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THE CURFEW BELL.

Many have heard of the "curfew bell," but not all know its origin. Its history in England runs back to the time of William the Conqueror, who ordered a bell to be rung about sundown in summer, and at eight o'clock in the evening in winter, at which time fire and lights were to be put out, and the people to remain within doors, and penalties were imposed upon those who neglected or refused to comply with the law. This was called the "curfew," a word derived from the French *couvrefeu*, cover fire, and so the appropriateness of the name is readily seen.—The old king has been generally charged with instituting this custom in order to impress upon his subjects a sense of their abject condition; but, as the "curfew bell" was rung in France long before William's time, as a safeguard against fires, it is not improbable that he brought the custom with him into England from the continent, and that he has been slandered as to his motives. At any rate, he has sins enough to answer for without this. In the sixteenth century, "bell-men" were added to the night-watch in London. They went through the streets ringing their bells, and crying, "Take care of fire and candle; be kind to the poor, and pray for the dead." It was the bellman's duty, also, to bless the sleepers as he passed their doors. In "Il Penseroso," Milton refers to this custom:

"The bell-man's drowsy charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm."

Poets have often referred to the curfew, or cover-fire, bell. Gray begins his beautiful "Elegy" with

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day."

Longfellow, too, has a pretty little poem telling the story of this bell with charming simplicity:

"Solemnly, mournfully, dealing its dole,
The curfew bell is beginning to toll.

Cover the embers, put out the light;
Toil comes with the morning, and rest with the night.

Dark grow the windows, and quenched is the fire;
Sound fades into silence, all footsteps retire.

No voice in the chambers, no sound in the hall;
Sleep and oblivion reign over all."

King William died, and the original obligations of the curfew were at last removed about the time of Henry I, in 1100; but the custom of ringing an evening bell is still kept up in England, with variations as to the hour. The "nine o'clock bell"—familiar to most New England people—which sends so many young people home and to bed, and which, in the early history of our country, was almost as rigidly obeyed by all, both old and young, as the old curfew, traces its origin directly to the cover fire bell. In Longfellow's "Evangeline," the custom is well described:

"Anon the bell from the belfry
Rang out the hour of nine—the village curfew—and straightway
Rose the guests and departed; and silence reigned in the household."

But now the customs have changed; and though the bell still rings out on the evening air, in country village and city street, it has lost its power, save as a tell-tale of passing time. Let the old bells ring on; we love their sound; or, in the words of Moore—

"Those evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells,
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime!"

THE INFIDEL AND THE CHRISTIAN.—"Inman," said Voltaire, "there is more wretchedness than in all animals put together. He loves life, and yet he knows that he must die. If he enjoys a transient good, he suffers various evils, and is at last devoured by worms. This knowledge is his fatal prerogative; other animals have it not. The bulk of mankind are nothing more than a crowd of wretches equally criminal and unfortunate; and the globe contains carcasses rather than men. I tremble at the review of this dreadful picture to find that it contains a complaint against Providence itself, and *I wish I had never been born.*"

In contrast with this listen to the voice of a sincere believer.

"I shall shortly," exclaimed Halyburton on his death-bed, "get a very different sight of God from what I have ever had, and shall be meet to praise Him for ever and ever. What a wonder that I enjoy such a composure under all my bodily pains, and in view of death itself!—What a mercy that having the use of my reason, I can declare his goodness to my soul! I bless his name; I have found Him, and die rejoicing in Him. *Blessed be God that ever I was born.*"

TRUTH IN ABSENCE.

"Wilt thou be true?" in agony 'twas spoken,
With beating heart, pale cheeks, and glances wild.
Still in mine ear thy words of love were sounding;
I clasped thy hand, "I will!" I said, and smiled.

I *smiled*—but had I known what thorny circlet
I on my brow was crushing, how storm-tost
Upon a dreary sea of doubt thou'd'st leave me,
I might have *sigh'd*, and paused to count the cost.

In olden time the martyr to his glory
Pass'd amid storms and blood, and scathing flames;
And 'mid the roar, at sight of that calm daring,
Refused not sullenly a forced acclaim.

But the *home* martyr, in these days of freedom,
Must bear his cross in silence and unknown;
Unseen the aching, broken heart, the tear drops
That nightly water God's eternal throne.

Yes, I am true! though in these months of waiting,
A blank to ear and eye, there comes no sign;
I catch no shadow of thy kingly presence,
No distant whisper that thy faith is mine.

Yet love is woman's youth; where that is wanting,
The bloom, the light, the softness pass away;
The evening shadows o'er her morning darken;
Or, that once given, her night becomes a day.

O God, that art more merciful than man,
Because Thou only dost our weakness know,
Haste Thou the day when in the light of heaven
The True shall flourish and the False lie low!

THE FOOL AND THE HIGHWAYMAN.

Never heard of Redmond O'Hanlan, the Irish highway robber? Well, that's surprising. The English Turpins and French Duvals couldn't hold a candle to the Irish highwayman. But for all his shrewdness he met his match once, and I'll tell you how it was.

Redmond was a fine, strapping, gentlemanly fellow, and a devoted admirer of the ladies—as where is the Irishman that is not?—and what is more, a friend to the poor; as you'll admit when I tell you that his demands for cash were only made on persons who could afford to meet them, and that he delighted in forcing contributions from those who had the name of hard landlords to their tenants. There was one of this class whom Redmond never lost an opportunity of taxing—for that was the polite name he gave to his own robberies. Every quarterday, this gentleman or one of his servants—sometimes more than one—used to take a journey of six or seven miles to collect his rents; and as regular as clock-work, there was Redmond O'Hanlan, with some stout companions, if necessary, to waylay the collector as he returned home. Every means was used to elude him, but to no purpose; he had spies everywhere, and contrived to get the exact information he wanted in advance. So one quarterday, when the gentleman's servants asked him about going for the rents, he swore at O'Hanlan, and said he did not see the use of collecting money to hand over to him.

Now this gentleman had on his estate a boy, called "Jerry, the Fool," who had the run of the house, and made fun for the family. He had a great conceit of himself, and when he heard what the master said, he immediately asked to be allowed to go after the rents for once, and declared that he would know the way to bring them safe home. Of course he was only laughed at; but when he represented that no harm could come from the trying, as he couldn't do worse than all those who had gone before him, the master agreed to humor him. Upon that Jerry made such preparations as were necessary, choose the worst horse in the stable—an old hack, half blind and three-fourths lame—and started on his enterprise. Nothing occurred on the way. He collected a considerable amount of money, carefully disposed it about his person, and started homewards. Towards evening, as he was quietly jogging along on the old hack, and was just entering a long lane with high hedges on each side, a tall, fine-looking man rode up to him on a handsome roan mare.

"God save you, my man!" says the gentleman.

"God save your honor!" replied Jerry.

"What's your name, my man?" asked the gentleman.

"Jerry, the Fool, and I ain't ashamed of it. What's yours?"

The gentleman took no notice of this question. After a while he says:

"That's a very fine animal you're riding, Jerry."

"Faith, and I'm glad your honor likes it," says Jerry: "but it isn't myself that'd care to take a lease of his life. But he'll serve my turn anyway, for it's not in much of a hurry I am traveling—I've only been to the village beyond to collect the master's rents for him."

"Surely he is not such a fool as to trust you with that job?"

"Arrah, why not?" asks Jerry, in surprise.

"Why, don't you know that Redmond O'Hanlan's on this road?"

"Redmond O'Hanlan, is it says Jerry. "Ugh! That for Redmond O'Hanlan!" says he snapping his fingers. "Faix, Jerry the Fool is a match for a dozen of the likes of him any day in the week, and Sunday into the bargain!"

The stranger laughed and they rode on in silence till they come to a very lonely part of the road, when he drew a brace of pistols, and told Jerry to hand over all the money he had about him or he'd try if he had brains by sending a couple of bullets through his head.

"Meala murther," roars Jerry in a tone of surprise and fright, "You don't mean to say your honor is Redmond O'Hanlan."

"I do indeed. So hand over, my man, and look sharp about it."

"But, faix, it's kilt intirely by the master, I'll be if I go home without the rints."

"What's that to me?" asked O'Hanlan.

"Anyhow," says Jerry. "I must show them that I had a murdering fight for it. Perhaps your honor wouldn't mind firing a shot through my beaver." O'Hanlan did so, laughing at the trick.

"And now another through the breast of my coat," and Heaven bless you.—This was done. "Now just one in the skirts of it, and good luck to your honor."

"But I've discharged both of my pistols, and don't wan't the trouble of loading them again for you."

"Faix I should dearly like a shot through the skirts; it would show that I fought desperate. Are you sure your honor has'nt another pistol in your pocket that you wouldn't mind firing for a poor boy's sake?"

"Confound! To be sure I am. Hand over the money, or I'll beat you to a jelly with my horsewhip."

"Well," says Jerry, after a good deal of fumbling, "I suppose, considering the trouble I've had in collecting these rints, your honor won't mind going over the hedge after them?"

And he threw over a sack apparently well filled with coin. Half laughing, half angry, the highwayman—first aiming at Jerry with his whip, which he avoided by ducking—dismounted, and climbed over the hedge; and no sooner had he done so, than Jerry slipped off of the old hack, and mounted O'Hanlan's horse.

"Bad scran to you Redmond O'Hanlan!" he bawled. "Didn't I tell you Jerry the Fool was a match for a dozen of you? It is a sack of brass buttons you're gone over the hedge after, you thief of the world!" And touching the fine mare with the spurs he galloped off, singing at the top of his voice the old melody, "Go to the mischief and shake yourself." O'Hanlan couldn't pursue him on the hack, the cute fool had made him discharge his pistols. There was nothing for it but to walk away, cursing his own stupidity, and ever after if any one wanted to provoke him, they had only to ask him when he had last seen Jerry the Fool.

THE FOOD OF SHAD.—Of all the edible fishes which ascend from the sea into our fresh-water streams, the shad is the most valuable, and, perhaps, as yet, the greatest mystery to naturalists. Whatever unknown substances constitute his bill of fare, they are certainly of a kind to impart to his flesh a flavor gratefully acceptable to the human palate. It would seem strange that the principle food of this fish has never yet been determined. Rarely one rises to the fly of the fisherman, or seizes upon the minnow, designed to entrap some other member of the finny tribe, but this is evidently when, for want of his favorite diet, the keen demands of appetite have driven him to extremity.

Much speculation and study have as yet thrown but little light upon the food of the shad. The report of the New Jersey commissioners states that "stomachs of shad captured in the Delaware river, one hundred miles from the sea, are frequently found filled with a green slimy mass, which is proved, by microscopic examination, to be composed of half digested fragments of the *ulva latissima*, a well known marine aquatic plant, common on our coasts. In one examined by the commissioners, May 16, 1870, at Howell's Fisheries, located at Fancy Hill, six miles below Philadelphia, the entire stomach was filled with a soft, pultaceous, salmon-colored, unknown substance."

Whatever it is, their food evidently exists in large quantities. The prolific character of the shad is also noteworthy.—There is no doubt whatever that the annual catch may be doubled or quadrupled, in all our Atlantic streams, by efforts such as the commissions are now making.—The character of these efforts has been heretofore explained at length in this journal, and hence need not be dwelt upon here. Their importance will, however, be better appreciated when we state, on the authority of the Commissioners, that the price of shad has risen from six to sixteen dollars per hundred in the lower waters of the Delaware river, and to thirty-five dollars in the upper portion. Similar advances in price have been made in shad caught in the Hudson. These advances are chiefly attributable to the reduction of the supply, though of course, partly to increased demand.—*Scientific American.*

SALT YOUR CHIMNEY.—In building a chimney put a quantity of salt into the mortar with which the intercourses of brick are to be laid. The effect will be that there will never be any accumulation of soot in that chimney. The philosophy is thus stated: The salt in the portion of mortar which is exposed absorbs moisture from the atmosphere every damp day.—The soot thus becoming damp, falls down in the fire place. This is an English discovery. It is used with success in Canada.

☞ "What do you do for a living?" asked a farmer near Poughkeepsie, of a sturdy vagabond, who came begging at his house. "Well, nothing much, except travelling around," said the fellow. "You look as though you are good at that," responded the farmer. "Well, yes, I am pretty good at travelling."—"Then," said the farmer, opening the door, "let's see you travel!"

THE HAWTHORN.

My love, 'neath the hawthorn tree we'll sit—
The hawthorn tree, with its bonny flowers,
That fall as we pass in snowy showers.
They fall, they fall, till the grass looks white;
Alas, they will all be dead by night.
Heigho! Heigho!
That it should be so.

My love, do you see the bonnie blackbird,
And hear the song he is singing to me?
A blackbird's song in a hawthorn tree;
"Oh, love will last a Summer's day,
Then spread its wings and fly away."
Heigho! Heigho!
That it should be so.

My love, we will part 'neath the hawthorn tree,
Good-bye, good-bye! I would rather part
While you love me still, oh fickle heart;
For hearts will change, for love will die,
And so, false love, good-bye, good-bye!
Heigho! Heigho!
That it should be so.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

For those who maintain that suffrage is a universal manhood right, there can be no logical denial of the same right to woman. It has been the fashion with a large school of politicians in America to assert that the electoral capacity inheres in each individual by virtue of his being a man; that it is to be ranked in the same class with the rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; and that a government which refuses its enjoyment to any portion of its citizens is so far forth a tyranny.—These views have been earnestly propagated, and are too generally accepted as true by the unthinking. It does not need much logic to see that this doctrine must lead to woman's suffrage. It is this teaching which has given the cause of woman's rights all its strength among large masses of people who, having carelessly admitted the premises which I have stated, find it impossible to escape from a result against which all their instincts protest. But the doctrine itself is false, is without the support of any political or social fact. The absolute sovereignty in an independent State or Nation, with the consequent power to determine the government and institutions of that Nation, does not belong to the separate individuals who compose the body politic: it is not divided up and a portion allotted to each person, nor does each person possess the whole. Sovereignty in a State and the power to determine its institutions belong to society in its organic capacity, to society as a unit, as a great corporate whole, possessing a national personality with a distinct moral character and accountability. This single organic society, being the depository of all political power, has not only the right, but is subjected to the duty, to establish and preserve such forms of government, institutions, political capacities and privileges as shall best subserve the general welfare. It confers and may withdraw all political rights enjoyed for the time being by the individual. In one country it may be best that a monarchy be established; in another a representative republic; in one the electoral franchise may be granted to a few; in another, to large classes of persons. Whatever be the fact, in each instance the people, as an indivisible unit, and by an act of its absolute sovereignty, has set up the government, be it King or Congress, and has bestowed the franchise upon the few or upon the many, to be exercised as a trust created and conferred for the good of all. This principle lies at the very bottom of our own institutions, and is recognized as correct by the profoundest writers upon public law. It finds an expression in the Declaration of Independence, in the statement that governments derive all their just powers from the consent of the governed. If we once abandon it, and substitute in its stead the doctrine that the individual consent of each person is the foundation of government, anarchy must be the inevitable logical result.

There is, therefore, no notion of right connected with the exercise of the electoral franchise. The absolute right resides in the one indivisible people; the power of voting as well as of holding office is a privilege created and centered upon some for the public good. Whether this privilege should be granted to women, becomes then a mere question of expediency. In discussing this question of expediency, we have simply to determine whether it is best for the general interests of mankind to break up and destroy a social organization based upon the family as its unit.—Into this field of discussion I shall not enter.

TO COLOR BLACK.—For one pound of goods, take one ounce of logwood extract and about one tablespoonful of copperas; dissolve the copperas in about one and a half gallons of soft water boiling hot; stir it up, put in the goods, and let it simmer for fifteen or twenty minutes, then wring out and wash in a good, hot suds. Dissolve your logwood in about the same quantity of clean, boiling water; put in your goods, stirring it often to prevent spotting; let them boil slowly for half an hour, or until they are as black as you desire; take out and hang up, and let them dry. Then wash in good suds, and rinse in clear water.

☞ A Quaker's advice to his son on his wedding day: "When thee went a courting I told thee to keep thy eyes wide open; now that thou art married I tell thee to keep them half shut."

COMMODORE SCUDDER'S DOG.—Commodore Scudder, of the United States Navy, had a double-nosed pointer dog of which he bragged a good deal, and for which he would have refused a larger sum than was ever offered for a dog since the creation of the world. But he is dead now—not Commodore Scudder, but his dog. Like the famous hound Gelert, he died a martyr to his high sense of honor. The Commodore told me the story.

"I went out hunting partridges one day," he said, "and took the dog along. We hadn't much luck at first but after a while Buster—that was the dog's name—stood and pointed at a covey of the finest birds I ever saw in all my born days—They were squatting down in the low grass, a dozen yards off, in plain sight, and I determined to fire at them as they lay. I lifted my gun, took deliberate aim, and would have killed a dozen at least; but before I could pull the trigger a courier dashed up with a despatch which he said required immediate attention.

"I reserved my fire and read the despatch. It was an order from the Navy Department to proceed without delay to Philadelphia to take command of a squadron which was about to sail to the Mediterranean. I was so much excited, you understand, that I laid down my gun right on the spot, and went off leaving Buster pointing at those birds like they were North stars and he was a mariner's compass, so to speak. I forgot all about him: but he was a faithful dog, Buster was—and like Cassabianca, he wouldn't have left a burning ship without my order.

"Well, I went to the Mediterranean and cruised around for three years, having a first rate time. When I returned at the end of the cruise, it occurred to me, as I stepped ashore in Philadelphia, to go out and see how things were at the place where I went gunning. John and I went; and the first thing I came across was my gun, lying there with the barrel covered with rust and broken clean off the rotten stock. But what was my surprise, upon going a few paces farther, to find the skeleton of that heroic, double-nosed pointer, standing up just where I had left the dog three years before! He had never budged an inch, Mr. Quill, not a single solitary inch, that double-nosed pointer hadn't; but he had stood there and pointed at those birds until he had perished in his tracks! Well, sir, after shedding a tear over my departed friend, I went a few yards ahead, and—*there were the skeletons of those partridges.* I regard this as the most extraordinary circumstance that ever came under my observation; but if any man presumes to doubt my word I'll shoot him on the spot—I will by George!"

It was queer, that story of Scudder's about his dog, but it would hardly be safe to say what I think about it.

"MIXED" CLUBS.—The idea of having clubs for women—which was originally started in this country and in one instance at least partly carried into effect here—has been broached in London. A storm of displeasure has been excited by the proposal, especially among the large class who do not believe in "woman's rights," in the latest acceptance of the phrase, and who are firm in the conviction that woman's proper sphere lies near her own fireside.

So loud and sharp was the outcry that for a time the daring advocates of female clubs appear to have been silenced; but at this point, with a boldness highly characteristic, Miss Frances Power Cobbe has come forward and proposed a compromise.

"Why," she inquires, "should there not be a club with two wings and a centre—one wing exclusively for men, the other exclusively for women—the centre containing the reading room, the principal dining room and a drawing room for both? Each wing of course would have its own entrance, and there would be no necessity for a misogynous gentleman even so much as to behold the shadow of a chignon, or a shy lady to catch sight of a chimney-pot hat, should either prefer to remain in his or her proper domain. On the other hand, for those who like society in common, who desire to learn masculine politics, or are not averse to the rather feminine gossip which, I imagine, is not wholly unknown in Pall Mall or the cover side, the centre of the club house would have chief attraction. Many husbands and fathers I am sure would be delighted if their wives and daughters could share with them the comforts of which now they partake alone; and if such a club were once started I have little doubt it would soon be extremely popular. Of course the admission of members, both male and female, would need to be particularly well regulated; but this point I imagine might, without much difficulty, be attained."

☞ What we call wards are, in the French cities, called "communes," and the representatives of these districts in the municipal government are called collectively the "Council of the Commune," or the "Commune." The Common Council in American cities is the same thing, except that here we have carried our division of all legislative work between two houses to such an extent that every council has two branches. In France there is but one, and in cities where the "commune" is elected, its power is the same as that of the aldermen and Common Council here.

The man who lost four wives and married the fifth, simply carried out a forgone conclusion.

LUCK.—The man who marries the prettiest girl of the place is said to be a "lucky fellow," and so of him who draws the highest prize in a lottery, or by some "fortunate" turn in affairs, clears the gulf between want and wealth in an hour. And yet the histories of all times tell us that with a terrible uniformity and uncertainty the man who becomes suddenly possessed of unearned millions dies in misery.

Within five years a well-to-do farmer drew a quarter of a million of dollars in a prize lottery. The whole country envied him his luck; but he has since died from a style of living induced by his good fortune, and his only son has turned out a drunkard.

The man whose first bet on a race-course, whose deal at the card table, whose first risk at faro, whose maiden lottery ticket, brings money largely into his pockets, is a ruined man at the very instant the world pronounced him "lucky." Any man, especially any young man, who starts out in life with the conviction that money can be better made than by earning it, is a lost man—lost already to society, lost to his family, lost to himself.

An alarmingly large number of the sons of the rich men of New York are at this moment helpless drunkards. Young men are they, many of them educated, of manly qualities, of generous natures, honorable and high-minded; but the demon of drink has taken such possession of them that a father's breaking heart, a mother's tears and sister's agony avail not to draw them from their deep damnation. Elegant leisure was their ruin.

The best way to save a child from ruin is to bring him up to "help father." Make children feel that they must do something to support the family, to help along; then two feelings arise which are their salvation—those of affection and pride; for we naturally love whom we help, or those whom we struggle together with for a desired object, and nothing so improves a child as to make him feel that he is of some consequence, that he can do something, and that what he does is appreciated.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

BILLINGS' ADVICE TO JOE.—By awl means, Joe, get married, if you have got a fair show. Don't stand shivering on the bank, but pitch in and stick yure hed under and the shiver is over. There ain't enny more trick in getting married after you're redy, than there is in eating peanuts. Many a man has stood shivering on the shore till the river all run out.—Don't expect to marry an angel, them hev awl been picked up long ago. Remember Joe, you ain't a saint yourself. Do not marry for buty excloosively; buty is like ice, awful slippery, and thaws dredful easy? Don't marry for luv neither; luv is like a cooking stove, good for nothing when the fuel gives out. But marry a mixture. And let the mixture be some buty becomingly dressed, with about $250 in her pocket, a good speller, handy and neat in the house, plenty of good sense, a tuff constitution and by-laws, small feet, a light stepper; an to this sound teeth and a warm heart; the whole to be well shaken before taken. This mixture will keep in enny climate, an not evaporate. If the cork happens to be left off for two or three minutes the strength ain't all gone, Joe. For heaven's sake don't marry for pedigree. Thar ain't much in pedigree unless it is backed by bank stocks. A family with nothing but a pedigree generally lack sense; are like a kight with too much tail; if they would only take oph sum uv the tail they might possibly get up, but they are allus too illustryous to take oph the tail.

But mi dear fellow, don't be afraid; wedlock iz as natural as milk, about histen cream. Thar is one thing often don't happen and that is awl milk to her cream to rise good, and keep sweet, it must be kept in a cool place, and not to be roused up so often.

Don't be an old bachelor, lonesum and selfish, crawling out ov yure hole in the morning, like a shiny-backed beetle, and then backing into it again every night, suspicious and suspected.

I would as soon be a stuffed rooster, set up in a show window, or a tin weather rooster on a ridge pole of a female seminary, as a lonesum bachelor, jeered at by all the virginity of the land.

MANAGEMENT OF BROOMS.—If Brooms are wet in boiling suds once a week, they will become very tough, will not cut a carpet, last much longer, and always sweep like a new broom. A handful or so of salt sprinkled on the carpet will carry the dust along with it and make the carpet look bright and clean. A dusty carpet may be cleaned by setting a pail of cold water out by the door, wet the broom in it, knock it to get off all the drops, sweep a yard or so, then wash the broom as before and sweep again, being careful to shake all the drops off the broom, and not sweep far at a time. If done with care it will clean a carpet very nicely, and you will be surprised at the quantity of dirt in the water. The water may need changing once or twice if the carpet is very dirty. Snow sprinkled over a carpet, and swept off before it has had time to melt or dissolve, is useful for renovating a soiled carpet. Moistened Indian meal is used with good effect by housekeepers. What is said in the following is true. In many town and city houses the apartments receive but one thorough sweeping a week. Brooms wear out carpets quite as much as feet do.

Where They Go—Defunct Egyptians are not gathered to their fathers; they go to their mummies, they do.

VITALITY OF THE HUMAN SPECIES.—The first six months of a child's life is too uncertain to base any calculations upon. On the other hand, after the expiration of the first year, the chances are even that the child will live to the age of thirty-three: between ten and fifteen years of age life is most secure, and the probabilities are even that it will live forty-three years longer.

Of a million of people, 573,460 will be found to be between the ages of fifteen and sixty; and as nearly one-half of them are men, this number of inhabitants could, on an emergency, furnish 250,000 men capable of bearing arms, even if an allowance be made for the sick, the lame, etc., who may be supposed to be among that number. This will explain the capacity of such countries as the United States and Prussia, where the volunteer and militia system is so fully developed, for putting such vast numbers of fighting men in the field when necessity has required them.

It has been proved that the number of males that are born exceeds that of the females: this is a striking instance of the wisdom of Providence, which has thus provided for the preservation of the human race. Men, in consequence of the active life for which they are naturally destined by their strength and courage, are exposed to more dangers than the female sex; war, long sea voyages, employments laborious or prejudicial to health, and dissipation, carry off great numbers of the males; and it thence results, that if the number of the latter born did not exceed that of the females, the males would rapidly decrease and soon become extinct.—*The Protector.*

A MURDEROUS SEA FLOWER.—One of the exquisite wonders of the sea is called the opelet, and is about as large as the German aster, looking indeed, very much like one. Imagine a very large double aster with ever so many long petals of a light green, glossy and satin, and each one tipped with rose color. These lovely petals do not lie quietly in their places, like those of the aster in your garden, but wave about in the water, while the opelet clings to a rock. How innocent and lovely it looks on its rocky bed! Who would suspect that it could eat anything grosser than dew or sunlight? But those beautiful, waving arms, as you call them, have another use besides looking pretty. They have to provide food for a large, open mouth, which is hidden deep down amongst them—so well hidden that one can scarcely find it. Well do they perform their duty, for the instant a foolish little fish touches one of the rosy tips, he is struck with poison, as fatal to him as lightning. He immediately becomes numb, and in a moment stops struggling, and then the other beautiful arms wrap themselves around him, and he is drawn into the huge, greedy mouth, and he is seen no more. Then the lovely arms unclose and wave again in the water, looking as innocent and harmless as though they never touched a fish.

WHO WAS WASHINGTON THE FATHER OF? An interesting newspaper controversy is going on as to whether "the father of his country" was anybody else's father. In the case brought by George Washington Bowen, in which, claiming to be the son of the late Mme. Jumel (widow of Aaron Burr), he sues to recover her estate, Mrs. Eliza Vandervoort testified on Saturday last that her mother spoke of George Washington as the father of George Washington Bowen, but in her testimony on Wednesday last she said that her mother was merely joking. A correspondent of the Providence *Journal* in the meantime came to the defence of our first President from the imputations against his moral character and gives a circumstantial account of his two visits to that city—the first in 1781, the second in 1790—to prove that he could not have been concerned in an intrigue on either occasion. The Cincinnati *Commercial*, however, without any expression of opinion on this paternity question, asserts that Washington was the father of Indiana's first Governor (Posey); that his mother, Mrs Posey, lived on the Mount Vernon estate when the Governor was born, and that Washington addressed his letters to him "Dear Son," and handsomely provided for him.

EATING WITHOUT APPETITE.—It is wrong to eat without appetite, for it shows there is no gastric juice in the stomach, and that nature does not need food; and there not being any fluid to receive and act upon, it would remain there only to putrefy, the very thought of which should be sufficient to deter any man from eating without an appetite for the remainder of his life. If a "tonic" is taken to whet the appetite, it is a mistaken course; for its only result is to cause one to eat more, when already an amount has been eaten beyond what the gastric juice supplied is able to prepare. The object to be obtained is a larger supply of gastric juice, not a larger supply of food, and whatever fails to accomplish that essential object fails to have any efficiency towards the cure of dyspeptic diseases; and as the formation of gastric juice as directed is directly proportioned to the wear and waste of the system, which is to be the means of supplying, and this wear and waste can only take place as the result of exercise, the point is reached again that the efficient remedy for dyspepsia is work—outdoor work—beneficial and successful in direct proportion as it is agreeable, interesting and profitable.

Is there a word in the English language that contains all the vowels? There is, unquestionably.