CIRCULATION.

The Daily Press of Memphis.

The laws of the United States, governing the assessment and collection of taxes on the gross receipts of manufacturers, require that they should be sworn to. In accordance with this law, the morning daily press of the city of Memphis made the following returns, showing the amount of their respective sales for the quarter ending the 30th of September, 1870:

APPEAL, - - - - -	$9,479 40
AVALANCHE, - - - - -	4,763 85
SUN, - - - - - - - -	3,718 40

For the quarter ending December 31, 1870, the APPEAL's returns will be

$11,942 49.

The above speaks to advertisers and the public generally louder than words.

SUNDAY APPEAL

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE CITY.

SUNDAY MORNING, : : : : FEB. 26, 1871

AT THE head of the columns of a paper printed on Jefferson street, which it will not be necessary for us to advertise, appears a statement which is utterly false, as showing its present circulation. We advertise the public of that falsehood, which it has the brazen audacity to continue at the head of its columns for the purpose of pecuniary profit and the procurement of advertising patronage *by deceiving the public.*

THE readers of to-day's APPEAL will find in an another column an article headed "Arkansas Politics," taken from the New York *Evening Post.* We make room for it in order that they may be able to contrast its tone of candor and truthfulness with the extract upon the same subject which we yesterday copied from the New York *Herald*, a professed independent paper. The *Post*, it is well known, is a Republican journal, edited with singular ability, generally fair and always calm and dignified in its tone. In thus stating the existing state of affairs in Arkansas the *Post* yields nothing to Democracy nor loses a tittle of its power to serve the party or the principles of which it is one of the most honest and persistent exponents. Would that it and all papers of its stripe could, in every instance offering, deal as justly by the maligned, persecuted and tax-ridden people of the South.

AMONG the "dead issues" the so-called Republicans in Congress number the Constitution. Having a law which is above it, they take the liberty of setting it aside, and forswear themselves accordingly. The Constitution "still lives" in the hearts of the American people as the bulwark of their liberties. They who undertake by violence to trample it down can escape the ultimate consequences only by concealing the fact of their infamy. For the people are not ready for despotism, and will not cheerfully surrender State rights in order to gain it. To advocate a repeal of iniquitous measures at this day, say some, is to deal uselessly with dead issues. But, if the Constitution is not dead, acts in violation of it are still born nullities. It is, they that are dead, and not the Constitution. Who then, with moderate sense will pretermit the consideration, or with the smallest integrity, will undertake to shut off from sight, accomplished violations of the Constitution as dead issues not to be considered? A larceny, a robbery, a murder, may be an "accomplished fact." And if the murder of the Constitution is so, we have an argument for agitation until the evil is remedied—not as the namby-pamby and tender-toed sort contend, a reason furnished us for submission to new murders. When the people of the United States by their votes will sustain violations of the Constitution by trampling down the reserved rights of the States, as the school bill, the civil rights bill and the fifteenth amendment do, then they will be careless of liberty, ripe for despotism, and will cry *vive le roi.* The military-civil government may think that time has so nearly come that with the help of the purse and the sword and the official locusts, they may safely attempt the *coup d'etat* very soon. But they are mistaken. The end is not yet. When it comes it will be an end of themselves rather than of the Constitution. For that the people of these States, "Confederate" and "Union," are yet equally willing to lay down their lives. That Constitution is yet to be vindicated, and every violation avenged. There is no dead issue about that. The Tenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution cannot stand together. And that fidelity to the country which our fathers taught will require of all Democrats and all patriots that they should agitate and labor without ceasing for the restoration of the Constitution to its pristine purity and its maturest vigor.

IT is a misfortune that hardly an issue of opinion can be sprung in the country without being seized on by the partisan harpies to be dignified or degraded into a political issue, wherein there is to be no candor and no quarter on either side. Anti-masonry, total abstinence, abolitionism, and polygamy have all been availed of as freely as the pharisaism of putting God into the Constitution, the Alabama and other obligations of foreign nations, the rights of the States to regulate domestic intercoure with education of their own children, and the seizure of San Domingo, with usurpation of war power. In the process of undermining and destroying the Constitution, and demoralizing and "playing hell generally," the Radical leaders naturally seize on things too sacred to be made issues at all. The question of competency of witnesses is no more a properly political and party one than the question of marriage and divorce, the punishment of criminals or the worship of God. Yet, in Kentucky, they are hawking at this. On grounds of public policy some Democrats of that State oppose the introduction of Sambo (who would swallow an oath as he would a rotten egg and break it as easily) to testify in courts of justice. They think that such a pearl as perjury should not be thrown before untrained ignorance and unwashed barbarism to be gobbled up. Their reason is that injury may accrue to all colors. On the other hand, other Democrats think something true may be picked out of Sambo's testimony, just as you learn the way of the wind by the disposition of the straws, and the approach of cold weather by the grunting of the swine. And they think white juries may very well be trusted with their testimony as competent to judge of its credibility. They believe intelligent men will judge better and more nearly arrive at the truth after they have heard all which is to be said, even if half of it is goose gabble, nonsense or falsehood. And trusting the superior discrimination of white jurors, they are disposed, as not dangerous to themselves, to yield the negro a place on the witness stand. If it is justice, equity, or an advantage to the negroes, this last class of Democrats are willing to accord it, and to stifle complaint they concede the plum. But in Kentucky they are not allowed to have a little friendly squabble of their own in the Democratic family, without every Radical in the State smelling the spoils and coming to poke his ugly nose into it; and so, to keep from too free Radical contamination, Democrats in that State are almost driven to oppose negro testimony as decent white men naturally must negro social equality. The Radical cormorants spy a chance to make something out of converting the thing into a political issue, in which they hope, by dividing the Democrats, they may get some of their own feather in edgewise. For ourselves, we confess we concur with that class of Democrats who believe it policy to let Sambo come in, and tell the truth or perjure himself if he will. If he should tell the truth it might do him good, and we are friendly to him. If he should lie a little, we can turn him over to get absolution from the Freedmen's Bureau. But we have no advice to give our friends of Kentucky, who know best how to take care of themselves. Having always advocated the introduction of negro testimony as competent, either under slave or free institutions, we should feel an interest in the discussion of the question. But to make it political and array parties on it will be to disarm truth in discussion and substitute passion and greed in its place. If, however, the Radicals will make the partisan issue and it is found impossible to avoid it, we hope to see the Democrats stand together, right or wrong. If wrong, they can remedy the wrong by a vote on the abstract and independent subject.

WE publish this morning a circular from the society of working men recently established in this city. The aims and objects of the organization are briefly set forth in the circular to which we call the attention of our readers. Similar societies have been established elsewhere with the most satisfactory results. Working men of all classes should combine for the purpose of mutual protection and this can be accomplished by working men becoming "joint owners of the products of co-operative labor." Almost every man connected with this paper is a mechanic, laborious working men, who give, each day, from fourteen to seventeen hours of anxious toil to their respective vocations, and it is natural that we should feel a deep interest in everything that concerns the prosperity and happiness of the laboring classes. There should be no antagonisms between capitalists and laborers, for they are mutually dependent upon each other. But the laboring classes are the grand "fulcrum and lever which move the world," and as such they have not, as a rule, commanded that influence in society, and in directing the destiny of the country, to which they are entitled. The man who does not labor is a worthless drone in the community. Labor is the law of God and of civilization. Every man who *is a man* obeys the mandate. God said: "By the sweat of his brow shall man live." These words have a deeper significance than meets the eye; by life is meant something more than animal existence. They foreshadow the inner life, the life of the heart, and the soul. Be sure, nothing great, inwardly or outwardly, was ever achieved without toil. The mind and heart and hands must work to accomplish their appointed tasks. Toil of some sort is essential to the formation of character. The consciousness that we are faithfully performing an allotted duty awakens our self-respect, without which there can be no just claim to the respect of others. An idle man can be said to have no character in its proper sense, because there is nothing to develop the robust and noble elements. Activity, trials, responsibility are the formative forces that give firmness, consistency and dignity to character. The stronger and sturdier forms are not the result of mental culture and meditation, and therefore we rarely find them in men whose lives are those of students. Seclusion and reflection may give them the softer and more gentle phases, but the hardy, fibrous texture is the growth only of active and positive effort. A child may pick the shining pebble from the beach, but only the long shaft and patient labor can find and pluck the lustrous diamond from the mine's dark depths. Hugh Miller, the poor uneducated stone-cutter, who long held a place high among the teachers, exemplified in his own person that out of the humblest materials may be moulded the rounds of the ladder by which to mount to distinction. He turned his eyes to Nature, and scrutinized and questioned, compared and analyzed, conversed and read, until he found

> "Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

Natural science became as familiar to him as the household words of his cottage home. He studied the earth's history in the hard stones and old fossils that cover its surface, and in the great facts of physical science he saw proofs of God's economy and confirmation of his revealed religion. What others regarded as the mere "Vestiges of Creation," and from which their speculative minds ran into the dreary and perilous realms of Atheism, *he* viewed as the visible footprints and tokens of a "Divinity that shapes our ends," and designs us for something more than mere denizens of this fleeting sphere. Hear what this man says of his own class:

I did not always find that great superiority on the side of the scholar himself took for granted. What he had especially studied, he knew—but while the student had been mastering his Greek and Latin, and expatiating in Natural Philosophy and Mathematics, the working man, of an inquiring mind, had been doing something else; and it is at least a fact, that all the great readers of my acquaintance at this time—men most acquainted with English literature—were not the men who had received a classical education. In that common sense which reasons, but does not argue, and which enables men to pick their stepping prudently through the journey of life, I found that the classical education gave no superiority whatever; nor did it appear to form so fitting an introduction to the relations of business, as that course of dealing with things tangible and actual, in which the working man has to exercise his faculties, and from which he derives his experience.

These are words of encouragement and hope. They are illustrated in the fame of the village blacksmith, who for years heard no sound save the bellows and the blows of the hammer as the busy occupant plied his trade. Patiently and skillfully he wrought the hard metal into comely shape, and at night troops of the village children would gather at the door of his forge to watch the sparks as they flew from the ruddy iron yielding beneath his strokes. And he smiled pleasantly and kindly when the little urchins shouted and clapped their hands as the brilliant fragments fell around, for he was of a gentle nature, albeit his task was heavy and his home poor. He was ignorant and knew but little beyond the shaping of horse-shoes and the wielding of broken metal, but he desired to improve himself. He saw no reason why his being a blacksmith should bar him from acquiring knowledge. He made up his mind to *learn*. He husbanded his strength, in order to study at night when his day's work was done. He pursued his new and self-imposed task earnestly and with enthusiasm. With each acquisition his mind enlarged. He taught himself the nature of different metals—why one was harder than another; why some yielded to heat more easily than others; why sudden transitions from heat to cold could so affect them. He learned the theory of has art and its practice became easier. He worked at it more understandingly. But his mind had been awakened. He craved other and wider knowledge. With a passionate ardour he sought new fields for the exercise of his faculties. Night was welcome to him, not that it allowed rest to his weary muscles, but that it gave him time to learn, and far, far into the silent hour, when other villagers were locked in slumber, and all was hushed save the cricket on the hearth, could be seen the poor scholar, striving to acquire that lore which in after-times should make his name famous among men. And famous did it become. The poor blacksmith became master of other tongues than the one learnt at his mother's knee. Nearly half the languages now spoken by civilized men became familiar to him. He penetrated the portals of science and possessed himself of many of its treasures. The great principles of human action, whether in individuals or government, found in him an earnest inquirer. The village mechanic became its oracle. His converse was sought by scholars and statesmen, and in time, the name of the learned blacksmith became as familiar in far off lands as it was in the small hamlet where he was born. The fames which Hugh Miller and Elihu Burritt, the learned blacksmith, have won are within the reach of every workingman. Their history, if rightly read and taken to heart, should purge the workingman of all unmanly despair and discontent with his lot, and teach him that each man is the worker-out of the forces that are in him; that he *is* as he fashions himself. The road to reach the triumphs which others have achieved is open to all, and the workingmen are traveling in the right direction when they combine to aid each other by a system of co-operative labor. Societies of this sort will call out the workingmen of talent, enterprise, and genius, just as the pure steel extracts fire from the flint. We trust every project having for its object the advancement of the great interests of the workingman will succeed. We understand that Mr. Peter Monahan, a mechanic of superior ability, will address the people at various places, in regard to the organization explained in the circular published in this morning's APPEAL.

The New French Ministry.

Below we give sketches of the new French Ministry:

JULES FAVRE, MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

The new Minister of Foreign Affairs has been so conspicuous in European affairs during the past four months that his previous public career is now known to all our readers. His full name is Gabriel Claude Jules Favre. Born at Lyons on the 31st of March, 1809, he received a fine education, studied law, and was admitted to the bar. He was in Paris when the revolution of 1830 broke out, and the active part he took in it brought him prominently before the French people. At this time, in a letter published in the *Nationel*, he advocated the abolition of the monarchy and re-establishment of a republic. This was not to be, however, and after Louis Phillippe ascended the throne, he entered actively into the practice of his profession, gaining considerable reputation by the independence he displayed and by his eloquence. In 1831, he defended the workmen charged with forming an illegal association. M. Favre was then in Lyons. The trial was the signal for a sanguinary outbreak, during which the young lawyer narrowly escaped death from a volley of musketry directed against him. In 1834, he defended the persons implicated in the attempted revolution of that year, beginning his speech by the bold declaration: "I am a Republican," and creating a great sensation by the fearlessness with which he assailed the Government. By the time the revolution of 1848 broke out Jules Favre was one of the leading champions of French Republicanism, and was immensely popular with the Parisians. He was elected a member of the Constituent Assembly, from the Department of the Loire, and was appointed Secretary General of the Minister of the Interior, and subsequently held the position of Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs. While holding this latter office he voted for the prosecution of Louis Blanc and Causidiere, for their complicity in the attempted revolution of June, 1848; but he refused to vote for the resolution of thanks to General Cavaignac, and was a strenuous opponent of the expedition to Rome.

From the entrance of Louis Napoleon in the politics of France, Jules Favre was his opponent. After the election of Napoleon to the Presidency and the flight of Ledru Rollin, he became the leader of the Montague, and was bitter and unrelenting in his hostility to the new government. The *coup d'etat* of 1851 only increased this animosity, and at first he refused to take the oath of allegiance to the new constitution, although he had been elected to the General Council of the Loire-et-Rhone. At a later date, however, when chosen to the Corps Legislatif, he swore allegiance to the Emperor, but never lost an opportunity to oppose him. Indeed, his hostility to Napoleon was always intense. Not a single measure introduced by the government ever met his support. The Crimean war, the war with Austria, the invasion of Mexico and the occupation of Rome by the French, were alike denounced by him. Some of his best speeches were made in advocacy of the freedom of the press and against the law of "deportation." In 1858 he defended the assassin Orsini, and again created a sensation by the almost reckless courage he displayed in assailing the government.

With his more recent career the reader is well acquainted. The bloodless revolution of last September elevated him to the position of Minister for Foreign Affairs under the provisional government. His subsequent abortive efforts to make a treaty of peace with Germany are also well known. He remained in Paris, taking part in the general defense of the country until the surrender of Paris, the terms of which he negotiated with Count Bismarck, as also the terms of the Armistice Convention. At the recent election he was chosen a member of the National Assembly by the electors of several departments.

LOUIS JOSEPH BUFFET, PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL.

This statesman was born at Mirecourt, in the Vosges, in 1818. At the time of the revolution of February, 1848, he was a lawyer of prominence, and was elected a member of the Constituent Assembly from the Department of Vosges. He voted ordinarily with the supporters of the expelled dynasty, and strongly opposed the project of the socialists. After the election of December 10th he supported the government of Louis Napoleon, who appointed him Minister of Commerce and Agriculture. But while voting with the party of order, he refused to give complete assent to the politics of the Elysee, and consequently left the Ministry with M. Odilon Barrett, on the 31st of October, 1860. Re-elected to the Assembly, he figured conspicuously in the legislation of 1850. He was one of the commission charged with M. Baroche to prepare the bill of electoral reform. In April, 1851, he returned to power with M. Faucher, and faithfully represented the ideas of the majority. On the 14th of October of the same year he resigned, and two weeks later was made Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. After the *coup d'etat* he was deprived of his public offices, but in 1864 was elected Deputy to the Corps Legislatif. In January, 1870, he consented to serve in the Cabinet of Napoleon as Minister of Finance, which position he resigned in the month of April following. Since then he has not been in office.

FELIX LAMBRECHT, MINISTER OF COMMERCE.

M. Lambrecht was born on the 4th of April, 1819. He first became prominent in French politics in 1863, at which time he was elected to the Corps Legislatif for the Fifth Circonscription of the Department of the North. He voted generally with the *Tiers parti*, and supported the Bonaparte dynasty in its efforts to establish constitutional government.

GEN. ADOLPHE CHARLES LE FLO, MINISTER OF WAR.

This Minister was born at Tesneren in 1804, and was educated at the military school of St. Cyr. He served with distinction in Africa, and his conduct during the siege of Constantine was particularly brilliant. When the revolution of 1848 broke out he retained the rank of general. Elected to the Constituent Assembly for the Department of Finisterre, he gave in his adhesion to the republic, and was for some time on a diplomatic mission to St. Petersburg. On his return he ranged himself with the Right in support of the policy of Napoleon, and after his re-election voted with the majority, hostile to the republic. As soon as the designs of Napoleon became apparent he went into opposition and voted against the projects of executive power. On the morning of the *coup d'etat* he was arrested and expelled from France. He retired to Belgium, where he remained until permitted to return. After the overthrow of the Bonaparte dynasty, last year, he was employed by the provisional government as Minister of War in Paris.

JULES SIMON, MINISTER OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.

M. Simon was born at Lorient in 1814, studied at the college of his native city, and at that of Vannes, and at an early age displayed a predilection for philosophy. A disciple of Cousin, he soon distinguished himself by his philosophical works, which, it must be stated here, are bold in the expression of sentiments hostile to all religions. Entering into politics on the side of the moderate opposition, he became a candidate for the Department of Cotes du Nord, but was defeated by the influence of the clergy. After the revolution of 1848, he was elected for the same department, and in the Assembly voted generally with the moderate Republicans. He held under the republic several subordinate offices, opposed the *coup d'etat*, and on its accomplishment retired temporarily into private life. In 1857 he was elected a member of the Corps Legislatif for the Department Loire Inferieure, and represented that department until the downfall of Napoleon, acting invariably with the Republican opposition. After the revolution of last year he became a member of the Provisional Government. The philosophical and other works of M. Simon are quite numerous, and have won for him an extensive reputation.

LOUIS JOSEPH PICARD, MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR.

M. Picard was born at Paris in 1821, received a brilliant education, and was admitted to the bar in 1844, under the auspices of M. Lionville, whose son-in-law he became. He commenced practice at the Paris bar, and soon won distinction. In June, 1858, he was elected to the Corps Legislatif for the Department of the Seine, and was conspicuous in the debates of the Corps. In the session of 1860 he was one of "The Five" who remained in opposition to Napoleon, and attracted much attention by the keen satire which pervaded his speeches. He was a member of the Corps when the revolution took place last year, and became one of the members of the Provisional Government.

JULES ARMAND DUFAURE, MINISTER OF JUSTICE.

This Minister was born at Saujon in 1798, and is a lawyer by profession. He engaged in politics in 1834, as a supporter of the Orleans dynasty, and in 1836 was appointed Counsellor of State, which position he resigned a few months later and went into opposition. Subsequently he became Minister of Public Works. After the revolution of 1848 he was elected to the Constituent Assembly, giving his adhesion to the Republic, and voted for the banishment of the Orleans family. He opposed all the measures of the socialists, and supported all laws and measures tending to re-establish order. In 1849 he was appointed Minister of the Interior by Louis Napoleon, but soon after resigned. He went into opposition when the designs of the President became known, and retired to private life. When his election to the French Academy was announced to Napoleon, the Emperor declared that the choice of the Assembly met his hearty approval, although M. Dufaure was not among the number of his supporters. In 1862, during the prosecution of Count de Montalambert, he defended the publisher of the Count's pamphlet, displaying great skill and eloquence.

SOMEBODY has been pondering the almanac, and discovered the following remarkable facts: 1871 is to have fifty-three Sundays, "but only fifty-two weeks." Moreover, nowhere during the year does Sunday come oftener than once in seven days, and the first week of the year begins with Sunday, and "so do all the other weeks." Lest we should be in amaze at this, he explains matters by saying that the calendars for 1871 and 1872 show that the last week in 1871 begins with Sunday, and has a Sunday following it. Now, as it would be against all precedent to have two Sundays come in together, the year 1872 considerately opens on Monday, and since it is leap year, Sundays will occur once in seven days thereafter, an arrangement which, this strange man says, will place Sunday at the end of the week instead of at the beginning, and thus be a complete triumph for the Seventh Day Baptists. It seems that this complication of the calendar is "supposed to have been planned by the Jews, who, on account of their superior education, were intrusted with this revision." This is what comes of devoting one's giant intellect to the study of almanacs.

MARY AND HER LAMB.

Respectfully dedicated to T. D. H., whose poetry in the "Guardian" of Saturday stunned the populace.

> Mary had a little lamb,
> It jumped down in the well,
> And after Mary pulled it up
> It ran and jumped down again,
> And was drowned. W. L. B.
>
> Mary had a little lamb,
> Its eyes were heavenly blue,
> And if you touch that little lamb
> "I'll put a head on you."
>
> And so the teacher turned him out,
> But still he lingered near,
> And waited patiently about,
> "Then walked off on his ear."
>
> She put him in his little bed,
> And bade him go to rest,
> "Yes bet," the little lampkin said,
> "I'll do my level best."
>
> Marie hat von liddle scheep,
> Hish vohl vas plack as ink;
> She took him out to schkate von tay,
> Unt tround him in der rink.
>
> Unt ven she go mit ped dat night,
> She tream she hear him pleating;
> But ven she vake, she was mistake,
> He only vas a skeeding.

NEW YORK, feb. 1st, 1870.

mr. editor dear sir accept this from a little girl 8 years old.

> mary had a little lamb
> with her it would not go
> she throughed it down a flight of stairs,
> and how is that for low.
>
> Mary had a little lamb,
> And snow-white was its skin,
> But when it followed her to school,
> The boys said, "that's too thin."
>
> She missed him from her side; "Alas,"
> She said, "my lamb's a goner."
> But he was only nibbling grass
> By the Little Church 'round the Corner.
>
> Mary had a little lamb,
> It's tail went with a jerk,
> So she cut it off behind the ears
> To "see the old thing work."
>
> Mary had a little lamb,
> It's fleece was white as snow,
> And every time it heard a ba-a-h,
> It bleated, "Not for Joe."
>
> Mary had a little lamb,
> Its wool was black as ink,
> And everywhere that Mary went
> The lamb went, too, I think.
>
> He followed her down town one day
> Which made Miss Mary swear;
> She caught him by his little neck,
> And pulled him by the hair.
>
> She made him "walk upon his ear,"
> And used him like a brute;
> Then "put a head" upon the dear,
> And "bust him in the snoot." A. W. S.
>
> Mary had a little lamb,
> All covered o'er with wool;
> He wandered to the Stock Exchange
> And tried to be a Bull.
>
> The brokers greeted him with joy,
> Approached him with a query,
> And offered to give him a certain point
> On a few hundred shares of Erie.
>
> The last that was seen of the little lamb
> Was at the corner of Broad and Wall,
> He was going toward the Stock Exchange,
> And never came back at all.
>
> Mary had a little lamb,
> As round as any gherkin,
> She took to school the old thing once—
> "That's how it was a workin'."
>
> It made the children laugh and play
> To see a sight so new—
> A little boy to Mary cried:
> "I'll put a head on you."
>
> The teacher unto Mary said:
> "You cunning little elf,
> Why did you thus?" and Mary said:
> "You know how 'tis yourself."
>
> When Mary had to leave the school,
> She cried in a sad, sad manner,
> And went to bed, and softly said,
> "That's what's the matter with Hannah."
>
> Mary had von leetle lamp,
> Dat vas its mishtress' bride,
> It lifft, oond lifft, oond kept on liffting,
> Oond ten it shto—p—oond died.
> HANS BREITMANN, JR.
>
> Mary had a little lamb;
> He died and was a goner,
> She took him to Sabine,
> And he told her to go to the Little Church
> 'round the Corner.
>
> Mary lost her littuel lam,
> Its fat was fried out in lard;
> Its fleece made bully bombazine,
> Five quarters to the yard.
>
> Mary had a little lamb,
> It pleased Ulysses S.;
> She sent him on to Washington,
> And now she's Postmistress.
>
> Mary had a little lamb,
> It drank cold water freely,
> And looked so innocently wise,
> She called it Horace Greeley.
>
> Mary had a little lamb,
> It was a little glutton,
> And so they cut its little throat,
> And turned it into mutton.
>
> "Mary had a little lamb,"
> I've heard so often said,
> That all I know about it is,
> I wish that lamb was dead.
>
> Mary had a little lamb,
> Its fleece was white as snow,
> It was gentle, it was kind,
> And its tail stuck out behind
> About a feet or so.
>
> Mary had a little lamb—
> But one must be asleep,
> To imagine all the while,
> That Mary was a sheep.

Married Actresses.

In view of the revelations made by Judge Barnard of the wife-beating proclivities of the "average Englishman," the following narratives, by the sprightly pen of the New York correspondent of the St. Louis *Republican* are both timely and interesting. She says (M. H. B.) a member of the theatrical profession, lately speaking of Charlotte Cushman, lamented her lonely condition and the hard fate that has brought her no husband, and in consequence I let my memory run through the long list of my professional acquaintances and sum up their domestic happiness. Only a partial mentioning of those I called to mind cannot fail to win the sternest advocate of marital bliss to my opinion, that in celibacy the theatrical female receives the greatest boon of heaven, and that if the histrionic Charlotte ever laments the want of a husband to whom to leave her well-earned dollars, she has also been spared the much greater misery of seeing them fly from under her nose, for the allurement and delectation of strange and unknown women. Probably no other class have ever suffered so much from the perfidy of man as that much-abused profession, the theatrical. Rich perhaps in fame, in money, in beauty, in talent, poor indeed have they been in love, and how richly many of these slighted ones have deserved the happiness they sought, and never found.

Adelaide Ristori brought to this country a handsome, good-for-nothing husband, who, during her absence at the theater, so conducted himself at the windows for the captivation of opposite boarding-house women that an outraged husband had him arrested for the most shameful and disgusting practices. Many a time, late at night, after her wonderful impersonation of Marie Antoinette or Elizabeth, I have seen her going home with a servant as escort—her son and daughter at some party, the Marquis always away till all hours. She would sit alone over her little supper, and go weary in body and soul to her bed, while those her talents supported pursued their own pleasures. One of the best actresses America ever produced toiled year after year at her profession, amassed a large fortune, married a poor man, and has the great reward of passing her days in a second class hotel and witnessing her husband preside over a dramatic harem, and make himself famous for promiscuous love affairs. Another, who owns whole blocks of brown-stone buildings, has taken to herself that desirable article—a husband. The pair, with a handsome agent, wander about the country, making lots of money; the little slave flies about the stage, and the husband—flies about in front, makes charming acquaintances among the country maidens, takes the little tired wife home after the performance is over, and returns—like the dutiful husband he is—to the agent to "count the house, and see all's right, you know." Oh, if Madam could see that house counted, and the oysters and champagne, and the innocent lambs who assist at the counting, she would fly after a divorce on the first train to Chicago. Poor Lucille Western saw her hard-earned thousands time after time lost at a gaming table in a night, and bore the abuse a gambler's wife usually has to, till her spirit rose and she severed a connection that was unendurable. I could fill a volumne with the names of these marital victims in theatrical ranks. I know Charlotte Cushman, knowing as much as she does of professional unhappiness, is perfectly satisfied with her lot, though some of the ignorant sympathize with her husbandless condition.

The Bessemer process of making steel is said to have added $17000,000,000 to the wealth of Great Britain.

The Moon Hoax.

From the New York Tribune.]

In the year 1835 the American scientific world was convulsed by the publication of what purported to be the discoveries of Sir John Herschel (the younger) at the Cape of Good Hope. The account appeared in Moses Y. Beach's New York *Sun*, and was supposed to be communicated to the Edinburg *Journal of Science*. Of this hoax Richard Adams Locke, whose death is just announced, was the author. So clearly was the narrative written that for a time the marvelous story was accepted as genuine. The article, as originally printed, appeared under this formidable title:

"GREAT ASTRONOMICAL DISCOVERIES LATELY MADE BY SIR JOHN HERSCHEL, LL. D., F. R. S., AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE."

The article then goes on to state that Herschel, by means of a vast telescope constructed on an entirely new principle, had, at an elevated point in South Africa, succeeded in making the most extraordinary discoveries in every planet of the solar system, but especially had penetrated all the mysteries of the moon. Every detail of the information was accounted for with mathematical accuracy and scientific ingenuity, and scholars who had devoted their lives to the special study of astronomy could bring no conclusive reasons for doubting the truth of the pretended discoveries. The account stated gravely that the elder Herschel had devoted his life to the perfection of a telescopic lens which would, by a combination of ingenious contrivances, reduce distance to nothingness. By means of its lens and a combination of achromatic contrivances, comprehensible only to the initiated, this wonderful instrument magnified 42,000 times, bringing the most distant planet close enough for investigation. Objects on Saturn not over eighteen inches in diameter were made perfectly plain. Herschel, it was stated, expressed his ability to study even the entomology of the moon. A transit of Mercury was to occur in 1835, and the Cape of Good Hope was the only spot offering the needed facilities for its accurate observation. This explained quite satisfactorily the spot where the alleged discoveries had been made.

The astronomical expedition, it was stated, consisting of Sir John Herschel (the younger), Dr. Grant, and Lieut. Drummond of the Royal Engineers, F. R. A. S., and a large corps of skilled mechanics, left London in September, 1834, and the results of their labors were thus given to the world one year later. The work of the explorers on their arrival at the Cape of Good Hope, with the selection of an observatory and the erection of the telescope, are succintly and minutely described. "The lens, which is inclosed in a frame of wood, and braced to its corners by bars of copper, is suspended upon an axis between two pillars, which are nearly 150 feet high. The field of view from this colossal telescope had a diameter of 50 feet."

WHAT WAS SEEN IN THE MOON.

After many days of preliminary investigation, in which stars and comets were reduced to commonplace spectacles, the supreme work—the exploration of the moon—took place. "It was about 10½ o'clock, on the night of the 10th of January, the moon being then advanced within four days of her mean libation, that the astronomer adjusted his instrument for the inspection of her eastern limb." The whole immense power of the telescope was applied, and to its focal image—about one-half of the power of his microscope. "On removing the screen of the latter, the field of view was covered throughout its entire area with beautifully distinct and even vivid representation of *basaltic rock!* Its color was greenish-brown, and the width of the columns, as defined by the interstices on the canvas, was invariably 28 inches. No fracture whatever appeared in the mass first presented, but in a few seconds, a shelving pile appeared of five or six columns' width, which showed their figure to be hexagonal, and then articulations, similar to those at the basaltic formation at Staffa." Here flowers were discovered such as bloom in our fields. The earth's diurnal rotation, causing a rapid ascension of the moon, seemed to present new features to the observers every instant, and upon the canvas appeared every moment green fields such as the world has, with all the other attributes of sublunary life. The trees, said the narrative, were for a time of an unvaried kind, and unlike any I have seen, except the largest kind of yews in English graveyards, which they in some respects resemble. After the trees, a green plain 40 miles in extent was reflected on the canvas. In time an inland lake appeared, which was described as most enchanting. The beach was white as snow and girt with constellated rocks, of apparently green marble, varied at chasms with grotesque blocks of chalk or gypsum and feathered and festooned at the summit with clustering foliage of unknown trees, while the water was as blue as that of a deep ocean and broke in large white billows on the sandy strand. In this vicinity no animal life was discovered. Hundreds of miles of moon were thus traveled over, and great anxiety began to grow upon the gazers for some sign of life in the new world thus wonderfully brought to their feet. Presently a novel train of scenery appeared upon the lens, and Dr. Herschel was thrown into an ecstacy of wonder and delight. A lofty chain of obelisk-shaped or very slender pyramids, standing in irregular groups, each composed of about thirty or forty spires, every one of which was perfectly square, and as accurately truncated as the finest specimens of crystal. They were of faint lilac hue, and very resplendent. Dr. Herschel proved these to be wine-colored amethysts. They reached an altitude of 60 to 90 feet. The whole breadth of the northern extremity of this sea, which was about 300 miles, having crossed the telescope plane, a wild, mountainous region, abounding in forests of very much larger trees (apparently of English forest oak) than had been hitherto seen, was entered upon. These trees were covered with a superb foliage of broad, glossy leaves, like laurel, which hung in the open glades from branches to the ground. This having passed, a valley was entered which "filled the observers with astonishment." It was oval, surrounded, except at a narrow opening toward the south, by hills red as the purest vermillion.

Here the object of the astronomer's search was finally achieved; animal life in various varieties was discovered. Vast herds of brown quadrupeds, resembling the bison, but more diminutive than our species, were discovered. They had a remarkable fleshy appendage over the eyes, crossing the whole breadth of the forehead and united to the ears; a characteristic of all the animals afterward seen in the valley of the moon. This, says the narrator *naively*, Dr. Herschel pronounced a providential contrivance to protect the eyes of the animals from the great extremes of light and darkness to which all the inhabitants of our side of the moon are periodically subjected. Another animal, about the size of a goat, with a single horn, was found in great numbers. This singular beast afforded the sublunary observers great amusement by its antics "which were faithfully reproduced on Dr. Herschel's lens." In this beautiful valley, a large branching river was discovered, abounding in lovely islands, inhabited by water-birds of numerous kinds—a species of gray pelican being the most numerous. Here, the narrative covers the minutest details of the moon's inhabitants and physical aspects.

This was substantially the work of the first night's observation. On the second, the following graphic picture of what "might have been" was given. "While gazing upon the shores of an island lake, we were thrilled with astonishment to see four successive flocks of large winged creatures, wholly unlike any kind of birds, descend with a slow, even motion from the cliffs, and light upon the plain below. They averaged four feet in hight, were covered, except on the face, with short and glossy copper colored hair, and had wings composed of thin membrane without hair, lying snugly upon their backs from the top of the shoulders to the calves of their legs. The face which was of a yellow flesh-color, was a slight improvement of the large orang-outang, being more open and intelligent, and having a much greater expansion of forehead. The mouth, however, was very prominent, though somewhat relieved by thick beard upon the lower jaw and by lips far more human of the *Sima* genus. In general symmetry of body and limbs they were greatly superior to the orang-outang; so much so that but for their long wing, they would look as well on a parade-ground as some of the old cockney militia! The hair on the head was of a darker color than that of the body, closely curled, but apparently not woolly, and arranged in two curious semi-circles over the temples. Their feet could only be seen as they were alternately lifted in walking; but, from what we could see of them in so transient a view, they appeared thin and very protuberant at the heel. They were engaged in earnest conversation evidently, to judge from their gesticulation, and the emphatic action of their hands; from which "they were presumed to be rational beings." Some of them had crossed the water and were lying like spread-eagles on the edge of the wood. In this attitude their wings spread out like those of a bat, and were composed of a semi-transparent membrane, expanded in curvilinear divisions by means of straight radii united at the back by the dorsal integuments. The narrative discreetly adds: "Our further observation of the habits of these creatures, who were of both sexes, led to results so very remarkable that they should be first laid before the public in Dr. Herschel's own work, to be issued at some future day."

So the narrative continues at great length, describing mountains, meadows, rivers, lakes, and animals of all kinds, and birds of all forms and feathers on the surface of the moon, and monsters of the deep in its waters. Scientific terms and the generally accepted configuration of the moon's surface were followed just closely enough to impress and delight the ignorant, and confound and amaze the educated and incredulous. The various portions of the moon were subdivided into physical sections with appropriate names for rivers, lakes, islands, oceans, continents, and general geographical divisions. Even geologic and atmospheric phenomena were described in the minutest detail and enthusiasm. Temples of vast proportions and wondrous architecture were described, with partial pictures of the rites and devotions of the curious people inhabiting the valley of the moon. Here the people were of larger stature than those before encountered. Their chief occupation seemed to be banqueting, and their customs were, to speak mildly, unique. The story appeared at a time when the scientific world was keenly alive to astronomic investigations; when the great Herschel had announced various novel discoveries, and when people in this country had been led to expect a destructive current, which was to shatter our earth in fragments. Intelligence from the Cape of Good Hope could not be obtained for a year, and, incredible as it appears, half the American people believed the preposterous story true.

THE AUTHOR.

Richard Adams Locke, the author of this most successful of all literary frauds, died on Staten Island, Thursday last, aged seventy-one years. Mr. Locke was a native of New York, and followed the profession of journalism for many years. Though not a man of science, he possessed a mind well adapted to the close of reasoning of the exact sciences, and delighted in mathematical discussion. His health and intellect declined some years ago, incapacitating him for journalistic efforts, and he retired to an easy place in the Custom-house, where he fulfilled important duties faithfully. The "Moon Hoax," sketched above, was the most successful of Mr. Locke's literary efforts, although he wrote afterward a very clever article entitled, "The lost Manuscript of Mungo Park," which for a time deceived the world.

Tributes to the Bible.

Governor Alcorn, in one of his messages in 1870, said: "One text book, however, there is which I am anxious to see adopted in every public school of the State—I mean the Holy Bible. Strictly secular education may develop one part of mind, but leaves to nature the better, the nobler part. And we would make a dangerous mistake by forgetting that it requires, also, something of the sobering of the religious sense. The vast majority of our people are Protestants; and as such hold it a solemn duty to train their children in the teachings of the Word of God."

It is said that when at one time Queen Victoria entertained a delegation from Asia, of natives and idolaters, who had seen all the wonders of the British Islands, and they asked the secret of all this success and power, she pointed to a Bible as the great source of England's prosperity. Father Hyacinthe, the Roman Catholic priest, who made such a sensation in this country lately, gave the following tribute to the bible before the commencement of the war now raging between Prussia and France: "Do you know why Prussia triumphed in the field of battle (with Austria)! It was not because there was a lack of bravery on either side; it was not the effect of that wondrous weapon, for the acquisition of which men are now so eager; but it was because the assailant was better educated than the assailed, and he had a superior religious training; it was because every Prussian soldier had a bible in his cap or helmet. In other places I have asserted, and I assert again here, that that which constitutes the strength of Protestant nations is, that when the people come home from their work they enter the family circle, and, sitting by their hearths, read the Bible and their national poetry.

Tickling in Church.

A young man, named Joseph, recently tickled a young lady in church, on North Bars Island, in Ohio. The lady squealed, and the preacher became indignant, said women and men should no more sit together under the drapings of his sanctuary. But even with the possibility of being tickled before their eyes, the ladies refused to be separated, and on the very next evening all sat together. The preacher was indignant, and brought the male portion of his congregation before a Justice of the Peace. A jury was demanded, and no juror should be a member of the church. Three days the trial lasted, but at last the oppressed went free, and now in church, they tickle each other as of yore, to keep awake, in an amusing manner.

The *Spectator* says: "Mr. Swinburne has striven hard, no doubt, to erect an English literature of impurity, based on the best models of France; but when the thing was done in plain English, its vileness, its want of manliness, its imp-like orgies, filled men of the world with unutterable loathing, which was only intensified by the plaudits of the little clique who placed the young poet in the same rank with Shelley."

The Cincinnati *Enquirer* says: "The New York *Sun* affects to disbelieve the statement made by us a few days ago, in relation to the transactions of Ulysses S. Grant in this city about the commencement of the war. The *Sun* will probably be surprised when we tell it that the gentleman is still living in this city from whom Grant endeavored to borrow money for the purpose of establishing a saloon at Camp Dennison, when the military camp of instruction was first established there. The worst of it was that the gentleman, who knew him well, hadn't confidence in his ability to sell whisky to soldiers to let him have the money.

SHUT THE DOOR SOFTLY.

> Shut the door softly, mother's asleep,
> Her fever is broken, her slumber is deep.
> Look in her pale face and see there no pain—
> Darling, be thankful, we've mother again.
>
> Shut the door softly, and come to her side,
> What should we do if our mother had died?
> She who has loved us our weary lives through—
> Shut the door softly, and do as I do.
> Shut the door softly, and kneel with me here,
> To Him who has spared us our mother dear;
> Who has given her back to our arms once again,
> Borne her through danger and softened her pain.
>
> Shut the door softly, and look in her face,
> And see how it gathered in health and in grace.
> Is she not handsome, this mother of ours,
> Waking to life like the budding of flowers?
> Let us lose all in this last, flying life
> Sister and brother and husband and wife,
> Mother's love only, all time has defied;
> Shut the door softly, and come to her side.
>
> Shut the door softly, mother's awake,
> Back from the shores of the fathomless lake;
> Weary with travel, but laden with charms,
> Longing to clasp us within her dear arms.
> Mother, dear mother! we loved you before,
> Now we shall love you a thousand times more.
> Welcome, dear heart, from the shadow land;
> Shut the door softly, and kiss her dear hand.

"JOHN."

I.

> I stand behind his elbow chair,
> My soft hands rest upon his hair—
> Hair whose silver is dearer to me
> Than all the gold of earth could be;
> And my eyes of brown
> Look tenderly down
> On John, my John.

II.

> The firelight leaps, and laughs and warms—
> Wraps us both in its ruddy arms—
> John, as he sits in the hearth-glow red,
> Me, with my hands on his dear old head—
> Encircling us both
> Like a ring of troth,
> Me and my John.

III.

> His form has lost its early grace,
> Wrinkles rest on his kindly face;
> His brow no longer is smooth and fair,
> For Time has left his autograph there;
> But a noble prize,
> In my loving eyes,
> Is John, my John.

IV.

> "My love," he says, and lifts his hands,
> Browned by the suns of other lands,
> In tender clasp on mine to lay;
> "How long ago was our wedding day?"
> I smile through my tears
> And say, "Years and years,
> My John, dear John."

V.

> We say no more, the firelight glows;
> Both of us muse, on what—who knows?
> My hands drop down in a mute caress—
> Each throb of my heart is a wish to bless
> With my life's best worth
> The heart and the hearth
> Of John, my John.

SHORT PARAGRAPHS.

The latest natural curiosity is a dog which has a whistle growing at the end of his tail. He calls himself when wanted.

The cost of leeches sold in Europe exceeds ten million dollars per annum. The finest are said to come from the Murray river, Australia.

A number of literary men in London talk of celebrating the anniversary of Shakespeare's birth, April 23, by a dinner in the poet's house at Stratford.

General W. B. Hazen, of the United States army, was married last Wednesday evening to a daughter of Washington McLean, of the Cincinnati *Enquirer.*

A rural New York belle, in struggling to prevent a young man from kissing her, backed through a window and was badly cut with the glass. The moral is obvious.

It is announced, on pretty good authority, that John Russell Young intends removing the *Standard* to Brooklyn and making it the organ of the Republican party there.

A man died at St. Louis recently, and in his will, after stating that he never forgot a favor, left a thousand dollars to an individual who, ten years before, ran away with his wife.

Funerals are conducted upon somewhat novel principles in Connecticut. At a funeral in Greenwich, the other day, the carriage horses could not keep up with the hearse and lost the way.

An up-town temperance society has forbidden the performance of "Champagne Charley" at any of its entertainments. It is found to be too exhilarating for the proper balance of its members.

A would-be agriculturalist says the "mole ploughs" are foolishness. You'd have to get more than a hundred moles to draw one, and they are so blind they don't know haw from gee.

The latest thing in the boot and shoe line at Boston is a crimped calf boot, the calfskin tanned with the hair on, and made up with the hair outside, tipped with alligator leather. Ladies' boots of the same style have also been made.

North Carolina, unable to produce anything else astonishing, presents a citizen aged 143, who at the time of Braddock's defeat, in 1775, was 27 years old, and had a wife and three children. This vigorous individual lives near Greenville.

Punch thus describes the present art of poetry: "Write a profusion of rythmical and melodious nonsense, amidst which, at distant intervals, here and there introduce an intelligible line. The dullest idea therein expressed will shine like a star amid surrounding darkness."

A good story is told at the expense of a young lawyer in San Jose, California. He was very anxious to defend a Chinaman in the police court against the charge of petty thieving. Having assumed that position, what was his astonishment to find his client using a handkerchief with his own name marked upon it. Bosh.

The judges of the courts, the members of the bar, and the students of law, of Baltimore, Maryland, held a meeting on February 8, to consider measures to promote the standard of legal acquirement. Hon. Reverdy Johnson was president of the meeting, and addresses were delivered by prominent lawyers of Baltimore.

The marine insurance companies of New York city, nine in number, have made a return of their business operations in 1870. The premiums paid in amounted in the aggregate to $13,871,537, and the losses and expenses to $7,203,333. The net profits are placed at $2,847,141, and the gross assets amount to nearly twenty-five million dollars.

For simple neuralgia of the face, or any superficial ache not depending upon some organic cause, nothing will act so effectually as rubbing the oil of peppermint into the part. The old man with the gout will get relief from it. As a local anesthetic it will give relief when chloroform fails. I frequently put a grain of morphine to a drachm of oil.

The New York *World* says: "Everybody who takes the slightest interest in the art of the country will rejoice to know that Miss Kellogg's essay in sacred drama (oratorio) was, like her previous efforts in secular music, marked by a conscientious sense of the highest requirements of the school, and an invincible determination to meet them."

Vosburg, the conductor of the sleeping car that went through the bridge at New Hamburg, had a presentiment of evil to come. When he started from Buffalo to come East, he told Mr. Gates, the sleeping car agent, that he didn't want to come; that he would give everything he had if he could be let off. He also bade his wife good-bye three times, and when he left she followed him for half a mile. On the night of the accident she walked the floor all night, and when told of it in the morning, said, "Don't go any further; I expected it."

As strange a way of losing life as ever was heard of, was that of an employe of the Atlantic and Pacific telegraph company, at Niagara Falls, recently. He ascended to the top of a pole to repair the wires, and had slackened one of them so that it hung in a bight over the railroad track. Presently he perceived a train approaching, and accordingly hauled up the wire as he judged sufficiently high to allow the train to pass under, but it was caught by the smoke stack, and instantly the top of the pole was snapped off, and the poor fellow was precipitated with great force to the ground. His face struck upon one of railroad ties, tearing his neck and lower jaw, and one of his knees was frightfully shattered.

Singing to Death.

The following affecting incident occurred in Lexington, Kentucky, while the Strakosch Company was in that city. The story is told by an eye-witness: "On Sunday last, as the venerable Chief Justice Robertson, stricken by the hand of death, lay almost insensible to the world which he seemed fast leaving forever, while the gigantic brain, which, for so many years, has throbbed grandly to the inspirations of his genius, barely fluttered with the consciousness of life, he expressed a desire to hear Miss Cary sing the ballad of 'Old Folks at Home,' as if the strains of his favorite melody would have power to call back his soul from the portals of the grave which he was so fast nearing. The wish was at once communicated to Miss Cary, who willingly consented to do anything in her power to arouse the ebbing current of life in one who, as a statesman or jurist, has known but few rivals during the course of a long and eventful life. On reaching the residence of Judge Robertson, Miss Cary was at once ushered into the chamber where so much of intellect and learning was fast flickering out into the darkness of the unknown Hereafter, and without accompaniment of any kind raised her rich contralto voice in the touching words, 'Way down upon the Suwanee river,' but before she had sung three lines, broke down in the intensity of her emotion. Calming herself, she again essayed the ballad, and, while the venerable and stricken man lay drinking her glorious melody, poured out her whole soul in the simple utterances which gave so much pleasure to one whose giant intellect had in days gone, fascinated the most talented of the land. When she had ceased, Judge Robertson could scarcely express his gratification by signs, yet signified a desire that Miss Cary should sing for him 'Home, Sweet Home.' Twice did the gifted artiste attempt to comply with the request, but her emotion was too great, and, choked with feeling, she was compelled to leave the room. The whole incident was one of the most touching and affecting episodes that ever marked the death-bed of departing greatness."

Eleusinian Mysteries.

The Mistick Krewe, says the New Orleans *Picayune*, has been a conundrum for a long time. There have been many shrewd guesses at the meaning of the order. There have been many thousands who were assumed to be members. Many intelligent dames, who find their lords absent from home, and specially engaged on the night of Shrove Tuesday, mentally accuse them of being members of the Krewe. There are many fine shapes of men missed from the streets and balls, on Mardi Gras night, giving rise to other guesses. But thus far their secret has been well kept, yet, inasmuch as it is a pleasure to guess, and as the theme for guess-work is likely to be a lasting one, we will venture upon a theory which we suggest rather than adopt, and with the comforting assurance that the classical gentlemen who may see fit to follow it out, will come to the conviction that neither they nor others know anything at all about it. For there are secrets which words cannot tell. There are secrets possessed by the living, but which human ingenuity cannot reveal until the dead are called to help them.

In the reign of Theodosius the rites of Eleusis were celebrated publicly for the last time; but the Eleusinian mysteries were as well kept and as profoundly secret as they had been during the twenty centuries preceding. Every year for two thousand times the Hierophant had led forth and instructed his catechumens in the lesser and greater mysteries. Every year save one the Mystagogues had ordered the feast of cakes and honey, and led forth the procession of torchbearers, and ordered the sacrifice of barley cakes and fish, and commanded the initiate to the sea, and administered the awful oaths with their deadly sanction, and driven away the slaves, the felons and the courtesans from the solemn feast, fit only for the noble, the true and the free. Two thousand times had the priests of Isis or of Ceres, "sitting by the sorrowful stone," carried on their yearly festival of nine days, beginning with ceremonies most awful, but ending in joyous mirth and carousal, changing from Egyptian solemnity and terror to Attic wit, mirth and pleasure. For Egypt was the native land of mysteries, and Osiris was honored as the only Bacchus in another and elder form, while prolific Isis, in like manner, became the Ceres of Athens, Eleusis and the Greeks.

These mysteries of Eleusis contained the best known religious, moral and political teaching, and did as much to purify, strengthen, adorn and nationalize Greece as any other influence. In a pagan way they combined duty, law, history, ethics, rites and poesy. There was much in the doctrine like the best of other creeds, there was much of dead symbolism, too, as very old systems are liable to have; for not even the robed teachers could always give a meaning for all they uttered.

Is it probable, now, that what had been growing for twenty centuries in Greece, with an anterior existence of an unknown extent before in Egypt, and what had become of the religion of very many millions, could have been suppressed by the edict of a Roman Emperor? The people were hardly weaned from pagan rites and symbols, and though under another worship, but many millions remained unconverted. May we not imagine, therefore, that these mysteries and secrets, these symbols and tokens, these deep lessons and these beautiful ceremonials, have descended to our time? Secret orders depend upon traditions. Monuments, records and chronicles have little to do with their mysteries. The temples may be torn up, and all their rocks to the deepest foundation ground to powder and emptied into the sea, and all who had gathered in them be scattered for an age, and yet the worship will survive.

There is something in the thorough classic state shown by the Krewe in their absolute secrecy, in their grand old forms, in their vigorous individuality, and in the universal charm of their public displays, to admit of our surmise that the mysteries of Ceres have not perished.

A Good Story.

A Parkersburg, West Virginia, paper says that several members of the Legislature took the cars at Grafton late on the evening of the 6th ultimo, for Wheeling, and among the number was Mr. G. of somewhat large proportions, physically, and a Mr. D. of proportional under-size.

These two—the stalwart Mr. G. and the smooth-faced little Mr. D.—took a berth together, it seems, in the sleeping car. The little man lay behind, and the good-natured, waggish Mr. G. before.

Mr. D. soon was sleeping and snoring furiously. Mr. G., more restless under legislative burdens, soon rose and was sitting by the stove, when an elderly lady came ahead and desired a berth.

"All right, madam," said G., "you can occupy that berth where my little boy is sleeping."

Taking Mr. G. at his word, the lady disrobed and lay down with the boy. After a quiet repose of some time, the boy, Mr. D., became restless from some cause, and began to kick around, to the annoyance of the old lady; so, in a maternal manner, she patted him on the back and said: "Lie still, sonny, pa said I might sleep along with you."

"Thunder and lightning!" cried the legislator; "who are you? I'm no boy—I'm a member of the West Virginia Legislature!"

It is said the old lady swooned, and could not be consoled until [illegible] G. should be impeached. D. swears that the thing shall not rest there. To what action the Legislature will take for the protection of its dignity remains to be seen.