

Miscellaneous.

WHY YOUNG MEN DO NOT MARRY.

Rev. Robert Collyer, the eloquent Unitarian clergyman, recently preached a sermon in Chicago on "Our Daily Bread," in the course of which he discussed social questions, and explained why young men do not marry:

When one said lately in the presence of a frank, outspoken young woman in this city, that the reason why young men did not marry was that their wives would not be content to begin to live in a homely fashion, after they had been raised in luxury, she replied, the woman is quite as willing as the man to do that, and I know of no woman in the circle of my acquaintance who would not be content, for the sake of the man she loved, to cast her lot with him and make his interest in every way her own. I believe the young woman spoke the truth. When I hear a man living in chambers and constant in his attendance at play, and opera say I dare not marry, because I know no woman would be content to live as one should have to live, I say to myself, it may be true, but it looks very much like old Adam, who ate the apple and then turned around and laid the blame on the woman. Let this be as it will. Here is the dismal fact staring us everywhere in the face, and in no place more painfully than in our own city, that for social, conventional, or still worse reasons, the best youth of the country is held back from its most sacred duty as well as its most perfect felicity—falls into that sad mistake of a long engagement, in which the pain and disappointment bears hardest always on the woman; or the young man shuts his eyes and his heart when the spirit walking among the golden lamps whispers to him of some maiden, that is thy wife, and says No, not for many a year to come—and so marries at last away on in life, when both lines have become set in their own fashion, and their love is hardly long enough to give the kindly mutual forbearance toward what is dissimilar in character and disposition, until they can become

"Self-reverent and reverencing, each
Alike in individualities,"

and so the best of the days of the best of our youth go by, and find I dare not wait upon I would.

In the name of all that is sacred, I ask why this is, and get for my answer, We cannot afford it. The young farmer can afford it on the prairies; the miner on Superior; the woodman on the peninsula; the carpenter at his bench; the smith at his anvil; the operative at his frame or loom; the longshoreman and the sailor. That cluster of men down there in Pennsylvania, and those in Yorkshire whose mere young men were with me long years ago, lost no time and asked few questions, because some right instinct told them they must do that or worse—worse in any and every way they could look at it; and so I can remember, as if it were yesterday, how speedily these found the wife and went to housekeeping in one room or two, as they could manage it, and make the hammer ring with a new music, and gradually got their house and household goods, and the world has never failed them, no, not for a day; but through dark future and bright, and sickness and health, they have found the deepest experiences of their life each with the other, for Great Heart and Interpreter go together on this pilgrimage, and now they see their children coming up to manhood and womanhood about them, with the freshness of their own youth in their hearts, and know, though probably they cannot tell, the deep content of a life ordered after the fashion God gave them when he created them man and woman.

But here are men with noble powers, with faculties that will ensure them a greater place, living in the most splendid land on the globe, evening themselves through the years of their youth with that poor lost tribe of balled-singers, the loneliest of all those to whom God has given a chance, and when you get at their real reason it is either one or the other of these. They cannot believe what, if they have lived in the country, they have seen twenty times to be true of the birds that sing about us everywhere; that new exigencies tap new energies, and the little fellow who, a few weeks ago, had quite enough to

do to take care of himself, is now caring for a nestful just as successfully. They do not believe that the Maker who has made their life of itself a natural prayer for daily bread, has provided that the answer shall be equal to the cry; or when they pray they mean by daily bread board for two at the Sherman, the privilege to attend parties three times a week throughout the whole winter, to make a trip to Saratoga in summer, and miss no chance at any other pleasure, however expensive. Let it be that or a shred of that which makes this fatal failing in the flower of the youth of America—the men from Harvard and Yale and all their fine quality—and the thoughtful cannot but deplore the education that can so curse the fair manhood and cause the blossoming of youth to come to such an untimely end.

COUNSEL TO BOYS.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

IV.—Choosing a Vocation.

I once startled a young man, without at all intending it. He had written to ask my advice as to the propriety of studying the law, and I asked him in turn—"Do you think our country is in present need of any more lawyers?" I have forgotten the terms of his response; but it clearly implied that I had asked a very strange if not an irrelevant question. I think he regarded my query as a sarcasm; yet I was never more sober and earnest. It is doubtless desirable that there should be good lawyers—honest, capable, judicious—and such lawyers may achieve honor and wealth as worthily or usefully as though they grew corn or shod horses; and yet, the demand for good lawyers is one easily satisfied, and likely to be still further restricted as the mass of men become wiser, more intelligent, more honest. If every one should become a lawyer, no matter how good, the human race would be in peril of starving to death.

Our current system of higher education tends directly to overcrowd the three pursuits which are popularly designated "the professions." A boy who has mastered the quantum of mathematics, with the "little Latin and less Greek" which secure him a college diploma, generally feels that his learning (?) would be wasted on a farm, or in any mechanical or manufacturing pursuit—and he might as well have saved his time and money unless he shall aspire to become a doctor of law, physic, or divinity. Hence "the professions" are enormously overcrowded, and their votaries too often unemployed or underpaid. There are New England townships of not more than four hundred families, few or none of them wealthy, which have six to eight distinct religious societies, each of them requiring its separate house of worship and clergyman. The fineness of division, justified by minute theological subtleties, unduly taxes those people who struggle to sustain their respective churches, while it keeps their pastors just on the bitter side of starvation. Their time and thought are so absorbed in the quest of bread for their children that they have no fair chance to become eminently useful in their high calling. And the newest village of twenty to forty cabins, on the Western verge of civilization, bears concurrent testimony in the plethora of its lawyers and doctors, to the overcrowding throughout our country of "the professions." We are not a learned nor yet a cultivated community; yet the proportion of our entire population which is diverted from productive industry to the so-called intellectual vocations is exceeded in priest-ridden Italy alone.

We cannot all be farmers; nor is it desirable that we should be. There is a more urgent need in our country of "captains of industry" in other departments, especially those of manufactures and mining. If there were to-day one hundred thousand young men in this country thoroughly qualified to direct operations in these departments—to convert wool, cotton, flax, &c., into serviceable fabrics at the smallest cost of labor, and to detect, trace value, open and work mineral veins and other deposits with the accuracy of science and the prescience of genius, there would very soon be room and work for them all. While, therefore, I judge the farmer's life, on the whole, preferable to any other, as affording the surest promise of competence, comfort, and freedom from torturing anxiety, I do not urge nor wish all my readers to become

farmers. An engineer who locates and levels a railroad so as to save ten thousand days' work in constructing it, is just as truly a working man, and essentially a producer of wealth, as though he wielded a spade or followed the plow. For the narrow vision which recognizes works only in those who live by muscular effort, I have a pity which is allied to contempt.

But I say this, emphatically, to every youth who values his own peace of mind and perfect self-respect—"Choose some pursuit wherein your livelihood will in no considerable degree be dependent on other men's good opinion." Other things being equal, this is of the highest moment. You may say that a great soul, strong in its conscious rectitude of purpose, should be unaffected by the ebb and flow of popularity; but can you fancy that the pastor, abruptly dismissed by the society he has given the twenty best years of his life to build up—dismissed, very probably, because of his resistance to some gust of popular passion, some ostentatious display of popular vice, which it was his simple duty to withstand—does not feel the injustice, the ingratitude? He would be more than human not to feel it, even though compassion should, after the first flush, be stronger than indignation. I exhort you, young friends, as the corner-stone of a life of manly, useful endeavor, to choose some pursuit wherein your success will, in the smallest degree, be dependent on popular approbation. Secure your livelihood by this—since no one has yet refused to buy a farmer's wheat or beans, in order to reprobate his heretical opinions—and then give such time and means as you can spare to the instruction or admonition of your fellows.—*The Little [Chicago] Corporal.*

AN INFALLIBLE CURE FOR DYSENTERY.—Dr. Page, of Washington, communicates to the Republican of that city the following simple remedy, long known in family practice, and which was recently tried in the camp of the New York Twenty-second Regiment when there were from eighty to one hundred cases daily and with rapid cures in every case:

Recipe—In a teacup half full of vinegar, dissolve as much salt as it will take up leaving a little excess of salt at the bottom of the cup. Pour boiling water upon the solution till the cup is two-thirds or three-quarters full. A scum will rise to the surface, which must be removed, and the solution allowed to cool.

Dose—Table spoonful three times a day till relieved.

BARLOW'S PLANETARIUM.—In the Paris Exposition, Mr. M. Barlow of Lexington, Kentucky, is exhibiting his ingenious planetarium, which is designed to give ocular demonstration of the operation of the physical laws of astronomy. When put in motion, by means of a hand-crank, it shows the relative position and motions of the earth, moon, and inferior planets, for every second, with the phenomena of conjunctions, transits, eclipses, nodes and phases of the moon, the eccentricity of its orbit, as well as that of Venus and Mercury, &c. The sphere representing the earth is covered with a map of the two hemispheres, surrounded by a meridian and equator which always maintain their true relative position to the sun. Instructors by its use may give their scholars a clear idea of the changes of the seasons, and of the length of days and nights in different latitudes, and other interesting astronomical phenomena.

WHAT THE AILANTHUS TREE IS GOOD FOR.—A writer in the Cincinnati Times says a good word for the Ailanthus tree. He says it will grow in any soil, and will grow to a large size where scarcely any other tree will grow at all. It grows so rapidly that it may be cut down for fuel every fourth year. As fuel, the wood is superior to that of most other trees; it makes a clear, bright flame, and throws out a great deal of heat. Its charcoal is of a superior quality, and its ashes rich in potash. Its wood burns well when green, and every branch and limb may be cut into stove wood, leaving no brush on the ground. The wood is hard and of a fine grain, and well fitted for cabinet making. Sooner or later our farmers must grow wood for fuel and for cabinet making, and the ailanthus tree offers itself as the most available tree for that purpose.

AN ASYLUM FOR USELESS YOUNG MEN.

In every community there is a certain percentage of useless young men, whose ultimate condition must excite the sympathy and consideration of every philanthropist. What will become of them? We do not put the question as to their future state, but how will they round off their earthly existence? They have no visible means of support, still they hang on, they vegetate, they keep above the ground. In a certain literal sense, they may be said to live, move, and have a being. They lounge in offices, promenade the streets, appear at social amusements, play the gallant to good-natured ladies, and attend to the necessities of lapdogs. Their more quiet and undemonstrative life may be described as an intermittent torpor, in which meals, drinks, and sleep mark the changes. Their existence would be a mystery but for their bearing certain relations to other substantial people known familiarly as "pa," "ma," or "better half," who are able to make provision for the waste and protection of their bodies in the way of clothes and food.

Still, ought the tender young men to be left to the chances of parental or domestic affection? All are not equally fortunate, what shall we do with those whose dependencies are more precarious? They do not admit of any utilitarian disposition. In cannibal countries they could be eaten as a substitute for veal; their bodies would also make excellent fertilizers for sterile lands; but the prejudices of a Christian people would revolt at this solution of the problem. A certain number could be employed as lay figures in shop windows to exhibit clothes on, but the tailors might not have confidence in them. Most of them could color meershaums, but this business would produce little revenue. What, then, shall be done? The tax now falls upon a few, and it ought to be distributed. We propose, therefore, a State Asylum for useless young men. An institution of this kind could be easily filled with those between the ages of eighteen and thirty, who should be grouped and associated together so that the rude jostling and friction of the working world would not disturb their delicate nerves. Here they could cultivate mustaches, part their hair behind, and practice attitudes. In this resort, with a little enforced exercise to keep their circulation in a healthy state, with dolls to play with as a compensation for the absence of ladies' society, these useless young men could be supported in ease and comfort, and all the industrious people would be willing to pay the expenses of this institution, rather than bear the painful solicitude in regard to the welfare of these superfluous members of society. When provision has been made by the State for idiots, for the insane, poor, aged, and cripples, is it not astounding that asylums have never been erected for the useless?—*Watertown Reformer.*

THE GREAT PYRAMID.—Mr. C. Piazzi Smyth's new work in three volumes, containing an account of his operations in Egypt during the first four months of 1865, just published, has again directed attention to the Pyramids. Herodotus, Strabo, Pliny, and the Arabian writers all concurred in the statement that the Great Pyramid was originally covered with a white casing. For many years this statement was not believed, because no traces could be found. However, in 1837, Col. Vyse found two passing stones *in situ*. They were of white limestone from the Mokattan hills. As early as the year 1000, the Kalifs of Egypt began to strip off this casing. The blocks, measuring 8 feet by 5, were used in building palaces, mosques, and bridges. Those which remained were near the foundation and covered with sand at the time of the devastation alluded to. They were cut so true, that a cement no thicker than ordinary paper was required to join them. The true angle of the Pyramid's shape was determined by means of the remaining casing; as measured by Prof. Smyth, it is 51° 51' 14.3". The base of the pyramid is a square, each side being 764 feet, and the original height of the pyramid was 486 feet. Mr. John Taylor was the first to discover that the height bore the same relation to the sum of two sides of the base as the diameter to the circumference of a circle, carrying the fraction to only two figures, the proportion being thus expressed:

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