

which springs from a soul thoroughly impressed with the undisputed worth of the object of his eulogy. It is pleasing, after the lapse of nearly two centuries, to find so noble a testimony to the memory of him, whose researches and learning have done more to unfold the mysteries of the solar system than any other human being—whose perceptions of the laws of nature have cleared a path through which men of the present generation can wander with delight. The name of Sir Isaac Newton never could die; it is enrolled in the movement of every star, and is stamped on every calculation relating to art or science. A people's tribute to a deceased warrior or a departed statesman bespeaks a noble spirit; but there is a something indescribable in the pleasure with which one must view the proceedings at Grantham. There, neither warrior nor statesman was the theme of praise, but thousands of an after-generation met to do homage to the memory of the profound scholar and the humble christian. Nor was the circumstance less interesting from the fact of one of our deepest mathematicians of the present day—Henry Lord Brougham, standing there, in the 80th year of his age, paying tribute to the departed philosopher in a speech worthy of the finest orators whose names Greece and Rome have handed down to us. At that age, too, this man of varied attainments, who has devoted a whole life for the wide spreading of knowledge and for the advancement of science—now, (it is affirmed) filling up his leisure time by preparing a new edition of the "Principia"—all this added interest to a scene, in itself most gratifying; and Grantham must long remember with pride the day, when, on St. Peter's Hill, the statue of Newton was inaugurated by the greatest philosopher and statesman of the present day.—*English Paper.*

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#### SEVEN REASONS FOR HAVING A SMALL HOUSE.

It is often remarked by strangers that Pennsylvanians build large barns to the discredit of their small houses, much of which is true, but I apprehend that it is not the want of size in their houses, so much as the want of comfort and convenience that should be animadverted upon. We confess to a liking for small houses and small women. Touching the former, we will here give seven good, and as we think, sufficient reasons for our preference. In the first place, they imply small, cozy rooms. Not cramped, but measurable. So small that the light and heat are reflected and radiated from all parts. Family comfort cannot thrive in a hall or a field. I imagine that the boy who did not feel sufficiently acquainted with his father to ask him for a new cap, lived in "a palatial residence." I doubt not, for the same reason, people living among mountains are more sociable than those who live in plains. Affection, like a smile, dies unless it is reflected. *Secondly*, We like small houses because they look paid for, and a small house paid for holds more happiness and real friends than a large one unpaid. Anything unpaid is uncomfortable. To an honest man debts are demons, and an indebted house a haunted house full of creeping horrors and disquietudes as that described by Hood. *Thirdly*, We like small houses because they look sympathizing. They are like people not overdressed, more ready to make acquaintance. A big house is like a big man—unaccommodating. Stately porticos and lordly halls are like the titles D. D., LL.D., &c.—imposing, distant, and inclined to be repellent. In the *fourth* place, we like a small house because it excites no envy. It matters not how elegantly it is furnished, how tastefully surrounded and adorned by shrubbery and flowers, its observers are its admirers and friends. It does not fall under the "evil eye," and no man who has a soul would wish even his house—his home—the abode of his wife and children, to be an object of envy. Every body can say, and is encouraged to say, "I can build such a house"—which words are equivalent to a blessing. *Fifthly*, We like a small house because it must always remain the people's house. The industrious mechanic can earn such a house. The diligent laborer can own, by patient industry, such a house. The widow can live in such a house, and what a rich, rational comfort it is to live in such accommodations as of necessity must be the dwelling-place of nine-tenths of the race. *Sixthly*, We like small houses, because in such most of us begin life. It is with small houses that the affections of young couples, the first cares and joys of married life, are mostly associated. Most of us begin "in a small way." In the last place, we prefer the small house, because it is not so far removed from our last narrow home. Only a few steps down and our weary feet are there, but from the large palace to the narrow grave the change is too abrupt. I've grown sober over these orders of architecture, and will stop.—*Farmer Boy in Ohio Farmer.*