

LITERARY LINKLETS.

"Honor to the men who bring honor to us—glory to the country, dignity to character, wings to thought, knowledge of things, precision to principles, sweetness to feeling, happiness to the fireside—Authors"

The sword worn by John Hampden was sold at auction in London not long since for fifty-eight guineas.

"Set Not Thy Foot on Graves" is the odd title of a new story written by Mr. Julian Hawthorne for the *Manhattan*.

The proposed outlay for the Longfellow memorial is now placed at \$50,000, one-quarter of the sum originally published.

Josiah Henson, the original of Mrs. Stowe's Uncle Tom, died at Dresden, Ontario, on the 5th inst., at the advanced age of ninety-four.

The late Dr. G. M. Beard left behind him an autobiographical sketch which has been described as "unsurpassed for its quaint humor and deep estimates of character."

The Russian novelist, Tschernyschewskij, who was exiled to Siberia nineteen years ago for writing the romance "Schto Djelatj," has been rendered insane by his sufferings.

"Stories from English History," by Louise Creighton, in the press of Thomas Whittaker, contains twenty or more woodcuts copied from old prints, and historic frescoes.

It is related of Theodore Hook that, strolling along the Strand one day, in company with a friend, he observed a dandy approaching them, dressed in the first style of fashion, and sailing down the street with the air of an emperor, passing by the ordinary mortals who surrounded him with immeasurable disdain. Just as he came near, Hook stepped up to the exquisite, and humbly enquired, "I beg your pardon, sir, but are you anybody in particular?" The disconcerted beau looked at the grave querist in utter amazement, and walked away without a particle of dignity left.

The late Mr. Wordsworth, son of the great poet, had in his possession a very large collection of unpublished letters, some by his father, but mostly written by Southey, Rogers, De Quincey, Lamb, Coleridge, Sir Walter Scott, and other literary friends. These will soon be given to the public. The present owner is the grandson of the poet, and it appears to be upon his authority that the statement is made that the letters will demonstrate beyond a doubt that Mary Wordsworth, the poet's sister, supplied not only the sentiment but, in many cases, the diction of many of the noblest passages in Wordsworth's poems.

The following anecdote of the late Sidney Lanier was told by Mr. J. R. Tait at a meeting of subscribers to the Lanier memorial fund held not long since in Baltimore: "I remember his describing, when very ill himself, the condition of a brother-poet of the South, with a laugh in which were blended sympathy and tenderness, with a certain sense of grotesqueness of the situation. A poet who lived at a place—no, not a place, but a pump in the pine-barrens, where thirsty locomotives stopped to drink, and where, in a log-cabin of smallest dimensions, tapestried with pictures from the illustrated newspapers, the poet, an invalid, dwelt and wrote and cared for his family. The laugh ended in something like a sob, and there were tears in his eyes of admiration for the pluck, and sympathy for the lot of one so much worse off than himself. And yet Paul Hayne has lived to write his elegy."

"I have said before, and I repeat it here," says Prof. Huxley, "that if a man cannot get literary culture of the highest kind out of his Bible, and Chaucer, and Shakespeare, and Milton, and Bishop Berkley, to mention only a few of our illustrious writers—say if he cannot get it out of those writers, he cannot get it out of anything; and I would assuredly devote a very large portion of the time of every English child to the careful study of the models of English writing of such varied and wonderful kind as we possess, and, what is still more important and still more neglected, the habit of using that language with precision and with force and with art. I fancy we are almost the only nation in the world who seem to think that composition comes by nature. The French attend to their own language, the German's study theirs; but Englishmen do not seem to think it worth their while."

CURIOUS AND SCIENTIFIC.

To those who believe in the better health of the "good old times," it will be gratifying to see the results of investigations on this subject. In the sixteenth century the average period of human life was a little over twenty-one years; in this century it has risen to forty years. Then only three per cent. lived to see their three score and ten years; now eighteen per cent. live beyond this age.

The *Scientific American* says that a non-conductor of electricity has yet to be found, for all substances hitherto discovered are conductors to the force under certain known conditions, but those which offer a great resistance to it serve the purpose of non-conductors in practice, although they may be all classed as good or bad conductors. The best conductor known at present is silver, the worst is solid paraffine.

The machine-made nail may be said to be of comparatively recent date, when the antiquity of the handicraft art of nail-making is considered. Until ninety years ago all nails were forged. Some idea of the number of people once engaged in the trade may be gained from the fact that previous to the era of the nail-making machine 60,000 nailers were employed at one time in the city of Birmingham, Eng., each family forging its own nails at what might be termed domestic forges. This is still done in some sections in Germany.

The weathering of brick walls into a friable state is usually attributed to the action of heat, wet, and frost; but from recent observations of M. Parize, the real destroyer is a microscopic creature, and the action played by the weather is only secondary. He has examined the red dust of crumbling bricks under the microscope, and found it to consist largely of living organisms. A sample of brick dust taken from the heart of a solid brick also showed the same animalcules, but in smaller numbers. The magnifying power of the instrument was 300 diameters. Every decaying brick showed the same kind of population, but the harder the brick the fewer were noticed.

A Strange Advertisement.

The following curious advertisement appeared recently in the Stamford (Eng.) *Mercury*: "Farm Wanted—a mixed soil of about six hundred acres, with a porous subsoil, one-third sound pasture—in the midland or eastern counties. To enter upon at Lady-Day, one thousand eight hundred and eighty-four. Landlord and agent must both be of irreproachable character; the incumbent of the parish must hold Evangelical opinions, and not given to meddle with things secular. No game-keeper allowed. Landlord to pay half the rates. Tenant to cultivate and crop according to his judgment; no objection to certain covenants as to proper protection of landlord's rights. Tenancy to be changed or terminated only by a four years' notice."

Large and Small Heads.

A writer in the *Journal of Science* says that the idea that a great intellect requires a large head is not supported by facts. An examination of busts, pictures, medallions, etc., of the world's famous celebrities almost tends the other way. In the earlier paintings, it is true, men are distinguished by their large heads, but this is attributable to the painters, who agreed with the general opinion and wished to flatter their sitters.

A receding forehead is mostly condemned. Nevertheless this feature is found in Alexander the Great and, to a lesser degree, in Julius Cæsar. The head of Frederick the Great, as will be seen from one of the portraits in Carlyle's work, receded.

Other great men have had positively small heads. Lord Byron's was remarkably small. Men of genius of ancient times have only what may be called an ordinary or everyday forehead, and Herodotus, Alcibiades, Pluto, Aristotle and Epicurus, among others, are mentioned as instances. Some are even low-browed, as Burton, the author of "The Anatomy of Melancholy," and Albert Durer.

The average forehead of the Greek sculptures in the frieze from the Parthenon is, we are told, "lower, if anything, than what is seen in many modern foreheads."