

Miscellaneous.

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JOHN HENRY BENEDICT, SENIOR.

BY A. A. G.

John Henry Benedict came home again a few nights ago, not "from a foreign shore," where it would be well for his family if he would go and stay for the next fifty years, but from his own little world, his office, No. 28, Liberty Row, a kind of heaven below, where he is at liberty to be pleasant or cross, sweet or sour, angelic or human, just as he pleases; a kind of earthly paradise, where he may not only do a great amount of business, and earn a great amount of money, but take a great amount of comfort in sitting with his heels on the highest elbow of the stove-pipe, dreaming blissful dreams about unmarried life, which was his before he doubled himself in Mrs. John Henry Benedict, and tripled himself in John Henry Benedict, Junior.

Well, as has been said, he came home a few nights ago—poor man, he has to come home every night—in a shadier mood than usual, and with a firmer determination to have "that little nervous fly-about" keep still and not interfere with shin-toasting or newspaper-reading. Fortunately for John Henry Benedict, Junior, it was a pleasant evening, and he was out-doors.

Out-doors! Surely it was made on purpose for children. To them houses are too often dismal swamps, black holes, prisons, for there the John Henry Benedicts of the world cast their long, dark shadows; but there are no such terrors out-doors. Blessed forever be out-doors!

Out-doors! pouring into the ears of children the song of the birds, and filling their laps with flowers, and giving them what they never can have in the house, plenty of room—room to play marbles, room to play horses, room to play hide-and-go-seek, room to ride horseback, room—room for everything.

John Henry Benedict, Junior, was out-doors, and out of sight too, as his solemn-faced sire passed into the house, saying to himself: "I'll send the child into the nursery if he is making his usual racket, for I've got a touch of the nervous headache."

You never need to do that, sir, when "John Henry" is out-doors, for out-doors never objects to a racket. Out-doors can stand any amount of noise, and help to make it too, for he is continually stirring up his robins, and orioles and wrens, and even his unmusical squirrels and crows. He lets all creation sing and shout. He has no nerves.

John Henry Benedict, Senior, was not aware of the fact, that John Henry Benedict, Junior, was playing in the large, pleasant nursery of out-doors, or he wouldn't have gone in with any nervous thought of sending him into the small, useless nursery of the house, but rather with a thankful thought of the great blessing of out-doors. He would even have paused a moment and raised his Ebenezer on the steps, and yet his mercies were not so many nor so great as might at first be supposed.

He shut out the voices of nature, it's true, when he shut the door. No child's or bird's song could reach his ears; but he had no sooner taken his seat in the house than a wild Irish song was heard from the direction of the kitchen. Biddy had entirely forgotten that John Henry Benedict, Senior, was a nervous man, but he had not forgotten it. He never forgets that he has nerves, and that they need constant looking after.

He forgets to pick up what he drops on the floor; he forgets to thank Mrs. John Henry Benedict for doing it for him; he forgets to take her out for a ride when she needs it; he forgets to give her a smile when it would cost him nothing but a little good-nature; he forgets to humor her by using the scraper before he comes in; he forgets to say good-night to his child; he forgets to say good-morning to him; he forgets that home is the place where a man ought to make himself agreeable; he forgets that the world is the place where a man ought to show himself kind; he forgets the poor; he forgets the sick; Ah! and he forgets his God, but he never forgets his nerves! He thinks there is nothing so good for nerves as everlasting silence, and if he had the ordering of things, the whole universe would be made to hold its tongue. He would give all children,

at the moment of their entrance into life, the lockjaw, and would have them so framed as not to be able to skip, hop, or jump, but only to walk. He would have all birds born without the talent or the desire for singing, for they wake him up mornings. He would have all that exist in the world he lives in, to say nothing about the existence of other worlds, carrying on their intercourse by signs. He would have blessed, unbroken stillness from pole to pole, for it is so good for his nerves!

What can be done for John Henry Benedict's nerves? Stuffed birds, wax flowers, coral, shells, and a thousand other things can be protected by a glass covering and kept secure from injury, but where can be found a covering for the nerves in question? What is there that will not convey sound, and in which Mr. John Henry Benedict may encase his nerves and find rest? Nothing—nothing. Sound travels everywhere, and travels fast. It makes a lightning passage for itself through everything, and is fond of going to Mr. John Henry Benedict's ears. What can be done for him?

All creation is growing noisier and noisier. The birds, instead of getting tired of their own music—Mr. John Henry Benedict wonders they don't—are daily composing something new, and devoting themselves almost entirely to music. And children are refusing more stoutly than ever to be proper, well-behaved children, and in delicious silence. Their hearts are fuller of music, and their throats are fuller of sound.

They give their lungs and voices less and less rest. They vie with each other, as never before, in making a noise; and how can Mr. John Henry Benedict hope that the time will come when not only wars, but noise will cease in all the earth? He does not hope. Noise is so on the increase, especially under his own roof, that his "bump" of Hope has fallen in. Everywhere, everything that hath breath is full of noise, and Mr. John Henry Benedict's nerves are, therefore, full of pain and unrest, and his "bump" of Hope going fast to decay. Could he only be transplanted at once to the land where, it is hoped—nervous people hope so—children are developed rapidly into men and women, and become superior to the folly of making a noise; and where there are no more children to be born, as in this earthly sphere, it would be the best thing that could happen to him. But this will probably not be at present. There are, it is true, sudden changes and sudden deaths, but Mr. John Henry Benedict, Senior, is remarkably well preserved. There is not a bone in his body that is not nicely rounded over with fat. Beef and beer have been so assimilated that no one would suspect him of having an osseous system. But there are the nerves! They "continue as they were from the beginning," and Mr. John Henry Benedict is a most wretched man, and the people who live with him are most wretched people. John Henry Benedict, Junior, should, however, be excepted. Although he has to endure the sorrows of those who may not make a noise in the house, he rejoices more and more in the consciousness that he has all out-doors to himself, and can, at any time, get at a delightful distance from John Henry Benedict, Senior. He has so long been called "little torment," "little plague," "little nuisance," "little scamp," and so many switches—not quite so little—have been broken over him, that he has become used both to hard names and switches, as eels get used to the process of skinning, or as soldiers get used to powder and shot. And more than this, he loves his mother, and she loves him, and they both love out-doors, and fit each other exactly, so that nothing need be done for the boy. But what shall be done for the man? What shall be done for John Henry Benedict, Senior?

He might take all the quack medicines that have ever enriched newspapers, but not one of them would help him. And whatever he takes, the cure would doubtless be slow, he has so long had nerves.

But we would recommend to him to begin immediately to put himself in the way of a cure. We would advise him to try, for one hour, to enjoy other people's liberty as well as his own, and it may be that while he is trying, he'll find that he can.

Just try this, Mr. John Henry Benedict. Compel yourself to tolerate pleasantly, if you cannot positively enjoy, what others enjoy.

Drive forever out of your head the no-

tion that all of the race who come in contact with you, or who live in daily contact with you, must humor your taste for silence, and ever bear in mind that you have nerves.

Get a larger heart as soon as possible, and you will find that that is doing much to strengthen and fortify your nerves for the noise that must inevitably be made in this world.

Cultivate in your heart the love of children, especially the love of John Henry Benedict, Junior, and you'll presently find that love makes all things pleasant, even a noise!

A FORTIFIED CAVERN IN FRANCE.—The Paris *Moniteur* publishes an account of a singular cavern just discovered by some workmen engaged in digging foundations in a park belonging to M. de Rivaix-Mazeres, and situated in the commune of Flac, near Lavaur Tarn. The existence of this cavern had never been suspected by the inhabitants of Flac, and not the slightest tradition concerning it has remained. M. Grellet-Balguerie, an associate of the Societe des Antiquaires de France, on hearing of this discovery, immediately set out for the place with a few friends, in order to ascertain the probable date and destination of the subterranean recess. Upon examination, they found that it had been used as a fortified dwelling, one of those places of refuge which were had resource to in times of invasion or public disturbance. It might have been one of those selected by the Gauls in Julius Caesar's time. It consists of three vaulted chambers cut out in a hard rock, and connected with each other by a labyrinth of narrow galleries, admitting not more than one man at a time. The entrance to the main gallery is extremely narrow and low, so that it can only be entered by creeping on ones hands and knees. At almost every step the galleries present re-entering angles, recesses for guards, and places where strong palisades, or perhaps heavy doors of wood and stone must have existed. The art of defence seems to have been here carried to a high pitch of perfection. Opposite the entrance gallery a sort of "bull's eye" or circular window is pierced, communicating with this chamber. From this loop hole the sentinel, lying on a stone bench, might watch the approach of an assailant and repel him if necessary; there is, moreover, but one entrance to this chamber, and that is by the middle one. The plan of the cavern has been carefully taken by the architect of Lavaur. Another cavern, it appears from the latest accounts, has been found under the Fontaine du Theron, in the same commune, but has not yet been examined.

THE RACE FOR WEALTH.—See it in all its madness, our poor friend Robinson. He has made one fortune, but did not consider it large enough, and is now busy in making another. He is off to the City at 8 A.M., never returning till 8 P.M., and then so worn and jaded that he cares for nothing beyond his dinner and his sleep. His beautiful house, his conservatories and pleasure-grounds delight not him; he never enjoys, he always pays for them. He has a charming wife and a youthful family, but he sees little of either—the latter, indeed, he never sees at all except on Sundays. He comes home so tired that the children would only worry him. To them "papa" is almost a stranger. They know him only as a periodical incumbrance on the household life, which generally makes it much less pleasant. And when they grow up, it is to such a totally different existence than this that they usually quietly ignore him—"Oh! papa cares nothing about this," "No, no, we never think of telling papa anything"—until some day papa will die, and leave them a quarter million. But how much better to leave them what no money can ever buy—the remembrance of a father! A real father, whose guardianship made home safe—whose tenderness filled it with happiness—who was companion and friend as well as ruler and guide—whose influence interpenetrated every day of their lives, every feeling of their hearts; who was not merely the "author of their being"—that is nothing, a mere accident—but the originator and educator of everything good in them—the visible father on earth, who made them understand dimly "our Father which is in Heaven."—[*Frazer's Magazine*.]

Going to Washington in these days has very much the effect of a protracted indulgence in swapping horses—it is very apt to make a man a knave.—*Ex.*

INFLUENCE OF MARRIAGE ON THE DEATH-RATE.

At a meeting in Scotland of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, Dr. Stark read a paper on the "Influence of Marriage on the Death rate of Men and Women in Scotland." He based his calculations on the statistics issued by the Registrar-General, and brought out results, which, in a great measure, he believed were now presented for the first time.

He first showed the result in the case of men. He found that between 20 and 25 years of age the death-rate of bachelors was exactly double that of the married men. As the age increased the difference in the death-rate as against the bachelors decreased, but at every stage of life the advantage was in favor of the married men. From 20 years of age to the close of life the mean age attained by married men was 59½ years, while that of bachelors was only 40 years of age. In other words married men had the chance of living 19½ years longer than those who were unmarried. From 25 years of age to the close of life the mean age of married men was 60 and 2-10ths, while that of unmarried men was only 47 and 7-10ths. Very nearly one-half of all the bachelors who died had not attained 30 years of age. In the case of married men by far the largest number died between 60 and 80 years of age. The results, Dr. Stark thought, clearly showed that the married state was the condition of life best fitted for mankind, and that the prolongation of life by that state was a special provision of nature. It was based on fixed laws of life. Married men were generally more regular in their habits, better housed, better cared for, and more under the conditions of health and long life.

In the case of women, also, the results were in favor of the married as compared with the unmarried, though the difference was not so marked as in the case of men. Married women died at a regular proportion during the three quinquennial periods—from 15 to 20, from 20 to 25, and 25 to 30—but at a lower rate from 30 to 40. The death-rate in the case of married women was higher again between 40 and 45 years of age, but the rate was in their favor again from the latter period to old age. In answer to Prof. Kelland as to what the results were when calculated annually, Dr. Stark said it made very little difference. Prof. Kelland said the results arrived at were certainly very startling. Insurance companies, it appeared, took some such difference into consideration; but these results must rather stagger them. He thought Dr. Stark's paper was most interesting, and hoped the results would be made fully and widely known.

Dr. Christison made a few remarks to a similar effect. Lord Neaves, thought it was, perhaps, a question whether the long life depended on the marriage, or whether the marriage did not depend a little on the conditions of long life. There were men who did not marry because they had not health or means, and perhaps such circumstances as these must be taken into account. If the results proved correct, the insurance companies would, of course, have to take them into consideration.

It is somewhat remarkable that the report of the New York Board of Health published last month, brings the same fact very strongly to light. The attention of the sanitary statisticians of Edinburgh and New York were drawn to the same subject at the same time.

The Registrar of New York inserts in his report the following tables, to show that the married state is more conducive to health than single-blessedness:

AVERAGE RATES OF MORTALITY PER 1,000 IN MARRIED MEN AND IN BACHELORS.

Ages.	Married.	Unmarried.
20 to 30.....	6.5	11.3
30 to 40.....	7.1	12.4
40 to 50.....	10.3	17.7
50 to 60.....	18.3	29.5
60 to 70.....	35.4	49.9

MORTALITY PER 1,000 AMONG MARRIED AND UNMARRIED WOMEN.

Ages.	Married.	Unmarried.
20 to 25.....	9.8	8.5
25 to 30.....	9.0	9.2
30 to 40.....	9.1	10.3
40 to 50.....	10.0	13.8
50 to 60.....	16.3	23.5
60 to 70.....	35.4	49.8

—Bulletin.

THE Adventists of Connecticut are preparing to "go up" on or about the 16th of next June.