

hotion. Show him that Juggernaut itself pays, and down before Juggernaut he or she will go, on all four, if need be. Before the only Juggernaut they know of, the World, as it is called—that is, other people's houses when a number of other people are assembled there—they prostrate themselves pretty freely: and if the grim goddess commands that, to win her favour, youth shall sell itself to age, impecunious blue blood to golden mud, refinement destitute of diamonds to coarseness able to dispense by the handful, the callow cynic, who thinks enthusiasm for art, science, virtue, humanity ridiculous, will obey her dictates without hesitating, and lay all that is holiest and dearest at her feet, if so be he can persuade himself that it pays. Pshaw! yes!—but with what coin? Better go all one's life unsalaried than be paid for self-sacrifice in the coinage of the world's minting!

Youth is the time for all sorts of irrational beliefs, and generous, wrong-headed, high-minded, and short-sighted advocacy. A "youthful zealot" is a bye word meaning everything that is unreflecting and inconsequent, if you will, but unselfish; but the callow cynic has drawn far ahead of his blundering brother, and from the frigid heights of universal disillusionment looks down with calm contempt on the poor fool who has still retained a belief in anything outside himself, and who measures value by merit and not by advantage. "A cause" is to him synonymous with a phantom—maybe respectable, certainly absurd; religion is all very well for feeble-minded men and still feebler women, but the callow cynic sees no fun in it, and as little sanctity, though, to be sure, so-called sacred music is sometimes jolly, and vestments are jolly, too, and church decorations are awfully jolly, especially if a large party of young people of both sexes help in the work, and nail up the monograms and symbols in concert. Anything beyond this, of deeper import or holier bearing, the callow cynic pronounces a bore, and holds himself able to get along without such aids quite as well as those who have them, and better. Politics the callow cynic holds to be a screaming farce—a mere turnip head with a light inside, to scare the ignorant and allure the credulous. If he is of the class which is born to legislation as an inheritance, he is forced to take sides with one or the other. But which side soever he does take he scorns in his heart thoroughly; and those who hold the faith in truth and simplicity he scorns still more. His contempt for the *ol polloi* is without stint and without limit; and when he has to go to them for their suffrages, he scarcely knows which feeling is strongest—derision or disgust. To himself his hustings' clap-net is too transparent humbug to deceive anyone. When he finds that it does deceive the multitude, he only despises them for their swallowing capacity; but he does not despise himself for his own want of earnestness that made his truisms falsehoods. His father believes what he teaches; but then his father belongs to the old school, and our callow cynic, our beardless legislator, our youthful politician with the mark of the schoolmaster's cane still across his undeveloped shoulders, is far too big a man in his own conceit to be tied down to the traditions of a party or the fetters of a cause. To him the world is a mere scramble of fox and geese for high-hanging grapes; with interludes—when the foxes leave the grapes and take on with the geese; and he really thinks it too great a nuisance to belong to either side, and prefers the place of looker-on, impartially contemptuous of both. Always bored, our callow cynic is likewise always fatigued. You may know him by the settled weariness of his demeanour, which finds nothing good from Dan to Beersheba, because without the energy to look for it. Pleasure which involves exertion is no pleasure to him; and he joins hands with the solemn Turk in wondering how fellows who can get others to do their exercise for them can give themselves the trouble of taking it on their own account. He rarely condescends to hunt; shooting is more pain than profit, what with wet turnip fields, and birds that won't sit still to be potted; and dancing is an invention of the enemy with which he will have nothing to do. He likes boating, however, with a couple of jolly girls at the thwarts, while he holds the tiller lines languidly, and floats down the river in silence. This is just as much exertion, mental and physical, as he is capable of; and perhaps if a deeper cynic than himself came along and asked *est bono?* he would pump up energy enough to defend his favourite pastime. Most likely, however, he would leave it to the girls, and tell them to keep cool if they spoke more than three words to the minute. If, still cynical, he is not physically indolent, he then goes in for amusement as the only thing in life worth having, and maintains that the senses are the sole realities about us, and that for his own part he prefers what he can touch and see and taste to all the sublime enjoyments of the mind which he hears some duffers talk about, but never yet met one who could understand. In this case, as an athlete he becomes brutalised, as a man of town-bred pleasures vicious, as a sportsman he has very little more intelligence than the beasts he hunts and kills; and in no capacity has he faith, earnestness, or an ideal.

If the callow cynic is a disaster as a man, much more so is she when a woman. In women, especially young women, we look for tenderness, enthusiasm, the power of self-sacrifice and the worship of the ideal; and least of all do we desire to find that shallowness of brain and coldness of heart which both together constitute cynicism of mind. The callow cynic, as a woman, is in a manner a *luxus nature*, and has no business on the face of the earth at all. Born a vestal whose province it is to keep alive the sacred fire, she with her own hand extinguishes it, and derides the duties of her inheritance. She professes the most uncompromising disbelief in men and things, and laughs to scorn the tender ones who dwell in modest "dovecoats," and who maintain their faith in virtue and in sacrifice. The callow cynic knows better than them all, and she assures them, with an air, that virtue is old-fashioned, and sacrifice the greatest folly going. A marriage for love is more like a Punch's show (she says) than anything she knows of, and the joys of maternity mean a parcel of bawling brats in the nursery, whom you have to dress and feed and educate—at the cost of your own silk gowns and dearest pleasures. All she goes in for is money, and she thinks her choice a wise one. With money you can do anything; without it, Venus herself must be an artist's model at a shilling an hour, and Minerva would keep a day school for the children of the district. She likes young Charlie Cadet well enough; but, as the second son with nothing but his office, she would think it worse than folly to marry him. A modest little house at Brixton, without a carriage, if with enough to pay their way honestly and to have the allotted three weeks at the sea, would seem to her nearly as bad as imprisonment with hard labour for life. She would not think the possession of Charlie's love, or the enjoyment of his society, worth the carriage and

the horses, the fine liveries, and the fine house which old Grubb, the rich soap-boiler in the city, offers her. So Charlie, handsome, gallant Charlie, with his slender four hundred a year, is thrown aside; and the world receives one more willing victim into its cruel vortex. Young and callous as she is, our cynic holds herself wise in her generation when she accepts for her husband a man she does not even pretend to love, in place of one whom any woman might adore, simply on the basis of money. And if you talk to her of love as the Best in life, she laughs in your face as a fool, and jingles her hundred-guinea bracelets with a gesture that implies she thinks these things of more value than all the love ever professed by man for mortal woman. What can a cynic know of love? Youthful or mature, callow or full-fledged, Love, like faith, like enthusiasm, like self-sacrifice, belongs to the childish type of mind, to her view of things; and disbelief in all things, with the most unblushing self-seeking, are the only things worth a rational person's holding or following after. So says the cynic. May there be none among us to answer Amen.—*The Queen.*

THE TALLOW TREE AND ITS USES.

The botanical characters of this member of the *Euphorbiaceae* are too well-known to require description; but hitherto no accurate account has been published of its various uses. Although it has become a common tree in some parts of India and America, its value is appreciated only in China, where alone its products are properly elaborated.

Analytical chemistry shows animal tallow to consist of two proximate principles—stearine and elaine. Now, what renders the fruit of this tree peculiarly interesting is the fact that both these principles exist in it separately in nearly a pure state. Nor is the tree prized merely for the stearine and elaine it yields, though these products constitute its chief value; its leaves are employed as a black dye; its wood is hard and durable, and may be easily used for the blocks in printing Chinese books and various other articles; and, finally, the refuse of the nut serves for fuel and manure.

The *Stillingia Sabifera* or tallow tree is chiefly cultivated in the Provinces of Kiang-se, Kiang-nau, and Chih-kiang. In some districts near Hang-chau the inhabitants defray all their taxes with its produce. It grows like on low alluvial plains and on granite hills, on rich moulds on the margin of canals, and on the sandy sea beach. The sandy estuary of Hang-chau yields little else. Some of the trees at this place are known to be several hundred years old, and, though prostrated, still send forth branches and bear fruit. Some are made to fall over rivulets, forming serviceable bridges. They are seldom planted where anything else can be conveniently cultivated, but generally in detached places, corners about houses, roads, canals, fields, etc.

In winter, when the nuts are ripe, they are cut off with the twigs by a sharp bill hook attached to the extremity of a long pole, which is held in the hand and pushed upwards against the twigs, removing at the same time such as are fruitless.

The harvesting accomplished, the capsules are taken and gently pounded in a mortar to loosen the seeds from their shells, from which they are separated by sifting. To facilitate the separation of the white sebaceous matter enveloping the seeds, they are steamed in tubs having convex, open wicker bottoms, and placed over caldrons of boiling water. When thoroughly heated they are mashed in the mortar and then transferred to bamboo sieves, kept at a uniform temperature over hot ashes.

As a single operation does not suffice to deprive them of all their tallow, the steaming and sifting is therefore repeated. The article thus procured becomes a solid mass on falling through the sieve, and, to purify it, is melted and then formed into cakes for the press. These receive their form from bamboo hoops, a foot in diameter and three inches deep, which are laid on the ground over a little straw. On being filled with the hot liquid, the ends of the straw underneath are drawn up and spread over the top, and, when of sufficient consistence, are placed with their rings in the press. This apparatus, which is of the rudest description, is constructed of two large beams placed horizontally so as to form a trough capable of containing about fifty of the rings, with their sebaceous cakes. At one end it is closed and at the other adapted for receiving wedges, which are successively driven into it by ponderous sledge hammers wielded by athletic men.

The tallow oozes in a melted state into a receptacle where it cools. It is again melted and poured into tubs smeared with mud to prevent adhering. It is now marketable in masses of about eighty pounds each, hard, brittle, white, and opaque, tasteless, and without the odour of animal tallow. Under high pressure it scarcely stains bibulous paper; it melts at 104° Fah. It may be regarded as nearly pure stearine; the slight difference is doubtless owing to the admixture of oil expressed from the seed in the process just described. The seeds yield about eight per cent. of tallow, which sells for about five cents per pound.

The process for pressing the oil, which is carried on at the same time, remains to be noticed. It is contained in the kernel of the nut: the sebaceous matter which lies between the shell and the husk having been removed in the manner described, the kernel and the husk covering it are ground between two stones, which are heated to prevent clogging from the sebaceous matter still adhering. The mass is then placed in a winnowing machine precisely like those in use in Western countries. The chaff being separated, the white oleaginous kernels are exposed, and, after being steamed, are placed in a mill to be mashed.

The machine is formed of a circular stone groove twelve feet in diameter, tapering at the edge, and is made to revolve perpendicularly by an ox harnessed to the outer end of its axle, the receiver turning in a pivot in the centre of the machine. Under this ponderous weight, the seeds are reduced to a mealy state, steamed in tubs, formed into cakes and pressed by wedges in the manner before described, the process of mashing, steaming, and pressing being likewise repeated with the kernels.

The kernels yield about thirty per cent. of oil. It is called *ting-yu*, and sells for about three cents per pound. It answers well for lamps, though inferior for this purpose to some other vegetable oils in use. It is also employed for various purposes in the arts, and has a place in the Chinese pharmacopoeia because of its quality of changing gray hair to black, and other imaginary virtues. The husk which envelopes the

kernels and the shells which enclose them, and their sebaceous covering, are used to feed the furnaces; scarcely any other fuel is necessary for this purpose. The residuary tallow cakes are also employed for fuel; a small quantity of it remains ignited a whole day. It is in great demand for chafing dishes during the cold season.

Finally, the cakes which remain after the oil has been pressed out are much valued as a manure, particularly for tobacco fields, the soil of which is rapidly impoverished by that plant.—*Scientific American.*

DECEIT IN SOCIETY.—From the peculiar ideas cultivated in Society, it is not strange that failure should call forth a universal sneer, so constituted is the general mind that it cannot conceive how it is possible for there to be more patient, painstaking, and laborious energy displayed in what has proved a failure than in the flimsy material known as success. To be a proficient in the art of deceit requires no great preliminary training. Of this any one will easily be convinced by making the slight experiment of placing the most artless of maidens, accustomed to the most innocent of retired retreats, in the midst of a gay circle, and watching how soon she learns the arts so much practised by Society's artful daughters—how soon she learns to smile the heartless smile of the coquette, and to whisper in silent corners sweet enchanting nothings. Place the most honest, young, and devoted philosopher in a somewhat similar circle; and while at dawn he will unblushingly tell his neighbour that he thinks him a fool, and even a maiden that her accents are not sweet unto his ear, long before the dazzling noon he will have learned to agree with his neighbour in words, whatever his private thoughts may be, and to tell a fair singer that she sings divinely, though he has experienced aught but pleasure from her unearthly screeching. The question may be asked, Is deceit the result of amalgamation? It requires no great amount of it, for where two or three are together, you find it holding its goblin sway. The aphorism of Lavater, that he "who comes from the kitchen, smells of smoke; who adheres to a sect, has something of its cant," &c., is in a manner applicable to the children of Society, who, through its unhealthy influence, consider more the neatness of a neck-tie and exact fitting of a shoe, than the arrangement of brain and development of kind-heartedness. If we are accused by any of making an assertion difficult to prove, in saying that all who mix in Society are more or less tainted with deceit in some of its hues, we would propose a test for such that they declare, being members of Society, whether they themselves are justly charged, and it will be found that daily they make statements unfounded on fact for the purpose of pleasing the listener; that they study set speeches, however untrue—certain actions and attitudes, however unnatural—because to do so is considered polite, and politeness is a necessary qualification for remaining in the circle, so ensnaringly fascinating, while so hollow and unreal. There is a school of philosophers who mourn in words of deepest pathos over the idea of man allowing himself to be dazzled with the splendour of titles, the ostentation of learning, or the noise of victory; but do these very philosophers, so anxious to detract from the well-earned fame of the popular, do so from the pure motive of showing man his error? or is it with a view of bringing to light the pleasures of a life such as the philosopher himself leads; and, while scoffing at pageants and crying out lustily, "Vanity of vanities!" is he not wishing to draw all eyes to his retreat, and the centre of that retirement himself? The returning victor, the triumphant statesman, is greeted with the sycophant praise of many. The defeated warrior, the vanquished politician, in turn meets with the condolence of some; but the most acute sufferer is not he of many words, but is to be found mourning in silence and shedding bitter tears of anguish in obscurity. As Ecclesiasticus has it, "There is a wicked man that hangeth down his head sadly, but inwardly he is full of deceit, casting down his countenance as if he heard not: where he is not known, he will do thee a mischief before thou art aware."—*Town and Country.*

A GOOD STORY OF JAY GOULD.—Hard beset by the band who broke up the Erie Ring—invested, not in his last ditch, but in his last room—Mr. Gould, like a good general on the verge of defeat, deliberated on the situation, and sought a mode of snatching success out of disaster. He looked straight into the facts, and his keen insight and long experience enabled him to perceive that only one of two things could happen, that there was no middle course, that he must either win or lose the battle. All depended on his estimate of the issue, and he arrived at the conclusion that Jay Gould would lose. Did he despair? Not a whit. He foresaw an advantage even in defeat. His argument was, that his expulsion from office would send up the value of the Erie shares; and he resolved to profit by the fix in which he had been placed. Making up his mind to speculate on the rise, he secretly bought all the stock he could obtain, and having secured his market, he resigned. Peans of victory were sung; Mr. Gould took his seat meekly as a mere director; the Erie Stock did rise; and then Mr. Gould sold out. His profit on the smart transaction is said to have been two millions of dollars!

The following sporting anecdote is worth the attention of all M.F.H.'s: The Hungarian Count Keglevich was returning last week from hunting—otherwise *la chasse*—at Peterwardale; he must have had a severe day, for he had killed six foxes. These he tied in a bunch by the hind legs, threw them across his horse's loins, then jumped up and jogged home. Suddenly his hack—a quiet old favourite—halted, charged a wall, gave the count a regular collarbone, and rushed off like mad, the foxes all swinging about her. But she was not lunatic—it turned out that one of the foxes was not dead, had suddenly fixed its fangs into the mare's thigh, and hung on like grim death. Moral: Never kill six foxes a day.

An old gentleman, travelling on the railway a few days ago, discovered hanging on the side of the car what he took to be a time-piece, but which was nothing more or less than a thermometer arranged with a dial and hands like a clock to easily denote the temperature of the coach. The old man eyed it very closely, finally adjusted his spectacles, then took out an old-fashioned bull's eye watch, compared time, and with his key made the necessary correction. He said he expected to be on the railroad for several days, and he wanted the car time. We think he will have a lively time of it, if he attempts to keep his watch with the variable temperature of a railroad car.