

## Sentiment in the Sex.

"Women is the weaker vessel." This is an adage which has been ratified by almost universal acceptance and been practically acted upon in all ages and all countries. Paul, when he wrote it, not only gave utterance to an inspired thought but also to a principle that seemed taught and enforced by the very nature of things and the design of the Creator. There have been, however, many of the sex who have loudly protested against the statement and denounced Paul as next door to a misogynist, and an ungallant and ungenerous detractor of womankind, and the question is now more than at any former time the basis of agitation and outcry among the most civilized nations. What then is the true inwardness of the case? Is woman really to hold a divided sway with the so-called Lords of Creation? And if not, why not?

We confess to having a wholesome dread of offending our fair readers if we state fully our convictions on this matter. We shall be stigmatized doubtless by girls of the Boston type as "a horrid croaker, utterly devoid of culohur," and from the very mildness and gentleness of our lady friends we expect at least a remonstrance; but, all the same, truth—or, at least, our convictions on his matter, compel us unhesitatingly to say "woman is not the equal of man nor intended to share his sphere of work, still less to rule with him a "divided empire."

We do not propose to repeat the stale arguments that have been so often used in support of this position, but simply to show that there is one special characteristic of the female mind which conclusively, and once for all, decides the question against the so-called "rights of women;" and this peculiarity is the sentimentality of the sex.

A woman is utterly under the domination of this feeling from her earliest years. She takes naturally to dandling and nursing her doll, as soon as she can walk, and her sentimental fancy endows it with all the characteristics, the wants and habits of a real living child. She pours out the wealth of her childish affection upon it, and in this way indicates with irresistible truth the true sphere for which God intended woman. Nor is her sentimentality less vividly seen in her riper years. The doll may be thrown aside indeed (though, ten to one, it is carefully treasured in some secret repository to be looked at with tender memories now and again), but she soon finds other treasures to be fondled and prized in its stead. We wonder whether there is a single lady, of our or any other person's acquaintance, that has not treasured up in some carefully concealed cache, some lock of hair, some package of letters, some copy of verses that are the merest rubbish in themselves but which are nevertheless in her eyes more precious than silver or gold. The stronger nature of man laughs at the idea of such sentimentality but in woman it asserts itself as an essential element in her nature, and refuses to be expelled either by reason or ridicule. In short, the heart of woman is more susceptible, and therefore her nature is to that extent weaker than that of man, thus indicating her being fitted for another sphere. At the same time we do not call that sphere a lower one. On the contrary it is one of great—if not the greatest power and influence in shaping men's characters and ultimately, the history of nations. It would be an interesting matter of research and historical value to reckon up and recount the amount of influence that has been exerted on the world's, great changes and events by those women who did not exert that influence beyond their legitimate sphere, whose souls owed the high and noble qualities by which they won their way to success to the careful instruction and wise training of their mothers, whose husbands had to own that more than half their success in life was due to the wise counsel and cheering influence of their wives.

But for the rougher, harder work of life it absolutely unfits them. It is but too apt to warp judgment and set reason to one side. In the political arena it is a most undesirable factor, and in other departments of man's work (such as law for instance) it is something most likely to interfere with justice for the sake of mercy, and to render "the hand that should strike unable to do more than stroke."

And to this, if it be answered that there have been women who have shown the most eminent qualifications for success in the work usually done by man, let us reply that those who did so must have either got rid of their sentimentality, or else been born without it. In either case they are not the sort of women we should care to have around us.

This sentimentality, then, though it be regarded as a sign of weakness by some, we call a sign of strength, the true strength with which a woman can be endowed to enable her to fulfil worthily her noble mission, a mission which, be it noted, man could never fully discharge. The care of the home circle, the training and care of the young, are eminently the work of woman, and this need not, indeed should not, exclude the cultivation of intellectual pleasures. She need not be a mere drudge—indeed she must not be if she be desirous of being a real help-meet to her husband—and, in the well-regulated exercise of true sentiment, she will find at the same time her purest pleasures and her best safeguard.

## Hunting for Submarine Treasure.

A schooner, owned by a Connecticut "Submarine Company," is being used in exploring a sunken wreck off Round Island, near Peekskill, on the Hudson. The wreck has been there many years, and is reputed to have been the ship of the famous pirate Capt. Kidd. A visitor found among the appliances of the schooner a great variety of machines, chains, pumps, rubber tubes, and other contrivances, for bringing treasure out of deep water. Chief among these was a large diving bell, of boiler iron, with little round windows on every side, so that the man inside can see out in every direction—up, down, and across. It is kept in a well in the hold, and when it is to be used, bolts at the top are unfastened, the top being put on so tight that the affair is both air and water proof. The sensation of being belted into this narrow iron prison for the first time is said to be terrible, though the experienced divers do not mind it. There are two rubber tubes attached to the top, one to carry off the exhausted air, the other to supply fresh air. When the man is fastened in, the pump is started, and the bell is hoisted out with an immense derrick and lowered over the side. This bell can operate in three hundred feet of water, and is, of course, raised or lowered by steam. When all is ready it is lowered to the bottom. The man inside looks through his windows, and determines what must be done first. He has wires to pull to signal the men above. He can tell them to hoist, lower, give him more or less air, or any other signals that may have been agreed upon. Attached to the side of the diving bell, and operated by steam, from above, is what is called "the arm"—a heavy attachment, provided with so many joints and swivels that it is capable of making all the many motions of the human arm with much greater strength than any human arm ever had. This arm has a hand, with fingers, that hold a saw, an axe, a crowbar, or any instrument desired. If a man in the bell desires to saw, he is drawn up, a saw is put in the steam hand, and he goes back and begins work. When he wants an axe or a hammer he is drawn up again, and the tool is changed. The iron bell is almost human in its capacity for work, and, with the brains of a man inside, it is a valuable labourer. When the work is in very deep or dark water, or at night, an electric light is attached to the bell, and the bottom for many yards around is made as bright as if the sun shone upon it. The effect upon the surface of the water of this bright light underneath is said to be dazzling and beautiful, and some of the Rip Van Winkles who live up yonder on the hills may well begin to wonder when they see the bottom of the Hudson bright with electric light and a steam man digging for a pirate's treasures.

It is said of Darmstadt that it is the healthiest spot on the globe. Nearly all the inhabitants die of old age, or when they get tired of life move to Munich, where they are sure to drop off in a very short time. "But it is all a mistake," said a poor and tearful peasant to his doctor: "Darmstadt has not a healthy climate, for I had a cousin who resided there, and he suddenly took sick and died." "And what was his disease, my friend?" asked the astonished doctor, looking over his gold bowled spectacles. The peasant thought he proved his assertion that the climate was unhealthy by replying: "Why, he died of delirium tremens."

It occasionally happens that a man tells the truth when his real object is to tell a lie. An Italian, unfamiliar with the English language, used to sell fish on the streets, using the usual call—"Freshee fishes, all alive!" After a while he retired from the fish business and took to selling eggs, using however, the words—"Freshee eggs, all alive," densely unconscious that he was not telling the lie he thinks he is.

## Flondish Fury.

HORRIBLE BUTCHERY OF A VIRGINIA WOMAN BY HER BROTHER-IN-LAW—THE WRETCH'S ATTEMPT TO TAKE HIS OWN LIFE ABLY RECONDED BY HIS WIFE.

At Richmond, Va., intelligence has been received here of one of the most desperate and bloody crimes known in the history of murders, and one which shows how strongly hatred animates a human being even in the hour of death. The tragedy took place yesterday, near the village of Green Springs, in Loudoun county. It seems that Merrill Nott yesterday morning early had a quarrel with his wife's sister, who lived in the house with him. Thoroughly infuriated, he went out and got a large knife used for cutting corn, and, coming back, assaulted her with the murderous weapon. He pursued the unfortunate woman into the yard and stabbed and hacked her until he thought she was dead. After this he went into the house, and, taking his gun, discharged it into the air. He then reloaded the weapon, and, proceeding to within a few feet of where his victim lay waltering in blood, placed the muzzle of the gun under his own chin and fired, the lead passing through his mouth, tearing of the tongue and lodging in the upper part of the jaw. He fell in his own gore, and while struggling on the ground gasping for breath he noticed signs of returning life in his dying sister-in-law. Summoning the full strength of every muscle and concentrating the whole of his vital forces in one almost superhuman effort, and even then struggling in the throes of dissolution, he crawled about on the ground until he reached a large stone, which he caught in his clammy hands, and then, wriggling his distorted body over the ground with almost worm like motion, he dragged it to the side of the dying woman, and, lifting himself, he raised the stone as high as he could and let it fall on the woman's face. It crushed in the skull and nose of the woman, but she still struggled. The dying scoundrel, with a determination which did not leave him in his last moments, reached out again for the rock, with the design of dealing another blow. At this stage of the tragedy his wife appeared in the yard, and, seeing him reaching for the stone, seized another, and, standing over his body, dealt him a death blow, but too late to save her sister, who died in a few minutes after her murderer. It is not known what caused the quarrel between Nott and his sister-in-law, but it is understood that he and his wife had also been quarreling, and that his sister-in-law simply took his wife's part.

## At the Mercy of the Waves.

MEN LEFT IN MID-OCEAN CLINGING TO A SINKING SHIP'S MASTS—THE FRUITLESS ATTEMPT OF THE CALIFORNIA'S MEN TO RESCUE THEM—DISAPPEARING IN THE NIGHT—A POSSIBILITY THAT THEY HAVE BEEN SAVED.

The three hundred sixty-five cabin and steerage passengers which arrived in New York yesterday on the Anchor line steamship California saw a thrilling spectacle in mid-ocean. When four days out from London a bark was seen in an apparently sinking condition. The sea was boisterous, and the crew, clinging to her shrouds, waved their hands in appeal for help.

Capt. Donaldson of the California brought his ship up into the wind. "Hardie," he said, calling to the first officer, "lower the big cutter and try and get to her."

Hardie, a veteran mariner, lost no time in clearing away his boat, which, manned by a hardy crew, was soon in the huge seas that had been generated by a fierce northeaster.

Officer Hardie says that, with great exertion, he succeeded in getting to leeward of the bark, which was tossing about helplessly in the trough of the sea. After many attempts his crew got the end of the line which had been made fast to a broken spar and thrown overboard by the bark's crew. His boat was pitched up and down on the seas as though it had been in the surf, and before he could approach nearer the line parted. Many of the crew in the rigging seemed to have their dunnage strapped in the rigging, and they did not respond to his appeals to them to jump overboard. By their signalling he learned that the bark was the Macedonia, from Pensacola, Fla., for Berwick, England. She had ten feet of water in her hold, and was leaking badly. The day was waning, and a thick haze was setting in. So much difficulty had Hardie

and his crew experienced in reaching the sinking bark, and such a tax upon the strength of his crew had it proved to keep their boat head to the sea, that he finally decided it would be fatal to all hands to remain longer away from the steamship, which was fast becoming indistinct. Before returning, however, he made a final effort to get the men in the shrouds to jump overboard. This they seemed loth to do. Their ship was lunging about in the seaway, the waves making a clear breach over her. It would have been fatal, he says, to have approached her. Had he touched her roaring sides his boat would have been crushed. This was the reason, he says, that he was finally compelled to sheer off and make for the steamship. His men were so exhausted when they reached their ship that they had to be lifted aboard by a fall and tackle.

Capt. Donaldson decided to stay as close as possible to the sinking ship and make another attempt at rescue in the morning. When darkness set in a white signal light was seen on the bark, and a red light was shown aboard the steamship in response. The gale continued all night, and in the morning the sinking bark was not in sight. After describing a great circle with lookouts in the tops, without seeing anything of the bark, the California proceeded on her way hither.

The officers of the California are of the opinion that the bark was settling very slowly into the sea. They say she was, when last seen, directly in the track of passing vessels, and they think the crew may have been rescued. The bark was last seen in latitude 48° 47' north, longitude 21° 57' west.

The bark Macedonia was commanded by Capt. Parker. She was built at Bath, Me., in 1845. She was 125 feet in length, 27 feet beam, 19 feet depth of hold, and of 476 tons register; Her owner is M. Thompson, of Newcastle, England.

## How to Have Ice Next Summer.

A great many people do without ice in the summer—though the ponds and streams at their doors furnish an abundant supply every winter—simply because they imagine that an expensive icehouse is needed to hold the ice. A gentleman who once labored under the same delusion, describes in the *Tribune* the experience by which he was led to store his summer supply of ice successfully, without an ice house, after paying dearly in disappointment, loss of ice, and loss of money, through having "too much icehouse." He was convinced of his error by the circumstance that the more pains he took with his icehouse the more rapidly his ice melted, while a neighbour who had no icehouse at all always had plenty of ice. The practice of the latter was simply to pile his ice in a square body under a cowshed having a northern exposure, the first layer of ice being raised above the ground so as to secure good drainage, and the whole covered thickly with sawdust. Boards set on end around the ice pile served to keep the sawdust in place. The gentleman referred to says:

A pile of ice six feet high, and eight feet long will make three hundred and eighty-four cubic feet. And this is enough for the use of an ordinary family for the table and to cool the cream etc. Six team loads fill an icehouse which contains about four hundred cubic feet. The blocks should be cut as smooth as possible and square, so they will fit closely, and then ice must be chopped up fine and crowded in between the pieces so as to make a solid mass. The closer the ice is packed, and the more solid the mass is united together, the better it will keep. When an icehouse is too close, there is a great deal of condensation, which makes the whole contents wet and dripping, and causes the ice to melt rapidly. The air must be kept as dry as possible, one secret of keeping ice being plenty of ventilation. The more ice there is in a pile the better it will keep. A small quantity must be covered deeper and thicker than a large mass. A large mass will almost keep itself. It does not require the protection of sawdust, but straw or a double wall of boards will be ample. Every person who makes butter ought to have ice. It will more than pay for use in the dairy, and then for the family it is a luxury every provident man should supply.

DR. GRAHAM of Louisville, in his 97th year, has gone on his regular annual hunt in the mountains. He says that every autumn since 1830 he has eaten venison of his own killing and cooking.