MEMPHIS APPEAL

SUNDAY MORNING, M'CH 23, 1873.

OLD AND NEW JOURNALISM.

Thirty or forty years ago, Amos Kendall, George D. Prentice, James Gordon Bennett and Thomas Ritchie could have successfully established a newspaper in any city in the Union. There was a *prestige* about their names which would have secured a large patronage from every part of the country. But things have changed. The public judges now a paper by its intrinsic merits. This is the era of anonymous journalism. Nobody cares now as to the expressions of peculiar individuals. As evidence of this, we have only to refer to the New York *Tribune*. Horace Greeley was justly regarded as one of the most powerful and popular editors in the United States. It was thought when he died the *Tribune* would lose caste. But it is stronger, more powerful and profitable than at any time of its long existence. This fact shows that the prosperity of a newspaper now depends upon its comparative merits with other papers in collecting and arranging news, upon the excellence of its editorial matter, and its general adaptation to the daily wants of the community in which it is published and circulated. Men buy a newspaper as they buy other articles of daily consumption. When politics is the uppermost thing in their list of wants, they select a newspaper for its politics. When news and market reports, and general instruction and entertainment are wanted, they select the paper which comes nearest their tastes in these respects. A political campaign is only an incident in the business of a great paper. Its principal aim is to gather the news, accompanying it with editorial comments, and present it to its readers in attractive form. The first question of the newspaper reader is: "What is the news?" and that journal which always gives him the freshest and fullest intelligence of the events of the world will continue to be his favorite. The editorial writers have lost their identity. The new order of things is probably better for us than the old; at any rate, our people think so, and if they are satisfied, the conductors of our public journals will be content with the profit accruing from that state of satisfaction. The interlacing lines of telegraph on land and sea, the bridging of vast distances by steam, the expansion of civilized society, the thousand agencies which bring the ends of the earth into contact, give us something better to dwell upon than the petty squabbles, the public horse-whippings, the duels, the party scandals, which were the stock in trade of the American press a generation ago. For the average editor, as a personality, the public cares very little; in very exceptional cases he becomes an object of interest, as in other professional pursuits, individuals, by the exhibition of rare qualities and the attainment of extraordinary success, excite the curiosity and compel the admiration of their fellowmen. It is, as a rule, the newspaper, not the newspaper writer or editor, that is cared for; and it is only as a good writer, skillful news-gatherer and news-expounder that the editor is at all considered; and very little consideration he gets or deserves except so long as he serves well. As the newspapers are becoming the great controlling engine throughout the world, their conductors should feel the increased responsibility which is imposed upon them. In a recent sermon, Henry Ward Beecher said:

He who to-day sits in the editorial chair, sits second to none. In all the world of influence it is for him to discriminate between right and wrong and to be always on the side of truth and justice, and purity and manliness. And if the editorial chair co-operate with all good men in the great professions and trades in the land; if we take hold of hands for a better sentiment and for a noble purity, we shall raise the standard of character for young men so that we shall be proud of their honor, and their honor shall be in their truth and in their honesty.

So far as our knowledge extends, the press throughout America is faithfully endeavoring to perform its high mission. "The people have no truer, more disinterested or vigorous representative than they possess in the journalists of the land. The press is the most trustworthy exponent of popular rights, and in the hour of the country's shame the people turn with increased confidence to the journalist who defends their interests and denounces their wrongs." We candidly believe that if it were not for fear of the press, the corruption which develops itself in so many official places would be tenfold greater, and show itself with more effrontery. But the wholesome influence of the press is a barrier to official crime and political corruption, and as the people come to understand their representative they will increase their own safety by enlarging his powers. When the American press becomes what it is fast becoming—the undaunted antagonizer of wrong in every shape—the American government will emerge from the foulness which now in part surrounds its legislative branch, and become the stronger by reason of the stern lessons the governing classes are now learning. The people are now realizing that when the press heretofore pointed to political corruption the truth was uttered; and, hereafter, when the press denounces such wrongs, the influence of such denunciation will be felt in the ballot-box. To the journalist, therefore, and not the legislator, will the people rely for a representative that is entirely honest.

COMMODORE VANDERBILT.

A few days since this gentleman made the munificent donation of half a million of dollars to the Methodist Episcopal church of the south. We understand the object contemplated is the establishment of a university at Memphis, or some other point in the State. Not long since a statue was erected in New York in honor of Cornelius Vanderbilt, by his friends, but the man whose name it was thus proposed to perpetuate has, by his recent munificent act, made a fame more endurable than that which the effigy in dull, cold marble can transmit to posterity. Statues, with the names of the individuals they are intended to represent deeply engraven in the pedestal, except in very rare instances, are only fit to call up for a few years posthumous recollections of mushroom, deedless men, who have strutted life's stage, wrapped up in self, and done nothing for humanity. It has been well said that sculpture is frozen poetry; a dream of genius realized in stone or brass. Inspired conceptions of the statuary cast in bronze, or throbbing through the polished marble, rivet and arrest the gaze, but fail to awaken the softer emotions of the heart. The granite shaft, the obeliske, awe and astonish, but they often repel by their frigid grandeur. But Cornelius Vanderbilt [illegible] erected a monument to his name [illegible] in all coming time will tell the [illegible] story of his unbounded liber[illegible] celebrated philanthropist once [illegible] regarded the world as [illegible] two heaps—one of hap[illegible] other of misery—[illegible] purpose to take from the latter, and add something every day to the former. This seems to be the idea of Commodore Vanderbilt. He holds his fortune as a means of usefulness, and we understand there is scarcely a day in the year in which he does not contribute more or less to some benevolent object. He, of course, exercises his own judgment as to whether he will give or not give, and he carries into his works of benevolence the same good sense and clearness of mind which has characterized him as a successful business man. When he refuses to give, he makes no explanations; does so pointedly, sometimes abruptly, and hence many have regarded him as parsimonious. But Commodore Vanderbilt has endeared himself to the people of Tennessee by his munificent donation. The press throughout the State is expressing the gratitude of all. For ages the name of Cornelius Vanderbilt will echo among the hills of east Tennessee, and reverberate along the valleys of the west. The statue erected in his honor in New York will remain as voiceless as the stone on which Apollo laid his golden lyre; but the statue which he has erected to his honor in Tennessee will forever speak in glowing eloquence in his praise. We trust the money will be judiciously invested. Let a monument be erected to Cornelius Vanderbilt, in the shape of a university, so high that the morning will gild it with its bright beams, and the purpling sunset bathe it in its parting glow.

TO OUR COUNTRY CUSTOMERS.

Facts that have come to our knowledge, during our daily investigations of business topics, induces us to address the country customers of our business men, on a topic of importance to them, as well as to our own citizens. In the plain language that best suits a business matter, we wish them to pay their debts. Our wholesale merchants, who gave credit to their country customers last fall, complain that it is impossible for them to collect sums that should, before now, have been paid. The spring trade is on the point of opening, and where are those who have not met their last accounts, to go for their new credit? To go to others for fresh accommodation while under obligations to those who have given them credit hitherto, would be a proceeding too dishonorable for conscientious men to descend to. There remains, therefore, no other alternative than to pay what is due, before incurring new responsibilities while the old ones are yet undischarged. While one portion of our merchants are troubled by the dilitoriness of customers to pay what they owe, others are beset by premature applications for advances on their next and not yet planted crops! It must be obvious to our country customers that such a "burning of the candle at both ends," can be to the benefit neither of themselves nor of those with whom they have done business. We know that in some districts there was delay in getting cotton to market, but since the rising of the streams this difficulty has ceased to exist, and those who felt the inconvenience of want of money while their cotton lay immovable in the ginhouse, should be the first to relieve others who are suffering inconvenience from their delay. Prices of cotton have been excellent; there is plenty of demand for all the good, fairly packed cotton that has been raised, and now the country consumer and the country dealer should pay their debts without delay. It is to their own advantage, as well as to their creditor's, to do so.

WHAT SHOULD BE DONE.

The *Ledger* contained an excellent article demonstrative of the necessity for the production in Europe of a pamphlet and map showing every fact that would make Memphis and contiguous districts attractive to Europeans. A map for this purpose has already been engraved. It makes the Mississippi another Adriatic, and Memphis another Venice, an imperial queen of commerce. Diverging from the city are railways, all that have been and those proposed to be built. Both oceans appear, and the Southern Pacific and Thirty-fifth Parallel roads both cross the continent. Memphis, as environed with rich States and aggrandized by many railways, and by a magnificent river with numberless branches, becomes in the eyes of every beholder a magnificent interior city surpassed by none in attractiveness. Accompanying the map there should be a detailed statement of statistical and other facts illustrative of the country's wealth and productiveness. Climatic laws should be defined, and every truthful statement made calculated to induce immigration. Rivers, villages and towns in Arkansas are blest with names given by the earliest French explorers of the country, and these should be mentioned. French farmers and vine-dressers would speedily double the productiveness of Arkansas, and Memphis is as thoroughly interested in aggrandizing either Mississippi or Arkansas as in enriching Tennessee. This French nomenclature distinguishing the geography of Arkansas would hardly fail to exert an influence upon migratory Alsatians. The book should contain perhaps thirty or forty pages, and be printed and bound most handsomely. Europeans detest rudely or coarsely bound pamphlets, such as we are accustomed to see about State capitals in this country, and in order that the work may be the most cheaply and beautifully executed it should be translated into French and German and printed in Europe. The chamber of commerce should have all these tasks executed. It fails of its purpose as a chamber of commerce, if it neglect to assure the publication of a pamphlet which can and will do such infinite service to Georgia and North Carolina. Will the chamber of commerce act in this matter?

LOCATION OF THE CENTRAL UNIVERSITY.

It has been suggested to us by many gentlemen of influence in Memphis, that it would be well for us to lay before the committee of the Methodist church charged with the selection of a site for the proposed university, the eligibility of this locality. We don't know what the committee has done in this regard, or what its views may be, but we do not think it will overlook Memphis, or be guided in its choice of a location by any other than the best interests of one of the most influential bodies of christians in the country. The accessibility, at all seasons, of this point, both by river and railroad, the salubrity of our climate, our growing power, importance and influence as a commercial center, our rapid increase in population, and, above all, our central location with reference to the Methodist population of the south, will no doubt be taken into account, and have weight in any decision that may be reached on the question; at least we hope so, and, meantime, will urge Memphis upon the committee as the best point in the south for the central university, and ask that the chamber of commerce and the city government take steps to secure its location here. A communication on the subject, received since the above was written, and which will be found elsewhere, will be found every way worthy of attention.

THE GALLOWS AND THE PENITENTIARY.

Following after the news of the hanging of Foster, the car-hook murderer, there reached us by telegraph from New York an account of the murder of Charles Goodrich, a well known wealthy and respectable citizen of Brooklyn, and the *Tribune* of the nineteenth contains the particulars of what it properly denominates highway robbery and murder, perpetrated on street-cars, with a defiant boldness that is startling and amazing in view of the execution of the worst and most villainous of the street-car tribe of ruffians. The *Tribune* says the public streets of New York are literally infested by highwaymen; and street-cars are stopped, as years ago coaches were, with the coolness and audacity of Turpin or Duval. "The two instances of highway robbery and attempted murder, on the lines of the Third and Fourth avenues, are startling in their boldness. But when it is shown that these highway robberies are common occurrences, the imperative need of equally daring action on the part of the police against the thieves, becomes apparent. And this action must be offensive. The police must not wait for the highwaymen to commit these crimes. They must invade and drive them from their known haunts, and rid the city of every man whom they have reason to believe is an adept in crime. Public sentiment is ripe for just such arbitrary action, for public safety demands extraordinary measures of relief. The remissness of the police has encouraged the thieves; only unusual energy on their part will convince the banditti of the advisability of their retiring to safer quarters." This is proper and timely advice. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. Acting on this for their motto, the police of Memphis have of late been singularly successful in keeping our city clear of the criminal classes. It is true that within a month three or four house-robberies have been reported, the criminals engaged in which the detectives are now industriously in pursuit of. But, when we think of the frequency of this character of crime in other and more isolated cities, we have reasons for congratulation rather than grumbling. Memphis is conspicuously situated on the greatest highway of the continent, directly in the line of travel which thieves, forgers, housebreakers, murderers, and garroters take in traveling from Chicago, Cincinnati or St. Louis to New Orleans; and if it were not for the vigilance of our police, under the watchful superintendency of Chief Athy and his subordinates, we, too, might have to deal with car-hook murderers and street-car highwaymen. The policy of prevention so patiently advocated by the *Tribune* and so closely observed by our police, will, we trust, continue to characterize them. Whenever they know of the presence of a criminal, give him his option of the chain-gang or immediate departure. The ruffian whose hand is against every man's hand, and who lives by the make-shift wit of a house-breaker, murderer, or highwayman, should be hunted down like the wild beast he is, and, once caught, should be disposed of on the gallows or in the penitentiary.

We understand that the immigration bill has passed both houses, but with the appropriation cut down to six thousand five hundred dollars. We regret these figures, because they are entirely inadequate to the purposes for which the board of immigration was organized. Six thousand five hundred dollars is a most pitiful sum with which to face the commissioners of immigration of other States, who regard Europe as a market where men, women and children are not to be bought, but be induced to leave the oppressions of the old-world system for the free and untrammeled government of our States. If we want immigrants, we must compete with these enlightened and enterprising States, and do it in a business-like manner. Our legislature in this matter has acted in the penny-wise-and-pound-foolish spirit.

Notwithstanding the notices that have been frequently given that the Appeal could in no case be used for purposes personal to our subscribers or correspondents, scarcely a day passes that we are not asked to open our columns to a communication or advertisement purely personal or sometimes shockingly objectionable on that score. Several cases of this sort having occurred, we are constrained in our own and the interests of our readers again to notify the public that we will not, at any price, publish cards having for their object personal abuse or the traduction of citizens whose characters should be saved from attacks in the public press, and they themselves be shielded from attacks of any kind, unless, as public officers, derelict of duty, they deserve censure.

The legislature, yesterday, as we think, very properly tabled the bill regulating the fees of clerks, attorneys-general and other law officers. It could not in any, even in the most latitudinarian sense, be considered a reform measure. It was pointedly aimed at some of the best and most efficient officers in Shelby and other counties, and would have had the effect of impairing their efficiency without saving anything like a compensatory sum to the people. It is time we were turning our backs on this character of legislation, personal and not public, and which, if countenanced, would lead to a system of reprisals by the "outs" on the "ins," at the expense of the public interests. We rejoice that the bill regulating the fees of clerks has failed.

The London *Echo* states that Mr. Arthur Arnold has received a letter from Senor Castelar, in which he says "the republic has been established by the inflexible logic of events, and we intend to preserve it by careful conduct. Since our last revolution we have achieved the larger part of the principles of popular right. We have but then to-day to develope and to organize them in the form of a peaceful republic. To accomplish this we need perfect order at home, with sympathy from abroad."

A German physician has just come to the conclusion that children have bodies. That statistics which he has gathered, if they tell the truth, are a terrible warning against the over-stimulating of the minds of the young. One-third of the children of Neufchatel, Switzerland, and in Darmstadt, he found, were subject to the sick headache. Seventeen per cent. of the ten thousand scholars in and near Silesia were near-sighted. Curved spines, pulmonary diseases caused by imperfect ventilation, and inhaling of dust, were frequent. Here is a lesson for us. The amount of injury done to the child, directly and indirectly, to mind and body, in our schools, is alarming. Teachers are not always to blame; indeed rarely are they. But committees, who shape the instruction and apportion the time, are generally the sinners. Ignorant of the philosophy of education, the laws of growth, they gauge the teacher, not by the influence he exerts, but number of minutes spent in driving knowledge into memories already over-full. Quantity is the thing desired, not quality. Children in the fields till the age of seven, then at their school-tasks but four hours out of the twenty-four, that will be the golden age of childhood. God speed the happy day.

For the Sunday Appeal.]

AT PARTING.

BY ANNIE CHAMBERS KETCHUM.

[The following beautiful verses are from the pen of the gifted Mrs. Annie Chambers Ketchum, who left the city a few days since on her way to Europe. They are addressed to her daughter, the only relative left her by death, and are very touching words, embalmed in cadence and rhythm, that like mournful music leaves a sad, sweet memory. "Good-night" was never more exquisitely couched than in the last verse of this tender, touching, last sad farewell. We hope it is only "good-night," and that Mrs. Ketchum may return to us after a few months much bettered by her sojourn and travel in foreign lands.—Eds. Appeal.]

Farewell—shall it be farewell?
Farewell, said lightly when the careless part,
Farewell, said coldly by th' estranged in heart
And serving but to tell
The empty dearth of cold convention's shell—
Nay—not farewell.

Good-bye—shall it be good-bye?
Good-bye, low whispered amidst blinding tears,
Good-bye, presaging sad, long parted years—
Telling, with sob and sigh
Of change, or thwarted plan, or broken tie—
Nay! not good-bye.

Good-night—shall it be good-night?
Good-night, which means to-morrow we may meet—
Good-night! I fain my foolish heart must cheat
Though morning's golden light
Shine on a lone ship leagues beyond thy sight,
Yet still, good-night.

Thou, best-beloved, good-night!—
Good-night, best night, with all thy fairest dreams,
Good-night, best night, with all thy starriest beams
Watch by her pillow white,
And tell her all my love, thou gentlest night!—
Good-night, good-night!

For the Sunday Appeal.]

THE FOOL AND THE RELICS.

BY LA FONTAIN.

A stupid man, charged not to tarry,
Was given some relics rare, to carry
Unto the town, not far away;
So off he hies, 'twas market day;
Now as he came benigh the town,
He saw the peasants bow them down,
And when he heard them pray and sing
Thought they himself were worshipping;
Taking their adoration *wrong*
Proud and erect, he struts along.
A peasant, in the humble crowd,
Seeing his error, called aloud,
"O, master fool, it is not *you*
"That all this honor's given to,
"It is the *relics*, which you bare,
"To which we sing and offer prayer,
"A wiser man your way pursue,
"No glory, to *an ass* is due."

The thoughtful reader will not fail,
To find a moral, in my tale,
I wish that it may illustrate
How offi'ced knaves, who rob the State,
Oft owe the homage, to them prayed,
To robes in which they are arrayed,
When sheared of which, they'd live and die
In well-deserved obscurity.

THE BEGGAR.

BY J. R. LOWELL.

A beggar through the world am I,—
From place to place I wander by;
Fill up my pilgrim's script for me,
For Christ's sweet sake and charity.
A little of thy steadfastness,
Rounded with leafy gracefulness,
Old oak, give me—
That the world's blasts may round me blow,
And I yield gently to and fro,
While my stout-hearted trunk below
And firm-set roots unshaken be.

Some of thy stern, unyielding might,
Enduring still through day and night
Rude tempest-shock and withering blight,
That I may keep at bay
The changeful April sky of chance
And the strong tide of circumstance—
Give me, old granite gray.

Some of thy pensiveness serene;
Some of thy never-dying green,
Put in this script of mine—
That griefs may fall like snow-flakes light
And deck me in a robe of white
Ready to be an angel bright—
O sweetly-mournful Pine.

A little of thy merriment,
Of thy sparkling, light content
Give me, my cheerful brook—
That I may still be full of glee
And gladsomeness, where'er I be,
Though feeble fate hath prisoned me
In some neglected nook.

Ye have been very kind and good
To me, since I've been in the wood;
Ye have gone nigh to fill my heart;
But, good-by, kind friends, every one,
I've far to go ere set of sun;
Of all good things I would have part;
The day was high ere I could start,
And so my journey's scarce begun.

Heaven help me! how could I forget
To beg of thee, dear violet!
Some of thy modesty
That blossoms here as well unseen,
As if before the world thou'dst been,
O, give to strengthen me.

THE JOURNALIST.

From the Kansas Magazine.]

There is a man who sits far into the night with paste-pot and scissors before him, and pencil in hand, while around him are piled newspapers of all grades, sizes, colors and political proclivities, and from almost every conceivable locality. He rapidly cuts, pastes and writes. Instinctively he rejects all that is bad, and his eye detects all that is good in the nooks and corners of the scores of "exchanges" which pass through his hand in a few hours. If he remembered one-tenth of all he reads he would be a prodigy of varied learning, and by and by he would probably find his place in a lunatic asylum. Then he varies the wearisome routine by writing; not slowly and laboriously, but rapidly, discursively and sometimes brilliantly. What he does, he does not just as he pleases, but as a daily and unending task. Every night as he creeps homeward in the small hours, the subject of the next "leader" creeps through his tired brain, and in the morning the necessity for immense action stares him in the face. Why these late hours and this silent, careful, absorbing work? This man is the editor of a daily paper, and every night he and his companions are preparing the literary breakfast for a sleeping world. It is a strange life he leads, and a strange world he works in. He wields a power in the land, but, contrary to general rule, he is almost an unknown man. As a general statement, neither great pecuniary reward or fame await him. He does work which only the man born to the task can successfully perform. In him are necessary the qualities of skill, tact, judgment, fair scholarship, a large fund of current intelligence, coolness, the capacity for rapid work with few errors, and lastly that indefinable talent for pleasing the many and offending the few, and yet accomplishing a specific and often a partisan purpose. Journalism is a profession, and the editor is strictly a professional man. To him belongs only the kind of fame which pertains to professional skill, even if he be famous at all. After years of skillful toil he is almost unknown upon the street, and has the credit he deserves only among his equally unknown brethren of the press. Indeed the great majority of the workers in the world's most potent and evanescent literature are not known at all. Scarcely a man in all England knows to a certainty who is the controlling spirit of the London *Times*, and there are few who care. In less remarkable instances than that a newspaper becomes popular, increases in circulation, makes itself a pecuniary success and a political power in the land, and not a poor dozen of all its twenty, or fifty, or hundred thousand readers ever gives a thought to the pervading and unknown personality that made it all it is. From these facts it is plain that journalism is something still more than profession; it is also a passion. The kind of men who make a newspaper a success where it is one, are not apt to work for money alone even if amply paid pecuniarily. There is a reward in it somewhere, a hope, a gratification; and that reward must be in a personal pleasure in the peculiar work. It is true that the projectors and proprietors of newspapers have generally a pecuniary object in view, but we are speaking of the men who daily make the newspaper all it is in the popular mind—who actually give it its character and that wealth which fire cannot destroy, and which is entirely unique in the commercial, value-estimating world.

A curious theory in regard to the running of railroads was broached at the farmers' meeting, held at Springfield, Illinois, last week. It was, in effect, that the only true solution of the complicated and multiform question of railroad management was the opening of all railways as highways, with the right of all carriers to pass over and carry them, on the payment of reasonable tolls, the said tolls to be used for the purpose of keeping the tracks in repair and to form a sinking fund to pay for the cost of construction, so that while the tracks might be owned by one company, a dozen different ones might run trains over them. The meeting resolved that, "as the power of eminent domain has been rightfully asserted in the building of railroads;" and "as the kindred power of taxation has been legally used for their construction," and "as the public land has been liberally granted for the same purpose;" therefore, "railroads are but improved highways for the people, and that the corporations and officers thereof are public trustees, and, as such, are proper subjects of legislative control." We imagine it would be difficult to apply this principle, involving, as it does, a complete revolution of the present system; but railroad reform is so badly needed that it is impossible to say what experiments may be tried.

DARWIN'S THEORY OF TELL-TALE CHEEKS.

Darwin, in his work on the *Expression of Emotions in Man and the Lower Animals*, says: "Men and women, and especially the young, have always valued, in a high degree, their personal appearance, and have likewise regarded the appearance of others. The face has been the chief object of attention, though, when man aboriginally went naked, the whole surface of his body would have been attended to. Our self-attention is excited almost exclusively by the opinion of others, for no person living in absolute solitude would not care about his appearance. Every one feels blame more acutely than praise. Now, whenever we know, or suppose, that others are depreciating our personal appearance, our opinion is strongly drawn toward ourselves, more especially to our faces. The probable effect of this will be, as has just been explained, to excite into activity that part of the sensorium which receives the sensory nerves of the face; and this will react through the vasomotor system of the fancial capillaries. By frequent reiteration during numberless generations, the process will have become so habitual, in association with the belief that others are thinking of us, that even a suspicion of their depreciation suffices to relax the capillaries, without any conscious thought about our faces. With some sensitive persons it is enough to notice their dress to produce the same effect. Through the force, also, of association and inheritance our capillaries are relaxed whenever we know or imagine that any one is blaming, though in silence, our actions, thoughts, or character; and, again, when we are highly praised. On this hypothesis we can understand how it is that the face blushes much more than any other part of the body, though the whole surface is somewhat affected, more especially with the races which still go nearly naked. It is not at all surprising that the dark-colored races should blush, though no change of color is visible in their skins. From the principle of inheritance it is not surprising that persons born blind should blush. We can understand why the young are much more affected than the old, and women more than men; and why the opposite sexes especially excite each other's blushes. It becomes obvious why personal remarks should be particularly liable to cause blushing, and why the most powerful of all the causes is shyness; for shyness relates to the presence and opinion of others, and the shy are always more or less self-conscious. With respect to real shame and from moral delinquencies, we can perceive why it is not guilt, but the thought that others think us guilty, which raises a blush. A man reflecting on a crime committed in solitude, and stung by his conscience, does not blush; yet he will blush under the vivid recollection of a detected fault, or of one committed in the presence of others, the degree of blushing being closely related to the feeling of regard for those who have detected, witnessed, or suspected his fault. Breeches of conventional rules of conduct, if they are rigidly insisted on by our equals or superiors, often cause more intense blushes even than a detected crime; and an act which is really criminal, if not blamed by our equals, hardly raises a tinge of color on our cheeks. Modesty from humility, or from an indelicacy, excites a vivid blush, as both relate to the judgment of fixed customs of others. From the intimate sympathy which exists between the capillary circulation of the surface of the head and the brain, whenever there is intense blushing, there will be some, and often great, confusion of mind. This is frequently accompanied by awkward movement, and sometimes by the involuntary twitching of certain muscles. As blushing, according to this hypothesis, is an indirect result of attention, originally directed to our personal appearance, that is, in the surface of the body, and more especially the face, we can understand the meaning of the gestures which accompany the blushing throughout the world. These consist in hiding their face, or turning it toward the ground, or to one side. The eyes are generally averted, or are restless, for to look at the man who causes us to feel shame or shyness, immediately brings home in an intolerable manner the consciousness that his gaze is directed on us. Through the principal of associated habit, the same movement of the face and eyes are practiced, and can, indeed, hardly be avoided whenever we know or believe that others are blaming, or too strongly praising our moral conduct."

A LOST FRANKLIN.

From the New York Tribune.]

Dean Swift used to say, "If you want to find the best blood of Ireiand go among the coal-porters on the quays of Dublin." Some of that blood is on Blackwell's Island. There is a man now there serving in the "gardener's gang" named Franklin, who through the vicissitudes of families, as exemplified by Sir Jonah Barrington's book on the subject, descended the social scale inevitably, until he reached the mire of Blackwell's Island. Poor old Franklin does not care to be known as the son of "dear old Lady Franklin," who used to rave in her dotage of her presentation at the glittering court of Louis XIV, and her admiration of that captivating monarch when a belle in her teens. But Franklin has an old school-fellow on the island, dressed in the same prison stripes, who recognized him. It seems Franklin found his way to this country about three years ago, and ever since his arrival to the hour of his arrest he was employed as hospital nurse at the emigrant depot on Ward's Island. He has had an incurable affection for the bottle. He received in charge an overcoat from one of his patients at the hospital, and coming to New York he wore the overcoat. He was absent several days, drunk, and the patient, needing the coat, and fearing that Franklin would not return, complained of his having stolen it. The officers of the board of emigration instituted a search for the "missing Franklin," and found him with greater ease than his more illustrious namesake has been traced, in a maudlin state of intoxication, in a barroom in New York. He was immediately put through the "mill," and is now serving five months on the island. There is still another martyr to unfortunate circumstances. His name is Warren, and he has just served six months there for an ambitious attempt to become a carpet-bagger. He is respectably connected in this city, and indulged in a spree, according to his own confession, joined by a few of his associates. They were proceeding down Broadway, highly inspired, and discussing the subject of "carpet-baggers" and those successful establishments in the south. Warren was seized with an ungovernable desire at the moment (or feigned to his companions being so seized) of making a rapid fortune in the south on the plan, and to prove that he was serious on the subject, he seized a valise exposed for sale, and waving it over his head, with an exclamation of "ho! for the south!" was about to march on, when he was arrested and sent to the island, where his ambition cooled.

ENGLAND AND RUSSIA.

The *Goloss* of St. Petersburg publishes an article from which it would seem that the late negotiations between the English government and Russia, have not led to such a saitsfactory result as is generally supposed. "So long ago as the year 1840," it says, "England, being utterly ignorant of the state of affairs in central Asia, and fearing that the proximity of Russia might lead to the loss of the British possessions in India, determined on crossing the Indus in order to stop us at the Hindoo-Koosh, where we never intended to go. It was in pursuance of the same policy that England concluded a treaty in 1857 with the Ameer of Cabul, by virtue of which she bound herself to pay him one hundred and twenty thousand pounds a year, and he engaged in return to have an army of eighteen thousand men to march against Russia. But even this did not seem enough to make England feel safe; for she began in 1859 to address Russia, who had never threatened her, about the necessity of establishing a neutral zone, and strove as much as possible to obtain Russia's consent to such an, arrangement. This zone, according to the view of the English cabinet, was to include not only Afghanistan, but also Bactriana—that is, all the territories watered by the affluents of the Oxus. But if England will not allow her Indian subjects to be aroused by the approach of Russia, Russia has just as much right to demand that the influence of England shall be entirely absent among the population of Turkestan. Russia will, therefore, never accept the theory of on 'Upper Oxus State,' as it has hitherto been enunciated by England."

There is a smell of gunpowder in San Domingo atmosphere. A little excitement was raised there recently by the forcible arrest of several people sheltered under the British flag.

TECHNICAL SCHOOLS.

"At the reception given to Chancellor Elliott, one night last week," says the St. Louis *Globe*, "the general subject of technical schools was raised. The gentleman who were present, and who participated in the discussion, were among the best educated of our instructors, the most skillful of our professional men, and the sharpest and most wide-awake of our merchants. The discussion itself was had in a quiet way, but the participants in it were deeply interested, and evidently were alive to the importance of the subject. What will come of the talk, we have no means of knowing, but it is very evident that the leaven has been imparted to the lump, which will in due time work out something. It may be set down as a very safe proposition that technical education raises the whole working power of a nation. 'Technical education,' itself may be defined, to speak in paraphrase, as that systematic training in theoretical and applied science which fits a man to be a thoroughly good manufacturer, engineer, miner, smelter, architect, chemist. It is that training, for instance, that enables one to take the waste products of the gas works, and from them to make brilliant dyes for coloring silk, and acids for preserving meat, and for purifying foul places that breed disease. It is that training which shows the smelter how to convert the refuse heaps at the mouth of lead mines into zinc at such low cost as to add instantly and enormously to the value of such mines. It is that training which makes it possible to manufacture steel of amazing strength, and with this steel to throw across our river a bridge with spans of over five hundred feet. One of the points admitted, however, in the discussion to which we have referred, and which will be recognized by all interested in the subject, is that without technical schools there can be no technical education. Some of the nations of continental Europe made up their minds to this years ago, and established such schools. Now they are getting results in the shape of wonderful economies in the processes of old manufactures; of great improvement in quality and vast increase in quantity of products, and in the creation of new manufactures totally unknown twenty years ago, which are now adding millions a year to the national income. The technical schools of Switzerland and several German States have made their people the most advanced and most prosperous manufacturing communities in the world. In our own country, Massachusetts leads in this matter. Her institute of technology, at Boston, starting, in 1865, with seventy-two pupils, has now three hundred and fifty-six, who are getting their training as engineers, miners, chemists and designers. Her graduates all betake themselves to practising what they were taught, and are now directors of furnaces, iron mills, Bessemer works and machine shops. They are also chief engineers of great railways and professors in newer schools of applied science in other States. They are everywhere organizing and conducting great enterprises, or managing large bodies of skilled artisans. New England is, of course, getting the largest share of this highly-trained body of men; but still, the west is not without them. We want more such men, however, and we want those of our own training. We want a school right here in St. Louis to afford this kind of education. The State and the city need it sorely—shall we be the last to get it? Shall we let Philadelphia, Pittsburg and Cincinnati get ahead of us, simply because they foster technical education and we do not? It is a question of deep interest to our business men and capitalists, and one that should have an immediate practical answer."

STATISTICS OF SUICIDE.

It seems to be a fact that, according to the statistical authorities, suicide is greatly on the increase. The per centage of death from this cause has risen in England, and France, has lately been suffering from a periodical fit of unusual severity. A few weeks ago five suicides occurred in Paris on the same day. A woman aged sixty-two threw herself out of a window; a Prussian hung himself from misery and despair—greatly, probably, to the satisfaction of his Gallic neighbors, who may probably have helped to induce these emotions. A young man of nineteen shot himself from that truly Parisian cause *chagrins d'amour*, and two young men of twenty-seven and twenty-four, for the same cause, stifled themselves with charcoal. The varieties of modes is curious. There was published some years ago in the *Annales d'Hygiene* a memoir on suicides committed by persons in the several stages of life, in which the author, who has examined about nine hundred judicial accounts of suicides in Paris, thinks himself warranted in assuming, first, that philosophical or premeditated suicide takes place usually during the night and a little before daybreak; second, that accidental, or unpremeditated suicide, takes place during the day, because it is then that the occasional causes arise, such as quarrels, bad news, losses at play, intemperance, etc., etc. At every age men choose particular modes of committing suicide. In youth he has recourse to hanging, which he soon abandons for firearms. In proportion as his vigor declines, he returns to his first mode, and it is most commonly by hanging that the old man perishes who puts an end to his existence. The following table shows the mode of suicide most common at different ages, but the author has oddly omitted to take cognizance of poisoning or drowning:

Age.	Pistol.	Hanging.
10 to 20	61	68
20 to 30	283	52
30 to 40	132	94
40 to 50	150	186
50 to 60	161	256
60 to 70	128	235
70 to 80	35	107
80 to 90	2	—
	1,000	1,000

A REAL VAMPIRE.

From the San Francisco Alta.]

While the steamship Nevada was about eighty miles off one of the minor isles of Micronasis, on its way up from Australia to this port, at about six o'clock in the morning, a strange animal of a dark figure was observed to light on the highest peak of the forward mast. Attracted by its peculiar appearance, the officer of the deck, Mr. Burns, the second mate, offered one of the sailors a small bonus to secure it. The man clambered up the mast with a heavy cloth in his hand, and after a slight struggle, in which he was severely bitten on the hand, it was secured. Bringing it to the deck on examination the beast proved to be a fine specimen of a species of the vampire tribe. This animal closely resembles the terrodactyl of the antedeluvian ages. In appearance it is like a huge bat, on hasty examination. It is in the head of the animal, however, that the main distinction is found. That of the present one is a perfect counterpart of the black-and-tan terrier dog. Its teeth are over half an inch in length, and are called in constant requisition to discountenance all attempts at familiarity. When flying, the wings of this ill-omened beast stretch, from tip to tip, at least five times the diameter of its body. It is of a deep jet black color, the body being covered with a heavy fur. It is very savage, being constantly on the alert to attack any person approaching it. Whether this animal is a full and perfect vampire, whose feats of lulling man to sleep with the waving fanmotions of its wing, while sucking in the victim's very heart-blood, is yet a question, for as yet it has not been examined by any scientific man. Its appearance is, however, enough to suggest the truth of such a horrible surmise. Be it as it may, the little Micronasian Island has always borne a weird and frightful reputation among the native inhabitants of the adjoining ones. Strange stories of cannabalism, tales of savage idolatrous practices, poison valleys, etc., are constantly connected in their minds with its name, and in the small matter of being possessed of blood-imbibing vampires in addition to all the other horrors, few of them would think the matter extraordinary or the least doubtful.

The following will refresh the mind of our readers as to the dates of the most important inventions, discoveries and improvements, the advantages of which we now enjoy: Spinning wheel invented 1330. Paper first made of rags 1417. Muskets invented and first used in England 1122. Pumps invented 1825. Printing invented by Faust 1441. Engraving on wood invented 1490. Post-office established in England 1454. Almanacs first published 1411. Printing introduced into England by Caxton 1474. Violins invented 1477. Roses first planted in England 1505. Hatchets first made in 1504. Punctuation first used in literature 1520. Beforethattimewordsandsentenceswereputtogetherlikethis.

No further news can be had from the Modocs.

WHERE SHALL THE BABY'S DIMPLE BE?

There is an old superstition that a dimple is the impress of an angel's finger. We find in an exchange the following sweet little poem:

Over the cradle the mother hung,
Softly crooning a slumber-song,
And these were the simple words she sung
All the evening long:

Cheek or chin, knuckle or knee,
Where shall the baby's dimple be?
Where shall the angel's finger rest
When he comes down to the baby's nest?
Where shall the angel's touch remain
When he awakens my babe again?

Still, as she bent and sang so low,
A murmur into her music broke.
And she paused to hear, for she could but know
The baby's angel spoke:

Cheek or chin, knuckle or knee,
Where shall the baby's dimple be?
Where shall my finger fall and rest
When I come down to the baby's nest?
Where shall my finger's touch remain
When I awaken your babe again?

Silent the mother sat and dwelt
Long in the sweet delay of choice,
And then by her baby's side she knelt,
And sang with pleasant voice:

Not on the limb, O angel dear!
For the charm with its youth will disappear;
Not on the cheek shall the dimple be,
For the harboring smile will fade and flee;
But touch the chin with an impress deep,
And my baby the angel's seal shall keep.

For the Sunday Appeal.]

CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY BALDERDEE.

Walking along in the dim lighted street
Beneath the black clouds and cold wintry sleet,
Gazing ahead in the darkness of night,
With deep longing gaze, in the windows all bright.

A far deeper gaze on each trav'ler was cast
As on the cold corner she stood, while the blast
Of the winds of the north with shrill note of storm,
Chilled the warm heart of the thinly clad form.

The watchman turns round to look on that face
In the old fashioned cap and old faded lace;
A calm, benign face that peers out ahead
He sees by the glimmering light which is shed.

A curse in the air 'mid the noise of feet
Comes ringing along thro' the wind and the sleet;
With hair flying wildly and blood on his hand
In the midst of the guard and grim motley band
Comes the poor drunken wretch on his way to the goal,
From thence to the gallows with sin-laden soul.

With hand to her brow she peers in the night,
Meets his reckless eyes, then recoils—as the blight
Of a life was told in a soul-chilling scream,
And reason sunk kindly in Lethe's dark stream.

Perhaps in the moments that brighten again—
(Like sunshine through clouds)—that feverish brain,
She'll think, after weary long years have run,
Of that night, when she met with her only son.

NOMS DE PLUME.

From Once a Week.]

Charles Dickens, with that happy aptitude for manufacturing names for which he showed himself so remarkable in his subsequent works, christened his first preformance "Sketches by Boz." The artist, Mr. Habot K. Brown, who afterward illustrated so many of Mr. Dickens's works, made a good hit when he assumed the name of "Phiz"—a name, moreover, which better explains itself than many *noms de plume* can be said to do. Several elements enter into the composition of a good *nom de plume*. There may be a certain indication of the intent of work or the identity of the author. When Mr. Charles Apperly took the pseudonym of "Nimrod," as the author of works on the road, the chase, and the turf, any one could tell the nature of his books as the names which he had adopted. Mr. George Rose, too, as "Arthur Sketchley," and the author of light, numerous trifles, was happy in his selection. On the principle of indentity we find the late Fenimore Cooper writing his notions of Americans picked up by "A traveling Bacholor;" and Mr. Ruskin first brought out his "Modern Painters" under the title of "A Graduate of Oxford." At the present day especially, names like these throw but a very thin veil over the name of an author, if he is a man of any substance at all. Who does not know that "Historicus," of the *Times*, is Mr. Vernon Harcourt; that "Jacob Omnium" was Mr. M. J. Higgins; that the "Competition Wallah" was Mr. Trevelyan; and that "S. G. O." is Lord Sidney Godolphin Osborne? But, initials, perhaps, can hardly be called *noms de plume*. Pseudonyms of another kind are those which rely upon humor for their force. When Sir Walter Scott wrote "Tales of my Landlord," the author was announced as "Jedediah Cleish botham, schoolmaster and Parish clerk of Gandercleugh;" but Sir Walter seemed to take a delight in puzzling the public. At one time he is the author of "Waverley;" at another the author of "Ivanhoe;" is "Lawrence Tempelton;" at another, when writing some letters on the currency, "Malagrowther," and so on. Of the humorous kind, Thackeray's "Michael Angelo Titmarsh" is one of the best—the descent from the sublime to the ridiculous being perfect. Washington Irving was felicitous, too, as "Diedrich Knickerbocker." Mr. Leland, the American author, is not much less so as "Hans Breitmann." While touching on Teutonic names, we will just mention Mr. Carlyle's *nom de plume* of "Teufelsdrockh." Of its harmony we forbear to speak. The American genius for humor gives them great faculty in coining good titles. "Artemus Ward, showman," was a great success on the part of poor Charles Browne. Mr. Newell, in the satire on American politicians during the war, was very effective as "Orpheus C. Kerr" (office-seeker): and everybody knows who "Sam Slick" was. Other names, again, if not exactly humorous, have a certain quaintness about them that draws attention, as "Cuthbert Bede," whom his friends know as a learned clerical gentleman named Bradley. *Noms de plume* formed by the transformation of the author's real name are seldom satisfactory. When Mr. Bryan Waller Proctor twisted his name into the amalgam "Barry Cornwall," he gave, perhaps, as good an example of the kind as can be found; but what shall we say to Mr. Sydney Dobell merely writing his Christian name backward, and styling himself "Sydney Yendys?" Mr. Longfellow, another and more eminent poet, was not much more successful when in his sketch of the "History of Newbury" he took the lugubrious name of "Joshua Coffin."

FACTS FROM SCRIPTURE.

There were ten generations from Adam to Noah, embracing a period of one thousand and fifty-six years. Lamech was of the ninth generation. He was Noah's father and was sixty-six years old when Adam died. Therefore Lamech could communicate to his son Noah all that Adam had communicated to him about the creation and the fall. It was transmitted by Adam to Lamech, and by Lamech to Noah. There were ten generations from Abraham, embracing a period of nine hundred and fifty years. Shem lived long enough to talk with Abraham sixty years, and could therefore communicate to him all that Lamech had told Noah. There were five generations from Abraham to Moses, embracing a period of six hundred years. Jacob was Abraham's grand-son, and lived long enough to tell Amram, the father of Moses, all that he had learned from his grand-father Abraham. Thus, Moses became well informed upon the history of the creation and the fall by a transmission of all the details through a chain of only four persons, and those four men were remarkable for their truth and great wisdom. These generations all descended from Seth, the son of Adam. There was another line of eight generations who descended from Cain, but were all cut off by the flood. In that line were some remarkable men, to whom we owe much for our knowledge of music and artifice in metals, *viz:* Jubal and Tubal Cain. No doubt the results of their skill and investigations were handed down through Noah and his sons to succeeding generations. Abraham had eight children—one by Sarah, one by Hagar, and six by Keturah. Of these six one was named Midian; and it was his descendants, and descendants of Ishmael (another son) who sold Joseph Potipher. It seems that the Midianites and Ishmaelites were journeying together with a caravan. The longevity of mankind kept up well to near the flood. After this, it decreased with every generation down to Joseph, who lived only one hundred and ten years. From that period to this, the age of man has varied but little, though but few men attain to a greater age than three score and ten. The book of Genesis embraces a period of two thousand nine hundred years of the world's history, which brings it down to the birth of Moses. All the other books of the Old Testament embraces a period of only fifteen hundred years.

MOVEMENTS RELATING TO WOMEN.

Miss Emily Faithful, the celebrated Englishwoman who has been on a lecture-tour throughout the United States, recently delivered a lecture in Cincinnati on the above subject. She began by saying that the worth and inter-relation of men and women have been subjects of discussion for an indefinite length of time, and yet they are very imperfectly understood. Every one is ready to give definite opinions on the subject. Definite opinions give wise people a great deal of trouble, but foolish people form theirs with great facility and readiness. But discussion elicits truth, and to nothing but error can truth be dangerous. It is charged against women who encourage and spread the agitation of this question that they are setting themselves up against men, whereas their course is prompted by a deep sympathy with men. I therefore gladly call your attention to a subject of such vital importance, for upon the earnestness and honesty with which it is discussed depends much of the happiness of coming generations. It was formerly said of England that it was a hell for horses, a purgatory for servants, and a paradise for women. The introduction of railways and other mechanical appliances have much disturbed the conditions of labor which existed at the time of the enunciation of the saying. Whether England is a hell for horses now or not, I cannot say, but certain it is that women have been led forth from their paradise. I start from the modest proposition that women must live. Oh, yes; but modestly, quietly, says some objector. They must not enter into competition with men. In the good old times the work and sphere of women was portrayed by Fitzherbert in his work on husbandry. Their work was to go to market with the pigs and cattle; to look after the produce of the bee-hives; to prepare food; to spin and weave, etc. One complaint against the Lombards was that they introduced into England the fruit of foreign silk looms. The existence of a distinct class of women labor is recognized in an enactment about the time, and denominated an enactment in favor of silk women. The household customs of our grandmothers are fast wearing away, becoming fine by degrees and beautifully less. Much time and labor has been saved to the world by the introduction into the preparation of articles of home necessity of machinery tended by men, but thereby women have been thrown out of employment. In Old-Testament times women pounded the corn in a mortar to fit it for bread-making. Nowadays extensive flouring-mills take the place of the mortar and pestle. Manchester and Bermingham are too Old-Testament women spinning and weaving. This machinery decreases the number of kinds of household work, and therefore, decreases the demand for household workers. Emigration carries off more men than women, and while it increases the relative number of women left at home, it decreases the number of households in which women can find employment. Prominent among these hindrances is the luxury of modern homes. The temptations of to-day bring many families to ruin, who in the days of our grandfathers, would have lived in comparative ease and affluence. I have been for fifteen years in an office which brings me into connection with women of all sorts. I receive thousands of letters yearly which tell the same sad story, and which, were it not for the different postmarks, might be thought to have come from the same hand. They all ask for work of some kind—any respectable work whereby they can gain a livelihood or support aged, or unfortunate, or sick relatives. The story is always the same, and it is sad beyond description, in the case of personal application, to have to return the old stereotyped answer, "We know of no opening for you." And to see the look of blank astonishment, and often of despair, which settles down over the expectant and hopeful face would touch a heart hard indeed. The census of 1851 gives England two million working-women who have to work for daily bread. In 1861 the number had increased to two million and a half, and the results of our last census were still more startling. I cannot pass this point without some reference to the dire miseries to which want drives women who but for it would be good and happy. For the want of remunerative employment, women turn and look elsewhere. It is the blessing of God, which makes us want to be good and live purely. I have seen enough while traveling here in America to convince me that what applies to the women of the old world applies also to the women of the new. Money here is easily made, but it is easily lost as well. And women here, as there, are brought up to a life of idleness, and when reverses come they find them just as helpless. Often I hear remarked such as these: "Poor thing! She was brought up so tenderly, too! She never knew sorrow before. How she must feel this reverse." It would be as foolish to keep unmarried women from working, because they have no husbands to support them, as it would be to prohibit unmarried men from working, because they have no wives to provide for. But the time is coming in England when a woman can work at almost any honorable employment. One great hindrance there is the orders and castes of ladyhood artificially formed, having no connection with the true source of ladyhood which depends upon self-forgetfulness and self-sacrifice. The original meaning of lady is bread-giver, and she who would be an exponent of ladyhood should exemplify the original meaning of the word. The great barrier of old progress, caste, leads the ladies of England to attach the name of dependents to those who serve them, forgetting how much they are really dependent upon overtasked relatives for money to squander away recklessly. It takes so long to learn that idleness is discreditable in woman. There is a section of this class who are removed from the physical necessity of work, yet who can ask for it from a higher motive; those who fail to find pleasure and satisfaction in the endless round of ball and party-going which completely absorbs the waking hours of a young lady in society. I am not making a wholesale attack on these things. I do not demand that they should be wholly renounced, but I must utter my protest against allowing them to usurp the entire attention and compose the entire life of any one. It is time a protest were uttered. Hundreds are, without scruple or compunction, abandoned to lives of idleness. Have not our "girls of the period" become a by-word and reproach? It is hard to take up a newspaper, and not find them designated as the source of the evils of the day. I forbear to question the truth of such assertions, but I would ask their accusers whether one-half of the human race has declined from the pristine worth without any responsibility in the premises attaching to the other? Every diverging line from the standard of true womanhood has a corresponding diverging line from the standard of true manhood. Way back in the Garden of Eden the excuse was the woman gave and I did eat, and ever since woman has been at the bottom of every evil. But it is true that no good thing has been accomplished without the sympathy and co-operation of woman. God made woman to be a helpmeet for man. The theory that "he is for God only, she for God in him," is as rediculous as the theory of the engineer who asserted that great rivers were obviously designed to be feeders of navigable canals. Idleness is woman's bane. If you do not sow your field with wheat you will reap tares. If you do not give your girls employment, you must anticipate their future uselessness. It is useless to bring up girls in idleness, and then complain that they are not useful. It is foolish to talk of the rights of women, as if they were not coincident with the rights of men. They are bound together. A common and pernicious idea is that the woman is the shadow and attendant of the man. As though a man could be worthily helped by a shadow and slave. The theory that man is head and woman is heart is not workable. A man all head would be as great an anomaly as a woman all heart. The Bible does not make two laws—one for the man and one for the woman. The sooner we get rid of such false ideas about the relations of men and women the better. It was some such considerations as these which led me some fifteen years ago to do what I could toward recovering for woman fair chances for gaining a livelihood. I knew that I would have to combat the prejudices of some who thought there was no need of such an effort, and the fiercer opposition of those who supposed that the movement was an incipient insubordination to the established order of things. At last a little band of workers got together, and as the days went on, they succeeded in showing that there was something in such a work after all. Prejudice was slowly shamed out of position. It would take too much time to enumerate all the different things we did. If I should sum up the different kinds of work we found for women—printing, telegraphing, law copying, etc.—it would seem very little to have accomplished; but that was not all the result of our work, for when I compare the present tone of public opinion with that which prevailed when we began our work, I see that much has been accomplished. It will be a great day in England when every individual man and woman, shall enjoy the right to use, unmolested, the power which God has given him or her free from interference. America is far in advance of England in some phases of the woman question. A woman can practice medicine in the country without losing social status, and many of them, I understand, are enjoying large practices. I hope we shall follow the example of America in this respect, for a woman skilled in medicine would be a great blessing in the homes of the sick and destitute. I am glad to say that we are on the eve of a great reform. Boarding-schools for girls, to veneer them for fictitious accomplishments without paying any attention to the wants of their physical and spiritual nature, are passing away. Girls are no longer to be dipped into a solution of accomplishments which shall have on them a mere coating, skin deep. It may be questioned whether the university system, as at present constituted, is adapted to the educational want of women, but it is as foolish to insist on different kinds of schools for men and women as it is to compel a man to eat mutton exclusively, and a woman to eat beefsteak exclusively, that the sexes may remain distinct. It is better for our girls to graduate from a school of science than from a school of scandal. There is no need this afternoon of entering on the question of the natural qualifications of men and women in appointing in one or two places a woman on the school board with men. It is different with the enfranchisement of woman in England. It is said that the polls are not fit for women. Then make them so. When I was talking over the subject with poor Mr. Greeley, he asked me to name the drawbacks upon woman, which would be removed by suffrage. I named three. He said that the first would prevent him from ever opposing woman suffrage. The drawbacks were, first, the unwillingness of landlords to receive them and retain them as tenants. I knew two women who, during the long sickness of their husbands, carried on the farm, successfully, looking after all the details of business, and this continued for a year or more, and proved their competency to manage the farm successfully, and yet, when their husbands died, the landlord was unwilling to allow them to remain in tenants, and they had to remove. Second, the unequal education, the different sexes of the poor, and third, the laws in regard to the holding of property by married women. There is no efficient and satisfactory law on this subject. I confess that I have lookedon in astonishment to the performance of the marriage ceremony in the English church to see the bridegroom wed a girl with a wig, saying in connection with the ceremony, "With my goods I thee endow," when he meant not only to keep his own, but also to take hers. It is foolish to keep women from the polls. No theory is really complete or adopted till both sexes have passed upon it. At present we are told that the sense of duty toward the public good is very rarely found in women, that they grasp at majesty in the least things and abdicate it in the great; that she knows nothing of the deep sorrow that stagnates under the social system; that she has no conception of the stern and trying needs of the day. Then I say that it is a vile life to live, cut away from knowledge of sorrow that may be gladdened, grief that may be assuaged, pain that may be lightened, and sickness that may be cured. And let me remind you that those who cry out at woman's frivolity only impeach the education which has made her so. Who encourages the miserable love of display which characterizes woman? Before woman can be expected to be brave and thoughtful they must be led out into participation in world-work. But some say that our aim is to spoil or revolutionize the home. I, for one, wish to disclaim any such idea. If you decree a separation of the home from the public, take care lest your girls, the ornaments of your home, become ornaments merely. Many fear that if reforms proposed are carried out, and women have an equal chance with men in doing the world's work, that the receipts of the men will suffer thereby. Well, and if it should, would it be so unjust that the weaker sex should be the more tenderly cared for? Others say that if women are taught to support themselves they will not marry. It is thought that the state of marriage is so shunned that women must be driven into it in order to support themselves. Again, public life is said to be injurious to women. Do not women now come more or less into public life? Those who oppose women's lecturing find nothing objectionable in a woman's leading off in a public or country ball. If the present movements are not religious movements, it is time they should be made so.

"A SOFT ANSWER TURNETH AWAY WRATH."

It is the opinion of the *Pall Mall Gazette* that we are so accustomed to angry and objugatory language on the part of offended popes that it must afford a sort of relief if we can get at any instances—even though they be taken from very old history—when the "soft answer which turneth away wrath" has been adopted by way of variety. Such an instance the *Pall Mall Gazette* is in a position to give in the case of his Holiness Pope John XXIII, who was called upon to settle a little dispute in England some years ago. This pontiff bears no very exalted character in history; he showed "more judgment in things temporal than things spiritual," says one of his biographers, and he evinced that judgment by resigning his papacy when it grew too hot to hold him. Nevertheless, one act of his deserves, at least, English commemoration. In the beginning of the fifteenth century the people of Kensington-upon-Hull were sorely in want of fresh water, and made some industrious attempts to bring a conduit into the town from "Aslaby Spring." But the inhabitants of Hesle, Anslaby, and Cottingham, and others, banded themselves to resist the project. It would cut up their fields and rob them of their water. For thirty or forty years this matter was debated after the fashion of these times—that is, an alternation of litigation and fighting. Commissions sat, juries delivered the verdicts, rioters were hung at assizes—but all in vain. The villagers destroyed the banks, flooded the works, threw "carrion" into the stream or let in salt water, and went so far on one occasion as actually to besiege Hull. The royal justice at last overtook them, and certain leading insurgents had to come "bare-headed and bare-foot, naked of body, in shirt and breeches," to beg pardon of the mayor and commonalty of Hull, and carry penitential tapers in procession. But even this example was of no durable service. The villagers were soon at their old mischief again. At last the magistrates, in despair, "earnestly besought the pope to make use of the censures of the church against them." They expected, no doubt, a cargo of menaces and excommunication by return message; but the holy father, to their surprise, took a different view of the situation. He issued an "extraordinary writing," in which he gently reminded the malcontents that they would have to give a strict account of their deeds at the day of judgment; that it was a very bad deed to cut off one's thirsty neighbor's water. He "prayed every one of them by the bowels of charity" not only to leave the watercourse unmolested, but to contribute toward it; and he offered a hundred days' indulgence to all those who, having sinned in this matter, should repent and act conformably. "The good effect," says the historian of Hull, "of this gentle and affectionate appeal to the mutual charities and sympathies of the contending parties was astonishing. From that moment forward all attempts to poison or corrupt the water of the town ceased."

"MANNERS MAKE THE MAN."

This sentence has almost assumed the dignity of a schoolboy's copy. We read it at the foot of one or the other of the columns of nearly every one of our exchanges. It is made to close up the column as though there was no disputing its perfect orthodoxy. And yet as a sentiment it inculcates the essence of falsehood. It is about as true—or rather, about as untrue—as that other popular absurdity that a confirmed rascal cannot look an honest man straight in the eye. If you want to find an accomplished villain, look for him among the exceedingly well mannered scamps of the country; men who practice politeness and look at you straight for the simple purpose of taking you in. It is true that your vulgar, one-horse scoundrels don't know how either to play the gentleman or to look straight, but these are not the educated rogues of the present day.