

TWO KITTIES.

Two little kitties
Wandered away
Into the prairie
One summer day
One on two feet
Rosy and fair,

CALL A MAN!

A plain, unassuming, bashful young man was John Eldred, living with his mother on a good farm, left him by his father, who was dead. They were in excellent circumstances, and John was as happy as a well-to-do farmer can be.

John's mother was a quiet, loving woman, who ever had uppermost in her mind the happiness of her children, consequently she had for some time secretly wished that John was married.

Gertrude, John's sister, was a very pretty young lady, and also shared her mother's wish, but how to bring it about she could not imagine.

In the same neighborhood lived Judge Clark, who had a daughter named Mabel. Now, John had for a long time admired Mabel, and although he had never betrayed it, his sister had guessed his secret, and resolved to bring about a match between the two, but just how to do it she was at a loss to determine.

It happened in July, the anecdote I am now in shape to relate. Gertrude had invited a number of girls to a quilting party one afternoon, Mabel among the rest. She told John they were coming, and then added:

"Now, John, for my sake, do come into tea this afternoon. You know all the girls that will be here, and —"

"But, Gertrude, that patch of timothy by the north wood must be cut, and as Jim has gone to stay over Sunday, I shall have to cut it."

And so, much to Gertrude's chagrin, he took his sexton over his shoulder after dinner and started for the patch of timothy. But he lingered around the orchard until he saw the plump figure of Mabel Clark coming, and then, heaving a sigh, he started for his work.

The patch of timothy referred to was a newly-cleared piece of land, nearly surrounded by woods, and so full of stumps and log piles that it was impossible to use the machine. Here we will leave John mowing and return to the party.

It was a very warm day, so the girls had moved the chairs out doors in the shade of some large maples, and there they sat chatting, joking and laughing as only a party of light-headed girls can.

Meanwhile John had mowed several times across the patch, and it began to be quite hot. The sun poured its rays down with great intensity, and the thick wood on all sides kept off any breeze that might be stirring. John was more than hot—he was fairly boiling, and as thirsty as an old toper. So John, thinking that no one could possibly see him, sat down on a log and took off his shoes and pantaloons, and then, with his long gingham shirt and wide rimmed straw hat and his socks, resumed mowing. He had mowed twice across the piece, and was picking out the high grass around a decayed log pile, when right beside him he saw a pair of blue racers.

which would raise him from the ground about four feet, and at every blow he would scream.

"Call a man!" The frightened girls rushed from the house, and they had hardly got inside the door as John flew past it with the shout.

"Call a man!" Down across the road he went, jumping the gate at a bound, and as he entered through the flock of hens, scattering them in every direction, shouting loud and clear.

"Call a man!" Around the barn, back again toward the house, went the strange pair, and as the gate was again leaped, came the cry the time of.

"For God's sake, call a man!" As he again disappeared around the house, Mabel Clark ran out of the door, and, seizing a stick some four feet in length, stationed herself at the corner, with the end elevated above her head. On came John, panting like an engine, and as he came around the corner, down went the club, barely grazing John's head, but striking the racer a blow that broke its hold and back at the same time.

John concluded it best not to wait, but gathering his remaining strength for a final dash, bounded into the house, up stairs, and into his room.

An hour later, Gertrude tapped at his door.

"John, will you come down to tea or shall I call a man?" "I will come down, Gertrude," was his answer, in a firm tone.

And he did. He made a careful toilet, and there was not a feature of his face that betrayed embarrassment. Mabel had extracted a promise from the girls not to speak of the episode, or betray any knowledge of it whatever.

Mabel had John's company home that night, and in the glorious October weather there was a wedding at Judge Clark's. It was not until then that the story came out, but John often says to Mabel, "I am thankful to Providence that you did not call a man!"

A College Freak.

The following story of old times in South Carolina is told of the learned Dr. Marey:

On one occasion several of the students of South Carolina College resolved to drag the doctor's carriage into the woods, and fixed upon a night for the performance of the exploit. One of their number, however, was troubled with some compunctious visitings, and managed to convey to the worthy President that it would be well for him to secure the door of the carriage-house.

Instead of paying any heed to this suggestion, the doctor proceeded on the appointed night to the carriage-house, and ensconced his portly person inside the vehicle.

In less than an hour some half dozen young gentlemen came to his retreat and cautiously withdrew the carriage in the road. When they were fairly out of the college precincts they began to joke freely with each other by name.

One of them complained of the weight of the carriage, and another replied by swearing it was heavy enough to have the old fellow himself inside. For nearly a mile they proceeded along the highway, and then struck into the woods to a cover which they concluded would effectually conceal the vehicle.

Making themselves infinitely merry at the doctor's expense, and conjecturing how and when he would find his carriage, they at length reached the spot where there had resolved to leave it. Just as they were about to depart—having once more agreed that "the wascarriage heavy enough to have the old doctor and all his tribe in it"—they were startled by the sudden dropping of one of the glass panels, and the well-known voice of the doctor himself thus addressing them:

"So, so, young gentlemen: you are going to leave me in the woods, are you? Surely, as you have brought me hither for your own gratification, you will not refuse to take me back for mine. Come, Mr. —, and —, and —, buckle to and let us return; it's getting late!"

There was no appeal; for the window was raised, and the doctor resumed his seat. Almost without a word the discomfited young gentleman took their places at the pole and the back of the vehicle, and quit as expeditiously, if with less voice, did they retrace their course. In silence they dragged the carriage into its wonted place, and then retreated precipitately to their rooms, to dream of the account they must render on the morrow. When they had retired the doctor quietly vacated the carriage and went to his house, where he related the story to his family with much glee. He never called the heroes of that nocturnal expedition to an account, nor was the carriage ever afterward dragged at night into the woods.

A Woman for President.

Louis Adolphe Thiers was a prominent figure in French politics for over fifty years. That his widow is to be made an important factor in the political struggle of 1880, in France, is now among the possibilities. We publish in another column a sketch of the domestic life of the ex-President, the most curious phase of which has a bearing upon his elevation to power under Louis Philippe. The story is decidedly French. Thiers playing the part of lover to the mother, and marrying the daughter that he might be taken into the family. This chapter in the life of the great leader has subjected him to severe criticism, but there is nothing in it to reflect in any way upon Madame Thiers. She idolized the man and married him. She continued to idolize him throughout his life, and exulted more than himself when he became President of the Republic.

al. was made a political demonstration, as was the celebration of the anniversary a few weeks ago.

All these things make Madame Thiers prominent, and identify her with the party of which her husband was the organizer and the leader. That this is being done with a purpose is evident. Whether the purpose is to make her a candidate for President, or to use her influence with the people in favor of Gambetta or some other candidate, the fact that she stands a powerful factor in politics still remains.

French politicians tire of steady, common-place pulling in party topics, and they know that the French people delight in novelties and surprises. It is entirely within the range of possibilities that they will present Madame Thiers as a candidate, and very probable that as a candidate she will call out extraordinary enthusiasm and hearty support. The people who ran wild after Napoleon Bonaparte, and then welcomed the return of the Bourbons, who smiled on the House of Orleans, and gloried in the work of the empire, and who tired of Thiers, as they have tired of MacMahon, are likely to embrace eagerly the opportunity to try a new experiment, and elect a woman President.

Madame Thiers is thoroughly a French woman. She bears an honored name, and has been for years the center of an influential political circle. Her husband is on record as paying the highest compliments to her judgment and foresight. She is, in short, an available candidate, and, as the result of the struggle in 1880, may stand more of a ruler than the Queen who some forty years ago snubbed her mother.

—Inter Ocean.

Scientific Upheavals.

In the Geological section I have no doubt it will be pointed out to you, or, at any rate, such knowledge may crop up incidentally, that there are on the earth's surface what are called local disturbances, where, for long ages, cataclysms and outbreaks of lava and the like, take place. Then everything subsides into quietude; but a similar disturbance is set up elsewhere.

In Antrim, at the middle of the tertiary epoch, there was such a great centre of physical disturbance. We all know that at the present time the crust of the earth, at any rate, is quiet in Antrim, while the great centres of local disturbance are in Sicily, in Southern Italy, in the Andes, and elsewhere. My experience of the British Association does not extend quite over a geological epoch, but it does go back rather longer than I care to think about; and when I first knew the British Association, the locus of disturbance in it was the Geological Section. All sorts of terrible things about the antiquity of the earth, and I know not what else, were being said there, which gave rise to terrible apprehensions. The whole world, it was thought, was coming to an end, just as I have no doubt that, if there were any human inhabitants of Antrim in the middle of the tertiary epoch, when those great lava streams burst out, they would not have had the smallest question that the whole universe was going to pieces.

Well, the universe has not gone to pieces. Antrim is, geologically speaking, a very quiet place now, as well cultivated a place as one need see, and yielding abundance of excellent produce; and so, if we turn to the Geological Section, nothing can be milder than the proceedings of that amiable body. All the difficulties that they seem to have encountered at first have died away, and statements that were the horrible paradoxes of that generation are now the commonplaces of school-boys. At present the locus of disturbance is to be found in the Biological Section, and more particularly in the anthropological department of that section. History repeats itself, and precisely the same terrible apprehensions which were expressed by the aborigines of the Geological Section, in long far-back time, is at present expressed by those who attend our deliberations. The world is coming to an end, the basis of morality is being shaken, and I don't know what is not to happen, if certain conclusions which appear probable are to be verified.

Well, now, whoever may be here thirty years hence—I certainly cannot—but, depend upon it, whoever may be speaking at the meeting of this department of the British Association thirty years hence will find, exactly as the members of the Geological Section have found, on looking back thirty years, that the very paradoxes and conclusions, and other horrible things that are now thought to be going to shake the foundations of the world, will, by that time have become parts of everyday knowledge and will be taught in our schools as accepted truth, and nobody will be one whit the worse.

—Prof. Huxley in Popular Science Monthly for October.

Dean Stanley.

This noted English divine preached his first sermon in America, in Boston, on Sunday, September 22d. He contrasted the religions of the East and the West, and in closing said:

I have spoken thus far of the general contrast between the East and the West, between the children of Shem and the children of Japheth, between the sacred regions of Asia and the sacred regions of Europe. I have tried to point out that here, as elsewhere in the gospel, that which was last has become first; that which seemed secular has become more holy than that which seemed most sacred; that the things of Caesar are not separate from the things of God, and that by giving to Caesar the things which are Caesar's we in that very act give to God the things which are God's. Thus far what I have said is applicable to the whole Eastern world on the one side and the Western world on the other. In this respect we are all the common children of the mighty nations which formed the center of the civilization and history of mankind. But does not every word that has been uttered acquire a deeper force to the son of that old world when, standing here for the first time, he looks upon this new world, of which, in their loftiest flight of fancy or inspiration, apostle or prophet never dreamed? Is it possible for him, as he descends from his flight on the wings of morning and lands on these shores,

where the faith and the race of his fathers have struck so deep a root, not to think again and yet again of this well known line of the philosophical post: "Westward the course of empire takes its way." Far be it from any of us to anticipate the course of Providence and to say that the latest growth of time will be the greatest. Far be it from a stranger to forecast the duties or prospects which rise before his imagination, as he finds himself in this west beyond the west, in this west which even beyond itself looks forward to a yet further west; toward which the bays and promontories of these eastern shores of the new continent shall, perchance, as the years roll on, stand in the same relation as the East, the ancient consecrated East, the ancestral hills and valleys of Oriental and European Christianity stand to them. We cannot, we dare not, so forecast the future; but we cannot, we dare not, repress the thought that a future vast and wonderful for good or for evil, must be in store for those descendants of our common race to whom this mighty inheritance has been given. For the new world as for the old world there is a glorious work to do—a work which requires all the reverence, all the seriousness, all the repose of the East; all the activity, all the freedom, all the progress of the West; all the long past of Europe, all the long future of America—a work which neither can do for the other, but a work which both can do together.

Symptoms of Yellow Fever.

An attack of yellow fever is generally quite sudden, though in some cases there are slight premonitory symptoms, such as loss of appetite, general uneasiness, headache, or costiveness. It is commonly ushered in by chilliness, alternating with flushes of heat, or the person may be overcome with languor and extreme debility, while at his usual occupation. These feelings are soon followed by fever, and the bodily temperature rises rapidly, often reaching 102° Fahr. in a few hours, the normal temperature being 98.4°.

The fever is accompanied by headache, generally located immediately over the eyes, or shooting through from temple to temple, and often very severe. But the headache is frequently trivial in comparison with the frightful pains in the loins, which make the patient writhe in agony. The pulse is generally full, strong, and rapid, beating from ninety to a hundred and twenty times a minute. The skin is hot and dry, the face flushed, the eyes bloodshot, brilliant and watery, and the tongue covered with a creamy white fur, but with red clean tip and edges. There is usually some uneasiness of the stomach from the first, and in from twelve to twenty-four hours this develops into nausea and a persistent sensitiveness, which will not allow anything to be retained. The pit of the stomach is very tender on pressure, and vomiting is almost incessant. With all this there is intense thirst, and food and drink are exceedingly grateful to the patient. The bowels are at first generally costive, and sometimes obstinately so, but as the disease progresses they become loose. The patient is usually very much debilitated, but is uneasy and tosses about in bed, and occasionally will try to rise and walk about the room. In most cases there is some delirium, and the face expresses the greatest anxiety and distress. The fever continues for two or three days, being most severe in the evening, the temperature often reaching 104° or 105°, and, according to La Roche, in malignant cases, even 110°.

Then the fever subsides, never to return, and the temperature within 12 hours may become nearly normal. The other symptoms mostly disappear, and the organs resume their natural functions. At this time, i. e., on the third or fourth day, the yellow discoloration of the skin appears upon the face and thence extends over the body. If the attack is mild, recovery is now rapid. In the vast majority of cases, however, this lull in the symptoms is deceitful, and lasts only from a few hours to a day, when the gravest stage of the disease sets in. The pulse soon becomes small and thready, beating only 30 or 40 to the minute, and the heart often works vigorously after the pulse can no longer be felt at the wrist. The nausea and vomiting return and become constant, the respiration is often embarrassed, the tongue becomes dry and brown, the skin is cool and dry, there is often a distressing hicough, and the thirst is insatiable. The mind is often clear, but singularly apathetic, or there may be delirium or stupor. The disorganization of the blood and the tissues have now gone so far that the small vessels of the mucous membranes no longer retain their contents, and blood oozes into the stomach. This produces intense nausea, and the blood is vomited up, changed in color by the acids with which it is mingled. This forms the dreadful "black-vomit," and varies in hue from brown to almost jet black, generally appearing like coffee grounds floating in a thin, watery fluid. The urine, which becomes scanty early in the disease, may now be entirely suppressed, or, if excreted at all, is black and bloody. The discoloration of the skin increases, until the body is of a dusky brown, livid or mahogany color, and there are frequent hemorrhages from the mouth, nose, and eyes, or even under the skin, forming livid spots and blotches. The body now exhales a cadaverous odor, the tendons of the wrist twitch convulsively, hicough is constant, the features are pinched and ghastly, cold sweats come on, and the patient passes away in convulsions or coma, though occasionally he retains his intellectual faculties unimpaired to the last. —Dr. R. Tracy, in Popular Science Monthly for October.

America took the prize for paper at the Paris Exposition.

London possesses nine cemeteries, with a total of 2,225 acres.

The United States Supreme Court was established in 1789.

Laplandlers can travel a hundred miles a day with a pair of deer.

The first locomotive in America was put in operation August 28, 1830.

Georgia has 2,396 miles of railroads completed and in operation, or about one mile of railroad to 488 inhabitants.

What the Great Plague Did.

The dreadful prevalence of the yellow fever as an epidemic in portions of the South, will make the following sketch of the Oriental plague and its ravages of interest to our readers.

Its most frightful attack was centuries ago, when, under the name of the Black Death, it wiped away, according to some estimates, one third of the population of the old world; but comparatively in modern history, it has appeared no less than three times, and numbered its victims by tens of thousands.

The first occasion was in 1376, at Milan, where the great St. Ambrose had once preached and extorted mercy for a doomed people from a reluctant Roman emperor. His noblest successor, Cardinal Carlo Borromeo, was then arch-bishop. Like St. Ambrose, he was one of the greatest saints of the Church, and proved one of the most glorious examples of human courage, rising superior to the terrors of death in its most hideous aspect. He was so universally beloved that his flock, his clergy, even, besought him to save his life by flight; but the shepherd was faithful to his sheep, and would not desert them in their hour of extremity. He refused to leave, and throughout the many weeks during which the plague lasted, was constant at his post, bending down to hear fevered lips mutter their last confession, and offering the last rites of the church in hospitals and pest houses reeking with the poisoned life, and when all but he and a few faithful ones like himself appeared to have abandoned every hope, he assembled his congregation under the mighty dome of the magnificent cathedral, and there, after solemn high mass, knelt down and prayed to God to take his life as an expiatory offering, and deliver his people from the curse.

But there was work for him yet to do and the Archbishop and many of the priests who had been brought into the closest contact with death, survived, while many rich men who had fled perished in the last week of the agony, when, its fury appearing to be assuaged they returned, as they fondly hoped, in safety.

Its next appearance was in Amsterdam, in 1663, whence later the following year, it crossed over the channel and visited London. From the following February until the after the first frost of winter, its ravages were horrible. In one month no less than 60,000 people died, and the city, so soon afterwards to be consumed by fire, was half depopulated. The symptoms were the same as they had been in Milan. A raging fever of the typhoid form, was accompanied by malignant tumors on the inner side of the arms and thighs. The pain was excruciating, the thirst tormenting, and the patients died by hundreds in the very delirium of madness. There was no Count Borromeo to direct the energies of the priests and nurses. There were deeds of heroism done, but it was not a heroic age. The profligate Charles II. was borne upon the throne, and the Earl of Rochester, Sir George Etherege, and their set, were scarcely the men to follow in the footsteps of the grand old Archbishop.

When the pestilence was in its height the condition of London was fearful. Whole streets bore upon the door a cross, roughly painted in red, with the inscription, "The Lord have mercy upon us," as a sign that one or more of the inmates were dead or dying from the plague. The grass grew in thoroughfares that used to be crowded, and where brilliant carriages had traveled to and fro at every hour of the day, the tracks of the dead-cart only were seen. There were none to bury the dead with appropriate, or even decent ceremonies. Huge pits were dug in the outskirts, and the bodies of men, women and children, uncoffined, almost naked, were hurled in by the hundreds. Corpses were even left to fester and rot in the lanes and alleys, and for some days it appeared that enough would not be left alive to bury the dead. It was a carnival of crime. Thieves and housebreakers roamed the city at will, and hired nurses, impatient at the slow approach of death, murdered their charges by the hundred, and enriched themselves with the oil. Quack doctors, fortune tellers, sellers of amulets and charms, and even of poison, reaped huge profits. In one way fanatical street approchers added to the confusion, and in another the reckless orgies of men desperate with drink and fear, prepared the way for almost universal anarchy, and unbridled wickedness of every form reigned supreme.

But vile as was the state of the capital then, England was not without her heroes of the plague, and the simple but lofty heroism of a few hundred simple villagers lent a lustre to the whole century.

Among the hills of Derbyshire there was a beautiful little village called Eyam. The houses were clustered together half way up a gentle slope, fronting a lofty hill upon the other side of the valley. Tidings of the great plague had reached the hamlet, but in its seclusion no one feared the fate of the capital. Unfortunately a tailor received a bundle of cloth from town. It was opened, and in a few hours the tailor or sickened and died, with plain symptoms of the plague. The wife of the pastor, Mrs. Momfesson, begged him to fly, but like the Italian, he would not desert his people, and then, wife-like, Mrs. Momfesson also resolved to remain. He caused the bells of the church to be tolled, and the people to assemble within its walls. There the noble man told his hearers the true state of the case, and added that if they fled then, they would carry the infection all over the country. They promised to remain, and Mr. Momfesson wrote a letter to the Earl of Devonshire, at Chatsworth, asked for food and requisite medicines to be placed daily at a certain stone near the entrance to the village, where, in return, he would leave money, which would be fumigated, and that being done, he pledged himself that until the disease disappeared not one of his parishioners should leave the town. There were but a few more than six hundred of them, but right nobly did they redeem their pastor's promise. Their heroism, perhaps but few have heard the tale, was as gallant as that of Leonidas and his band of Thermopylae, or Cardigan and his Light Brigade at Balaklava. For

months they stayed upon the hillside, no one seeking refuge in flight. Every day some of their number died, until the number of the dead was two hundred and fifty-nine. Mrs. Momfesson died, but her husband still continued his glorious work. On Sundays, Wednesdays, and Fridays services were held in a tree-bordered grove. He himself was one of the survivors, but when the destroyer at last passed away, the little village was as he described it, a Golgotha, a place of skulls. The names of all shall be blazoned in letters of gold, and honored wherever devotion and self-restraint are revered among men.

The last and third appearance of the plague was at Marseille, in 1721, when an infected ship anchored off the Chateau d'If, from the Bay of Tunis. The Duke of Orleans, then Regent, sent 22,000 marks to the sufferers, and Pope Clement XI. sent three ship-loads of provisions. The Parliament of Provence attempted to establish a military cordon around the city, but fugitives escaped, and carried the disease to Tulon, Arles and Aix, and it was not until nearly 90,000 had perished that the plague abated. The Bishop, Henri Francois Xavier de Belinque, was the hero of the southern city. Not content with prayers for the dying, he even mounted the tumbrils and accompanied the remains of the dead to their graves, there to administer the last rites to all. Wherever it has appeared, except at Derbyshire village, an outbreak of crime has accompanied the plague, but everywhere, also, thanks to Heaven, there have been noble men and noble women, whose patient heroism stands brightly burning to illuminate the page of history. —Cincinnati Saturday Night.

A Monkey's Death-Scene.

"I never saw such a thing in my life," said James Donohue, the night watch of the Central Park Museum, New York. "On Tuesday, Zip, one of Mr. Barnum's monkeys, fell suddenly and dangerously ill. He was a great favorite with his companions—their leader in mischief.

Superintendent Conklin examined him, and said he would die. We got a bed of straw and cotton for him, and left warm milk by his side. At 11 o'clock I went to the cage. Usually the monkeys at night sit huddled together, sound asleep; but this time they were all awake, sitting silent and motionless, watching Zip's dying agonies; he lay in a corner sobbing and moaning. Jack and Pete, the two trick monkeys, were at his side. Jack had Zip's head resting on his bosom, while Pete every now and then dipped his paw in the milk and wet Zip's lips. But there's a stranger thing about it yet. At midnight Zip died. Then came what my partner Reilly and Barnum's man say they never saw the like of.

As Zip's head fell limp in the arms of Jack he gave a low squeal, and Pete sprang to his side. Pete looked at Zip, lifted up one of his paws, tapped him gently on the breast, put his ear to his heart, raised his head, and then gave a small squeal. Jack in answer dropped Zip just as naturally as a human being would at the first intimation that the form he held was dead. Pete was the first to recover himself. Slowly he approached Zip, examined him closely, raised himself on his arms, dropped him hard on the floor of the cage, and as Zip did not move, sprang to the uppermost perch. "Wasn't that strange?"

The reporter continued: "Then, sir," continued Mr. Donohue "came the most extraordinary thing ever witnessed in the park; the monkeys set up the most piercing scream; the baby monkeys pressed close to their mothers, and the females close to the males. All chattered and chattered, and pointed to poor Zip.

Finally Pete, followed by all the others, sprang to the bottom of the cage; they were all silent now, moving slowly, and in the form of a circle they gradually came nearer and nearer; then hugging close, they stooped. All night long they remained watching the body, and I never saw a wake that could beat that one for earnestness and sympathy."

Self-Assertion of Genius.

A great writer has said that "a child should be treated as a live tree, and helped to grow, not as a dead timber, which is to be carved into this or that shape, and to have certain moldings grooved upon it." This is true enough, but the difficulty for parents is to find out what is the kind of tree. It is said that when Dr. Watts was a child he was exceedingly fond of verse-making. His father, a stern and rather straight-laced schoolmaster, was very much annoyed at this, and did all in his power to keep the boy from indulging his taste. According to the well-known story, on one occasion he threatened to flog him severely the next time he found him making rhymes, upon which little Isaac fell upon his knees exclaiming:

"O, father! do no more pity take, And I will no more verses make."

Yet the son followed his bent, and has come to be regarded now as one of the first of English hymn-writers. Numberless instances might be given of the same sort of thing—fathers and mothers failing to discover their children's peculiar inclinations. Kepler the astronomer, was brought up as a waiter in a German public house; Shakspeare is supposed to have been a wood-cutter, or a scrivener's clerk; Ben Johnson was a mason, and worked at the building of Lincoln's Inn; Lord Clive, one of the greatest warriors and statesmen that England can boast, was a clerk; Inigo Jones, the architect, was a carpenter; Turner, the greatest of English landscape painters, was a barber; Hugh Miller, the geologist, was a mason; Captain Cook, the celebrated navigator, was apprenticed to a haberdasher; Bewick, the father of wood engraving, was a coal miner; Sir William Herschel, the astronomer, was educated especially for a musician; Michael Faraday, the philosopher, was apprenticed to a bookbinder; Jeremy Taylor, the poetical divine, was a barber, as was also Richard Arkwright, the inventor of the spinning-jenny, and Cower, the poet, was brought up to the law, but hated the profession with a perfect hatred, and never, when he could help it, opened a book that bore upon it.