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PUBLISHED AND EDITED BY

HENRY M. WHITNEY.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 3, 1877.

A Special Constable.

Two women, sisters, kept the toll bar at a village in Yorkshire. It stood apart from the village, and they often felt uneasy at night, being lone women.

One day they received a considerable sum of money, bequeathed them by a relation, and that set the simple souls all in a flutter.

They had a friend in the village, the blacksmith's wife, to whom they went and told her their fears. She admitted that there was a lonely place, and she would not live there, for one, without a man. Her discourse sent them home downright miserable.

The blacksmith's wife told her husband all about it when he came in for his drink.

"The fools!" said he, "how is anybody to know that they have got brass in the house?"

"Well," said the wife, "they made no secret about it to me; you need not go far to tell all the town—poor souls."

"Not I," answered the man; "but they will publish it, never fear; leave women folks alone for making their own trouble with their tongues."

The old women at the toll bar, what with their new fears and their Job's comforter, began to shiver with apprehension as night drew on. However, at sunset the carrier passed through the gate, and at the sight of his friendly face they brightened up. They told him their care and begged him to sleep in the house that night. "Why, how can I?" said he. "I am due at——; but I will leave you my dog." The dog was a powerful mastiff.

The women looked at each other expressively. "He cost him as will do?" sighed one of them, faintly. "Not he," said the carrier, cheerfully. Then he called the dog into the house and told them to lock the door, and went away whistling.

The women were left contemplating the dog with that tender interest apprehension is sure to excite. At first he seemed staggered at this off-hand proceeding of his master; it confused him. But he sniffed at the door then, as the wheels retreated, he began to see plainly that he was an abandoned dog; he delivered a fearful howl and flew at the door, scratching and backing furiously.

The old women fled from the apartment, and were next seen at an upper window screaming to the carrier. "Come back, come back, John; he is tearing the house down."

"Drat the varmint," said John, and came back. On the road he thought what was best to be done. The good natured fellow took his great coat out of the cart and had it down on the floor. The mastiff instantly had himself on it. "Now," said John, sternly, "lie as have no more nonsense; you take charge of that till I come back, and check me, let nobody steal that there, but get the wimmen home. There now," said he kindly to the women, "I shall be back this way at break fast time, and he would budge till then."

"Are he wants kept us, John?"

"Lord, no. Bless your hearts, he is as sensible as any Christian; only, Lord save us, don't go to take the coat from him, or you'll be wanting a new gown yourself, and maybe a petticoat and all."

He called, and the old women kept at a respectful distance from their protector. He never molested them; and, indeed, when they spoke cordially to him he even wagged his tail in a dubious way; but still, as they moved about he squinted at them out of his blood-shot eye in a way that checked all desire on their part to try on the carrier's coat.

Thus protected they went to bed earlier than usual; they did not undress; they were too much afraid of everything, especially their protector. The night wore on, and presently their sharpened senses let them know that the dog was getting restless; he snuffed and then he growled, and then he got up and pattered about, muttering to himself. Straightways with terrors they surrounded the door through which their protector must pass to devour them.

But, by-and-bye, listening anxiously, they heard a scraping and a grating outside the window of the room where the dog was, and he mutinied growling low. This was enough; they slipped out at the back door, and left their money to save their lives; they got into the village. It was pitch dark, and all the houses blank but two; one was the public house, casting the triangular gleam across the road a long way off, and the other was the blacksmith's house. There was a gleam of fortune for the terrified women. They burst into their friends house. "Oh, Jane, the thieves have come!" and they told her in a few words all that had happened.

"La," said she, "how tressome you are. Ten to one he was only growling at some one that passed by."

"Nay, Jane, we heard the scraping outside the window. Oh, woman, call your man, and let him go with us."

"My man! he is not here."

"Where is he then?"

"I suppose he is where the other working women's husbands are, at the public house," she said rather bitterly, for she had her experience.

The old woman wanted to go to the public house for him; but the blacksmith's wife was a courageous woman, and, besides, she thought it was most likely a false alarm. "Nay, nay," said she, "last time I went for him there I got a fine affront. I'll come with you," said she. "I'll take a poker, and we have our tongues to raise the town with, I suppose." So they marched to the tollbar. When they got near it, they saw something that staggered this heroine. There was actually a man leaning out half out of the window. This brought the blacksmith's wife to a stand-still, and the timid pair implored her to go back to the village. "Nay," said she. "What lie? I am but one—and—hark! it is my belief that the dog is holding of him." However, she thought it safest to be on the same side as the dog, lest the man might turn on her. She made her way into the kitchen, followed by the other two, and there a sight met their eyes that changed all her feelings, both toward the robber and towards the others. The great mastiff had pinned a man by the throat, and was pulling at him, to draw him through the window, with some but muffled snarls. The man's weight alone prevented it. The window was like a picture-frame, and in that frame there glared, with lolling tongue and starting eyes, the white face of the blacksmith, their courageous friend's villainous husband. She uttered an appalling scream, and flew upon the dog and checked him with her two hands. He held and growled and bare until he was all but strangled himself, then he let go and the man fell. But she struck the ground out cold, like a lump of lead, was, in truth, a lump of clay; the man was quite dead, and fearfully torn about the throat. So did a comedy end in an appalling and most piteous tragedy; not that the scoundrel himself deserved any pity, but the poor, brave, honest wife, to whom he had dared to confide the village he maltreated.

The outlines of this true story were in several journals. I have put the disjointed particulars together as well as I could. I have tried hard to learn the name of the village, and what became of the poor widow, but have failed hitherto. Should these lines meet the eye of any one who can tell me, I hope he will, and without delay.—*By Charles Reade.*

Mr. Huxley's Visit.

We are not among those who lamented Mr. Huxley's late visit to America, and certainly not among those who regret that he came. There was an unfounded dread of the man among many religious circles, as if he were not only an enemy, but a very powerful enemy, who was pretty sure to do mischief. The result, we are sure, not only disappointed them, but failed to give the expected support to those who have been inclined to favor the Darwinian hypothesis. The first lecture introduced a trick quite unworthy and serious man of science, viz., that of making Milton bear the onus of his heroic account of the Creation. To whip the Bible around the shoulders of the great poet, and assume to light a man, when in truth, he intended to hit what all believers agree in regarding as a sacred book, and most of them as an inspired and authoritative book, was not a pretty or a manly thing to do. It was a cunning performance, we admit, but it was the performance of a pettifogger, and detracted very materially from the popular respect which had been accorded to the man and his utterances.

It is to be presumed that Mr. Darwin's principal apostle would present his facts and arguments in the most convincing way possible to him. He took three evenings for the task, and had the field all to himself; but we do not hesitate to say that he failed in the "demonstrative evidence" offered in his closing lecture to fulfil the promises made in the first two. Had he demonstrated the soundness of his theory, people would have believe in it. That the most of them did not, ought to be regard by Mr. Huxley as evidence—worthy, at least, of his consideration—that his "demonstrative evidence" demonstrated nothing. For, let it be remembered, the religious mind of the country is not as much afraid of the theory of evolution as it was, and is not proof against conversion, as it might once have been. It has apprehended and accepted the fact that it takes as great a power to originate an order of beings through evolution as by a direct act of creation, and that to bind up all the possibilities and potencies of life in protoplasmic masses, or acellular cells, is as marked an exhibition of Almightiness and infinite ingenuity as it would by to speak into existence the perfected creatures which we know, and which we are.

We do not hesitate to say that the audiences which assembled to listen to Mr. Huxley were tractable audiences. They were not only tractable, but they were capable. They were adequate to the understanding of his theory, and the weighing of his evidences and arguments; and we have yet to learn that he largely, or even appreciably, increased the number of his disciples. Men went away feeling that, after all, the theory of evolution was nothing but a theory,—that it is still so much an hypothesis that it can lay no valid claim to a place in science. Certainly, Mr. Huxley shook no soundly reasoning man's belief in God as the author of all life. "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." When that beginning was,—how many ages that beginning covered,—nobody pretends at this day to know. Everybody knows, however, that a stream can rise no higher than its fountain. If the conduits and receptacles into which that stream has been poured are capable of retaining it and incapable of conducting it further, it may not rise so high. It seems to us repugnant to human reason that a low form of life, animated by a higher one, has the power to evolve a form of life higher than itself. There is not an analogy of nature which does not militate against such a conclusion. There are none of the lessons of science which do not lead directly away from it. God may work toward creative ends through processes of evolution, or he may not. A horse may have been derived from a three-toed animal, one of whose toe-nails spread into a hoof, with its wonderful tarsus and metatarsus, or he may not. A man may have descended, or ascended, from a monkey, or he may have been created by a divine fiat. It matters very little, so long as God is recognized as the author of life, and the designer of its multitudinous form.

And here is where all the trouble and fear originate. The Christian theist shrinks from losing his God. He finds that as philosophers go mousing among second causes, they lose the disposition to look up. When Mr. Tyndall asserts that he finds in matter the promise and the potency of all forms and qualities of life, the Christian sees that God is left out of the question altogether,—that the creation is left without a creator, that life is left without an author, that his hope is vain, and that his faith is also vain. He is accounted but an animal of the highest class, that propagates other animals, and he and they are to die, and come to an end. He can contemplate such a conclusion only with horror. His life loses all its meaning in the presence of it. If this is all; if we are only animals; if we have no responsibility; if our destiny does not take hold of eternity, he will say, "let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die."

It seems to us to be about time for Christian men and women, and especially for Christian teachers, to stop shaking in the presence of science and scientific men, in the fear that God is to be counted out of the universe, for such a conclusion is simply impossible. The religious element in man, in all ages and among all peoples is, perhaps the highest proof we have that a Being exists who is to be worshiped, loved, adored, obeyed. Beyond this lies the impossibility of conceiving the "beginning" of anything without a supreme first cause. To suppose that a nebulous mass appeared in one of the one interstellar spaces, of itself; that, after a time, motion began in it, of itself, and went on until the whole mass revolved and commenced condensation; that one after another it threw off rings which cracked and curled up into burning worlds, always condensing and cooling, and revolving around the great mass in the centre; that in one of these worlds, incandescent at first, there went on, for ages and ages the processes that were to fit it for the residence of life, and that then life appeared upon it, of itself, in such myriad forms and adaptations that the most industrious and ingenious human inquirer is left utterly at a loss to comprehend so much as the humblest plant at his feet, or the tiniest insect, tell say nothing of his own body and of his own mind,—we say that to suppose that all this took place without an infinite exercise of power and ingenuity,—without intelligent adaptation of of means to ends,—is to suppose an absurdity which no healthy reason healthily working, can possibly accept.

It is not only time for Christian men to stop shaking before science and scientific men, but it is time to acquire them as discoverers of God's works and ways of working. We have learned a great deal from them, and we are to learn a great deal more. We are not concerned in their conclusions. We may pity them for their blindness and egotism, but we must respect them for their earnest work and their honesty. It will all come out right in the end. Their work is only begun, and, in the meantime, God will not be left without witnesses. Side by side with the advancement of science, the reign of religion advances in the world. Many of our old beliefs will be cast aside; many of our old dogmas will be shown to be baseless; but the belief in God and the confidence of his paternal interest in man will not only survive the age, but they will increase with every onward step that science witness.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

Prof. Huxley on Niagara.

GEOLOGICAL REVELATIONS MADE AT THE FALLS—ESTIMATED TIME OF WHEN CUTTING BACK THROUGH SIX MILES OF ROCK, 35,000 YEARS.

I know it is thought very often that men of science are in the habit of drawing largely from their imagination, but it is really not so. The most sober mental consideration of facts forces upon you more and more determinedly the conviction that the theory respecting which we have this afternoon had evidence of a period of the past history of the world is of a duration which, in comparison with our human standard may be regarded as almost absolutely infinite. Take, for example, the case of the cataract of Niagara, where I have been usually spending some time, so that I might fill myself with the grandeur and beauty of that extraordinary natural phenomenon; it is quite easy to see that the Niagara river has formed its own gulch, has cut its way back through the plateau of rock from which it falls for some six miles. There is not the slightest difficulty in seeing that. The great cliff from which it tumbles is I am sure of two kinds of rock—hard rock at the top and soft rock underneath. The water undermines the soft rock below, when the solid stratum above falls over. You can trace the gradual excavation of that valley for six miles from that marvellous block which, from Prometheus monument, overlooks the plain of Ontario. Now the rate at which that work is going on has not yet been positively ascertained, but we may be perfectly certain I am now speaking largely within limits) that that work of cutting back does not go on at the rate of a yard in a year. We have six miles of such cutting, which will bring you to a period of 35,000 years for a cutting back of Niagara alone. It is an immaterial matter to me how many years it takes, but it would be nearer probability, much nearer the truth, if I had said three or four times that amount.

What relations does a period of that kind bear to the vast duration expressed by those vast ledges of strata which form the globe? We are a people curious enough to form a very distinct calculation of this. The miles of the ravine through which Niagara is cutting its way are formed by masses of alluvial matter, which must be older than the river which has cut through it. While in that alluvial matter you find the remains of shell fish, undistinguishable from those which now inhabit the lake, and along with them you find—as has been found—the teeth of the mastodon, which we know from abundant evidence was an inhabitant of the continent of North America at a comparatively recent period, the very last step of that long series of changes, of which the limestone, upon which you are now standing, indicates one of the older ones.

Thus it follows that the whole work of Niagara occupies one period of this vast duration of time, that 10,000 years, or whatever else it may have been, is but an infinitesimal fragment of time, so far as the great phenomena of the globe are concerned. During that vast time the population of the globe has undergone a slow, constant and gradual change, one species giving way to another. We have passed by slow and gradual methods, without vast and sudden changes into the state of things which obtain at present. I need not say that this view of the past history of the globe is a very different one from that which is commonly taken. It is so widely different that it is absolutely impossible to affect any kind of community, any kind of parallel, far less any sort of reconciliation, between these two. One of these must be true. The other is not.

A River on Fire.

It is said that a singular phenomenon can now be seen in Clarion county, Pa., on a small stream known as the Catfish Run. For a long time the inhabitants of that locality have noticed a commotion on the surface of the water, like that made by gas bubbling to the surface. These bubbles have been seen for many years, but no particular notice was taken of them until recently, when the quantity of escaping gas increased, and the surface of the stream for several rods was covered with bubbles. A strong smell of gas also impregnated the air in the vicinity.

Last month the place was visited by several gentlemen who had heard of the phenomenon. They became convinced that it was gas, and determined to test its burning qualities. A bunch of rags was obtained at a farm-house, and thoroughly saturated with kerosene. To this a match was applied, and the burning ball thrown into the stream. Before it reached the surface of the water the gas ignited and a slight explosion followed.

In a few moments the body of the gas burned steadily, and in every portion of the stream small flames sprung up where the gas escaped in moderate quantities. Since that day the gas has continued to burn, and the area of the stream covered by it has increased, until now the fires extend a quarter of a mile up and down the run. Catfish Run is a sluggish stream, bounded on either side by steep wooded bluffs.

At night the scene along the burning stream is magnificent. The fires light up the dark forests, making a spectacle rarely witnessed. The stream is contiguous to oil territory, and the only satisfactory theory of the source of the gas is that it arises from petroleum deposits beneath the water, as the same phenomenon, although the gas was in less quantity, has been noticed in Oil Creek.—N. Y. Sun.

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1½ in. x 4, 1x5, and 1x6, for

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Pumps for Hot or Cold Water, Salt Water Pumps.

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