ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

The History of the Day—Its Joys and Sorrows, and How the "Old, Old Story Will Be Told."

LOVE IN HIGH LIFE AND BELOW STAIRS.

The Verses for Scullery Maids and Aristocratic Flunkies.

Happy is she who expects nothing, and she shall not be disappointed.—*Old Proverb.*

Twelve months have run their course of gladness and sorrow, of bitter tears and joyous mirth, and again we hail the morn of St. Valentine's Day. To every expectant female heart this day will, no doubt, bring some printed gift, telling of the love burning at the vitals of the favored swain, who adores her eyes and who is made happy by the

PATTER OF HER FAIRY FEET.

The Fourteenth of February is a day memorable in authentic history. The practice of sending valentines is a comparatively modern one, although a somewhat similar one was observed among the Romans, who reverenced the goddess Juno and the divinity Pan. These high-toned old Romans had a custom, among a variety of other ceremonies, of placing the names of young girls in a box hung up at the doors of the temples, from which the names were drawn, as chance directed, by the young lovers in waiting. The Christian priests and bishops, however, did not fancy the idea that this custom should survive the

DESTRUCTION OF PAGANISM;

and as they knew very well that courtship and marriage are natural sequences of poor, frail humanity, the names of saints were substituted in the boxes, and a kind of a sacred lottery was held, very much after the style of the present Royal Havana Lottery. A day about the middle of February was selected for the festival, on which the drawing was made, and St. Valentine was made the patron of lovers and maidens. It is impossible to see what connection St. Valentine had with this custom, as he is known in the Roman martyrology as a bishop and martyr, having been clubbed to death by the Romans, who controlled

THE PAGAN RING AT THAT DAY.

After being clubbed in this shameful manner his head was chopped off and his remains buried near one of the gates of the imperial city, now known as the Porto del Populo. These facts we gather from "The Lives of the Saints," written by the Rev. Alban Butler. The Roman mob had a strange idea running in their classical heads that birds selected their mates about the middle of February. Another idea was prevalent at this time that the

FIRST UNMARRIED PERSON

of the opposite sex whom one met on St. Valentine's Day, while indulging in a morning walk, was a destined wife or a destined husband. In the seventeenth century lunatic lovers were in the habit of going around carolling the following lay:—

Hail, Bishop Valentine! whose day this is;
All the air is thy diocese,
And all the chirping choristers
And other birds are thy parishioners;
Thou marryest every year
The lyric lark and the grave whispering dove;
The sparrow that neglects his life for love,
The household bird with the red stomacher;
Thou mak'st the blackbird speed as soon
As doth the goldfinch or the halcyon—
This day more cheerfully than ever shine,
This day, which might inflame thyself, old Valentine!

Of late years it was supposed that the practice of sending valentines had fallen into disuse, but this belief, it seems, is an erroneous one. The trade in valentines has increased very much during the last five years. Fisher & Denison, the valentine manufacturers, of Nassau street, stated to a HERALD reporter that this year they have already sold to the wholesale dealers 600,000 comic valentines, of the kind which are seen in the windows of

CANDY STORES AND TOY SHOPS.

For forty years this firm have been in the business, and they state that the trade in the trashy valentines has multiplied sixfold. Valentines of the better class, ranging from five cents to fifty dollars, Mr. Fisher informed the reporter, are generally bought by parents to send to their children. Occasionally a frantic youth in good circumstances, who is desirous of hurrying

THE OBJECT OF HIS AFFECTIONS

into a marriage, may purchase a valentine valued at ten, fifteen or twenty dollars; but these occasions are rare and only occur when the nuptials are imminent. The love of the nineteenth century is of a more sordid nature than that which possessed the heart of the Duke of York when he sent to Frances Stuart a valentine in the shape of a jewel, valued at £800, while my Lord Mandeville, who had also made an

ATTEMPT ON MISS STUART'S AFFECTIONS,

made her a present of a ring valued at £300. It is only fair to state that the Duke of Richmond had the inside track of both of these noblemen with Miss Stuart, and afterwards married her. Moral.—A clear loss of £1,100 to my Lord Mandeville and the Duke of York. Moderate lovers should take warning by this, and use their gifts with discretion.

A pretty girl writing to a newspaper in 1764 thus relates her experience and thoughts in relation to St. Valentine's Day:—"Last Friday was Valentine's Day, and the night before I got five bay leaves and pinned four of them to the four

CORNERS OF MY PILLOW

and the fifth to the middle, and then I dreamt of my sweetheart. Betty said we should be married before the year was out. But to make it more sure I boiled an egg hard and took out the yoke and filled it with salt; and when I went to bed eat it, shell and all, without speaking or drinking after it. We also wrote our lovers' names upon bits of paper and rolled them up in clay and put them into water, and the first which rose up was to be our Valentine. Would you think it?

MR. BLOSSOM WAS MY MAN.

I lay abed and shut my eyes all the morning, till he came to our house; for I would not have seen another man before him for all the world."

This is a most valuable recipe for young ladies, and can be safely relied upon.

Among the celebrated persons born upon St. Valentine's Day may be mentioned Captain James Cook, the discoverer, whose widow, apropos of the St. Valentine's Day business, survived her husband fifty-six years. Also the mother of

LADY SARAH LENNOX,

a famous figure in English history, whose husband, Lord March, was brought from college and the lady from the nursery for the nuptial ceremony. This marriage was performed to cancel a gambling debt between the parents. The bridegroom, when he appeared before his intended bride, cried out:—"Surely you are not going to marry me to that dowdy?" Married he was, however, and his tutor immediately returned with him to college.

THE FRUIT OF THIS UNION

was Lady Sarah Lennox, the most beautiful woman of her time. It is said that George III., who had just come to the throne, in 1776, became so strongly enamored of Lady Saran that he was the cause of breaking off a match between her and Lord Newbottle. She made some enemies at Court, however, and they instilled jealousy into the King's mind. While Lady Sarah went to the country

AND BROKE HER LEG

the King forgot her. George III. was always a good boy until he grew up, and never failed to obey his mother. The mother ordered him to marry the Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. It will thus be seen that Lady Sarah Lennox, by an act of folly and through the accident of the breaking of her leg lost both lovers, the King and Newbottle. Let all American young ladies remember these sad historical facts on this St. Valentine's Day. The historian truthfully relates that Lady Sarah Lennox held

UP THE TRAIN OF KING GEORGE'S QUEEN

at the coronation and afterwards took to drink, subsequently to which she married Sir Thomas Charles Bunbury, Bart. Her after life was in some respects infelicitous, her marriage being dissolved by act of Parliament in 1776, the year in which the *soi-disant* lover, George Rex, made an ass of himself. But still a great fate was in store for this young lady, born on St. Valentine's Day. By a subsequent marriage to the Honorable Major General George Napier

SHE BECAME THE MOTHER

of a set of remarkable men, including the late Sir Charles Napier, the conqueror of Scinde, and Lieutenant General Sir William Napier, the historian of the Peninsular war. Her ladyship died at the age of eighty-two in 1826, believed to be the last surviving great granddaughter of that rake-helly monarch, Charles II. Among the other famous people born on St. Valentine's Day were Pope Innocent I., Richard II., King of England, and Sir William Blackstone, author of the famous commentaries.

SOME OF OUR ARISTOCRATIC READERS MAY

be curious to scan samples of the verses inscribed on comic valentines. To those who read these verses it will be hardly necessary to state that they are viler doggerel than ever emanated from the brains of a madman confined on

BLACKWELL'S ISLAND IN A STRAIGHT JACKET.

The poet (?) who is employed to write these verses lives in a garret in York street, West Broadway, and is a professor of whitewashing and kalsomining during the daytime. His wardrobe consists of the following articles:—Three dirty paper collars, worn inside out; one dirty shirt, borrowed; a pair of old cowhide boots, razeed into shoes, minus sole, heel or toe; one pair of pants, much worn at the knees; a left-hand sock, a sleeve waistcoat, without buttons, and an Alpine hat, with many ventilators in what was once the crown. The pictures which accompany the "poetry" on these valentines are hideous in aspect and can only be equalled by the colored engravings

HUNG UP IN BARROOMS

in a frontier hotel. Listen, ye mortals, to the pœans of this poet from Parnassus!

On a tailor, who charges $50 for a dress coat and does not get his bill paid:—

Of all the trades I do detest,
It is the one of a tailor;
I'd bend to any other man—
A soldier or a sailor.
But rather than be a tailor's wife
I'd lead a lonely, single life.

On a dentist, who breaks your mouth:—

Dr. Forceps, you never will suit;
Your business has made you too much of a brute.
Always handling nasty mouths and dirty teeth
Makes you a poor candidate for Cupid's wreath.

To a painter, who eats Paris green:—

Nasty Painter, your paper cap so very thin,
Reminds me of your brains within;
Paint thy own likeness, filthy elf,
And be thy Valentine thyself.

To a printer, who was once seen sober:—

Inky Printer, blue Monday is too much in your line
For me to be your Valentine.
You'll have to get a sub instead of me;
I'd never be a stick for such as thee.

To a butcher, who charges sixty cents a pound for porterhouse steak:—

Hard-hearted butcher, you try in vain—
For my consent you'll never gain;
My thoughts to you I'll ne'er reveal,
Or steak my love for you to steel.

To a man with a mulish temperament, who talks horse and owns two "trotters":—

A horsey man I do detest,
There's too much of the stable in his smell and his dress;
He may manage a brute with tolerable care,
But such a one's fortune I never will share.

To a widower, who owns three tenement houses and belongs to a temperance society:—

Poor Widower, with dejected looks,
I've read you entirely out of my books;
Considering that I'm not quite ready for the grave,
My affection for some milder man I'll save.

To a rumseller, who pays $1,000 rent for his store and refuses to keep a free lunch counter:—

"Will you walk into my parlor, said the spider to the fly,"
I will give you liquid poison that I call "Old Rye;"
I will break up your business—I'll breed domestic strife—
For this is the trade and the pride of a Saloon keeper's life.

To a female Sunday school teacher, who has an eye on her pet minister:—

Loud with moral lessons and religious cant,
Always ready about vile sin to rant,
Learn from this you'd make a better teacher
If you'd take less pains to run after your preacher.

To a physician, who "divides" with his apothecary:—

Giving physic is not your only trade,
To judge of profits through the undertaker made.
'Twere well if Bergh your business stayed,
Ere all your patients 'neath the sod are laid.

To a slatternly young lady, with her shoes down at the heel and her hair uncombed, yet who would like to get married:—

Sitting all day, book in hand and feet upon the grate,
You would have your house in a fearful state.
The floors unswept—the meals would always be too late—
Torn clothes and buttons off his shirt would be the fate
Of the unlucky man who'd be your mate.
With wealth and grace and beauty great, I'd not have you at any rate.

Verses dedicated to a mild lunatic, who thinks he can play base ball:—

The trade that you've chosen will do for a gentleman fine,
But never for a threadbare case like thine;
You are too lazy and awkward for professional skill,
You will never be more than a muffin, play as much as you will.

To a tall widow, with blonde hair and a fondness for Scotch ale:—

Alas, poor widow! Try not your arts on me,
I can through all your double dealing see;
When before the altar I desire to stand
It will not be with a woman that's second hand.

To a nurse, at $8 a month—a spanker:—

Mind the child—don't gawk about
After every stupid, idle lout.
You think to catch some man, no doubt,
But I know you'll find your mistake out.

To an author who bores his friends at dinner with conversation about "his publisher":—

Poor would-be author, you've mistaken your forte;
By your trash the public can't be caught.
You dream of fame, and think your head will win it,
Which only proves there's nothing in it.
Sawing wood is much more in your line,
So drop your pen and get a woodhorse for a Valentine.

To a fat woman, who was idolized by a small man:—

Fat and greasy, fit for a museum show,
What kind of food caused you to grow?
If farmers had the receipt, in feeding swine
They'd fatten hogs in half the usual time.

To a barber, who was formerly a Fenian, and has "views" on the "situation":—

Quite out of my wits I'll be when I harbor
Affection for an oiled and greasy barber;
Always working before a looking-glass,
You think you are handsome and forget you're an ass.

To a milliner, who likes to go to the French ball:—

My pretty milliner, your bonnets are in excellent taste,
But if you want to get married you'll have to make haste;
Time is fast passing, your wrinkles are coming,
For a husband of some kind you'll have to be drumming.

To a school teacher, who thinks she can waltz:—

Your studied arts to show your charms
Are all in vain, for no man warms;
You should know that modest grace
Oft overbalances a homely face.
Give up dancing—it will never earn your bread—
And take to something useful, then, instead.

To a drug clerk, who gives you prussic acid for tincture of valerian:—

Should I ever suitors lack
I'll take you as I would a dose of ipecac;
I think that you would be like all your pills,
Which always make the patients worse, and sometimes kills.

To a watchmaker, who never gives "tick":—

Big-headed, lanky pendulum,
There's nothing in your cranium;
Your spring is broke—you're well wound up
In everything that's stupid,
And you will never be bound up
Within the arms of Cupid.

It will be interesting to married men to give one quotation from poor old hen-pecked Pepys, who writes in relation to St. Valentine's Day as follows:—"This evening my wife did, with great pleasure,

SHOW ME HER STOCK OF JEWELS,

increased by a ring she hath made lately, as my Valentine's gift this year, a Turkey stone, set with diamonds. With this and what she had she reckons that she hath about £150 worth of jewels of one kind or other; and I am glad of it, for it is fit the wretch should have something to comfort herself with." In those days

THE WORD WRETCH WAS USED

as a term of endearment by husbands toward their wives. Owing to the widespread dissemination of Victoria Woodhull's doctrines many husbands at the present day fall into the bad habit of using the term in its literal sense.

COLLEGE EXAMINATION.

Semi-Annual Examination of the College of St. Francis Xavier.

A commendable course has been pursued in all our institutions of learning, as the recent accounts published in the HERALD amply testify. The same system seems to be working in full vigor at the College of St. Francis Xavier. Here three times a year the post-graduates and graduates and twice the under-graduates pass

A STRICT EXAMINATION.

The last examination, recently closed after a duration of more than three weeks, was particularly severe. Each student was examined separately, being obliged to appear before the different Boards of Natural Science, Literature, Languages, &c., for a time varying, according to the grade of the class, from twenty-five minutes to one hour. This examination in general gave proof of very serious application on the part of the majority of the young men. Of the Class of '72 but two students distinguished themselves, and one was dismissed as unfit to receive his diploma at the end of the year. Two more came so near meeting a similar fate that they will probably be better prepared next time. Of the Class of '73 two only attained so high an excellence in every branch as to merit the note *Optime* or A for result. The Class of '74 was not so fortunate; not a single one attained this honor. In the Class of 1875 two deserved the note *Optime*, and one also received a prize for having obtained the highest number of marks of any of the 100 students of the entire University course.

IN THE GRAMMAR DEPARTMENT

eighteen out of 120 received the note *Optime*. The commercial and preparatory departments were examined some days previously, and out of 200 students two of the second commercial class and one of the third merited particular notice.

Some poor unfortunates, however, seventeen in number, having completely failed in their examination, have been offered the alternative of entering the next class below that in which they hitherto were, or of leaving the college entirely. New apartments adjoining the college edifice were fitted up some time ago for the accommodation of the introductory classes, and there are upwards of five hundred students now in the institution—all preparing for various professions in the easier walks of life.

BALL OF THE KNIGHTS TEMPLARS.

The Masonic Fraternity composing the Clinton Commandery, No. 14, gave their annual reception at the Brooklyn Academy of Music last evening. The occasion, as is usual with this distinguished and very popular Order, drew together a brilliant assemblage of gallant knights in full uniform and beautiful ladies in charming attire. The decorations were neat and elegant, comprising many emblems of the Masonic art and attractive devices. The music was excellent, and the order of dances carefully selected. There were present many of the leading dignitaries of the mystic Order from various parts of the State, and a "right merrie" time was passed by the select gathering.

GENERAL M'DOWELL ROBBED.

Caroline Holmes, a domestic in the employ of General Irwin McDowell, of No. 10 West Ninth street, was arraigned before Justice Cox, at Jefferson Market, yesterday morning, upon complaint of her employer, who charges that on Monday she stole from him wearing apparel belonging to his wife, valued at $71 50. Mary Ann Flemming, a domestic in the employ of the family, testified to seeing the prisoner leave the house with the property in her possession. The prisoner pleaded guilty to the charge. She was committed in default of $1,000 to appear and answer the charge at the General Sessions.

THE BRITISH LIVINGSTONE EXPEDITION.

Meeting of the Royal Geographical Society.

A Great Deal of Talk—John Bull Holding on to His Pennies—The Government Will Not Do Anything to Rescue Dr. Livingstone—Private Contributions Must Aid the Expedition of the Society.

LONDON, Jan. 26, 1872.

The immortal Pickwick in the height of his enthusiasm, when, mounted into a Windsor chair on which he had been previously seated, with his right hand describing a graceful flourish in the air, his left laid on his ample bosom in the neighborhood of his heart, and his Turkey-red bandanna drooping in graceful folds from beneath his broad coat-tails, he addressed the renowned club which he himself had founded, did not present a more impressive or touching spectacle than did the newly elected chief of the Royal Geographical Society on the night of its last meeting. What a study for an artist did the renowned geographer present, seated in the midst of his fellow geographers, confronting the brilliant assembly of black-coated and white-cravatted savans in the vast amphitheatre around him! On his right were Sir Tite Barnacle, Baron Stickleback, Mr. Makeshift Markham, Honorable Secretary; while on his left, conspicuous among others, we noticed Lieutenant Dawson, R. N., chief of the proposed expedition, and Sir Bottle Beer. The walls immediately over the chair were covered with maps illustrative of Central Africa and Livingstone's several routes through Africa, while resting against the edge of the table, immediately in front of the chair, was a half length figure, in oil, of the illustrious missionary traveller himself, in stiff frockcoat and metallic-looking countenance, said to have been painted by a native artist while laboring under one of the severe bilious attacks common to that malarial region. I need hardly add that it was an object of great curiosity. The minutes of the previous meeting having been read and approved and the Chair having delivered itself of several emphatic coughs, apologetic of a slight bronchial affection from which he was suffering, the honorable Secretary rose and read a paper announced as "Notes of Livingstone, When Last Heard From, Near Manyema, West of Lake Tanganyika, in May, 1869." Not the least curious feature of this paper were the accessories brought into operation to illustrate it to the audience. Facing the maps, to the right of the presidential chair, stood a slender, sombre individual, wielding a long rod. As each place of any particular note mentioned in the traveller's route was announced this individual described a flourish with his rod over the spot designated, moving frequently over several degrees of latitude or longitude at once, and leaving the impression on the minds of those on the back benches that the veteran traveller had compassed the whole Continent, from the Nile Delta to the Mountains of the Moon, and might now be expected to be on his way homeward through Lake Tanganyika to Zanzibar. The reading of the paper occupied about fifteen minutes, and was received with manifest signs of approbation.

The Chair then announced that the Lords of the Treasury had declined to aid the proposed expedition; that relief through the agency of the natives being equally hopeless, and, moreover, the American expedition, headed by Mr. Stanley (no mention of the HERALD), having proved a failure, the Royal Geographical Society had determined upon sending out an expedition. For this expedition there had been upwards of two hundred applications received, and that from these volunteers Lieutenant L. Dawson had been selected to command the expedition. This gentleman was then introduced to the meeting, and made a short address, in which he acquitted himself very creditably. He is a tall, muscular young officer of apparently thirty-three or thirty-four years, with dark eyes and hair, and a rather handsome, expressive face. He was engaged two years ago in the exploration of the Upper Yangtse River, under Admiral Keppel, in which he achieved honorable distinction. Never having been in Africa, however, he can hardly be said to bring much experience to the important mission in which he is so soon to be engaged.

President Rawlinson followed Lieutenant Dawson in a few brief remarks pertinent to the occasion. He referred to Mr. Oswar Livingstone, son of the famous missionary, who would accompany the expedition in search of his father. He regretted that he could not introduce that gentleman to the meeting, as he was absent in Glasgow attending public meetings in aid of the proposed expedition. He (young Livingstone) was born near Lake Nagami in 1851, and was consequently twenty years of age. His part in the expedition was a most interesting one. It was a fine picture for posterity to dwell upon, a noble instance of filial piety, which he trusted would not be lost upon the rising generation of Britons, &c. After the sensation caused by this outburst of sentiment had in a measure subsided President Rawlinson proceeded to business. The first and prime duty of the expedition would be to relieve Livingstone. (Cheers.) The Treasury having refused their aid there was no way left them but to depend upon volunteer aid—the generous aid of the British public. Thus far, he regretted to say, the amounts received had been quite inadequate to the occasion. Subscriptions had not rolled in as rapidly as had been expected or could be wished. The total sums actually received amounted to about seventeen hundred pounds; about fifteen hundred more had been promised. In addition to this, a pocket chronometer had been kindly lent by the enterprising maker, Frodsham.

Copies of letters to the Treasury authorities were then read and variously commented upon, especially one written by President Rawlinson himself, early in January last, which appeared in the *Times*, asking the government for a sum equal to that contributed by the Geographical Society, and urging that Livingstone's achievements were the property of the nation, &c., &c. After two weeks delay, in which the young Barnacles of the treasury had no doubt been industriously engaged in twiddling their official quills and in finding out "how not to do it," the following answer was received:—"My lords are of opinion that the direction of the expedition is too doubtful to warrant the expense." (Groans and hisses.)

At this stage of the proceedings a portly, round and red faced geographer in a remote part of the hall came to the aid of the government. He thought that such a letter from such a source was "worthy of attention." The chair expressed itself in doubt as to what other course was open to the society. Practically, the letter of the Treasury magnates amounted to saying that Dr. Livingstone "might find his own way back." If it meant anything else he failed to see it, and would like to hear "the oracle" explain itself. (Sensation. A voice—"Possibly it may!") A fellow thought the meeting "was too hard on the government." The Foreign Office had authorized Dr. Kirk, Consul at Zanzibar, to render it all possible assistance. The Admiralty had been taken to task also. It would be equally premature, he thought, to attach blame to the Admiralty for the failure of the Treasury to respond to the call of society. (A voice—"And humanity.") Their inactivity was in keeping with all the antecedents of the British Finance Department. It was well known that whenever any demand was made upon the Treasury "a whole colony of clerks were set to work to devise ways and means of evading it." The famous "Circumlocution Office" had been in full operation over the Livingstone expedition, and had early snubbed it, you know! Admiral Colinson here volunteered a lame excuse for the Admiralty. A member of the East India government came to his rescue. He "hoped the society would join him in urging upon the Admiralty the policy of sending out Lieutenant Dawson, under full pay, as one of their own officers." (Hear.)

The President here interposed by saying that he regarded it as a matter of perfect indifference whether the Treasury gave anything or not. He was utterly at a loss to discover what their answer meant. It had never occurred to the society to apply to the Treasury for information on a subject of geography. (Laughter.) He considered the society the best authority on such a topic. (Cheers.) He stigmatized the correspondence as "a wretched illustration of Treasury parsimony and ignorance." The President then announced that £600 of the old government grant of £1,000 was still in the hands of Dr. Kirk. This was not available for Lieutenant Dawson—more circumlocution and red tape would be necessary to reach it. One thousand seven hundred pounds was the total of the amount received. Glasgow and other towns were being appealed to for further funds. The Lord Mayor had intimated a desire to be communicated with on the subject. Other members followed in a similar strain, one member facetiously remarking that the present damp weather was owing to the cold water thrown on the expedition, and here the farce terminated.

It is now officially announced that the expedition organized under the auspices of the Royal Geographical Society, consisting of Lieutenant Llewellyn Dawson, Mr. Livingstone and a surgeon and two or three volunteers, will sail from Southampton in the steamer Abydos on the 2d of February. This morning's *Post* has the following well-timed remarks respecting it:—

THE TREASURY AND DR. LIVINGSTONE.

The authorities at the Treasury have just signalized themselves by one of those blunders by which people sometimes incur a great deal of odium for an insignificant gain. On the 5th of May next three years will have elapsed since the latest authentic intelligence of Dr. Livingstone reached us, and the Geographical Society asks, in so many words, "Shall this great and noble-hearted man be left to his fate?" The Treasury answers "Yes." When it is asked to contribute to an expedition in search of a man so distinguished as Dr. Livingstone, the Treasury ought to be able to offer a substantial reason for declining to do so instead of wriggling out of a manifest obligation by suggesting doubts which it does not explain and hinting alternatives of which it does not offer an inkling. This is only another sample of the miserable parsimony to which the government has committed itself, and it is all the more painful from the want of candor with which it is accompanied. The public will not unreasonably be apt to believe that if the Treasury were really in possession of any plan preferable to that of the Geographical Society it would have avowed it, and there cannot be a doubt that it was bound to do so. But with the light and airy touch of the official hand when a disagreeable subject has to be dismissed, "my lords" content themselves with doubting in what direction the search for Dr. Livingstone should be made, and deprecating the value of any expedition as the sole means of ascertaining his safety. This flippant treatment of a matter of such importance will not delay the expedition; but the country will certainly be indisposed to approve of an economy effected at the risk, so far as the Treasury is concerned, of leaving Dr. Livingstone to his fate.

The Herald Expedition in Search of Dr. Livingstone.

[From the London Athenæum, Jan. 27.]

There can be no doubt that the expedition to search for Dr. Livingstone now being organized by the Royal Geographical Society will derive incalculable benefit from Captain Burton's labors. That which was sent out some time ago by the proprietors of the NEW YORK HERALD proceeded by nearly the same road; and on the 30th of May last it had safely reached the village of Kwihara, in Unyanyembe, the well known district of Unyamwezi, whence Mr. Stanley, the chief of the expedition, has sent home to America whatever information he could collect respecting the missing traveller, "Dochter Fellisteen." The reports of the several natives with whom Mr. Stanley has communicated are certainly anything but satisfactory. By one our traveller is described as "a very old man, with a beard almost white. His left shoulder is out of joint from a fight with a lion." Another said, "A caravan coming from Ukonongo brought the news that he was dead. I don't know whether the news be true or not." A third reported that "he had met with a bad accident, having shot himself in the thigh while on a shooting buffalo. When he gets well he will return to Unyanyembe." A fourth said, "His men have all deserted him, except the slaves whom he was obliged to buy;" the reason given being that "he used to beat his men very hard, and if they did not do instantly what he told them. At last they all ran away from him. He had nothing with him, no cloth nor beads to buy food for a long time, so he had to go out and shoot buffalo every day. He is a very old man, and very fat too; has a long white beard. He is a great eater, Mashallah! He would eat a pot of ghee and a big plateful of rice three or four times a day." All accounts seem to agree that he was in the country of Manyema, at a considerable distance to the west of Tanganyika, which, *pace* Mr. Cooley (see *Athen.* No. 2,261), is not identical with "M'enem'esi," and where, it is reported, there is a lake of the same name, said to be "a very large lake, much larger than Tanganyika."

Of course no certain reliance can be placed on these statements, especially when they say that the European traveller is "very fat," "a great eater," and "used to beat his men very hard." But, assuming them to be true in themselves, is there is not a possibility of their being applicable to some one else? Dr. Schweinfurth is, or recently was, in the regions northwest or west of Tanganyika. Our correspondent, Dr. Petermann, would doubtless be able to say whether his countryman is more likely than Dr. Livingstone to answer to any of the particulars has related.

LIFE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA.

New York Department—Meeting of the Trustees—Election of a Board of Directors—Excitement and Lively Debates—The "Regulars" Carry the Day.

Two hundred or more prominent gentlemen, who are trustees of the New York Department of the Life Association of America, met yesterday afternoon, pursuant to adjournment, at Underwriter's Hall, 156 Broadway, to elect a Board of thirteen Directors, in whose hands the business of the department is to be entrusted for the ensuing year. As this election was the first of its character held here the interest in the result was more than ordinarily manifested and the proceedings were of a spicy nature.

A committee of five had been appointed at a previous meeting to nominate a ticket of gentlemen properly qualified to constitute such a board, and their report was duly submitted, but in addition to the names as their choice and regarded as the "regular" ticket, half a dozen or more opposition lists were in the field. Mr. George W. Savage, President New York Board of Underwriters, took the chair, and Mr. A. B. Smith acted as Secretary. Colonel James H. Britton, of St. Louis, President of the Association, detained in the city by sickness, occupied a seat on the platform. Following the reading of the minutes of the last meeting the chairman called for the report of the committee delegated to inquire into the financial condition of the Department, but none of the gentlemen being present he asked for the Nominating Committee's report.

Mr. SMITH SHELDON, chairman of the committee, in presenting the result of their deliberation, said that as far as he was concerned, the responsibility of selecting such a number of gentlemen for the meeting's endorsement was not sought, but yet the list had been made out with an earnest desire to secure good men, who will give proper attention to the duties of their position, and at the same time represent the various interests throughout the city of New York. They therefore presented the following name for the consideration of the trustees:—

George T. Hope, President Continental Fire Insurance Company; Charles L. Hallgarten, Hallgarten & Co., bankers; Fred. Meade, Fred Meade & Co., grocers; Thomas L. Smull, leather merchant; Nathaniel L. McCready, President Old Dominion Steamship Company; Jenkins Van Schaick, stock broker; George W. Savage, President New York Board of Underwriters; Adolph W. Engler, Kremelberg & Co., cotton and tobacco merchants; James M. Motley, President Manhattan Oil Company; Carlisle Norwood, President Lorillard Insurance Company; Edward A. Stansbury, life insurance; Carl L. Recknagel, Recknagel & Co., drug importers; James H. Cognill, real estate.

Mr. JONATHAN MYERS moved that the report be referred to the Committee of the Whole, that the same character of discussion which the nominating gentlemen were supposed to indulge in during their selection could be had by the entire body of trustees. He did not know any of the gentlemen named; it might be the best ticket that could have been presented, but as he had possibly as large an interest invested as any one in the room, it was no more than right that he should have an equal chance with the rest to administer the affairs of the department. He did not want any one in such a position that he could not conscientiously select as an executor of his will. Let us find out why these names have been reported.

The CHAIRMAN decided Mr. Myers' motion out of order, and when he was told that such a decision was arbitrary, the former appealed to Mr. Erastus Brooks to endorse it. The latter gentleman said that in the absence of any specific rules the chairman was right. The report of the committee was then accepted by the meeting and open for debate.

Mr. MYERS—Well, I don't know any of these men, and to me there is a look of a "ring" about. There is a large preponderance of fire insurance men on the list. Perhaps they are the best to have there; but if our large mercantile houses should manage their business with such improvidence as they frequently do they would never succeed. Many fire insurance companies are got up for the sake of making room for men that never could succeed anywhere else. Such men were not wanted here, but those who have been prosperous in business and capable of conducting large financial affairs. There is also a life insurance person here on the list. If he has been successful in any other company of this nature, let him stay there; we don't want to deprive anybody of his valuable services. I move, therefore, to strike out the name of Edward A. Stansbury, and substitute that of Emil A. Sauer.

GEORGE T. HOWE—Before this motion is put I would like to remark that my name has been used on this list, but whether fortunately or unfortunately, it is hard to determine. When application was made for me to take the position, I desired to be excused, and now desire it; with reluctance I consented, and it would be with satisfaction if I could be defeated. Mr. Howe then defended insurance officials in general, asserting that the business demanded talent and assiduity; and he believed that the thirteen gentlemen presented could be trusted if elected. It would take more than already said to make him think otherwise.

At this juncture a trustee informed the chairman that Mr. Sauer declined to serve if elected, when Mr. Myers' motion was disposed of, and, in the excitement that prevailed, the chairman put the question, "Shall the report of the committee be adopted?" A unanimous "Aye" followed; but there was great confusion when the announcement was made, "That elected the Board of Directors." Fifty voices moved to reconsider the vote and much imagination was manifested.

J. K. HUBBERT—That question was evidently put to mislead the meeting. It wasn't understood, and we won't have anything but square dealing.

CHAIRMAN—I am not responsible for the vote. The motion was in order.

TRUSTEE—You have got to go square.

ANOTHER TRUSTEE—Too thin.

GEORGE T. HOWE—If elected in this manner I would not serve. The directors should be elected by ballot.

EXCITED TRUSTEE—That's "Continental" all over!

A motion to reconsider was then made and carried unanimously, when Messrs. Brooks and Brady were appointed tellers, and the trustees became much calmer and proceeded to ballot for directors.

PLEASANT TRUSTEE (preparing his ticket) to chairman—Is Mr. Meade a director in your company?

CHAIRMAN—I suspect every prominent man in New York is.

The ballots were cast amid considerable confusion, but yet in a satisfactory manner, and the tellers, soon after the poll was closed, reported that the whole number of votes was 148, and the ticket reported by the nominating committee elected. The votes were—"Regular," 89; scratched, 10—99; independent, 44; scattering, 2. The meeting then adjourned.

PRESERVATION OF GAME.

The third monthly meeting of the New York Sportsmen's Club for the season of 1871 to 1872 was held on Monday evening. The attendance was unusually large. The President reported the establishment in Philadelphia of two clubs; also the initiatory steps for a similar organization in Boston.

On motion of Benjamin L. Swan it was unanimously

Resolved, That the members of this club avail themselves of every means in their power to put a stop entirely, come from whatever source it may, to the sale of venison between the 1st day of March and the 1st day of August; quail, between the 1st day of March and the 20th day of October; rough grouse, commonly called partridge and prairie chicken, between the 1st day of March and the 1st day of September; or speckled trout before the 15th day of March or the 15th day of September.

This resolution is in accordance with the game laws of the state.

ANCIENT AMERICA.

Lecture by Dr. Hopp at Rutgers College.

Dr. Earnest O. Hopp delivered an extremely interesting lecture yesterday afternoon in the chapel of Rutgers Female College before a very small audience of young ladies. The lecture was upon "The Ancient Views of a Western Continent," and an array of historical knowledge of the most fascinating character was brought forward to prove that the ancient Phœnicians colonized America, and that long before the time of Columbus civilization flourished in the West.

This lecture was the second of a course of seven to be delivered at the College on successive Tuesdays at four o'clock P. M. The small number in attendance speaks discouragingly of the desire of women for general knowledge. Dr. Hopp began his argument by saying that the ruins of Central America and South Mexico speak to us of times long gone by; they show us that America has a past as well as a future. There are three distinct peoples who lived in America before Columbus—the Phœnicians, the Mongrels and the Northmen. Let us suppose that Central Asia was, as recorded in the Bible, the cradle of mankind. A strange desire to wander has manifested itself in the race from the earliest times, and whole nations have become nations of passage. This westward tendency can be traced from earliest history. In many cases we can show what is the pressure that has caused this movement, in others there seems to be no visible reason. Upon the spot that we consider the cradle of mankind noble ruins show us traces of the

EARLY CIVILIZATION.

From this centre civilization passed to the banks of the Euphrates. Now, where kings reigned, only a bank of earth serves the passing caravan for an landmark. At what time this westward march first touched the shores of America we do not know. It is doubtful whence the Phœnicians, who, we suppose, first visited America, sprung. This people went to Egypt and lived there several centuries, and then went to Phœnicia, where they first received their name. Soon after the Phœnicians settled in their new country they became merchants, and, overflowing their narrow borders, took to the ocean. In very ancient times there existed in Phœnicia a great degree of culture. In that remote antiquity it is said the sailors took to sea with them books—a thing which sailors are not apt to do in our modern times. A thousand years before Christ this people had an armament almost equal to that of England. In the time of the building of Solomon's Temple the beauty of the ornament came from the Phœnicians. Long after the splendor of this nation had passed away Tyre and Sidon remained the chief seats of art. The discovery of the alphabet is ascribed to

THE PHŒNICIANS,

and was sent by them to Greece. They had a good knowledge of astronomy, and used it in navigation. Their ships were seaworthy and of a peculiar elegance. The Phœnicians were the only cosmopolites of those ancient times. Never did the Greek obtain such a hardihood in sailing and such an extension of commerce. They exchanged gold, silver, copper, for all kinds of articles. They had colonies in France and Spain. Hibernia was, without doubt, a Phœnician colony. The heathen Hibernians worshipped the same gods as the Phœnicians, and called them almost by the same names. The whole coast of Africa on the Atlantic was covered with the Phœnician colonies. They undertook the circumnavigation of Africa, and we see from this what an aspiring, daring, mighty people they were. Four ancient authors give us reasons to believe that this people colonized America. Aristotle and Plato both speak of a country which could be nothing else than America. Plutarch speaks of an island that lies far towards the sunset, and of a continent that lies still beyond. Other passages from Plutarch cannot be understood in any other way but as a description of America. There is an account of an ancient vessel found half buried in the sands of Honduras, of Egypto-Phœnician build and of cedar of Lebanon.

Dr. Hopp closed his lecture with quotations from ancient authors descriptive of a continent that can belong to no other country but our own, unless it be an imaginative land.

THE INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT QUESTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—

SIR—In the *Times* of October 20, 1871, there appeared an ambitiously effusive letter from an American citizen named W. H. Appleton, "in vindication," not only of "my firm," but of "the American people," from the wicked and baseless slanders of certain British authors who had dared to resent the systematic plunder of their works by American publishers. "It was," he said, "a standing charge that the present treatment of English authors by American publishers was disgraceful." To this charge he gave "a flat contradiction." "His firm had labored for years to establish direct relations with British authors, so that they might get the entire profits of authorship on that side the Atlantic. They (his firm) had not wished for an international copyright law, but had practically anticipated it and given our authors its benefits." The letter was so bold, so indignant, so plausible, that even some English authors began to feel ashamed of their species and to think that this time it was an angel of light, who had been depicted in another form. But a few, more astute than the rest, still had a suspicion that there was a hoof concealed somewhere beneath the silver wings. Indeed, Mr. W. H. Appleton avows that his high moral standard was subject to one peculiar modification—namely, that he was to make something by it. "If the foreign author applies to them first and they then publish his book they feel themselves morally bound to pay him!" In other words, Mr. W. H. Appleton's morality was very much like that of a thief who should say to a man of business, "I wont rob you if you will employ me as your agent on commission; but if you employ any one else to sell your goods I'm hanged if I won't rob him and you too."

Mr. W. H. Appleton's "firm" have accordingly acted up to this standard of morality. It now appears clear to me that the letter in the *Times* was an acute way of cheap advertisement of "our firm" to British authors, among whom Mr. Appleton said he had been extending his arrangements. It was meant, like the blunderbuss of the scoundrel in "Gil Blas," as a