

THE WEEKLY GLOBE

The Weekly Globe is a mammoth sheet, exactly double the size of the Daily. It is just the paper for the family, containing in addition to all the current news, choice miscellany, agricultural matter, market reports, etc. It is furnished to single subscribers at \$1. with 15 cents added for pre-payment of postage. Subscribers should remit \$1.15.

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ST. PAUL, SUNDAY, APRIL 23, 1882.

The Inside Pages. The inside pages of the GLOBE this morning will be found to contain a large amount of entertaining, original and local matter, as well as choice selections. Every page and every column of the SUNDAY GLOBE will be found of value and interest.

The Sunday Globe presents this morning the first of a series of foreign letters, written especially for its columns, by an educated American lady residing abroad. Our correspondents letters will be found to have a sparkling freshness, which will warmly commend them to the reader.

The demands of business and religion combined occupy our space completely that the SUNDAY GLOBE has no room for politics. As the GLOBE is a truly good paper, it does not regard the omission as serious or as detrimental to our general line of missionary labor.

PHARISEISM. God, I thank Thee that I am not as other men are.—LUKE 18, 11.

Our Savior often taught in parables, so often indeed, that one disciple wrote, "without a parable spake he not unto them."

Among the many parables, perhaps none more aptly illustrates some prevailing ideas in these enlightened days than this one of the Pharisee and publican praying in the temple.

The Pharisees were a sect of Jews separated from the rest by the assumed holiness of their character, and the observance of religious ceremonies. The publicans were collectors of taxes and tribute and were generally held in detestation. The Pharisees of the nineteenth century are, in their own esteem, quite as exclusive a sect on account of their assumed piety and their observance of religious rites, as the ancient Jews.

The modern Pharisee, although living in the world is not of the world; its sins, temptations and weaknesses can never touch him; he has no sympathy with the frailties of weak human nature. A gentleman of this city once asked one of this class for aid and pity for a young man who had fallen. He replied: "No, I don't pity him. I never was tempted to steal. The Pharisee may often be found in the pulpit. As a follower of Him who "came to minister unto, and to be the servant of all," and, as a minister of His testament, to preach humility and charity, how often does a clergyman oppress the members of his congregation, especially the poorer class, with his assumption of exalted holiness and dignity of character. He seems to exhalate a perfume of sanctity, that falls cold and repellent on the hearts of sinners. To the young man who is troubled with doubts, he says: "Away with your doubts. I never doubted." At all times, and in all places, he seems to live and breathe the very spirit of this prayer, "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are."

A St. Paul clergyman was once asked if a certain boy, by "Gail Hamilton," did not suggest some new thoughts. He replied, "I have not read it. Do you suppose that I can be taught by a Cape Cod school ma'am?" The church numbers many Pharisees among its members. They are always ready to pray, to sing or exhort. Forgetting the Master's command, "But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet and shut the door," they make long prayers, and, in the face of the bible declaration that "God is love," and that "like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him," express a willingness to go to hell if it shall be God's pleasure. Their zeal for the orthodox faith is so great, that they can not sit at the Lord's table with a person who does not believe in eternal torment, or have any fellowship with one who is looking for the "final appearing" of Christ, although angels told the disciples that "this same Jesus which is taken from you into heaven shall come in like manner."

Many women are members of the strictest sect of Pharisees. Assuming that they are perfect patterns of the Christian graces, they measure all the other women by what their conduct would be on similar occasions. Shielded and cared for, untempted and untried, they condemn without pity the suspected or fallen. A professing Christian woman remarked about a person of doubtful reputation: "I cannot breathe in the same room with that woman." "When Jesus sat at meat in the house, behold, many publicans and sinners came and sat down with him and his disciples," and he ate with them.

Thus from that ancient sect has come down to this day the Pharisee, no longer a Jew, but of the Christian persuasion, and ever widely increasing in numbers. Not among the poor and the weak nor the truly noble and refined are they found; nor among those who have taken upon them "his yoke, who is meek and lowly in heart." Phariseism is the arrogance of ignorance, the seeming rather than the being in religion. "Then spake Jesus to the multitude: Do not after their works. For all their works they do to be seen of men. They love the uppermost rooms at feasts and the chief seats in the synagogue. But whosoever shall exalt himself shall be abased, and he that shall humble himself shall be exalted."

TIMELY TOPICS.

It is proposed to erect a statue to Longfellow at Cambridge.

The porcelain plate with the likeness of Garfield, executed by Stuns of Dresden, has been received by Mrs. Garfield. It has a dedication to the memory of the late president on the back. The portrait is surrounded by a broad band of bronze.

The English parliament is confusing. Sometimes it is "closure," and sometimes it is "closure," but the ballistic term means all the while neither more nor less than "the previous question," a parliamentary check on interminable discussion not heretofore in vogue.

The London Observer, referring to the case of Dr. Lamson, says: "If the Americans are to ask a respite for Dr. Lamson because there is evidence in America proving his insanity, the English government might with equal justice demand a respite for Guitau on the ground that certain persons in England are convinced that he is not responsible for the crime he committed."

FENELON, the renowned Archbishop Cambrai, beautifully and winningly says: The soul loses command of itself when it is impatient. Whereas, when it submits without a murmur it possesses itself in peace, and God is with it. To be impatient is to desire what we have not, and not to desire what we have. When we acquiesce in an evil it is no longer such. Why make a real calamity of it by resistance? Peace does not dwell in outward things, but within the soul. We may preserve it in the midst of the bitterest pain, if our will remain firm and submissive. Peace in this life springs from acquiescence even in disagreeable things, not in an exemption from suffering.

"An intelligent young man, a promising student, just back from Brown university," relates the Burlington Hawkeye, "was met at the Union depot by an elderly man, who made a grasp at the young man's hand, and even essayed to clasp him in his arms. The young man shook hands with the enthusiastic man in a non-committal sort of a way, and said, in a non-friendly tone, 'well, indeed, my dear fellow—I, really—your face is rather familiar; it seems to me I have met you somewhere, and yet I can't exactly place you.' The man gazed at him and went back to his office with the determination to bind out his remaining sons to shoemakers and blacksmiths."

Male and Female Longevity.—The recent official returns in regard to the health and mortality of the population of Europe have supplied the statistical department at Vienna with the means of making some interesting determinations in respect of longevity. It results from this that of 102,831 individuals who had exceeded the age of ninety years, 60,263 were women and 42,568 men. Again, the superior longevity of women is exhibited by the greater chance, it seems in the cases of women, of attaining or exceeding the hundredth year. Thus in Italy, there are found 241 female centenarians for 141 males, and in Austria 1,508, 359 sexagenarians, or 7.5 per cent. of the total population.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH speaks, it may be feared irreverently, of Mr. Spencer and his definitions, thus: "Mr. Spencer is, by virtue of his general philosophy, a Necessarian. He holds that evolution, which is the order of the universe, 'consists in a change from an indefinite coherent homogeneity, to a definite coherent heterogeneity, through continuous differentiations and integrations.'" The universe may well have heaved a sigh of relief when, through the celebration of an eminent thinker, it had been delivered of this account itself. Yet it must be a curious universe if this is its secret. As the Yankee said of the enormously rich church with a very scanty congregation, it must be doing the smallest business on the largest capital of any concern in this State.

The statistics of the death rate in New York city for the year 1881 will attract the attention of every one. For the year ending December 31, 1880, the death rate was 26.48 per thousand inhabitants. For the year ending December 31, 1881, it rose to 31.08 per thousand. The death rate of London for 1880 was 22.14, and that of twenty other towns of Great Britain was 22.7. Thus London, with all its mass of people crowded together in hovels and cellars in such poverty and filth as can be scarcely seen elsewhere, showed a smaller death rate than the cities throughout the kingdom. On the other hand, against the death rate of 26.48 in New York for 1880, the rate of forty-eight other cities of the United States show an average of 2.08. Only six cities had a larger death rate than New York.

The aesthetic gush, bombast and blasphemy of the Bob Ingersoll school, is crushingly rebuked by the remarks of Canon Farrar, of London, who made the venerable arches of Westminster Abbey reverently ring and resound with a vigorous sermon on the fruits of atheism. "For a time," he said, "an atheist populace may uphold the tattered banner of corpse-like traditions which has been stolen from the rifled grave of Christianity. But it will never be long before it declares itself the enemy of the church, the enemy of the family, the enemy of the throne; never long before it tears down the flag of decency and order, and upholds in its place, if not the red flag of socialism, or the black flag of spoliation, at any rate, the standard of material appetites and physical desires."

MR. DARWIN claims that earth worms bring to the surface from seven to eighteen tons of mould per acre annually; and this spread out evenly would produce in every ten years a layer of soil of from one to more than two inches thick. Suppose the layer to be only one inch thick. At this rate in 120 years the worms could raise the soil one foot; and in 685,000 years they would raise it one mile, and in 3,500,000,000 years they would raise the surface 4,000 miles—about the distance of the surface of the earth from its center. His hypothesis is that the earth was made by earth worms in the period mentioned. Thus dethroning the Creator, whose work is portrayed in the book of Genesis, and sublimely placing worms in his stead as the earth's creator! Thus taxing human credulity to far greater extent, to give credence to the weak and whimsical theories of man, than to yield belief to scriptural revelation. "I had no idea," said the poet, "I bore such a very bad name. I should be very glad to know the young people, and their mother, too, if she would permit it." He then got up and came toward the door; but he fled down the passage, while he and Shelley stood laughing. That was the first and last I saw of Byron.

The mind, as contradistinguished from its material tabernacle, has been a theme of much painstaking and often baffled philosophizing. How acts that spiritual essence, called the mental force? How dominates its obedient realm, that supreme monarch of intellectual energy, the Will? Sir William Hamilton says that "the definition of mind from its qualities is given by Aristotle. It forms the second definition in his treatise on the soul, and after him it is the one generally adopted by philosophers." Hamilton further says "that the mind is the man," and adds, "to the same effect Aristotle asserts that the mind contains

veils shut out from his view for brief intervals the objects about him."

A SHORT TIME ago the Rev. Henry Cross, pastor of the Pilgrim Baptist church, in New York City, was deeply afflicted by the loss of his wife. Mr. Cross is an Englishman, and soon after the death of his wife he returned to England, and placed his motherless children in the care of his sisters. He recently came back to this country and has just received and accepted a call from the Germaine street Baptist church in St. Johns, New Brunswick. Mr. Cross was educated at Nottingham, England. For eleven years he was pastor of a church in Coventry, England. In 1870 he came to this country and after supplying churches for some time in the vicinity of New York and Brooklyn, he became pastor of the First Baptist church in this city. After the remaining here five years, he became pastor of the Pilgrim church in New York city. Mr. Cross is well remembered in St. Paul, and carries with him to his new field of labor the hearty good wishes of his brethren, who have learned to appreciate him as a pastor, preacher and Christian gentleman.

Has christianity in any portion of the world really gone to seed, and has it ceased to bear appropriate fruit? Has narrow bigotry, has senseless, soulless formulas, in any measure, taken the place of common sense, not only, but of common humanity and decency? Who can read, without intense disgust a statement like this: Recently the widow of a Wesleyan minister died in Yorkshire; and it was the wish of her friends that her body should be laid beside that of her husband in the consecrated portion of the parochial burial ground. The vicar placed as many obstacles in the way, that the friends of the deceased lady had to be content with a grave in the unconsecrated portion of the cemetery. But even on the day of the funeral, as the party of mourners were about to enter the burial ground by the ordinary gate, it seems would have taken the process, since over "consecrated ground," they were warned away, and ordered to enter by a narrower door, for fear it should "wound the feelings of church people." And this is Christian England in the nineteenth century.

In 1874 a writer gave the following description of Longfellow's daily life: "He rises early, takes a comparatively light breakfast, and, if the day is not rainy, sets out for a walk, which takes up an hour or two, according to his inclination. His gait is firm and hearty, and as he walks he holds himself perfectly upright. He does not ramble two mornings in the same direction, but varies his route daily. Every day or two he calls on his printers, at the University Press, and receives or returns proofs of his works if he has anything in type, which is mostly the case. He studies his matter carefully after it is in print. Little, if any, of his poetry published is written on the spur of the moment. 'The Divine Tragedy' is said to have been rewritten after it was nearly all in type. During late years he has been in the habit of publishing his poems in the magazines, and after having obtained a sufficient number adding a few new ones to them, and issuing them in book form. He then brings his 'copy' to the office of the University Press, which is only half a mile or so from his own residence written in lead pencil, in a small book hand very much like the average newspaper man's style of handwriting, clear and mostly free from interlineations and erasures. His magazine poems are always revised and corrected, or at least altered more or less, before their publication in book form, so that the reader rarely encounters one in the same shape as in the periodical.

An act of Parliament has been secured after a long struggle, permitting deceased dissenters to be buried in parish church yards. The law requires the rector of the parish to make an entry of the burial in the church record. A minister was recently buried in the parish church yard at Shirland in Derbyshire, where the Rev. Joseph Hall was rector. His peculiar conscience was so exceedingly tender, that he refused to make the proper entry, but in order to evade the duty, or in other words, to "whip the devil around the stump," he got a neighboring rector whose conscience was of tougher fiber, to make the required entry for him. Was not this weak, silly and childish? But Mr. Hall was not permitted to enjoy in serenity, the soothing, abnormal tranquility of his very sensitive conscience. He was summoned before the court for his infraction of the law, and the judge decided "that the defendant sought to evade the law in a manner which was not respectful to the court, and directed that if a proper return was not made in a week, attachment would issue." So the rector was given a week to wrestle with his very tender and yet stubborn conscience to decide whether he would obey the law, or suffer arrest and the penalty of imprisonment for his infraction. If the rector held his ground, he would undoubtedly be behind the prison bars, and thus "joined the noble army of martyrs," and all for conscience sake—a conscience exceedingly enlightened and religiously esthetic.

An English lady gives an account of her first and only sight of Lord Byron, when she was a child. She was at Florence, Italy, with her mother. They were boarding at the same house with Shelley and his wife. Shelley proposed to her mother to visit Pisa, where Lord Byron was residing. She declined, saying her husband would be displeased if she allowed any intimacy between her family and Lord Byron's. Shelley's narrative is as follows: "One day Shelley told me Lord Byron was coming next day to visit him. In vain I implored mamma to let me be with them when the great poet came, but she would not hear of it. I told Shelley this with tears in my eyes, and he said: 'Well, little woman, if mamma won't let you be in the same room with the ogre, if you are very anxious to see him, look through the keyhole, and I will plan, look through the keyhole, and I will plan for you.' So, next day, Willie and I went on tiptoe to Shelley's door and peeped through the keyhole. We were so fascinated, alternately watching the great poet, that we remained there some time. At last Byron began to fidget, and said: 'I say, Shelley, I don't know how it is, but I feel as if someone was watching me.' Shelley smiled, and pointing to the door told him what we were doing, and who we were, and also that mamma would not allow us to make his acquaintance. 'I had no idea,' said the poet, 'I bore such a very bad name. I should be very glad to know the young people, and their mother, too, if she would permit it.' He then got up and came toward the door; but he fled down the passage, while he and Shelley stood laughing. That was the first and last I saw of Byron."

The total abstinence league will give a grand entertainment at Peffer's hall to-morrow evening. The musical portion of the programme offers special attractions. Stirring speakers will be present, and the evening will be made up of stirring and spicy speeches. The sale of tickets will be for last evening's evidence of a full house. Those desirous to spend a very pleasant evening should not fail to assist on Monday evening.

Notable among the events of the past week for quiet elegance and beauty of appointments was the wedding of Mr. William Schutte, a well-known business man of St. Paul, and Miss Marie Dearing, the charming daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Dearing, of the Sixth ward. The marriage took place on Thursday evening at the residence of the bride's parents, in the presence of a large number of friends. A reception and supper were given, and the presents were many and handsome.

The Church of the Good Shepherd, Episcopal, was the scene, on Wednesday afternoon last, of a charming wedding, being the marriage of Mr. Wm. Singleton, formerly of St. Paul and now of Wisconsin, and Miss Josie P. Horton, daughter of Mrs. Elizabeth Horton, of Tilton street. The ceremony was performed at 7 o'clock, by Rev. Dr. Pope, in the presence of a large number of friends. The floral display was superb and the toilet rich and handsome. A pleasant reception followed and it was characterized as one of the most elegant affairs of the season.

Mr. Charles R. Pease, of the popular firm of Pease Bros., left for New England a few weeks ago on the very plausible pretext of known business matters, but he attended to them in proper style, and at the same time threw a host of too inquisitive friends off their guard, was evidenced by his return last week in company with his charming bride, the affair being conducted so modest and tidy a manner that not even his bosom friends got onto the racket. Mrs. Pease, nee Miss Della M. Hillton, was formerly a leading belle of

the man, and not the man the mind. 'Thou art soul,' says Hierocles, 'but the body is thine.'" No one has, however, more happily expressed this idea than Alexander Arbuthnot, a Scottish theologian and poet of the sixteenth century, as follows:

What am I, whence produced, and for what end? When drew I being, to what period tend? Am I th' abandoned orphan of blind chance? Dropp'd by wild atoms in disorder'd dance? Or, from an endless chain of causes wrought, And of unthinking substance, born with thought, Am I but what I seem, mere flesh and blood, A branching channel with a many flood? The purple stream that through my vessels glides, Dull and unconscious flows, like common strays, The pipes through which the circling juices stray, Are not that thinking I, no more are they; This frame, compacted with transcendent skill, Of moving joints, obedient to my will; Nursed from the fruitful glebe, like yonder tree, Waxing and wastes,—I call it mine, not me.

THE SOCIAL WORLD.

The social world is in a ferment of excitement. Fandango twirls the harp of a thousand strings, and the cup of fashionable pleasure is full to the brim. Truly, it is a giddy, joyous world, and the bursting cheek of laughter should give dull care the go by.

The past week has been crowded with events. Light hearts and lighter feet have beat time to the enchanting strains of the fiddle and there have been the usual number of events in which the orange flowers and wedding march have cut an indispensible figure. The events that have come to the front are chronicled below.

P. H. Kelly, Esq., has gone East. Mr. J. W. Sablin is on a visit to Miles City. Mayor Rice and wife are expected back the ensuing week. Mrs. Belle Hayes, of Hastings, visited her St. Paul friends last week. Mr. Clarence Robb of the Manitoba railroad company has returned from his trip East.

Paul Gotzian, of the Shattuck military school, son of Adam Gotzian, is on a visit home. Mrs. A. Reis, of Minneapolis, passed a week with Mrs. A. Stahlman of Wabashaw street.

Manager Haines, of the Opera House, is in Burlington. He will visit Omaha en route home. Mrs. Jacobs of Iglehart street, entertained a number of young friends last Thursday evening.

Mlle. Litta, the renowned prima donna, will spend the Sabbath in St. Paul. She is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Rogers.

Mr. Paul Nichols, formerly of St. Paul, and now a prominent young railroad man of Duluth, is visiting his friends in this city. Commodore Anderson, of New York, wife and daughters, passed through St. Paul last Wednesday en route home from California.

The marriage of Mr. Paul E. Toble, of this city, and Miss Lou Harr was celebrated at the home of the bride in Charleston, Ill., on Friday evening. Miss Bourne, of Dayton avenue, was tendered a surprise party by a host of friends on Friday evening. An evening of delightful festivity was passed.

The C. Y. K. club have arranged for a party and ball to be given at Seibert's dancing parlors on next Friday evening. A pleasant time is assured of mirth and festivity.

Col. Cleary, ex-city collector and county commissioner of Chicago, and prominent in local politics, is sojourning at the Merchants. He will visit Fargo, where he is interested in real estate.

The ball given by the employees of Auerbach, Finch & Van Slyke at Seibert's hall on Thursday evening was a great social success. Dancing held sway until a late hour and the affair was enjoyed by all present.

The Concordia Singing society gave a concert and ball at Peffer's hall on last evening, the musical numbers of the entertainment being particularly attractive and well rendered. The dancing lasted until a late hour.

Mrs. A. R. Kiefer and daughter returned last week from California, after a most delightful and prolonged visit. They sojourned on the coast all of last winter, and are earnestly desiring their admission of this charming region of the country.

Miss Amelia Kutza, for some time past with the Singer sewing machine agency in St. Paul, has accepted a similar position in the office of the Whitehill Manufacturing company, of Milwaukee, and left last week to assume the duties of her new situation.

Mrs. Hames, who has so admirably conducted the business affairs of the opera house during her husband's absence, received a call yesterday from Mrs. E. H. Ober and Manager Foster, of the Boston Ideal company. They passed through the city en route east.

The ladies of the First M. E. Church gave a party on Thursday evening last at the parsonage, in token of the departure of Rev. E. Smith for the East and for Europe. The party was largely made up of friends who were invited to bid him bon voyage.

Last evening the young people of Christ church gave a dramatic entertainment at the guild, which proved highly enjoyable. The drama, "The Marchioness of Mansfield," was presented in a most creditable manner, and an evening of delightful amusement was afforded.

(Gilbert Davidson (Cabanne) has returned to the city after an absence of a year, and will supply the place of leading soprano at Christ church during the absence of Mrs. Lamprey. It will be welcome news to her many friends to learn that she is in better voice than ever, and will prove a valuable accession to the musical circles of St. Paul.

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Anson, Maine, at which city the marriage took place.

Reichow-Zachau. The marriage bells rang gaily on Wednesday afternoon last, in honor of the nuptials of Mr. Herman Reichow, a prominent young merchant of Chaska, and Miss Tillie Zachau, daughter of Mr. Chas. Zachau of Oak street. The ceremony was performed at the German Lutheran church on Wabashaw street, the edifice being packed with friends and relatives of the couple. The bridesmaids were Miss L. Shaber, Miss Emma Bickel and Miss Pollie Zachau. Escorted by Messrs. Chas. Reichow, Wm. Hamm and Gus Fustavart. The bride looked charming in an elegant costume of broad satin shades of rose, with wreath and necklace of orange blossoms.

The toils of the bridesmaids were elegant and handsome. A reception followed the wedding and many of the gifts were costly and superb.

A Notable Painting.

The growth of art, as applied to painting, in a city or community, must ever afford a captivating theme for philosophic thought and speculation. The period of gestation, particularly with regard to painting, is inevitably long and laborious, that is if the production is to be of a high order of comparison with what has been affirmed to possess the qualities of worth and beauty.

Some day in the not very remote future the task of compiling a history of what has been accomplished in art direction in St. Paul will be attended with both pleasure and profit. At present any serious attempt to speak of art per se, as having a firm and settled footing in St. Paul, might result disastrously. But as art is long it is good to speak of a beginning in the city, and to point out, by the most encouraging symptoms of enthusiasm and progression.

It is true that the pioneers of every department of art and labor have almost insuperable difficulties to surmount and contend with. The little coterie of worthy artists in this city and their more intelligent following will understand the meaning of the last sentence. The object of this sketch is not to elaborate a dissertation on the subject of art but rather to call attention to a particular instance of endeavor as manifested in individual excellence in the art of painting.

The study is in oil and may be inspected in the window of Hough's book store on Wabashaw street. The subject is entitled "The Captive," and represents a young girl in bondage. The conception is original and beautiful and the thought is truthfully transferred to the canvas, the execution showing a decided improvement.

The foreground represents a young girl, simply attired in a skirt of dark stuff, the shawl-like end of which is thrown over her shoulders. From the waist up clothed in a loose habit of white, while the left arm is fully exposed and bare.

Her arms manacled at the wrists and the attendant blackness and gloom are permeated by intense blackness and gloom. From the somber scene the face of the maiden stands out in a beautiful and touching relief. The expression is of mingled resignation and despair, and the prevailing one being one of exquisite sadness.

The features are chiselled and delicate the lips and nostrils being indicative of keen sensibility and delicacy. Over a broad low brow, pallid in its suggestiveness of hopelessness and pain falls a mass of short ringlets.

The regular lyceum, held at the First M. E. church last Monday evening, was a delightful and attractive entertainment. The Beethoven society, who have, under the untiring and efficient leadership of Prof. Priem, made such remarkable progress, gave two selections with finished taste, especially the vocal quartet response with "Papa's Letter," in which Miss Sara Slater sang two appropriate selections magnificently. Her voice is of great flexibility and expression. Her finished trill bewitched every one present; she was the recipient of hearty congratulations.

Prof. Priem, possessor of the dramatic talent, rendered "Fall of Pemberton Mill" exquisitely, her conception of the difficult piece and rendition of the same greatly commended by "Papa's Letter," in this child dialect was remarkable. The amateur orchestra numbering about twenty, played three selections finely, and were heartily encored. This young society has made rapid progress under the leadership of Prof. Priem, and its subject "Success," was intelligently discussed by Dr. Biggs, Mr. Campbell and Dr. Day taking part.

Mr. Willis gave an oration on Longfellow. His points were clear and his delivery perfect.

The first of the spring series of the pastor's receptions, occurred on Monday evening at the chapel of the First Baptist church. These receptions were a very pleasant feature of the church socials last year, and will no doubt result equally so the present. The occasion was rendered even more enjoyable, and on account of its being the initial one of the season, but was also intended as a special welcome to Mrs. Barnes, who had very recently returned from Florida, where she had been spending the winter on the missionary tour of the church composed of twenty-four of its young lady members thought it a proper time to give Mrs. Barnes a pleasant surprise, which they did by presenting her with a beautiful silk dress, and a box of goods which were distributed by each member of the band. The presentation was made by Miss Mamie Drake, and was fully responded to by the recipient.

Another pleasant diversion in the evening's enjoyment was embodied in rather an original idea and was introduced by Mrs. J. H. Drake, and consisted of nearly 100 small earthen jugs in the form of children's saving banks, being distributed among those present, so that they could garner their spare change until they fell, which would be a most delightful way of bidding him bon voyage.

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Notable among the events of the past week for quiet elegance and beauty of appointments was the wedding of Mr. William Schutte, a well-known business man of St. Paul, and Miss Marie Dearing, the charming daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Dearing, of the Sixth ward. The marriage took place on Thursday evening at the residence of the bride's parents, in the presence of a large number of friends. A reception and supper were given, and the presents were many and handsome.

The Church of the Good Shepherd, Episcopal, was the scene, on Wednesday afternoon last, of a charming wedding, being the marriage of Mr. Wm. Singleton, formerly of St. Paul and now of Wisconsin, and Miss Josie P. Horton, daughter of Mrs. Elizabeth Horton, of Tilton street. The ceremony was performed at 7 o'clock, by Rev. Dr. Pope, in the presence of a large number of friends. The floral display was superb and the toilet rich and handsome. A pleasant reception followed and it was characterized as one of the most elegant affairs of the season.

Mr. Charles R. Pease, of the popular firm of Pease Bros., left for New England a few weeks ago on the very plausible pretext of known business matters, but he attended to them in proper style, and at the same time threw a host of too inquisitive friends off their guard, was evidenced by his return last week in company with his charming bride, the affair being conducted so modest and tidy a manner that not even his bosom friends got onto the racket. Mrs. Pease, nee Miss Della M. Hillton, was formerly a leading belle of

THE AMUSEMENT WORLD.

The past week was one of the duller seen in St. Paul since the opening of the season of 1881-2. For two nights, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, the St. Vincent town lot boom occupied the Opera house, and though the great Coolican is a lively real estate auctioneer and manages to introduce considerable spice and drollery into his business, it would hardly be fair to the "profession," to claim his and his entertainment among the amusements. Thursday evening the Mendelssohn-Latta combination appeared before a rather small but intelligent audience. The fact that Mendelssohn was thoroughly delighted is the best possible evidence that the entertainment was really good. The other Opera House entertainment was that by Bengough, Canada's Naat, Friday evening, in a lecture and character drawings, the very proper kind of "war Bachelors." The attendance was the smallest seen in the Opera house for years, reminding old settlers, if any were present, of the season when the late veteran Plunked had the house, seventy-five paying people being considered a large audience.

The Minnesota Boat Club.

The present week is much more promising. For the "first amusement night," to-morrow evening, the Minnesota Boat Club will present in a benefit entertainment, W. S. Gilbert's eccentricity, "Wedding March," a charming production, and entirely new to St. Paul audience. The Boat club know no such word as "fail" in any. Their attempts in their chosen element for muscular development have been most brilliant, as evidenced by the numerous medals won by them in gallantly contested struggles for supremacy. As hosts in receptions they stand unrivalled, and they propose to win a triumph before the footlights for the pleasure of their many friends and their own pecuniary benefit. And it is safe to say they will succeed in both.

Robson and Crane.

There is a world of pleasant anticipations conveyed in the announcement that the "boss" comic cherubs of the comedy stage, Robson and Crane, are to take St. Paul by storm. Their admirable performances this week, as follows: Thursday evening, "Our Bachelors"; Friday evening, "Sharps and Flats"; Saturday matinee, "Our Bachelors," and Saturday evening, "Forbidden Bachelors," the New York Times says: "Stuart Robson and William E. Crane were welcomed by an audience which filled Haverly's Fifth Avenue theater upon their reappearance on the stage of St. Paul last evening, and they succeeded in furnishing their patrons with ample food for mirth for three hours. 'Our Bachelors' was the piece selected for the opening of their engagement. It is familiar to most theatergoers. Paul's metropolitan wit has been produced here before and having had a successful run, it furnishes a series of ludicrous situations, and affords an opportunity for Messrs. Robson and Crane to display their peculiarities as character actors. Monday evening, 'Forbidden Bachelors,' the New York Times says: 'Stuart Robson and William E. Crane were welcomed by an audience which filled Haverly's Fifth Avenue theater upon their reappearance on the stage of St. Paul last evening, and they succeeded in furnishing their patrons with ample food for mirth for three hours. 'Our Bachelors' was the piece selected for the opening of their engagement. It is familiar to most theatergoers. Paul's metropolitan wit has been produced here before and having had a successful run, it furnishes a series of ludicrous situations, and affords an opportunity for Messrs. Robson and Crane to display their peculiarities as character actors. Monday evening, 'Forbidden Bachelors,' the New York Times says: 'Stuart Robson and William E. Crane were welcomed by an audience which filled Haverly's Fifth Avenue theater upon their reappearance on the stage of St. Paul last evening, and they succeeded in furnishing their patrons with ample food for mirth for three hours. 'Our Bachelors' was the piece selected for the opening of their engagement. It is familiar to most theatergoers. Paul's metropolitan wit has been produced here before and having had a successful run, it furnishes a series of ludicrous situations, and affords an opportunity for Messrs. Robson and Crane to display their peculiarities as character actors. Monday evening, 'Forbidden Bachelors,' the New York Times says: 'Stuart Robson and William E. Crane were welcomed by an audience which filled Haverly's Fifth Avenue theater upon their reappearance on the stage of St. Paul last evening, and they succeeded in furnishing their patrons with ample food for mirth for three hours. 'Our Bachelors' was the piece selected for the opening of their engagement. It is familiar to most theatergoers. Paul's metropolitan wit has been produced here before and having had a successful run, it furnishes a series of ludicrous situations, and affords an opportunity for Messrs. Robson and Crane to display their peculiarities as character actors. Monday evening, 'Forbidden Bachelors,' the New York Times says: 'Stuart Robson and William E. Crane were welcomed by an audience which filled Haverly's Fifth Avenue theater upon their reappearance on the stage of St. Paul last evening, and they succeeded in furnishing their patrons with ample food for mirth for three hours. 'Our Bachelors' was the piece selected for the opening of their engagement. It is familiar to most theatergoers. Paul's metropolitan wit has been produced here before and having had a successful run, it furnishes a series of ludicrous situations, and affords an opportunity for Messrs. Robson and Crane to display their peculiarities as character actors. Monday evening, 'Forbidden Bachelors,' the New York Times says: 'Stuart Robson and William E. Crane were welcomed by an audience which filled Haverly's Fifth Avenue theater upon their reappearance on the stage of St