Miscellaneous.

PARTIAL MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT.

Any careful observer, passing along our busiest thoroughfares, or happening into any country town on market day, or anywhere else where men congregate, can hardly have failed to notice that while there are many strong ones and many hearty ones there are very few who are either thoroughly erect or well proportioned thoughout. And when it is remembered that the large majority of men in this country are sons of farmers, mechants, mechanics or laborers, it is not difficult to account for this one-sidedness of build and indifference of carriage. For, while the farmer's work is vigorous and in the open air, far the greater part of it, and especilly the harder part of it, constantly uses his back, and does but little for his front, and particularly for the front of his chest. Mowing stoops him over and rounds his back; so do spading and hoeing and weeding, and lifting of nearly every sort. His back grows thick and strong, perhaps massive; so do some of the muscles of his arms, of his abdomen and of his legs, until they soon so outstrip the others that his spine, getting once crooked from being so long and so firmly held in one position, never gets out of it day or night. While his whole work strengthens, it also stiffens him. He is seldom a good walker, the habit of always hitching up, though the errand is to a place hardly a mile away, contributing to this stiffness, found, as it usually is, with an inerect position as he rides, so unlike, by the way, that which is so common among the English stage drivers, who elicited praise from Emerson for their dignified, grandfatherly air. Few of the mechanic arts are any more favourable to symmetrical development and uprightness of carriage. The blacksmith, like the farmer, works some muscles tremendously; those of his hands, of one of his shoulders, and of one of his arms, for instance; but his legs are often indifferent, and his loins nothing great, while in common with hosts of mechanics his work is not done in the open air. Painters and plasterers have good wrists; carpenters plane and saw and drive nails well with their right hands; masons, with backs bent, lift heavy stones, which with one of their hands they have chiseled into shape for their purpose; shoemakers hoop their backs rather more successfully than any other trade and the jewellers, compositors, designers, and all who do the finer, lighter work would never, merely by their daily toil, develop into well-built, erect men if they kept at it for a thousand years. Men in mercantile life sit or stand many hours each day, are frequently burdened with important and trying work, have so many irons in the fire as to get no rest, and at the end of the day find themselves thoroughly exhausted, and in humor for anything but vigorously muscular exertion. If their work calls them out much, it uses their legs only, leaving the arms idle, and so keeping the development but partial. The spade, the pick and the bar of the laboring man keep him stooped over in spite of all he can do, and he lives and dies, as Charles Reade described him in his admirable sketch of the brave blind swimmer of the Scottish firth, James Lambert—a man with a slouch in his gait.—*William Blaikie, id Harper's Magazine.*

MODERN JAPAN.

BY DAVID WEDDERBURN.

The political and social revolution which created modern Japan, has been as sudden and complete as a theatrical transformation scene. A country sealed from time immemorial against all outsiders is suddenly thrown open, and foreign ideas, inventions, and fashions are welcomed and adopted by government and people. A mysterious dignitary, supposed to resemble in his spiritual attributes the Dalai Lama of Thibet, is drawn forth from invisible seclusions, is arrayed in European uniform, and appears before the astonished world as ruling Emperor of Japan, while the usurping shogun, the representative of military domination, retires into peaceful obscurity, his title and his office being suddenly extinguished after a duration of seven centuries. A great territorial aristocracy, owning impregnable fortresses, princely revenues, and the allegiance of devoted military retainers, decrees its own overthrow, and subsides without a struggle, almost without a murmur, into the position of private citizens pensioned by the State. A proud and warlike caste, enjoying a monopoly of arms, of scholarship, and of social privileges, "jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel," two-sworded Tybalts and Mercutios of the nineteenth century lay down their cherished blades, abandon their distinctive dress, mingle with the common herd, and peacefully accept their reduction to equality with merchants and mechanics. Such changes seem too vast and too rapid to be permanent, and a certain amount of reaction may be fairly anticipated; but whatever the future may have in store for Japan, it is clear that the duarchy of mikado and shogun, the feudal sway of daimos, and the privilege of samurias, are all as completely things of the past as the corresponding institutions of mediæval Europe, and that none of them can be re-established any more than the national isolation, which alone rendered possible their existence at this period of human history.

Scattered throughout the length and breadth of Japan are mighty fortifications, with broad, deep moats, and earthworks faced with huge granite blocks, rivalling in extent and in artificial strength the elaborate constructions of Vauban. Six years ago these were the strongholds of great chiefs, by whom, or in whose name, wealthy provinces were ruled like independent principalities, and at whose word thousands of clansmen were prepared literally to sacrifice their lives. Now these fortresses are ruined and deserted as completely as the robber castles of the Rhine, the wooden towers and pavilions which adorned their interiors, having in some cases entirely disappeared, while in others they are rapidly falling into decay. The original number of great daimios is said to have been sixty-six, but the official list of 1862 gave the number as two hundred and sixty-six, with incomes varying from nearly a million sterling down to £15,000. To subdue by force such an array of chiefs, many of whom merely recognized the supremacy of the mikado very much as did an Earl Douglas or Lord of the Isles that of the Stuart kings of Scotland, was a task far beyond the strength of the central government. The spirit of the age seems to have wrought a miracle and before its breath feudalism, "unsmote by the sword, has melted like snow." With a calmness which would have been pusillanimous had it not been patriotic, the haughty chiefs laid down their power, and left their ancestral homes forever, exchanging in some cases a principality for the directorship of a joint-stock company in Tokio. Upon their immediate retainers the blow descended with terrible severity; by the stroke of a pen they were all at once converted into ronins, masterless men, samurais without occupation or residence.

Mr. Green, speaking of the West Saxons, one thousand years ago, tells us that "the landless man" becomes a sort of outlaw in the realm and his words are applicable to the modern Japanese. It is true small pensions are paid by the State to the "disestablished" samurais but these are at the best mere pittances and have been, in many instances, commuted for the payment of a round sum with a view to business speculations. The result too often has been that these persons, utterly devoid of all business experience, have lost or consumed their capital in the vain attempt to increase it. Many of the shizoku, or ancient gentry of the land are now in abject poverty, and are compelled, they and their families, to earn a livelihood in menial and even degrading occupations. Discussing this subject with an American gentleman who had been brought up in Japan, I asked, "Are the shizoku discontented?" His reply was, "Discontent is a state of mind scarcely compatible with the Japanese temperament: I should rather say that they feel thoroughly humble and ashamed of their position. Certainly they have abandoned their peculiar costume and keep as much as possible out of sight being now as careful to conceal their humiliation as they once were to assert their dignity. They were accustomed to be treated with deference by all, and to carry everything before them; now their swords have been taken from them, they are regarded as stingless drones, and are despised by those who use to fear them. A trying position, beyond question, but one which time will remedy.

Feminine dress and fashions in Japan are quite distinct from those of China; the barbarous custom of crushing the foot is unknown (as also are high-heeled boots), and small, well-shaped hands and feet are characteristic of Japanese women. They continue, however, to blacken their teeth and shave their eyebrows when they marry, although the present empress has set her face against these time-honored observances. The Japanese in general affect a simple style of dress, without gaudy colors or ostentatious ornaments; except for fastening up their hair, even women wear no jewellery, and do not, like their Aryan sisters, pierce the cartilage of nose or ear in order to insert metallic rings. Japan seems to be a country where men never lose their temper, where women and children are always treated with gentleness, where common laborers bow and beg pardon of each other if they happen to jostle accidentally, where popular sports do not inflict sufferings upon the lower animals, where a paper screen is sufficient protection against all intrusion even that of burglars, and when cleanliness takes such a high rank among social virtue as to be carried almost to a ludicrous excess. Japanese manners are certainly different from our own but even according to such a standard as is generally accepted in Europe, the Japanese are a thoroughly well bred people. Foreigners, after living in the interior of Japan for a considerable time, on returning into "civilized society," have even stated that the manners of their own countrymen appear to them vulgar and almost brutal, accustomed as they have become to a courtesy singularly free from sevile or mercenary considerations. The readiness of the Japanese to adorn what seems to them worthy of imitation in foreigners is regarded by some as indicating a lack of originality and independince. But if they imitate, it is not without discrimination, and their willingness to accept what is new and strange, when convinced of its merits, seemed rather to indicate acute intelligence with remarkable freedom from prejudice. The Chinese have just succeeded in getting possession of the only railroad in China, and have at once proceeded to destroy the obnoxious innovation, The Japanese railways are being steadily improved and extended, so as to compare creditably, under native management, with any railways in the world.—*Condensed from Fortnightly Review.*

A TERRIBLE TORNADO.

From Hong Kong, China, comes news of a terrible tornado, which visited Canton and its suburbs on the 11th of April. The storm levelled all the houses in its course and made a clean sweep of everything for a width of six hundred feet. The violence of the wind was as great as even that of a typhoon. Granite blocks were lifted from their places and hurled to a great distance, and boats were carried in shore. Nine thousand houses are known to have been destroyed, and the loss of life is estimated at from five to ten thousand. In an eating-house containing fifty-two employes and about one hundred persons taking refreshments, not one escaped. About one thousand persons perished in the water. The Chinese authorities acted with promptitude in clearing away the ruins and burying the dead, and the visitation, so awful itself, has probably not been followed by pestilence.

A BRAVE MAN'S HEROIC DEED.

The King's County *Advertiser*, P. E. I., says, that about a week ago, as a special train was returning from the railway wharf in Georgetown, having a box car ahead, and rounding the curve opposite Lovelay's residence, one of the brakesmen saw a young child sitting on the track, only a few yards distant. An elderly lady ran forward and took hold of the child, and the men supposed it would be removed in safety; but, becoming terrified at the approaching danger, she suddenly started back, leaving the child on the spot. The train was then within a few feet of the helpless creature, when yard master McKinnon made a brave spring from the top of the car, and, seizing the child, snatched it from the jaws of death just as the train touched its garments. The superintendent has rewarded him for his bravery.

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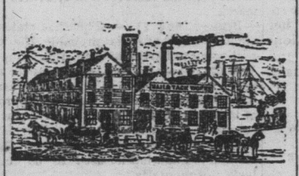

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Agricultural.

HORSE FEED.

A great many farmers think that corn ground with the cob will kill a horse if fed to him. We have found on the contrary, from experience, that it is a healthy food, and that a team will do hard work on this diet and keep in a good condition. If our old team were fed oats unground, one-half of them would pass through them without mastication or digestion. We have tried this to our entire satisfaction, hoping by feeding grain whole to save the miller's toll. If it is necessary to feed grain whole, it is best to feed corn in the ear. Some horses will eat it, cob and all, but most of them prefer to shell it off and then eat it. A team fed on corn will sweat easier and more than when fed on oats, but this does not injure them any. For hard driving oats are the best feed, and when fed to old horses they should be ground. The meal fed to our horses is always wetted just before feeding. Then it is sweet and palatable. Cornmeal will soon get sour when wet, and on this account should be freshly mixed, as a horse abhors any sour or rancid feed.—*Rural New Yorker.*

GARDENING IN FRANCE.

There are over 60,000 men, women, and children engaged in growing early asparagus, lettuces, carrots, and the like in and around Paris. The rent of the land varies from $180 to $240 per acre, according to situation and irrigation plant. These market gardens are of comparatively small dimensions, and vary from 1¼ to 2 acres in extent. Taking the smaller size, the plant necessary to carry on business costs nearly $2,500, including large and small bell glasses, straw mats, glazed lights, frames, tools, baskets, horse, cart, and other necessary materials. The regular workmen, it is said, earn an average pay of about forty cents per day, with board and lodging all the year round. Extra men receive about seven cents per hour, women five cents. Most of the men come from other sections, not so much for the sake of the wages, which are low in France, but in order to learn a business which they can turn to profitable account when they return to their homes after two or two or three years' service.

Amiens claims to be one of the oldest market gardening towns in France, vegetables having been grown there in the twelfth century—hundreds of years before a cabbage was grown in England. There are at present about 250 acres under cultivation, the yearly produce of which averages about $650 per acre. The cabbages often weigh from 40 to 50 pounds, beet roots 20 to 25 pounds, black radishes 12 to 20 pounds, and the turnips from 12 to 15 pounds. A stretch of about fifteen miles of the north coast, near Roscaff, is celebrated for its early artichokes, onions, asparagus and potatoes. England takes every year about 500 tons of early vegetables ann 2,000 tons of onions, being about one-third of the whole production. Four thousand souls make a comfortable living, and even grow rich, on the produce of some two thousand acres of land. Poitou, a neighboring province, has given its name to a gigantic cabbage, much grown in Western France, and largely used for cattle feeding. The leaves are carefully picked off in the autumn and at the end of winter, the plants being cut down in the spring. Gathered in this way, the Poitou cabbage will yield from 14 to 17 tons per acre.—*Boston Cultivator.*

SIBERIAN EXILES.

The exiles who live in the mines are convicts of the worst type, and political offenders of the best. The murderer for his villany, the intelligent and Polish rebel for his patriotism, are deemed equally worthy of the punishment of slow death. They never see the light of day, but work and sleep all the year round in the depths of the earth, extracting silver, or quicksilver, under the eyes of task-masters, who have orders not to spare them. Iron gates, guarded by sentries, close the lodes or streets at the bottom of the shafts, and the miners are railed off from one another in gangs of twenty. They sleep within recesses hewn out of the rocks—very kennels—into which they must creep on all fours. * * * They have only two holidays a year—Christmas and Easter—and all other days, including Sundays, they must labor until exhausted nature robs them of the use of their limbs, when they are hauled up to die in the infirmary. Five years in the quicksilver pits are enough to turn a man of thirty into an apparent sexagenarian, but some have been known to struggle on for ten years. No man who has served in the mines is ever allowed to get home. The most he can obtain in the way of grace is leave to come up and work in the road gangs, and it is the promise of this favor, as a reward for industry, which operates even more than the lash to maintain discipline. — *Christian Treasury.*

BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU FILL UP WITH.

A boy returned from school, one day, with a report that his scholarship had fallen below the usual average. 'Well,' said the father, 'you've fallen behind, this month, have you?' 'Yes, sir.' 'How did that happen?' 'Don't know, sir.' The father knew, if his son did not. He had observed a number of cheap novels scattered about the house, but he had not thought it worth while to say anything until a fitting opportunity should offer itself. A basket of apples stood upon the floor, and he said:—'Empty those apples, and take the basket and bring it to me half full of chips. And now,' he continued, 'put those apples back into the basket.' When half of the apples were replaced, the son said:—'Father, they roll off. I can't put in any more. 'Put them in, I tell you.' 'But, father, I can't put them in. 'Put them in! No; of course you can't put them in. Do you expect to fill a basket half full of chips and then fill it with apples? You said you didn't know how you fell behind at school, and I will tell you. Your mind is like that basket; it will not hold much more than so much; and here you have been the past five months filling it up with rubbish—worthless, cheap novels." The boy turned on his heel, and whistled, and said: "Whew, I see the point."—*Sunday School Visitor.*

Joker's Corner.

SINKING FUND.

From the Detroit Free Press.]

At the last meeting of the Lime-Kiln Club the Rev. Penstock rose to a question of privilege. He said:—

'Way off on de las' end of de Brush fahm an old man am dyin'. His ole woman am run'd away, his chi'en am scattered, an' he lies dar all alone, wid no kind hand to pass him a fried cake or wet his parchin' brow with camfur. He am not one of us, and we can't give to him from our relief fund, but I axes de consect of Brudder Gardner dat we may take up a colleckshun.'

'Yuo kin—you kin!' was the prompt reply of the President.

'I puts dis dime in de hat, an' I truly hopes dat de gem'len will depreciate the situashun,' said Penstock, as he started on his way. Passing from man to man, the good preacher at length returned to his seat. As he looked towards the President there was a queer cloud on his brow.

'Well, what success?' queries the President.

'Fo' de Lawd, but ize eben los' de ten cents I started wid!' gasped Penstock.

The silence was so deep that it could have been cut up into coal shafts. Not a hair moved.

'Dar 'pears to be a great moral lesson aroun' Leafi sumwhar,' said Brother Gardner.

A member of the sanitary police force came across a boy, the other day, who was wheeling home a load of oyster cans and bottles, and, curious to know what use the lad could put them to, he made a direct inquiry.

'Going to throw them over into our back-yard,' replied the boy. 'I took two loads home yesterday.'

'But what did you use 'em for?'

'It's a trick of the family,' grinned the lad.

'How trick?'

'I'd just as lief tell,' continued the boy, as he spat on his hands to resume his hold of the wheel-barrow. 'We're going to have some relashuns come in from the country. We may not have much to eat, but if they see these cans, bottles, and boxes, they'll think we've had isters, champagne, figs and nuts till we've got tired of 'em, and are living on bread and taters for a healthy change.'

The officer scratched his ear like a man who had received a new idea.

At an auction sale of miscellaneous goods on Michigan avenue the auctioneer put up a wolf robe and invited bids. An old man inspected it closely, seemed to think there was a bargain in it, and yet he hesitated to bid.

'Don't you want it,' asked the auctioneer.'

'Yes, kinder,' was the reply.

'Then why don't you bid and take it?'

'Wall, I've bought heaps o' things in dry goods and so on,' slowly rejoined the old man, 'and I never yet took home anything that the old woman thought was worth the price. If I got that 'ere robe for even fifteen cents, she'd grap it up, pull at one end, chew on a corner, and call out:—'Cheated agin—more'n half cotton?' That's the reason I dasn't bid.'

AN ALTERNATIVE.—Time, 9 p. m.—'Charles, love, Lady Ledbury is at home to-night, and Mrs. Gelasma has a concert, and there's the Duchess of Ipswich's dance. Now, are we going to these places, or not?' For if we are, it is time for me to go and dress; and if we are not, it is time for me to put a mustard plaster on my chest, some flannel round my throat, and go straight to bed!'—*Punch.*

'My wife tells the truth three times a day,' remarked a jocose old fellow, at the same time casting a mischievous glance at his 'better half.' 'Before rising in the morning she says:—'Oh, dear! I must get up, but I don't want to.' After breakfast she adds:—'Well, I suppose I must go to work, but I don't want to.' And she goes to bed saying:—'There! I have been on the move all day, and haven't done anything!'

'Ma,' said a little girl, 'I think Aunt Rose is getting to be an old maid.' 'Why?' asked the mother. 'Because she's all the time finding fault with her looking-glass, and begins to drink her tea without sugar, and won't tell her age, and—' But the mother pretended she had to look after affairs in the kitchen, and didn't stay to hear the rest of the "symptoms."

This is the way an editor of one of our exchanges gets even with a rival:—'A cable despatch informs us that the latest styles of gentleman's shirts are of black cambric with small white spots. All that the editor of the——will have to do to be in fashion will be simply to take a piece of white chalk and make spots on his shirt.'

'Do you know,' remarked a rather fast youth, the other day, to a stuttering friend to whom he was slightly indebted, 'do you know I intend to marry and settle down!' 'I do-don't know anything about it,' was the reply. 'bu-but I think you had b-b-better stay single and s-s-settle up.'

A little urchin only three years old, while playing at some distance from the house, was startled by a heavy clap of thunder, and ran as if for life till he came to a shed under which he quickly dodged, and then, looking up defiantly, said:—'Thunder away now—I'm under the shed!'

The difference between a man and a woman in buying goods is said to be this:—A man gives fifty cents for a twenty-five cent thing which he wants, and a woman gives twenty-five cents for a fifty cent thing which she doesn't want.

A millionaire, who was looking at a level tract of land which he had just bought at an extravagant price, said to the agent who had sold it to him, 'I do admire a rich, green flat.' 'So do I,' significantly replied the agent.

Two men were going home rather late from their club, and one asked the other: "What will you say to your wife about being so late?" "Oh," he answered, "nothing much—just a word or two about the weather, or something. She'll say the rest!'

A man having fallen down in a fit in a tailor's shop, an envious rival said: "That's the only fit ever seen in that establishment."