

did not consider that there was the remotest chance of discovering coal in such a locality, he inquired the exact depth of the pit, and if in Eu-land coal existed at greater depths. On my replying that certainly coal had been found and worked deeper than the shafts at Tourrs, he struck the table such a blow with his fist, that the shock sent the cards flying up, exclaiming, while fire darted from his eyes "Then I'll sink a thousand pardons." I made my salaam; and rising, left the old Turus nearly in the same state as the trees in the petrified forests.—*Egypt, the Soudan, and Central Africa.* By John Petterick, F. R. G. S.

LIGHT IN THE SEA.—A paper on the nature of the Deep Sea Bed, by Dr. Willich, was read at a recent meeting of the Royal Institution of Great Britain. The following passage occurred in it: "Light, or rather the absence of it, can hardly be said to determine, in any important degree, the distribution and limitation of the lower forms of animal life. Light is not essential even in the case of some of the higher orders. A large class of creatures, both terrestrial and marine, possess no true organs of vision, although there is good reason for believing that they do possess some special sensory apparatus susceptible to the influence of light; whilst certain creatures, whose habitation is in subterranean caves or lakes, as in the Magdalena caves near Adelsburg, and the Great Mammoth caves in Kentucky, either possess no organs of vision, or possess them in so rudimentary a state, as to prove clearly that the absence or imperfect development of the sense may be compensated for by the higher development of other senses. It is impossible at present to say to what depth light penetrates in the sea. The photographic art will, no doubt, one day solve the problem. But it is almost certain that a limit is attained, and that, moreover, long before the deep recesses gauged by the sounding machines are reached, where the light giving portion of the ray cannot penetrate even in its most attenuated condition; and yet, as shall hereafter be shown, creatures have been found down in those profound and dark abysses whose coloring is as delicate and varied as if they had passed their existence under the bright influence of a summer sun."

A MICROSCOPIC AGE.—If I were to point out what is the most striking characteristic of the present century, I do not think that I should dwell upon it as a scientific age, or as a commercial age, or as a mechanical age, or as literary age, or as a missionary age, (by all which epithets it has been described,) but as a microscopic age. Nothing appears to be so wonderful as the change which has occurred in the common doctrine of magnitudes. Little things have become great, and great things have become small. As the modern science of chemistry could not spring into existence until an accurate balance was in-

vented, so the modern science of physiology and the whole theory of mortal life, as we now comprehend it, has grown out of the microscope. This is a literal fact, and it is symbolic of a much wider one,—that all modern research has become microscopic. Painting has become microscopic and gives us details of mosses and lichens, which half a century ago would be laughed at as a useless waste of time. History has become microscopic, and enlivens the descriptions of coronations and senates with a minute account of carps and cakes, dresses, dinners, and other trivialities. Poetry has become microscopic, dwells even on the morbidity of the blue fly singing in the parterre, and tells us that the meanest flower that breath can give to the hard thoughts that do lie deep for tears.—*St. James's Magazine.*

A WOMAN OF GOOD TASTE.—The following very happy and equally true sketch is from the *London Quarterly Review*. "You see this lady turning a cold eye to the assurances of shopkeepers and the recommendation of milliners. She cannot know how original a pattern may be, if it be new or how recent a shape, if it be awkward. Her ever laws fashion dictates, she follows a law her own, and is never behind it. She wears very beautiful things, which people generally suppose to be fetched from Paris, or, at least, made by French Milliners, but which are often bought in the nearest town, and made by her own hands. Not that her costume is either rich or new; the contrary; she wears many a cheap dress, but it is always pretty, and many an old one, but it is always good. She deals in no gaudy combinations of colors, nor does she affect a studied sobriety, but she either refreshes you with a spirited contrast, or composes you with a judicious harmony. Not a scrap of tinsel or trumpery appears upon her. She puts no faith in velvet bands, or buttons, or twisted cording. She is quite aware, however, that the garnish is as important as the dress; all her inner borders and headings are delicate and fresh; and should anything appear which is not intended to be seen, it is quite much so as that which is. After all, there is a great art either in her fashions or her materials. The secret simply consists in her knowing the three grand utilities of dress—her own utility, her own age, and her own points. And no woman can dress well who does not. After we need not say that whoever is attracted to the costume may not be disappointed in the wearer. She may not be handsome nor accomplished, but we will answer for her being a tempered, well informed, thoroughly sensible, a complete lady."

ARTIFICIAL MANURE FROM NEWFOUNDLAND.—Manure, which may now be considered an article of Newfoundland trade, is manufactured on Massacre Island, at St. Pierre's, in the following manner:—Old herring bait, at a cost