THE PROTECTOR

AND CHRISTIAN WITNESS.

"RIGHTEOUSNESS EXALTETH A NATION: BUT SIN IS A REPROACH TO ANY PEOPLE."—Prov. xiv 34.

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PRAYER FOR THE PRESENCE OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

Isaiah, lxiv 1.

Awake, thou Spirit, who of old
Did st fire the watchmen of the Church's youth;
Who faced the foe, unshrinking, bold,
Who witnessed day and night th' eternal Truth,
Whose voices through the world are ringing still,
And bringing hosts to know and do thy will.

Oh! that thy fire were kindled soon,
That swift from land to land its flame might leap;
Lord, give us but this priceless boon
Of faithful servants, fit for thee to reap
The harvest of the soul; look down and view
How great the harvest; yet the laborers few.

Lord, let our earnest prayer be heard,
The prayer thy Son himself hath bid us pray;
For lo! thy children's hearts are stirred
In every land in this our darkening day,
To cry for help with fervent soul to Thee,
O! hear us, Lord, and speak: thus let it be.

Oh! haste to help ere we are lost;
Send forth Evangelists in spirit strong,
Armed with thy Word, a dauntless host,
Bold to attack the rule of ancient wrong.
And let them all the earth for Thee reclaim,
To be thy kingdom, and to know thy name.

Would there were help within our walls,
Oh! let thy promised spirit come again,
Before whom every barrier falls,
And, ere the night, shine forth once more as then.
O! rend the heavens, and make thy presence felt,
The chains that bind us at thy touch would melt.

And let thy Word have speedy course,
Through every land the Truth be glorified,
Till all the heathen know its force,
And gather to thy churches far and wide;
And waken Israel from her sleep, O Lord,
Thus bless and spread the conquests of thy Word.

—*Lyra Germanica.*

BLYTH'S LETTERS FROM ITALY

Correspondence of the Presbyterian.

Naples, February.

Messrs. Editors—One hundred and ten years ago, a poor man at the base of Vesuvius determined to dig a well. He dug; and when he got down eighteen or twenty feet, where water ought to have been, what was his astonishment to find himself in a painted chamber, surrounded with antique statues! He had sunk his shaft into a Pompeiian house, and the long-lost city was discovered. A century and a half before a stupid architect had cut an aqueduct right through the centre of the city without knowing it, and traversed no less than three temples and the Forum. The peasant was wiser than the architect; he told what he had seen, and now, after more than a century's excavations, about a quarter of the city has been uncovered.

There is a railroad from Naples to Pompeii (thirteen miles), and we took it, of course. We were let out at the "Gate of the Sea," and there found a government guide to lead us through the city, and to watch us, lest we should fill our pockets with old bricks and chips from the pillars of the Forum. We followed him closely for four hours among these strange ruins. We saw and heard, and wondered as we never wondered before. What we saw, and all the stories we heard, it would be too tedious to tell you in detail, but to my general impressions you are welcome. I expected to go down into Pompeii by a staircase; I expected to grope about in dusky shadows, and sometimes by the light of torches, as I had done in the Catacombs; I expected to see at once that I was in a city which boasted of its antiquity when Cæsar was born. But nothing of the kind. We went through a gate into sunny streets. We walked along deserted pavements lined with dismantled houses It seemed like a village that had been peopled but yesterday, and through which a tornado had passed, unroofing its dwellings and putting its population to flight. It was only slowly, very slowly that the truth gained the mastery of the impression, and that I realized that we were standing in a city whose destruction had come eighteen hundred years ago. But when I did, the interest was awful. It is this, and only this, that makes Pompeii so wonderful—this contact of the past with the present—this annihilation of centuries—this feeling that we are taking advantage of the momentary absence of the people to explore the mysteries of their parlors, bedrooms, and kitchens.

There are no imposing monuments to attract us here;—only these tokens of the daily life of eighteen hundred years ago; only the worn streets, the deserted shops, the unroofed houses, the every little sign of living men that time usually obliterates, but that here, defying time, stare out at us with fearful distinctness. We walk along the streets, and observe the ruts worn by the lumbering Roman chariot. We go to a well curb, and mark how the bucket-rope has deeply scored its stony edges. We stop at a corner, and read a badly-spelled proclamation, daubed in red paint on the wall. We step into a drinking-shop, and see the great vessels that held the wine, and the stains made by the dripping cup on the stone counter. We go to the Forum, and see the rostrum from which the orators declaimed; and the rings in the market-place to which the cattle were tied. We enter the amphitheatre without a ticket, and profanely scramble over its empty seats. We ascend into the temple of Isis by the secret stair-case of the priests, and discover the hidden contrivance through which their oracles were uttered. We enter the house of a private gentleman; gaze about upon the painted walls of his spacious reception room; go into the court beyond, where is his little garden, scarce six feet square, and his baby fountain; and thence penetrate into his lady's boudoir. We look into his bedroom, and wonder that he can sleep in such a hole; and then we go down into his cellar and ask "what cheer?" and straightway long rows of "amphorae" answers "good." Would we try his wine, we find his vessels full of dust; and groping around, we discover that he and his family died among them, and left the tracery of their delicate limbs on the soft ashes that swept down upon them that fearful night, eighteen hundred years ago. Putting what we see in Pompeii and what we see in the Museum together, we know as well what life was then as we know what it is now. We handle the very bread they ate, and the drugs with which they were physicked. We loll on their couches, sit by their tables, and read by their lamps. We finger the tools of the carpenter, the instruments of the surgeon, and the cosmetics of the ladies. We ring their bells, try their bars, bolts, and keys, weigh their money, wonder at the exquisite beauty of their jewelry, and the awkward clumsiness of their cooking utensils. We wander along the streets and look up at the signs, just as we would in Philadelphia. A stiff-jointed goat over one door shows us just where the Pompeiian maid went to get milk for breakfast. Two men carrying a well-filled amphora over another invites the thirsty into a wine-shop. A gladiatorial combat indicates where the polite art of boxing may be learned in a few easy lessons; and a boy mounted on another's back, and receiving a flagellation from a brawny arm, suggests the mysteries of Pompeiian school-teaching, to the horror of modern moral-suasionists, and to the grim satisfaction of all lovers of the rod. Indeed, Pompeii is all open to us. Its doors are broken down, its roofs taken off. We can go every where, and see every thing just as it was, and get perhaps a better idea of a third rate Roman city, than if we had come to it a stranger in the days of its prosperity.

It is a provoking thought, however, in the midst of our wondering, that only a quarter of the city has as yet been excavated. As we go along the street, we come to a blank wall of ashes, some twenty feet high, at which a few men are lazily pecking with a lassitude worthy of the government that employs them. They are digging out the rest of the city, at the rate of a foot or two in a year; and perhaps five centuries, at the present rate of procedure, will complete a job which might, with proper enterprise, be completed in as many years. The only consolation for all this is the very doubtful one of thinking that future generations may have the gratification that is denied to us.

Nothing can be more awfully impressive than to take our position upon some prominent point—say upon the outer wall of the disentombed amphitheatre—and then to look around us. The scene is one of strange contrasts, through which stranger confoundings of times and seasons struggle into notice. At our feet lies a city, silent, solitary, and sad; looking as if the fire or storm of yesterday swept over its deserted homes, and as if there must be some one to come back and claim them. We see the houses in which they lived, the temples where they prayed, the theatres where they revelled, the shops where they traded, and the tombs where they were buried, and we can scarcely believe that sixty generations have lived since they died. And then close to this discovered city is the mysterious mound, smiling in verdure and matted with luxuriant vines, under which lies more than all that has yet been laid bare. A mile away glows in the sunlight the sparkling sea, the same by whose murmurs the old Pompeiian went to sleep as it dashed against the walls of his city. Around us, the bright green hills are dotted with villages and quiet rural retreats, all unconscious of the impending ruin of which history has again and again warned them; while above all, seen from every point, and never looked upon but with the greatest awe, rises the dread mount itself, sending its column of vapour into the clear blue sky, and gazing in silent majesty down upon the scene of which it is the acknowledged monarch.

From one of the broken walls of the destroyed we look up to the great destroyer; and although it is the most beautiful object in all that unrivalled landscape; and though it seems peaceful enough now in its peaceful repose; and though the air we breathe never seemed so soft before, and the sun never so bright, or nature so cheerful and lovely, we cannot but have fearful forebodings for a country whose peace is at the mercy of the tyrant Vesuvius. What a mystery hangs over the future history of a mountain whose past has been marked by so many desolations! When shall the earth heave again with its terrible convulsions? When shall it again pour forth its streams of fire, to burn up and blacken lovely landscapes? When shall cities and villages again be buried, to be disentombed only after their names have utterly perished? Has that mountain anything yet to do with the doom and destiny—the judicial punishment of a nation that has trampled upon every law, human and divine! These questions come upon us as we stand and gaze. They clothe in funeral gloom the beautiful landscape, and we feel that this whole country is only biding its time. The very streets of Naples rumble like a drum under the roll of our carriage wheels and nothing certainly need surprise us less than to hear that even she had sunk into the sea to rise no more. These speculations and forebodings are not fanciful. They must impress themselves deeply upon every thoughtful mind that contemplates the past history and present aspect of this singular but charming region. What has occurred may occur again. The signs of disturbance are just as great as they ever were, and therefore the danger is just as imminent. It adds wonderfully to the impressiveness of a scene such as we gaze on now—a scene so placid, so brilliant, and so lovely—to think that beneath the thin crust which supports us there are agencies gathering strength for an overthrow as complete and awful as that which the sun looked down upon eighteen centuries ago. But perhaps this region claims no distinction in this respect from the rest of the world, but nevertheless here it is *felt* as it is felt no where else.

Our guide proclaims his work to be done. He modestly suggests an extra fee for having done it well, which being secured, he walks off hastily, leaving us at the end of the street of tombs, uncertain altogether as to our whereabouts. A small boy comes to our relief, and leading us over a bed of ashes rank with vegetation, in due time conducts us to the railway station. He has gathered for each of us on the way a small flower, which grows only over the ruins of the buried city—a delicate attention which secures for him a place in these memorials, and besides, a few coppers, which he more appreciates. We sit down in a modern eating-house to await the train, and losing our romance in a moment of weakness, indulge in a beefsteak at the "Sea Gate" of Pompeii, and feel comforted thereby. The train comes, and we are whirled into the great city of Naples again. The voices of the multitude, like those of many waters, swell around us again. Carriages flit by; beggars scream; men and women quarrel with and grin at each other; strolling bands strike up fragments of operas, and the music of the liveliest and noisiest of people drives both Vesuvius and Pompeii from our thoughts, as the eye grows dim with confused sights, and the ear deaf with such unearthly sounds as Neapolitans alone can make.

The Bible for Every Thing.—D. Hall, in his *Journal of Health* for May, speaking of the importance of inhabiting houses in their structure and situation favourable to health, refers as follows to the Bible:—There is more sound practical hygiene, on this subject of healthy houses, in the fourteenth chapter of *Leviticus*, from verse thirty-four, than in all the skulls of all the health commissioners and common councils of all the cities in Christendom. Pity it is that we do not read our Bibles more, that great book, which contains the leading principles of what is indisputably good, and useful, and true, in all that really pertains to human happiness; and pity it is, that the Sunday newspaper, and the trash weekly, and the enticing story-book, for childhood and hoary age, on subjects pertaining to the world, and party-preaching, and infidel peripatetic lecturers, with their new fangled crudities for human amelioration, and their theories for elevating the masses; pity it is, we say, that all these things so attract attention. The Bible, the best book of all, the wisest in all its theories, and in all its practices safe, has become a sealed book to the many, and any other volume on the centre or the side-table, is opened sooner than it. O! hie me to the "old paths" and to times of lang syne, when the Saturday afternoon Bible-class was the thing talked of and prepared for during the week: its leader a William Wallace, and then a John McFarlane, a pupil of the elder Mason. And these same youthful Bible learners, the men of their generation, where are they now? What are they doing? Why, they are scattered through this whole land, east and west, and in other lands, leading men every where, as secretaries, as professors, as Presidents of colleges, as influential editors, clergymen of mark, and higher still, as missionaries to the distant heathen, and the privy counsellors of kings! Let us tell you, reader, a Bible man—a man whose principles are founded on Bible teachings—is a man every where, whether a shoe-black or an emperor; more, the only man who can be safely trusted in all God's universe.

Thunder storms have been extensively experienced in the U. States, accompanied by some distressing casualities. In one instance a person standing near a bell wire, watching the storm, was killed by the fluid, and seven other persons in the house were more or less injured. The house was a summer retreat on a mountain,—the lightning struck the flagstaff, and descended by the wires, tearing up the ceilings, &c.

THE POPE'S PROGRESS, AND WHAT HE MIGHT HAVE SEEN.

The London *Times* has a striking article on this subject. After touching on what ancient Rome was, on the fertility of the Italian soil, and the geniality of its skies, from which, and other advantages, every thing might be expected, it proceeds:

"But in the Roman States—save in the Vatican, in the palaces of the Cardinals and of the scanty nobility—there can be found no trace of what Rome and the Roman States once were. The condition of the Roman is the condition of the Irish peasant as it was in 'the starving time.' Who that has ever ridden with melancholy curiosity among the mountains which lie near Rome can forget the cowering, half-human figures, which come out of their decayed hovels—dens for animals rather than dwellings for men—to solicit alms with the whine of the mendicant and the scowl of the would-be thief! There is nothing on the Continent of Europe more desolate—nothing, to all appearance, more hopelessly wretched, than the physical aspect of this once happy region. In the towns it is the same, with the exception perhaps of Bologna, where contentment after the Austrian type is enforced. Groups may yet be seen under the white arcades of that monotonous town, who, in the midst of the *skirri* and the foreign sentinels, can still relish the antics of Policinello with true southern enjoyment. But grass grows in the streets of Ferrara. Ancona, the opprobrium of the Adriatic, is a mere garrison for the stranger. Let any one who would know the full meaning of priestly rule but pass a day in Viterbo, Spoleto, Forli, Faenza, Ravenna.

"To speak, however, of the physical aspect only of the Roman States is to dwell upon the mere etchings and outline of the terrible misery which there prevails. It is the moral degradation—it is the universal suspicion—it is the daily apprehension and the nightly terror of the inhabitants which constitute the colouring of the picture. There are spies in the public places, in the theatres, in the streets, and foreign soldiers in plenty, Austrians and French, ready to act upon the denunciations of the pale dastards who earn the privilege of life by their activity in such a trade. Far worse than all, there are spies in every family—the confessional is the lion's mouth where their hints are extorted or received. Actual denunciation, however, is not required where to have incurred suspicion is to have been convicted of crime. It is among such a population that Pio Nono is making a progress to ascertain if there be any slight blemishes in the administration of affairs. In his own person he is a proof of how far more terrible a calamity it is for a country to be under the dominion of a weak than of a wicked ruler. The present Pope is a mere puppet in the hands of Cardinal Antonelli, and the clique of priests who actually govern the country—that is who extort the taxes and fill the prisons. To fall in with the Pontiff's humour, Cardinal Antonelli has permitted him to make this little excursion, but he has taken excellent care that nothing shall meet his Sovereign's eye but arches of triumph, garlands of flowers, complimentary addresses, and batches of nuns thirsting for benedictions. During his stay of two days at Perugia, Pio Nono spent his whole time in visiting the convents. The deputations from various municipalities were only admitted to kiss his feet, but were not permitted to open their lips. When entreated by the inhabitants to remain but a single day longer that they might acquaint him with their condition, Monsignor Berardi was at hand to observe 'that if he did so the order of his Holiness's journey would be altered.' The municipal deputation from Orvieto—a bishop at its head—solicited in vain the honour of a reception for two days; and when admitted at last to the presence of Pio Nono it was only to receive his blessing—the Pope was going to bed. Cardinal Antonelli contrived to avoid the meeting of Communal Council of Bologna. Pio Nono, in fact, throughout his progress, has been a kind of State prisoner, with a priest, a deputy of Antonelli's, ever at his side, and with an Austrian dragoon at either door of his carriage. Foreign bayonets give momentary stability to a government which, if left face to face with its subjects, would not have twenty-four hours duration of power.

"What is the end of all this to be? The solution of the particular question is wound up inextricably with the solution of the general question of Italian independence, of which, for the present at least, there would seem to be but slender probability. To maintain the present system the Austrian occupation of the provinces is necessary, and the French occupation of the capital is the natural counter-check to the Austrian array. The country is wearied out with misery, and has lost all power of resistance. Such things, of course, cannot last for ever; but, as yet, we look in vain for the end. The earlier English Ambassadors saw as much of China on their way to Pekin as the Sovereign Pontiff has been permitted to see of his own States. He went forth mumbling blessings, and mumbling blessings he will return, unaware of the misery which is inflicted upon his subjects in his sacred name."

A Remarkable Man.—A French paper gives an account of a water-mill in that country, built entirely by a blind man, without either assistance or advice from any one. The masonry, carpenter's work, roofing, stairs, paddle-wheel, cogs, in a word, all the machinery pertaining to the mill, has been made, put up, and set in motion by him alone. He has also made his own furniture. When the water is low and the mill does not work, the blind miller becomes a joiner, and also a turner on a lathe of his own invention, and so he makes all manner of utensils and pretty toy windmills for the juveniles. He lives quite alone, sweeps his own room, and cooks his own dinner. His mother, who has fifteen children to care for, lives a mile off, and does not trouble her head about "her blind boy," for "he earns his bread now," she says, "and does not want her." In 1852 this blind miller was accorded a medal by the Agricultural Society of the *arrondissement*, for a machine serving the double purpose of winnowing corn and separating the best from the common sorts.

Water in London.—The discovery of a spring producing 5000 gallons of water per minute, in the centre of London is truly a godsend. Such a discovery has been made, the locality being Duck Island, in the ornamental waters of St. James' Park. The supply above named is obtained from a well ten feet wide, a depth of only twenty-five feet; the water evidently comes from the Thames, being filtered on its passage through a bed of sand two thirds of a mile in thickness.

Where Rags Come From.—Two-thirds of the rags imported into England come from Italy, being collected at Genoa and Trieste, from the Greeks, Turks and Syrians, who use vast quantities of cheap cotton cloth, there being no home demand to work them into paper, as there is no free press or free books in Italy.

The Ragged Elevated.—Not long ago a boy who had been sent to one of our colonies sent a remittance for a ragged school of £20, together with the intimation that he was Postmaster-General of a certain place, at a salary of £300 per year.

Eggs for Burns.—The white of an egg has proved of late the most efficacious remedy for burns. Seven or eight successive applications of this substance sooth the pain and exclude the burned parts from the air. This simple remedy seems to us far preferable to collodion, or even cotton.—*Scientific American.*

Shanghai.—A French Roman Catholic Bishopric is to be established at Shanghai, where the French possess a plot of ground, which is to be fortified. Shanghai will be the head-quarters of the French missionaries in China.

IMMENSITY OF THE UNIVERSE.

The diameter of the earth's orbit is, as it were, the pocket-rule of the astronomer, with which the mind can no more grasp than infinity. This star-measurer is one hundred and ninety millions of miles in length. This the astronomer lays down on the floor of the heavens, and drawing lines from its extremities to the nearest fixed star, or a centauri, he finds the angle thus subtended by this base line to be not quite one second! By the simple rule of three he then arrives at the fact that the nearest fixed star is 21,000,000,000,000.

From another simple calculation it follows, that in the space around our solar system devoid of stars, there is room in one dimension, or in one straight line, for 12,000 solar systems; in two dimensions, or in one plane, there is room for 130,000,000 of solar systems; and in actual sidereal space of three dimensions, there is room for 1,500,000,000,000 of solar systems the size of our own.

Nay, good farmer, do not look so unbelievingly. Your boy need not graduate from the district school to prove all this. One and a half million million of solar systems, as large as ours, might be set in the space which divides between it and its nearest neighbour. And, if we might assume the aggregate population of our solar system to be 20,000,000, then there would be room enough for thirty thousand trillions of human beings to live, love and labour in the worlds that might be planted in this same starless void.

Nay, good man of the tow frock, hold on a moment longer. Our sun is but a dull hazy speck of light in the great milky way; and Dr. Herschel says he discovered fifty thousand just such suns in that highway of worlds, in a space apparently a yard in breadth, and six in length. Think of that a moment! and then that no two of them all are probably nearer each other than twenty billions of miles; and then, that the starless space between their solar systems might contain 1,500,000,000,000 of similar systems! Multiply these spaces and these systems by a hundred millions, and you will have numbered the worlds that a powerful glass will open to your view, from one point of space.

Again, multiply these systems by twenty thousand millions, and you will have three billion trillions of human beings who, might dwell in peace and unity in that point of space which Herschel's glass would disclose to your vision.

And you ask despairingly, What is man? We will tell you what he is in one respect: the Creator of all these worlds is his God.

It does one good to think long and deeply on these stupendous facts. By no other means accessible to us can we so well climb toward a just apprehension of the greatness and majesty of the Lord our God. These measurements and estimates seem as a ladder let down to us in our narrow prison-house, up which we may ascend to look abroad a little way over the vast dominions of our great King!

To this contemplation the Bible itself refers us as our means of knowing the greatness and might of our God.

"Lift up your eyes on high, and behold who hath created these things, that bringeth out their hosts by number: he calleth them all by their names, by the greatness of his might, for that he is strong in power; not one faileth." Isaiah xl. 26. "It is he that sitteth upon the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers; that stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in." Isaiah xl. 22. "He stretcheth out the north over the empty place, and hangeth the earth upon nothing. The pillars of heaven tremble, and are astonished at his reproof. By his Spirit he hath garnished the heavens. Lo, these are parts of his ways; but how little a portion is heard of him! But the thunder of his power who can understand!" Job xxvi. 7, 11, 13, 14.

THE WORK OF CREATION.

The Creator has spoken, and the spangled stars look out from openings of deep unclouded blue; and as day rises, and the planet of morning pales in the East, the broken cloudlets are transmuted from bronze into gold, and anon the gold becomes fire, and at length the glorious sun arises out of the seas, and enters on his course rejoicing. It is a brilliant day; the waves of a deeper and softer blue than before dance and sparkle in the light; the earth, with little less to attract the gaze, has assumed a garb of brighter green; and as the sun declines amid even richer glories than those which had encircled his rising, the moon appears full orbed in the East—to the human eye the second great luminary of the heavens—and climbs slowly to the zenith as night advances, shedding its mild radiance on land and sea.

Again the day breaks; the prospect consists, as before, of land and ocean. There are great pine woods, reed-covered swamps, wide plains, winding rivers, and broad lakes; and a bright sun shines over all. But the landscape derives its interest and novelty from a feature unmarked before. Gigantic birds stalk along the sands, or wade far into the waters in quest of their ichthyic food, while birds of lesser size float upon the lakes, or scream discordant in hovering flocks, thick as insects in the calm of a summer evening, over the narrower seas, or brighten with the sunlight gleam of their wings the thick woods. And ocean has its monsters; great *tanim* heave their huge bulk over its surface to inhale the life-sustaining air; and out of their nostrils goeth smoke, as out of a "seething pot or cauldron." Monstrous creatures, armed in massive scales, haunt the rivers, or scour the flat sand meadows; earth, air and water are charged with animal life, and the sun sets on a busy scene, in which unerring instinct pursues unremittingly its few simple ends—the support and preservation of the individual, the propagation of species, and the protection and maintenance of the young.

Again the night descends, for the fifth day has closed, and morning breaks on the sixth and last day of creation. Cattle and beasts of the field graze on the plains; the thick-skinned rhinocerus wallows in the marshes; the squat hippopotamus rustles amongst the reeds, or plunges sullenly into the river; great herds of elephants seek their food amid the herbage of the woods; while animals of fiercer nature—the lion, the leopard, and the bear—harbour in deep caves till the evening, or lie in wait for their prey amid tangled thickets, or beneath some broken bank. At length, as the day wanes and the shadows lengthen, man, the responsible lord of the creation, formed in God's own image, is introduced upon the scene, and the work of creation ceases for ever upon the earth. The night falls once more upon the prospect, and there dawns yet another morrow, the morrow of God's rest—that divine Sabbath in which there is no more creative labour, and which, blessed and sanctified beyond all the days that had gone before, has as its special object the moral elevation and final redemption of man. And over it no evening is represented in the record as falling, for its special work is not yet complete. Such seems to have been the sublime panorama of creation, exhibited in vision of old to

The shepherd who first taught the chosen seed,
In the beginning, how the heavens and earth
Rose out of chaos,

and, rightly understood, I know not a single scientific truth that militates against even the minutest or least prominent of its details.—*Hugh Miller's "Testimony of the Rocks."*

Artificial Stone.—Artificial stone, made of chalk, reduced to a paste and stamped in a solution of silicate of potash, is one of the recent inventions of that class. It acquires a smooth appearance, close grain, and yellow colour. The stone thus prepared takes a very fine polish, and hardens by degrees from the surface to the interior. This process, it is claimed, many be advantageously employed for making mouldings, delicate sculpture, ornaments, and other articles of a similar description.

SEWING MACHINES.

The New York *Journal of Commerce* has the following:

The sewing machine is being introduced into general use, with a rapidity of which few have any conception. It was predicted that it would bear, with peculiar hardship, upon the sewing girl, whose oppressed condition has long excited the sympathies of the philanthropic; but it is evident that this has not been the result, and the strong prejudice which for several years resisted the introduction of the sewing machine has been gradually overcome. There are now three firms which manufacture on an average two thousand machines in a year, and eight or ten in all, that are well established. Many other parties are experimenting with various success.

These machines are very extensively used by manufacturers. Douglas and Sherwood, manufacturers of ladies' skirts, in New York, have not less than one hundred and fifty machines, costing $15,000, which is believed to be the largest number employed by a single firm. Each one is calculated to do the work of ten ordinary sewers. The uses to which they are applied are curious. Three hundred hands are employed, and the execution done may be inferred from the following statistics:—There are cut up weekly, two hundred and seventy-five pieces of muslin, or one hundred and forty-three thousand per year; ditto two thousand pounds of jute cord, or one hundred and four thousand per year; six hundred dozen spools of cotton per week, or thirty-one thousand per year. For the single item of round whalebone, (boiled in oil and very flexible), the enormous sum of $6000 is paid every week. Besides, there are twenty-five looms in the city constantly employed in the manufacture of hair-cloth for the inflation of ladies' garments, making three thousand yards per week, and one hundred looms engaged on other fabrics. With these facilities, the force employed turns out three thousand skirts per day, exclusive of woven goods! Piled up in the lofts of the factory, they form a barricade almost as formidable for dimensions as General Jackson's cotton bales. The new skirt, for which the sewing machine is doing such wonders, weighs but four ounces and a half.

Another subject worthy of notice is the great improvement which has taken place in the quality of sewing silk, twist thread, &c., made necessary by the rapid and accurate movement of the sewing machine. We now produce thread in this country which far exceeds any of foreign importation in strength and evenness of texture. If the foreign and domestic are looped together and jerked asunder, the former, even of the best description, has been found to yield in the greatest number of instances. Several thread factories have recently been started, or are contemplated, to meet the increased demands.

There is a large silk factory in Florence, Massachusetts, the annual sales of which are now estimated at $1,000,000, and another at Newark, New Jersey, is doing a large business.

PRACTICAL GOOD SENSE.

It is related that an Athenian who was hesitating whether to give his daughter in marriage to a man of worth with a small fortune, or to a rich man who had no other recommendation, went to consult Themistocles on the subject. The philosopher, in the spirit of true wisdom, said, "I would bestow my daughter upon a man without money rather than money without a man." Marriages for money seldom conduce to social comfort and happiness, and often result in the utter destruction of domestic peace, in recrimination, coldness, and estrangement. And yet the love of money is seldom manifest in greater strength than in the formation of these life-long alliances where the parties bind themselves "to take each other for better or worse," and give the mutual pledge to stand by and aid each other amidst all the storms and privations and perils of life. Those parents who are chiefly anxious to have their daughters marry a fortune, who value money more than character, integrity, enterprize, and correct habits, will, in most cases, lament their short-sightedness, infatuation, and folly. There is happiness in a cottage where virtue, intelligence and kindness dwell. A palace will not yield it in the absence of these. It is not those families where there is the greatest profusion of wealth who are most to be envied. In many a splendid mansion there are aching hearts, disappointed hopes, corroding cares, and scalding tears. Let us not be misunderstood. We are not deprecating or decrying wealth. It confers and secures many advantages. But it is not worth sacrificing domestic peace to possess it—it is not worth the life-long reproach, "You married me for my money."

To Cleanse the Inside of Jars.—There is frequently some trouble in cleansing the inside of jars that have had sweetmeats, or other articles put in them for keeping, and that when empty are wanted for future use. This can be done in a few minutes, without scraping or soaking, by filling up the jars with hot water (it need not be scalding hot), and then stirring in a teaspoonful or more of pearl-ash. Whatever of the former contents has remained sticking upon the sides and bottom of the jar will immediately be seen to disengage itself, and float loose through the water. Then empty the jar at once, and if any of the former odour remains about it, fill it again with warm water, and let it stand undisturbed a few hours, or till next day; then empty it again, and rinse it with cold water. Wash phials in the same manner. Also the inside of kettles, or anything you wish to purify or clear from grease expeditiously and completely. If you cannot conveniently obtain pearl-ash, the same purpose may be answered nearly as well by filling the vessel with strong ley, poured off clear from the wood-ashes. For kegs, buckets, crocks, or other large vessels, ley may be always used.

Idiots.—Idiotcy is arrested development. There is, in all cases, a deficiency of brain, a low physical organization. The humane and accomplished Dr. Wilbur says, that out of a class of twenty pupils only three could count ten. Their almost universal fault was gluttony. Their great want is the want of attention. Many cannot talk; it often requires two or three years to enable them to utter a single word distinctly. In almost all cases home treatment only confirms the malady. In three hundred and fifty-nine cases, all but four originated in parents who had brought on some confirmed disease by the violation of the laws of nature. In every instance, the four excepted, either one or both parents were either unhealthy, scrofulous, disposed to insanity, indulged in animal excesses, or had married blood relations. Let every reader commit to memory these five causes, for to have an idiot child, how terrible the infliction! More than one-fourth of three hundred and fifty-nine idiots were the children of drunkards; one out of every twenty was the child of the marriage of near relations; in one such family five children out of eight were idiotic. If, then, health, temperance, and chastity are not duties, then are we irresponsible.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

Manufacture of Combs.—It is said that the greatest comb manufactory in the world is in Aberdeen, Scotland. There are thirty-six furnaces for preparing horns and tortoise shell for the combs, and no less than one hundred and twenty iron screw presses are continually going in stamping them. Steam power is employed to cut the combs. The coarse combs are stamped or cut out—two being cut in one piece at a time. The fine dressing combs, and all small tooth combs, are cut by fine circular saws, some so fine as to cut forty teeth in the space of one inch, and they revolve five thousand times in one minute. There are some two thousand varieties of combs made, and the aggregate number produced, of all these different sorts of combs, is about 9,000,000 annually—a quantity that, if laid together lengthwise, would extend about seven hundred miles. The annual consumption of ox horns is about 730,000, and the annual consumption of hoofs amounts to 4,000,000; the consumption of tortoise shell and buffalo horn, although not so large, is correspondingly valuable. A hoof undergoes eleven distinct operations before it becomes a finished comb.