidoll!" I exclaimed, starting up, and grasping as much of the hand of the good old man as mine would hold. "My friend Longchild is *not*, as you apprehended, gigantic,—save in heart," I added; for I caught sight of Miss Susan hovering within ear-shot.

"Not gigantic? That is well. But," continued Mr. Pettidoll, "opinions are various. Mr. Longchild's stately bearing! Mr. Longchild's commanding form! The powerful animal Mr. Longchild is compelled to use! These are indications of something beyond the height I could desire to see."

"Reassure yourself, dear sir," I replied (a little uneasily, for I did not know how the young lady might take it), "my friend is not—no, certainly he is not—six feet high."

"Good!" said the giant, relieved.

And, to my unspeakable satisfaction, Britannia clasped her hands, as in thankfulness.

"I should, perhaps, be wrong," I resumed, gaining courage, "if I estimated Longchild's height as exceeding five feet six."

"Better!" cried Mr. Pettidoll, sitting up in bed, to a towering height, and rubbing his hands.

"Will you be astonished," I faltered (not daring to look towards Susan), "if I frankly state that my friend's height is under five feet?"

(I heard a giggle.)

"Best of all!" roared the old gentleman, flinging up his nightcap.

"No, not *quite*," I stammered,—"come, the truth must out! My dear friend Longchild sustained an accident in his childhood, which limited his height (naturally moderate) to—to—*four feet and a half*."

"That man is my son-in-law!" shouted Mr. Pettidoll, almost straightening himself in his ecstasy.

And there came, in Susan's broken accents, from the adjacent room,—

"Little darling!"

The largest chalice in Gaunthope-the-Towers was replenished twice that night.
—*All the Year Round.*

THE carriage drive and promenade opened at Liverpool is three miles long, and its construction cost £60,000

The Value of Science.

MANY persons have been deterred from pursuing scientific studies on account of the cry of utilitarianism and the reproach that attends upon anything practical. There is something quite unworthy of the age in which we live, in any such notion, as the progress of society and the advance of civilization in modern times depend chiefly upon the application of the discoveries of scientific men. We never know what use may ultimately be made of a discovery. What appears to us at the time as a trivial and insignificant fact, may become one of the links in a great chain of practical application.

When Oersted observed the deflection of the needle produced by the galvanic current, he could not have anticipated that a telegraph would grow out of so slight a circumstance. Faraday's discovery of induction gave us the present form of the telegraph, and also electro-plating and electro-chemistry. The black powder in the alkali manufacturers' vats in Paris, to which the name of iodine was given, was of no consequence when first discovered, but now we know that the grand application of photography depends upon it.

A few years ago a German chemist announced the discovery of sugar in the beet. The account was received, like a vast number of other announcements, as a useless fact, and rather disgraceful to the man who wasted his time in such insignificant labors. Now we know that the beet sugar industry is one of the most important on the continent of Europe, involving millions of capital, and giving occupation to thousands of men.

The illustrious philosopher, Faraday, succeeded in condensing a number of gases. It was an interesting experiment, but certainly no one could have predicted that some day the question of furnishing cheap food to large cities would depend upon the application of this discovery, but such appears likely to be the fact. The best refrigerating machines, and the most practical method, of producing artificial cold, are founded upon the condensation of gases, especially of ammonia, by means of which we shall be enabled to transport frozen meat any distance.

But not only in the production of cold is Faraday's discovery available; we have in it the germ of a valuable motive power that is capable of extensive application. Faraday also discovered benzol, and for many years no use could be devised for it; we now know that the whole aniline industry, with its magnificent array of colors, rests upon what appeared to be a useless discovery; and yet Faraday, who gave us our present form of telegraph, who enabled us to produce the richest colors, who put cheap food within our reach, and gave us a motive power available at all times, himself worked in poverty and died a poor man.

Professor Tyndall has just aroused the attention of the world to the great question of haze and dust, and out of the agitation of this subject will eventually grow true methods of ventilation, the suppression of cholera and fevers, the proper care of the poor in tenement houses, and many improvements in the sanitary condition of mankind.

De la Rive, of Geneva, while experimenting in electricity, found that a bit of zinc would prevent the oxidation of iron, and he at once suggested its employment for this purpose. Out of this simple fact has grown the immense industry of galvanizing iron; but that is not all, for in the same battery De la Rive observed that the minute scratchings on one of the cups was accurately copied on the copper deposited upon it. He mentioned the circumstance; Jacobi took it up, and we now have electro-plating and galvano-plasty carried to complete success.

Pasteur has been devoting years to the study of fermentation, and as a result of his experiments, we are taught to know the true causes of disease and decay, and to invent the proper remedy.

The workers in copper were found to be exempt from cholera, and on examination it was found that they breathed considerable sulphurous acid, and it was at once seen that this gas, which prevents fermentation and destroys the cholera germs, was what had afforded protection to the coppersmiths, and the same remedy was applied with success in cholera districts and in hospitals.

Sir Isaac Newton discovered the solar spectrum. It was an insignificant thing to throw a beam of light onto a screen through a hole in the shutter, and his neighbors thought he ought to be better employed; but what a wealth of invention has grown out of this one fact. We now dissect our light and apply each part as we want it. We can shut out the light and admit the heat. We can concentrate the chemical rays and take a picture. We can examine the spectrum and determine the composition of the sun, moon, and stars, and we shall, before long, separate the light and chemical rays from the heat, and shall store up the heat of the sun as our great motive power, after our coal and fuel have been exhausted. We cannot tell to what vast uses this discovery is destined to be applied.

Professor Schrotter, of Vienna, found that he could convert phosphorus into a red powder, which had many peculiar properties: it was not so poisonous to the workmen in the match factory; it did not ignite on friction, and could be easily transported from one place to another; it was not soluble in the same re-agents as the ordinary phosphorus; and it had powerful reducing properties. It was a trifling matter at first, but has since saved the lives of many a poor person in match factories, and served an important use in the extermination of vermin.

The catalogue of trifling discoveries is almost endless, and we have mentioned enough to show the importance of appreciating the labors of those whose whole life is devoted to the good of their fellow men.

In ancient times it was said, "The proper study of mankind is man," and acting upon that, the world stood still for centuries. The study of mankind led to metaphysical mysteries and superstitions, and it is only since science has dispelled these clouds and let in the light of observation, perception, and judgment, that man has begun to enjoy freedom from such thralldom as our early philosophers imposed upon him. One superstition after another passes away before the clear light of scientific inquiry, and it is not the man of science, but the metaphysician and inductive philosopher, who throws doubt and distrust and unbelief into our ranks. The value of scientific study is therefore two-fold; it gives us the comforts of civilized life, and overturns all doubt and superstition; "it proves all things and holds fast that which is good."
—*Scientific American.*

Don't be in Too Much Hurry.

REMEMBER this, and you will avoid many pitfalls. Too many, Esau-like, sell their best hopes of success for a mere trifle of present gratification, and destroy the opportunities which would naturally come to them in their pathway. The aspirant for riches, the ambitious for honor, the uneasy seeker for pleasures, may find their goal, but never in their truest sense, if procured through dishonesty, intrigue, treacherous and unprincipled action, intercourse and companionship with the gay and festive. Such are in too much hurry, and their conscience and sense are sacrificed to this unnatural feeling of impatience and unrest. None should be satisfied with what they are, but every effort toward advancement in any direction should be by the strong hand of sound judgement and right.

If you do not want to meet with disappointments, don't be in too much hurry.

If you want to keep conscience clear, and be free from any sore temptations, don't be in too much hurry.

If you covet the respect of others and wish their confidence, don't be in too much hurry.

If you desire to be considered a man of sense and judgment, don't be in too much hurry.

If you hope for success, for pleasure, fame and competency, and this at no sacrifice of principle, don't be in too much hurry.

If you do not wish to hate yourself because of failure in any attempt to overdo a thing, thereby bringing you into a position before others most uncomfortable to yourself, don't be in too much hurry.

And again—If you do not want to be called a fool, don't be in too much hurry to be considered a Solomon.—*Exchange.*

Japanese Civilization.

The London *Saturday Review*, in a notice of a new work, "Le Japan Illustre, par Aime Humbert," says of Japanese civilization:

The purely Japanese civilization, unhelped by European ideas, surpassed in many points the civilization of certain portions of Europe itself. For instance, if we compare the highlands of Scotland in the seventeenth century with Japan at the same period, it cannot be denied that in many of the arts of refinement the Japanese very far surpassed our Gaelic-speaking neighbors, and to this day there are islands in the British Archipelago where material civilization is incomparably inferior in the variety and quality of its products to the civilization of the Japanese islands. The difference is probably due more to climate than to race, for our Gaels are naturally both intelligent and polished, yet they have produced nothing so long as they have remained in their own land. The Japanese civilization, as we know it, is a combination of Parisian ingeniousness with feudalism. The Highlanders had the feudalism, under the clan system, without the ingeniousness. However, since every civilization is a thing of itself, comparisons are apt to lead us astray if we attempt to draw inferences and go even the shortest step beyond the ascertained fact. For example, in one respect, that of popular elementary education, the Japanese are very superior to the French, and even to the English. There is no compulsory education, the government never interferes between parent and child, yet every man and woman in Japan can read and write and keep an account. But on the other hand, if we ask how far the Japanese have gone in the pursuit of knowledge—how far, for example, a special study, such as medicine, has been carried—we find them infinitely behind the most backward of the European nations. Again, in the fine arts, they carry certain works to a point of exquisiteness hardly known in Europe; their artistic furniture, for example, is in its way simply a perfect product of art-invention, and their drawings and wood cuts are often the work of most genuine and even great artists, who would do honor to any country. But when we inquire how far they have gone in architecture we find that in this, the earliest of the arts, the mother of the arts, they have scarcely gone beyond a conveniently arranged but for habitation, and a heavy overhanging roof on a very insignificant edifice for religious purposes. M. Humbert attributes the backwardness of the Japanese in architecture to their peculiarly strong sense of the transitoriness of existence, so that they encamp on the earth, as it were, but do not settle upon it with ideas of permanence. But one cannot help asking why any belief or disbelief in the eternal duration of existence beyond the grave should affect the manner of our settlement on this particular planet, where a man stays no longer for having a belief in the immortality of the soul, nor a year the less for looking forward to its annihilation. The Japanese are not, as the early Christians were, and as certain interpreters of prophesy appear to be in the present day, in daily expectation of the end of all things. They see generation succeed to generation, yet they build only for the present. All that can be said is, that certain peoples have a passion for leaving great permanent monuments, and others have not; and further, that where this passion does not exist, architecture, in the great sense, has no chance of a vigorous life. The passion is very languid in England itself at the present day; certain buildings are erected which will last, but mainly because immense strength is necessary to their present utility. The Houses of Parliament were built with a view to permanence, and so is the Thames embankment, but the ordinary London House is almost as much an encampment as the Japanese.

Other points to be noted about the Japanese are the simplicity of their system of furnishing, in point of quality, and the compatibility of this simplicity with the highest and most elaborate finish in the things themselves. In England we have usually great quantities of furniture before we reach artistic quality, and then we reach it only in some objects which are regarded as curiosities. The Japanese understand the advantage of having few things, and they have a knack of doing everything in the most convenient manner. For example, what a thoroughly practical idea it is to have all the mats in Japan exactly of the same size! As the mat is the most important thing in the house, and as the rooms are altered at will by partitions, always with reference to the mats, it is obvious that an amount of trouble is saved in all alterations and removals by having the mat invariable. They have a love of order and regularity, shown not only in the systematic arrangement of the social hierarchy, but even in the building of their cities. For example, the Osaka is almost as regular as a chess-board. They appear to be a cleanly people. The inhabitants of certain European countries might imitate them in this respect with advantage. The hot bath is a daily necessary of life in Japan, but it is remarkable that the Japanese never bathe, for their pleasure, in the sea, though nature has done everything to tempt them.

GORTHE was in company with a mother and daughter, when the latter, being reproved for something, blushed and burst into tears. He said to the mother: "How beautiful your reproach has made your daughter! The crimson hue and those silvery tears become her much better than any ornament of gold or pearls; those may be hung on the neck of any woman; these are never seen unconnected with moral purity. A full-blown flower, sprinkled with purest hue, is not so beautiful as this child, blushing beneath her parent's displeasure, and shedding tears of sorrow for her fault. A blush is a sign which nature hangs out to show where chastity and honor dwell."

IT is said that there is a line in Lower California dividing the weather and the seasons, so that on one side of this line these are just the reverse of what they are on the other. Advantage is taken of this peculiarity in climate by the stock-raisers, and when a drouth occurs in one section, the cattle and horses are driven into the other, where the pastures are green for the rest of the season.

THERE are over five thousand papers in the United States. But there are persons living who have seen Benjamin Franklin, the founder of the fourth newspaper established in this country.

FACTS AND FIGURES.

A LIVE alligator has been found in the river Thames.

A MAN in Akron, Ohio, recently received his eleventh divorce.

A SALT well at Terre Haute, Ind., has been sunk 526 feet.

BUCHAM YOUNG is the third largest depositor in the Bank of England.

DR. HAWKINS, a blind chemist of Philadelphia, invented soda-water in 1812.

A LONDON stenographer has used one pen constantly for twenty-one years.

GEORGE W. SNOW has occupied the position of City Clerk of Bangor, Me., for twenty-five years.

THE travel on the Union Pacific amounts to between 500 and 600 passengers daily.

A BOY, aged only fourteen years, was recently arrested in Hartford, for habitual drunkenness.

IT is said that fifty-three languages are spoken in the cigar and tobacco shops of New York.

VICTORIA'S youngest daughter is just turned 13, and her first name is Beatrice Mary Victoria Feodore.

A BALL was given lately by a Russian nobleman in Paris, which is said to have cost over two million francs.

A BOY on the Staten Island boats plays on his violin with a piece of ordinary music tied in a roll, instead of a bow.

THERE is in Paris a milliner that has made, in the last seven years, upward of seven hundred and fifty thousand francs.

MISS RYE, who brought 70 English girls to Canada, has found good homes for all of them, and is going back to England for 100 more.

IN this country there are 659 Young Men's Christian Associations, and 1,400 in the world, with an aggregate membership of 150,000.

THERE are 185 Lodges of Odd Fellows in the State of Missouri, with total contributing members, 8,897; total assets, $211,846; increase for the year, $33,277.

A BRASS DOOR, weighing 1,456 lbs., and costing $850, has recently been manufactured in England for the Wolf Rock light-house. It is intended to replace a solid oak door, four inches thick, which had been shattered into fragments by the force of the waves.

THE fashionable shoe for ladies is made seven inches high, with an inch and a half heel, a Spanish instep, arched sole, a movable heel of gilt or silver with an India rubber tip to deaden the sound, and they cost from $8 to $20 a pair.

THE Indians on the island of Oldtown, Me., have formed a debating society, and hold weekly meetings for discussing matters of the day in their own language. The meetings are carried on with the strictest regard for parliamentary usage.

MR. RAWLINSON, an eminent English engineer, in a report to Parliament about the sewers of London, estimates the marketable value of the matter accumulated there at £1,000,000, and states that it would enrich annually 70,000 acres of land.

THE vaccination mania in Paris has netted over $100,000 to the enterprising owner of a heifer in the full glory of cow pox, which he takes to the houses of customers, who can thus be vaccinated direct from the original source of protection.

THERE is a family of nine brothers and sisters in Maine whose circle has never been entered by death. The youngest is now 63, and the oldest 79, and their united age is 661 years. They have eighty children, 114 grand-children, and fifteen great-grandchildren.

SINCE 1835 the number of lunatics in France has increased from 4.96 per cent. of the population to 24.28 per cent. M. Lunier, the Inspector General of lunatics, is of opinion that a considerable proportion of this increase is due to the use of spirituous liquors.

A NEW HAVEN man called his friends to a social gathering in his pear orchard the other evening, and desired each one to pick out