

## Breeding from Arab Sires.

(The Nineteenth Century.)

As size is a condition *sine qua non* for most purposes in England, I feel that something needs to be said on that head. I have every reason to believe that pure Arabian produce, bred in England, will in the first generation reach the height of 15 hands 2 inches, although his dam is hardly that height, and I believe it to be a fact that cross-bred produce from an Arabian sire is always taller than the mean height of sire and dam. That this should be so seems to me quite accountable. The Arabian of 15 hands is not a big pony but a little horse—little only through the circumstances of his breeding, and ready at once to develop as nature, under kinder influences, intended him to do. It may seem a paradox to say it, but I believe size to be no less a quality of the racing Anazeh than speed. The English race-horse of 1700, if we may believe Admiral Rous, was under 15 hands in height, being then, as I have shown, by no means a pure Arabian, whereas immediately after the infusion of Darley blood he rose to 16 and 16.2. The soil and climate of England will, I doubt not, do now what it did then, and I think it is the Duke of Newcastle who remarks, "There is no fear of having too small horses in England, since the moisture of the climate, and the fatness of the land rather produce horses too large." Neither do I doubt that in Arabian cross-breeding a like result will be obtained. Lastly, the Arabian has this in his favour as a sire. He is less likely, from the real purity of his blood, to get those strange sports of nature which are the curse of breeders, misshapen offspring, recalling some ancient stain in not a stainless pedigree. The true Arabian may be trusted to reproduce his kind after his own image and likeness, and of a particular type. It will rarely happen to the breeder of Arabians that a colt is born useless for any purpose in the world, except, as they say, "to have his throat cut or be run in a hansom." Whether he be bred a race-horse or not, the Arab will always find a market as long as cavalry is used in England or on the Continent. He is a cheap horse to breed, doing well in what would starve an English thoroughbred, and requiring less stable work from his docility. Above all, whatever diseases he may acquire in time, he starts now with a clean bill of health, inheriting none of those weaknesses of constitution which beset our present racing stock. He endures cold as he endures heat, fasting, as plenty, and hard work as idleness. Nothing comes to him amiss. For what other creature under heaven can we say so much?

## The Teeth of the Ancient Greeks.

(From the London News.)

One of the most remarkable features of the discovery of the band of Thebans who fell at Cheronea is that, according to the report, all the teeth of each member of the Sacred Band are sound and complete. Either these gallant patriots were exceptionally lucky, or the condition of teeth in old Greece was inevitably different from that of later and more degenerate days. The Romans were well acquainted with the evils that attend on the possession of teeth, and had some considerable knowledge of the use of gold in counteracting these evils. If we remember rightly, an exception to the rule of not burying precious objects with departed Romans was made in favour of the gold that had been used for stopping teeth. We moderns may compare favourably with the Romans in the skill of our dentists, but we cannot pretend to rival the defenders of Thebes in their superiority to the necessity for those gentlemen. Rare, indeed, are the happy mortals of to-day who can truly boast that their teeth are in the perfect condition that nature intended, and that the craft of the dentist has never been employed upon them. It would be a difficult task to select from our Army, or any modern army, 300 men with teeth as sound as those of the Theban warriors are reported to be.

Two marble busts of the Prince Imperial have lately been finished by M. Cost, the sculptor, one for Queen Victoria, representing the cadet at Chislehurst, and the other for Gen. Simmons, which is to be presented to the Royal Military Academy, at which the ill-fated youth studied. It is said that the Empress will have the bodies of her husband and son brought to wherever she may pitch upon for her residence, and placed in a mausoleum there. She is in very delicate health.

## SCIENTIFIC GOSSIP.

In the first of the series of his Cantor lectures, Robert W. Edis thus concisely states how decoration and furniture of town houses should be treated: "The great aim of the designer should be simplicity and appropriateness of form and design, with harmony of colour, and to show that the cheapest and commonest things need not be ugly, and that truth in art and design need not of necessity involve costliness and lavish expenditure. Fitness and absolute truth are essential to all real art, and be it remembered that 'design is not the offspring of idle fancy; it is the studied result of accumulative observation and delightful habit'; and by a careful regard to this we may make our homes and habitations, if not absolutely shrines of beauty and good taste, at least pleasant places, where the educated eye may look around without being shocked and offended by gross vulgarity and gaudy commonplace-ness."

By means of an ingenious clock-work apparatus, Marey, the French biologist, has obtained a number of exceedingly interesting graphic illustrations of the manner in which man walks. The instrument is a vertical barrel, covered with finely ruled paper, and as the barrel is made to revolve by the gearing within it, a little pencil makes a mark on the paper, as the person whose walk is under investigation steps along with the registering device. A little air-compressor, worked by the foot of the walker at each step, sends a current of air through a flexible pipe to the instrument, and gives a more or less up-and-down movement to the pencil. It has been found that the step in going up hill is longer than in going down hill; that the step is longer for an unburdened man than for a burdened one, and that the step is longer when the sole of the boot is thick and prolonged beyond the toe than when it is short and flexible. When a person ascends a hill he quickens his pace, but diminishes its length, and he does just exactly the opposite when descending an inclination on the ground. It would seem that Marey's observations point to the advisability of pedestrians in general adopting low-heeled boots, with thick projecting soles.

The *Chemical News* gives the following pertinent piece of advice to the young student of science in Great Britain, and neither young nor old students on this side of the Atlantic need evade reading it at least. When a man has got so far as to define, even in his secret thoughts, science as a mere something to be examined in, he is intellectually dead. In conjunction with this caution we must make a demand upon the moral nature of the student. We must exhort him, at whatever cost of time and labour, to eschew cram, including under the term all the tricks and dodges by which a really undisciplined mind is made to put on a false appearance of mastery. It is not safe to argue that the English system of examination being essentially a sham it may be legitimately evaded. He who wins degrees and diplomas by deceit will have acquired habits of dishonesty which will cling to him in after life, and which will manifest themselves in a propensity for trimming and cooking results, for suppressing inconvenient facts, and forging evidences for a tottering theory. He who cheats examiners in youth will in after life be apt to cheat scientific societies and the learned world at large for his own glorification, and may perhaps for a time succeed.

## The Tower of Silence.

On a hill in the island of Bombay (called by the Europeans Malabar Hill) stand, all within a short distance of each other, the churchyard of the Christians, the cemetery of the Mussulman, the place where the Hindoos cremate their dead, and the Tower of Silence, where the Parsees leave theirs uncoffined, to be devoured by the birds of the air. It is a lofty square enclosure, without roof or covering of any kind. Huge bloated vultures and kites, gorged with human flesh, throng lazily the summit of the lofty wall surrounding the stone pavement, which is divided into three compartments, wherein the corpses of men, of women, and of children are laid apart, and all nude as they came into the world. Some relative or friend anxiously watches, at a short distance, to ascertain which eye is first plucked out by the birds, and from thence it is inferred whether the soul of the departed is happy or miserable. The Parsees regard with horror the Hindoo method of disposing of the dead, by throwing the bodies or ashes into rivers; yet their own custom is even more repugnant to the feelings of the Europeans in India.

## FACTS AND INCIDENTS.

THE Swiss pleasure season has been the best for six years. Up to June 30 the Lacerne Steamboat Company had carried 40,000 more passengers than up to the same date last year.

A MAN leaped from a third-story window, in Philadelphia, to escape from his infuriated wife. His leg was broken; but that was nothing, he said, to what he would have suffered if he hadn't jumped.

LAST December the London Peabody Fund of \$2,500,000 had grown to \$3,500,000. The trustees up to that time had housed 9,905 persons in 2,355 separate dwellings. The average weekly earnings of the head of each family in a Peabody house were \$6, the average rent \$1, and a single room 50 cents.

TWO Kentuckians had been stopping at a Chicago hotel. One of them was fiercely disputing the correctness of the bill which the clerk had just presented to him, when the other took him by the arm and said, "Colonel, never forget that you are a Kentuckian. Kill the clerk, but pay the bill."

THE excitement consequent on the discoveries of new diamonds in the Free State of South Africa, according to latest intelligence, had not abated in intensity. Three new rushes have been reported. A gem of the first water, weighing fifty carats, and worth \$30,000, has been unearthed at the Jagorastoeindigings.

SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFF'S new work, on which he is now engaged, adheres to the old phrase with which he was himself identified from its inception to its collapse, and he calls his book "Young Ireland." It is not a history in broad and well-connected narrative, but a sort of personal memoir. O'Brien, Dillon, O'Connell, and Meagher are spoken of very highly, but Michael is very severely handled.

THE Swedish and Norwegian press are discussing in somewhat heated terms the agitation prevailing among a section of Norwegians for the repeal of the act of union between Sweden and Norway, and the establishment of a Norwegian republic. The Swedish journals, while hinting that the separation of Norway would be a good thing, maintain that the honour of Sweden is involved, and that, if necessary, strong measures must be employed to re-awaken the loyalty of the Norwegians. The relations between the Norwegian deputies and the King are greatly strained, the right of the King to a final vote having been denied by a large majority.

THERE has lately been published a very interesting official paper by Capt. Morant of the British navy, on the operations of the six vessels sent under command of the Duke of Edinburgh to give aid on the west coast of Ireland. The report says that the distress did not come suddenly on the inhabitants of this wild region by reason of the failure of last year's harvest, but was due in great measure to the falling off in value of kelp. This compelled the people to fall back upon tillage and fishing; but the crops capable of being grown are utterly insufficient to support the population, while the appliances for fishing are too imperfect to help much in sustaining the communities. The population is far larger than such a soil and climate can support, and the people have been imprudent in making very early marriages. Emigration is the only remedy for these people.

DR. LOUIS POSSE of St. Louis was married last July. Now his wife is suing for a divorce. Her chief cause of complaint is given in her testimony as follows: "We had a roast duck for dinner, with onion stuffing. When he saw the onions he got just like a wild man and threw down his knife and fork, cursed me and called me names, and asked me what kind of eating that was. He wouldn't sit down to the table then, but went and sat down in the kitchen. I wasn't eating then, and he asked me why I didn't eat. I said to him, 'If you will not eat I will not eat either.' He then said, 'If you don't sit down this very minute and eat, I will show you who is boss in this house, you or I.' He forced me to go to the table and sit down, and I took some victuals on my plate just to please him, but I couldn't eat. He then went and got a stick and stood behind my chair and said to me: 'Here, do you see that stick? That is for you, and if you will not eat now I will break this stick on your back. I will break every bone in your body. Fill up your plate and eat.' I even filled my plate for good, and he kept standing behind me till I had the whole plate emptied."

## GRINLETS.

## "A Terrible Infant!"

I recollect a nurse call'd Ann,  
Who carried me about the grass,  
And one fine day a fine young man  
Came up, and kissed the pretty lass;  
She did not make the least objection!  
Thinks I, "Alas!  
When I can talk I'll tell mamma."  
And that's my earliest recollection.

They had just exchanged their rings,  
And sat on the sofa together,  
Discussing the subject of weather  
And several others things.

It was midnight ere he rose.  
And a bit of court plaster  
From her cheek of fair alabaster,  
Was stuck on the end of his nose.

"How is your husband this afternoon, Mrs. Quiggs?" "Why, the doctor says as how if he lives till mornin' he shall have some hopes of him; but if he don't he must give him up."

WHEN a boy is ordered against his will to take the coal-scuttle down stairs and fill it, it is astonishing the number of articles he will accidentally strike the scuttle against before getting back.

THE European powers to Duleigno—Will you surrender? Duleigno to the European powers—No, I won't. The European powers to Duleigno—Then we think you're real mean—so, there!

A BRILLIANT little girl, who had successfully spelt the word "that," was asked by her teacher what would remain after the "t" had been taken away. "The dirty cups and saucers," was the reply.

THE following letter was received by an undertaker recently from an afflicted widow. "Sir—my war is dead and wants to be buried to-morrow at Woner clock. U nose war to dig the hole by the side of my two other wifes let it be deep."

LAWYER (entering the office of his friend, Dr. M—, and speaking in a hoarse whisper: "Fred, I've got such a cold this morning that I can't speak the truth." Dr. M—: "Well, I'm glad that it's nothing that will interfere with your business."

A CERTAIN English general, being at the point of death, opened his eyes, and seeing a consultation of four physicians, who were standing close by his bedside, faintly exclaimed: "Gentlemen, if you fire by platoons it's all over with me," and instantly expired.

MAD. DUNNUP—Awful dull down here, isn't it, Miss Maria? Miss Maria—Do you think so? Why don't you go, then? You're a bachelor, and have only yourself to please. Maj. Dunnup—Only myself to please! You don't know what a doosed difficult thing that is to do.

THE Irishman had a correct appreciation of the fitness of things who, being asked by the judge when he applied for a license to sell whisky if he was of good moral character, replied: "Faith, yer honour, I don't see the necessity of a good moral character to sell whisky!"

HERE is a verbatim sample of a preacher's prayer of a coloured camp-meeting at Sonoca, Md., last summer. "Oh, Lord! send down thy spirit! Let down do right foot ob Thy power! Oh, Lord! mount do gray horse ob Zion, an' come down an' stir us up wid long poles."

JUST as a Brooklyn citizen called his five-year-old son into the house, the other day, a playmate gave the boy a slap in the face, and he ran to his father for protection. "My son," said the fond father, "when a boy hits you like that, you must always strike back." "Oh, papa, I did. I hit him yesterday."

WHEN old Mrs. Bunsby had got through reading in the morning paper an account of the last fire, she turned her spectacles from her eyes to the top of her head and remarked: "If the city firemen would wear the genuine hum knit stockings, such as we make and wear in the country, they wouldn't be a bustin' of their hose at every fire."

THE base-ball season has ended, and the mellifluous mouthings of the umpire, as he manfully argues with the second-base man, are hushed. The arnica market is dull, and the new wing for the hospital will not need to be built for another season. The base runner has "got under" for the last time (we wish some of them had), the home plate and got a "slide." "fly" time has passed, the has only batter in the land is in the griddle-cake pan. The boys have earned this run.