MEMPHIS APPEAL

SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 6, 1873

ARKANSAS RAILROAD BOND BILL.

Looking back through the years since public aid to internal improvements became a fixed policy with States, counties and cities, we do not now remember one instance in ten where such aid was granted, that it afterward proved profitable, in direct dividends, and we do not believe that such was ever expected by the governments granting such aid. The controlling motive with those who first urged this step upon the people, was the speedy development of a country that needed immigrants and direct communication with the seaboard, which could not be had without public sympathy and help. Public aid was therefore given in the hope of general returns in increased trade, commerce and manufactures, and the opening up and cultivation of vacant lands. This policy was the direct result of that which long ago had been pursued when canals were constructed by private companies, and the States surrendered so much of their sovereignty as enabled such companies to levy tolls. What were these tolls but the equivalent of a tax that would have been levied had the canals been built by the States, and owned and run by the States? So with turnpikes. They are even now maintained by tolls that are as a mountain to a mole hill, compared with the rates of taxation levied for any purpose by the State or county. Good highways, whether turnpikes or canals, were and are yet a necessity to commerce and the growth of communities, and in this view their owners were permitted, as an indirect aid from the people, to levy their own tax by States, which, when railroads came to take the places of both as a quicker and better means of transit, gave them direct aid in stock subscriptions and bonds, which should, as we have held, been given as a premium for the quick construction of such roads, and not, as some desire but can never realize, as a means of direct profit. In nearly all the articles that have appeared in the APPEAL recently in reference to the Kansas, or the Shreveport railroad, we have advocated that a free gift be made of half a million of county bonds to the companies that are first in the field to begin and complete those highways; and for like reasons we would have the State of Arkansas even make a present of the five million two hundred thousand dollars in bonds already issued to her railroads as a premium for their speedy completion. And we would have this done without any equivalent in stock, such as the bill now before the legislature proposes, making only this condition, that the corporations in interest, as the bill in the closing clause of the first section proposes, surrender all right under the general railroad law to the six million two hundred thousand dollars now due them. Better a thousand fold that the State assume the payment of the five millions two hundred thousand dollars in bonds now out, than that it shall be forced to issue six millions two hundred thousand dollars to the railroads now in progress, and perhaps double as much more to those projected. If the *Gazette* and other papers now so furiously opposing this really beneficent measure were in earnest in their defense of the taxpayers, or being in earnest, were as intelligent upon the subject as they would have us believe, this is the line of argument they would pursue. The bill in question contemplates the putting a stop to the flow of bonds from the treasury that may, under the general railroad law, be continued until the State becomes responsible for twenty millions loaned to railroads that, as in the case of our own Knoxville and Charleston, would not at public sale bring, all told, a fifth of that amount. This bill shuts down on this threatening inundation of debt, and relieves the State of all likelihood of a bond flood that would swamp her credit and embarrass for many years to come all her public and private enterprises. There is neither reason nor sense in the opposition to this railroad aid bill, so far developed, and as for the threats of repudiation so freely made by journals and legislators, we do not fear that they will ever have a practical enforcement by the free will of the people of Arkansas.

VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY.

This institution has been located at Nashville, and we understand it will be built at an early day. From one end of the Union to the other, the press has been lavish in its praise of Commodore Vanderbilt for his munificent gift to a cause so worthy. Had Commodore Vanderbilt died a few years since, the clods that fell upon his grave would have been the only thing to sound his posthumus fame. But now he has secured a name that will live for ages. The establishment of this magnificent university in Tennessee, on the plan proposed by Commodore Vanderbilt, appears to us to be a fitting opportunity for men of great wealth to contribute to similar works of philanthropy, and at the same time to acquire the right to have their names spoken with affectionate veneration, continued after the places which have known them "shall know them no more."

In the United States there have been tens of thousands of men who have bequeathed their wealth to their kindred and were soon forgotten, yet who might, with a tithe of their fortunes, have won for themselves a place in the grateful memory of the young men of a remote century by the endowment of a seminary of learning, or by attaching to some already existing college or university a separate professorship to be named from him who supplied the fund. We would do all that lies in our power to persuade those possessed of more wealth than they or their families need or employ, to imitate the eminent example of Comodore Vanderbilt, who has, by furnishing five hundred thousand dollars for a university, secured a name and fame which shall endure as long as learning is venerated. The wish to be remembered after the brief period of life is at an end, the desire to have a place in the thoughts of men when these perishable bodies have again become the dust from which they sprang, the longing for praises which can find no ear to hear them when uttered, the passion for human sympathy with that which shall have been recorded in the catalogue of things that were, the eager earning of all for posthumous fame, is a passion which finds place so universally in the human breast that we cannot doubt that it is in accordance with the supreme will which gave us life and aspirations and hopes. All men of rational mould and elevated thoughts will seek, some in one way and some in another, to be remembered after death, nor have we a right to class this wish with human weakness. Liable to abuse it may be and has often been; and a cause of many acts approved neither by reason nor conscience we cannot deny that it has been; but to assert that its good fruits have been a hundred fold more than its evil ones would be no more than to say that this, like other passions, has been given us by that power which gave us nothing in vain. Different men will strive for this, the common goal of all, in different ways. The warrior hopes to be remembered by his battles, the poet by his songs, the man of science by his discoveries, the philosopher by his wisdom, the statesman by the public records he has left of his sagacity and forecast. In proportion to the light of ability or talent, or genius, that a man has or employs faithfully, earnestly and persistently in its proper sphere, just in the same degree will that light extend beyond the period of his life and cause him dead to be a living man among the men of a future era. To men of talent and genius the door to posthumous fame is an open one. They have but to act according to their natural instincts and to employ their native powers to secure to their memory an enduring monument. But how are they whose powers are bounded by less shining lines, whose talents lie in an humbler sphere, whose abilities are more material and practical, more common-place and business-like, to obtain for their names a place in the revered memory of generations not born? Thousands there are whose talents and whose almost sole talents are fitted to the accumulation of wealth. How are such to acquire a place in the recollection of those who follow them? How can money be coined into fame or how can gold be transmuted into an enduring monument to its possessor? Yet there are means and ways to change stocks and lands, bank balances and money chests into fame which shall be as enduring as that won by learning, by genius, by wisdom or by military prowess. If the possesser of enormous wealth (of which there will always be many) will donate or beqeath it to objects calculated to subserve the public good, they will deserve and obtain a place in the grateful memory of those who follow them. Commodore Vanderbilt has shown his sagacity even in his charities, for among the purposes to which great wealth may be appropriated there is none which seems so well fitted to promote the greatest good, and, at the same time, to secure fame to the giver, as the founding of literary institutions, or the endowment of professorships in institutions already established. When a man of wealth furnishes the means of erecting an institution which shall bear his name, whose benefits are to be enjoyed by the young men of centuries to come, he has deeded to him in advance the respect, the love, the praise, and the veneration which are the reward of benefactors of the human race.

POLYGAMY IN GEORGIA.

The arrest, trial and conviction of a deciple of Brigham Young in Georgia has revived an energetic discussion of this troublesome question. The constitution of the United States guarantees the widest liberty of religious predelictions, and the government is therefore loth to interfere in matters involving religious sentiments. The question of Mormonism has got to be met, and the sooner the better. We favor the freest latitude of religious bias, but if polygamy can be shielded by the constitution, so can those heathen rites which require immolation and human sacrifices. The government of the United States should not hesitate longer as to its duty. Everybody admits that Mormonism is a disgrace to civilization; then why hesitate in its extermination? If the evil be tolerated in Utah, we have no right to interfere when it lifts its hydra-head in Georgia or Memphis. If we legalize polygamy in a Territory, we are compelled to recognize the crime of bigamy in every State in the Union, for, how can the citizens of one State be constitutionally deprived of rights possessed by the citizens of any other State; and what then is to prevent the resident of Salt Lake City from residing in Georgia if he so elect, with his household, whether it consist of two wives or twenty? Why may he not contract further polygamous marriages there if he choose, for, if his system is to be recognized as a religion, he is entitled to the same right to make converts there as at home in common with every other denomination and in accordance with constitutional rights. Polygamy recognized as lawful in Utah cannot be lawfully confined there. Or, again, who shall decide as to the "religious" belief of the bigamist arraigned for trial if he chose to put in that plea in extenuation? America boasts of its foremost rank as an exponent of the civilization of the age; but if she permit this hideous crime to exist, she will sink to the lowest depths in the estimation of the civilized world. The people of Georgia, who have recently been contaminated by the foul pollution, are asking themselves and the whole country by what principle of justice is the bigamist execrated and punished in every State and Territory of the Union, up to the very limits of Utah, within which the polygamist prospers, and boasts of his immunity from the law which seizes with stern grasp his fellow-criminal elsewhere? Around that Territory is drawn a charmed circle, to step across which paralyzes the arm of justice. Within its borders flourishes a despotism as degrading to every sentiment of manhood, as incompatible with every condition of a free community as the rule of the barbarous chiefs of Africa. And yet this "institution," which defies religion by assuming it as a cloak for its hideousness, sheds its upas-like influence under the shadow of the flag of liberty and equal rights, and has struck its root deep into the soil of the republic in a portion of its territory but a few hours' travel from communities that represent all that is worthiest in the civilization of the day. Whence is the tenderness in dealing with this foul ulcer upon the national body which has been displayed for nearly two decades; and by what process of reasoning can Americans deprecate, as is being done by a few, the use of any treatment, however radical, by which the nation may be rid of it? The government should exterminate without delay this fungus growth upon the body politic. The constitution does not recognize murder as a religious rite, and prostitution should not be encouraged, tolerated and legalized.

CUSTOMHOUSE—POSTOFFICE—CITY PARKS.

It will be seen from our advertising columns, that the commissioners have advertised for proposal for a site for government buildings. The scramble for the location will commence now in earnest. It will be seen by the advertisement that the building is to occupy half a square. The amount of space required will probably necessitate the location on unimproved property, as the sum of money appropriated by congress is not sufficient to purchase lots already improved. Court square has been suggested. We have a communication urging the county to join the government and put up a postoffice, customhouse and courthouse all in one building. We decline publishing this communication, because we have not room for the discussion of impracticable subjects. Instead of reducing our parks we should increase them. The next century will mourn the want of forethought in the present generation. London has six thousand acres, either within its own limits or in the accessible suburbs, open to the enjoyment of its population, and six thousand acres composed, too, either of the grandest and most lovely park scenery, like Kensington and Richmond, or of luxuriant gardens, filled with rare plants, hot-houses, and hardy shrubs, and trees, like the national gardens at Kew. Paris has its garden of the Tuilleries, whose alleys are lined with orange trees two hundred years old, whose parterres are gay with the brightest flowers, whose cool groves of horse-chestnuts, stretching out to the Elysian fields, are in the very midst of the city. And on its outskirts is Versailles—three thousand acres of imperial groves and gardens there also—and Fontainebleau, and St. Cloud, with all the rural, scenic and palatial beauty that the opulence of the most profuse of French monarchs could create, all open to the people of Paris. Vienna has its great *Prater*, to make which would swallow up most of the unimproved part of New York city. Munich has a superb pleasure-ground of five hundred acres, which makes the Arcadia of her citizens. Even the smaller towns are provided with public grounds, to an extent that would beggar the imagination of our short-sighted economists, who would deny squares or parks to Memphis. Nothing contributes so much to a city as beautiful parks filled with the loveliest flowers and shrubs, tastefully grouped along walks miles in extent.

THE DUTIES OF GRAND JURIES.

The recent report of the grand jury has called forth much criticism. Of course it is denounced by those whose derelictions have been exposed. But the people have learned to respect the reports of their grand juries. The alarming defalcations exposed last summer would not have been discovered for years if a faithful and rigid investigation had not been instituted by an honest grand jury, who, while recieving abuse in some quarters, have been overwhelmed with the praise of the taxpaying people. We are gratified to see that our grand juries begin to understand their duties, powers, obligations, responsibilities and the oath they have taken. This indicates a healthy condition in the body politic. We would not have grand juries to engage in usurpations, to take upon themselves the decision of questions of the law, and of the innocence or guilt of the accused, which belong exclusively to courts and petit juries. But we would have them to perform their duty, as the present grand jury has done, in all cases where the proof is ample to make out what the law calls a *prima facie* case. Public safety to the whole community demands that all such cases be sent to trial. A few years ago it was impossible to induce grand juries to perform their duties. They were loose in their notions and their practice, and this laxity promoted murder, robbery and peculations in office. They ignored bills, and thus discharged offenders in cases where the evidence imperatively demanded a jury trial, and sometimes in very flagrant cases, too. Neither justice nor social order nor common safety can be maintained where such loose notions and pernicious practices gain a firm foothold in the grand jury room. That jury is established for the protection of society as well as to guard the liberty and character of every individual within its jurisdiction. Under the constitution of the United States, no person (except in the army or navy) can be held to answer for crime "unless on a presentment or indictment of a grand jury." This is one of the great shields of the citizen in free countries. Before he can be exposed to a public trial, a grand jury, sitting in secret, must say there is probable cause for trial, and this they do by finding the indictment laid before them by the prosecuting officer "a true bill," if it be supported by the evidence for the prosecution. But it is no part of their prerogative to shield persons from being indicted, when the evidence laid before them demands the decision of a court and jury; and especially they have no right to base their action upon influences, reasons of feelings outside of that evidence. Their duty in this respect is of the simplest character, and may be summed up in this brief question: "Does the testimony of the witnesses called before us make out the charge made in this bill of indictment?" If it does, their oaths require them to find "a true bill." They have nothing to do with the probable or possible defense, or with the provocation, or the popular feeling on the subject, or prejudice, or any other thought or influence. It is a part of the oath that they will present no one for envy, hatred or malice, nor leave any one unpresented for fear, favor, affection, hope of reward, or gain. It is a violation of their duties and their oaths, and a high misdemeanor and a great public wrong for them to speak to any one but the court and the prosecuting officer, or permit any others to speak to them upon the matters they have in charge. These points should be fully impressed upon the public mind, both inside and outside the grand jury room. So long as grand juries maintain their integrity there is no power in wealth or wickedness, or in the unreasoning multitude, which can successfully assail the honest man, or the safety of society. There is nothing which should be prized more dearly than a just administration of the law. Without this, property, personal safety, and what is dearer than all, personal liberty, would be valueless, and our institutions become a mockery and a scourge. With corruption in the grand jury, the whole stream of justice becomes polluted. But where that fountain is pure, it sends forth living waters. Shelby county, we are rejoiced to see, has recently been able to secure grand juries, who have the nerve and proper regard for their oaths, to discharge the high duties devolving upon them, without fear, favor or affection. Judge John R. Flippin has contributed largely to this result, for which he deserves the thanks of all law-abiding citizens. The grand jury, whose report we published on Wednesday last, will no doubt be charged with intermeddling, as was a former grand jury, which, last summer, exposed the rottenness of our county affairs. But the people will sustain the grand jury.

ACROSS THE WATER.

General Wilder, one of the commissioners to represent Tennessee at Vienna, will distribute in Europe ten thousand copies of a paper entitled *The South*, containing a full description of Tennessee, and especially devoted to an illustration of the value of lands and attractiveness of Middle and Eastern Tennessee. General Wilder's or Governor Brown's likeness will constitute the frontispiece to the publication, five thousand copies to appear in English and five thousand in German. As a matter of course, this document prepared or used by the excellent gentleman representing East Tennessee, will be mainly devoted to the interests of his own district, and therefore the necessity for liberal contributions to the chamber of commerce committee, who will represent, throuhg a volume prepared here, the western division of the State at Vienna. The volume condensed from the English pamphlet, which soon appears in this city, will be printed at less cost in Paris and Bremen than here, and will attract to the country by the very names (French) of rivers and localities in Arkansas, and by our proximity to Louisiana, many rich and enterprising French *emigrez*. We should not suffer other districts of the State to outvie us in wise liberality in accomplishing a purpose so wise and beneficent.

Written for the Sunday Appeal.]

LINES

INSCRIBED TO MISS KATE J., OF SHELBYVILLE, KENTUCKY.

There are many who are beautiful,
As beautiful to see;
But they need a charm far brighter,
More precious far to me.
It is a heart that beameth
Ever kindly from your face,
That renders thee more beautiful
Than any earthly grace.

There are beauties all around us;
There are beauties far on high;
But their brightness is forgotten
When they vanish from the eye;
All the charming gifts of nature,
All the wondrous things of art,
Are not worth a glance of kindness
That cometh from the heart.

There are sounds of melting music,
That may stir the soul within,
And disrobe it for a moment
Of the robes of earthly sin;
But the mouth that speaketh kindness,
That drieth up the tears,
Is more precious to the spirit
Than the music of the spheres.

There are pleasures, too, surrounding us,
Throughout the path of life,
That will tempt the heart from duty,
And unnerve it for the strife;
But the heart that holds communion
With another pure as thine,
Will be turned from all temptation
To kneel at virtue's shrine.

J. J. D.

For the Sunday Appeal.]

A PRAYER.

"O send out thy light and thy truth, that they may lead me, and bring me unto thy holy hill, and to thy dwelling."

Almighty Lord, before thy throne
I bow me down my guilt to own,
I plead for mercy—let me taste
The comfort of thy loving grace.

My way is dark, no stars appear—
Take from my heart this sick'ning fear,
Make me to feel that thou art near.
Assure my heart that it is thine,
Cheer me with thy word divine;
Make thou thy glorious light to shine
About my rugged path.

Fill my soul with holy love,
Fix my thoughts on things above;
When I fall—O raise me up
And let me not despise the cup
That thou hast mixed for me,
But in the spirit of thy Son
Teach me to say "Thy will be done."

Memphis, March 21, 1873.

For the Sunday Appeal.]

TO EMMA.

BY A. T. G.

What though around her mouth there play,
Smiles as bright as Summer's day,
What though within those sparkling eyes,
A world of merry mischief lies,

What though her voice with music ring,
Melodious as when song-birds sing—
What though her changing mood comprise,
All the hues of Iri's dyes.

Beneath this mein so light and gay,
A tender heart holds regal sway—
And there's a flow of feeling deep,
As waters in the lake that sleep.

We have seen the sunlight flash on the lake—
We have seen the winds its surface shake,
While hid beneath from the gazer's eye,
Calm and deep the water's lie.

We have seen the silver ripples play
Upon the bosom of the bay
The while, within the caverns deep,
Old ocean's waters silent sleep.

So, many a gay and careless mein,
A depth of feeling oft unseen,
Hides in a bosom full as true,
As noblest mortals ever knew.

A SERENADE.

Sleep, lady, sleep! The moon is in the sky;
Sleep, lady, sleep in peace!
The amorous tom-cat climbs the housetop high,
And mews, and will not cease.

Rest, lady, rest! Repose thy weary limbs!
(I know that thou art tired;)
Or thy bright eyes will take on greenish rims,
And thou be less admired.

Slumber, my fair one! May thy visions be
Bright, when thy dreams unfold!
But, O, cast one transient thought on me
Outside here in the cold!

Snooze, princess, snooze! Take forty winks or more!
Call Morpheus to thy breast!
Thy staunchest subject sentinels thy door;
And none shall break thy rest.

The brass-buttoned policeman walks his beat,
Grim, grave, and gruff and great;
I hear the heavy clamping of his feet,
Slow moving like a fate!

Sleep, lady, sleep! May angels guard thy bed!
The watcher must begone.
The big policeman shakes his sapient head,
And bids thy slave "move on!"

PINS AND WOMEN.

For the Sunday Appeal.]

A newspaper article must be short, and to be also sensible, it should be pointed, which is our subject. The principal manufactury of pins is at Birmingham, or some other place in England, or some other place, where ten thousand persons, more or less, are employed, besides a vast amount of machinery; and it is a thought full of suggestive grandeur, that the power of machinery, which points the pins and polishes the delicate springs of the watch, forges also the mighty steam engine, and multiplies the servants of man. For the locomotive has been at length made to do duty as a plowman, and, at the late trial on the grounds of Mr. Landreth at Philadelphia, was pronounced a success. It was also developed at the same time and place, that Mrs. Landreth gets one dollar a pound for her butter. This is incredible to some, but is no doubt true, and the butter is called "gilt-edged." We have heard that the same name is given to a certain sort of paper called notes and bills, which bring a higher price in the market than ordinary paper. We do not understand that this species of paper is made by machinery, but almost entirely by hand. When a machine is invented to do the work successfully it is supposed that it will relieve the tightness in the money market; for it seems that money gets tight the same as men, but is not to be cured by the same means. There was a Dr. Buaheimer here, who said he could cure people of getting tight, but I don't think he was a success, for the old "copper-bottomed" topers said they wouldn't lose the fun of it for anything in the world, much less pay for the loss, and the young ones took to it so naturally that they said, the doctor "be damned." Not that we suppose they really cared whether the doctor was damned or not, but it was of some importance to know whether he should be damned according to ancient orthodox principles of fire and brimstone, or according to the new and milder form. We believe new things are generally milder than old, except new whisky, which is *vicey versey*, and sometimes a woman's new dress don't draw quite as mild as *un mari sage* could wish. But we must draw in on the woman's rights, for fear of digressing too far from our subject. Not that we pretend to claim women as subjects. We don't want to be misunderstood on this subject. Of course women, according to the monition of the apostle, are willing to be "subject to their husbands," and to ask of them anything they want to know. But after they have obeyed the injunction, they are at liberty to ask a good many other things, and also diligently to admonish, instruct, reform and polish that heavy lump of clay (out of the tenderest piece of which they were made, albeit sometimes a little crooked), and, if possible, to penetrate his stolid perceptions of "the true, the beautiful, and the good," by flashing into his very soul her glances of heavenly beauty and conquering power, and allowing his capacious ears to drink in the words from her lips, "touched with a living coal from the altar." Would we had been always the dutiful and complying subjects of our wives. Let us, however, return to our subject. What a currency has been given to that old and odd expression in one of Patelin's old plays, "Let us return to our muttons," where the farmer was prosecuting a man for stealing his sheep, and the accused was defended by a lawyer accused also by the prosecutor of having a year ago defrauded him of a piece of cloth. How he would testify against the thief, and then in rage abuse the lawyer; and the judge from time to time insisting that they should return to the sheep. It is said, too, that sheep flourish very well in our southern climate, and that many an old "turned out" field could be reclaimed by the raising of peas and partially grazing with sheep before plowing under the green crop. People in this climate, away from cities and markets, actually suffer for the want of fresh meat in the summer. Living on "hog and hominy" for several months of the most trying part of the year, they suffer in health and strength, and yet, by keeping a small flock of sheep, at an expense so trifling as not to be worth calculating, the fine, fat, juicy "saddle" of a five year old wether properly slaughtered and dressed, with the accessories of new potatoes, snap beans, cabbage, beets, and tender boiled onions, could always be had to make a "Sunday dinner" to be remembered all the week following—that is, provided you are not such "a blue stocking Presbyterian" as to have cold dinners on Sunday. He who loves to eat a good dinner well cooked, can't be a very bad man. There must be some redeeming trait in his character.

NED.

A diamond tiara was recently presented to Mme. Nilsson-Rouzaud by her admirers in Moscow.

THOUGHTS UPON PRAYER.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher delivered the second of his course of lectures before the theological students of Yale, at the college chapel, in New Haven, on Thursday March 28th. Many an enthusiast, when he begins his career as preacher, is subject to disenchantment of the rudest kind. He has brought up to think of the Christian ministry as the noblest profession which can occupy and task the human mind. He had looked at it in its ideal perfection. He has thought of it as springing from the will of God through Jesus Christ, and as standing, therefore, upon the highest place of sanctity; and he loves—perhaps not altogether from selfish reasons—to surround it in his thought with divine authority, with pre-eminence, with all that shall give him the right, as the representative of the Lord, to stand in the community, to make known the law of God, to enforce that law, and to secure obedience. But no man will go into the field to-day and not find himself very soon stripped of much of this by practical experience. He will find the pulpit subject to the same law with acts in other institutions. The strong will be strong and the weak will be weak; the poor will be poor and the rich will be rich. It is not worth our while to take into consideration the question as to how Christianity stands, but how the Christian ministry stands to-day, and the Christian church, what their relation is to the community. Certainly it is not such as it was in the beginning before the Christian church was born, or while it was yet carried in the loins of the Jewish church. Still less is it as it was in those ages in which it was the rival of the State itself and dominated nations, and held the universal conscience in awe and fear. That time is past; it will probably never come again on earth. There are other people in the community that have ranged up alongside, and in many respects now overtop the Christian ministry. Once the church was the main repository of learning, and the ministers were on the whole in advance in solid learning of the great community. The Christian ministry in I think almost every land may still be said to be soundly educated, and to compare favorably with any of the learned professions, but it has lost the distinction of pre-eminence in this regard. It is not looked up to any more as being the master of knowledge. Not that it has lost any, not that it has not gained, but that two things have come to pass, viz: other professions, from a larger and more liberal method of education, have gained in knowledge, and the whole community has gained both in intelligence and knowledge, and the distance between the top and the bottom of society is growing less and less; not so much because the top does not grow, but because the bottom is growing up all the time, and the relative distance between, therefore, the preacher and the hearer is lessened continually. We speak once in seven days, but there are newspapers with fifty thousand tongues that speak seven times in seven days. We speak what little we can weave in, but magazines are being poured out all over the land, books are flying everywhere, and penetrating the nooks and corners of society. Therefore, men say the pulpit has had its day. I say it has just been begun. I say all this business of digging out ore and smelting it and manufacturing it, and all this business of dispersing knowledge and carrying it about, as it were, commercially, has been in some sense an incumbrance; it has been altogether an auxiliary. It has given a distinction and authority to the church which has wrought out pride and vanity and unwarrantable claims, which the church is better without than with. And here I shall speak of prayer as being one of the auxiliaries by which the ministry is to perform the work for which the church is ordained among men. I know that there is in prayer a great deal more than question and answer. I know in prayer there is something besides simply those questions about which philosophers are dawdling. If prayer was a mere order sent to market expected to bring back so much in a basket every time, if that was all that was prayed for, the barrenness of prayer is somewhat, I am afraid, exposed by this very thing, and the low estate in which it exists too often. I don't propose to enter into the other question so profoundly exciting and interesting to thousands of men "are these answers to prayers of faith?" "I regard that as one of the questions of the future. If there be anything it seems to me that is sure, it is that Jesus believed there was a power into which the human mind could rise up, which gave to man not only control over himself and his own spirit, but gave him such a participation in the divine nature that his will would have control over physical laws and forces. There are powers promised and hinted at repeatedly in the life of the Savior. There is everywhere to certain natures—not perhaps to every person, because all gifts are not to all—which carry with it the nascent power of divinity itself. I shall not discuss that now. What is prayer but the conscious lifting up of man's soul into the invisible presence of the Father, into an invisible realm? What is it but dropping for a moment all conscious sensuousness, all conscious secularity, all present time, and rising by the effort through silence up into the region where God sits, and dwelling though but for a moment in the presence of the eternal God. The habit of prayer, looked at in this way, lifts the individual, lifts the household. It civilizes, spiritualizes, etherializes the community itself, and you cannot pray so poorly if you be sincere in that single thing; if it be real thought that is going up, and you have the conception of God, the mere soul-bath which gets in things unseen, the mere lifting of the wings in the great beyond is of itself worth all that anybody ever claimed for anything in prayer, and one of the very first things that the Christian church and minister should do would be to do what the Savior did—teach the disciples to pray. Teach them to pray. One of the subtle and secret arts of the ministry is not didactical or demonstrative to make men pray, but by a wise knowledge of how to teach the heart, the feeling, to inspire them with a desire of some such utterance. If a man all the time secularizes his sermons if they are ethicalized to death, if they lack the Savior, the something higher, the something nobler, men will scarcely learn to pray except as a duty; but the secret of praying is wanting to pray; and the secret of wanting to pray is to have excited in our souls certain aspirations—certain desires. The conscience hungers and thirsts, the imagination yearns and longs, the affections rise above all the bounds of ordinary experience in life. There is the sense of wings in every soul that is touched with the least of ideality, and it is so to preach to men that they shall have an upward yearning. Break up base content! Infuse into men a noble discontent with things as they are. Etherialize everything. So preach that the common things, the necessary things—all of them—shall have a halo about them; a suggestion of something higher and nobler, until the soul is in a state of exhalation, tending to pray always. I feel in my own ministry the constant need of it. The other point, and the only one which I shall deal with this afternoon, is the praying among your people. It is very difficult to speak on this subject, because it is a matter of constitution—it depends so much on temperament and education. I think I may say that no part of ministerial preparation is more noble than that of singing and praying. We are indoctrinated very thoroughly. We are taught in the history of the church and its order and discipline, but how much of instruction do we get on the subject of prayer? I think the most sacred part of ministry is praying. I can bear his witness that in the study, in the most absorbing moments on the street, in those chance inspirations which everybody is subject to, when I am lifted up higher, there is nothing that is to me so touching, so inspiring, as when I stand in ordinary good health before my great congregation to pray for them. At times when I have risen to pray and have glanced at them, I could not keep back the tears as I realized that there were so many hidden sorrows, temptations, and such histories. Indeed, I hardly feel as if I had anything to ask for myself; at no time do I get so far into heaven as in these moments. I can see my mother there. I forget the body and live in the spirit, and it seems to me as though it was permitted me to lay my hand on the very tree of life and shake down from it both leaves and fruit for the healing of my people. And it is better than a sermon. People have asked me if ever I write my prayers. I could not do it. Prayers must be voluntary, spontaneous, effluent as the atmosphere itself. If you cannot pray do not be discouraged. All streams run small at first [laughter], grow better, deeper. Take more care of the inward man and then people will begin to say of your prayers that they are more nourishing than they used to be. Then if men trouble and vex you, instead of getting mad you will pray. When troubles come, instead of saying that you have too much trouble, pray. If, when you are spoken about, if you find that tale-bearers in the community are about you, and you are annoyed and vexed, and there is scandal running around, pray, pray. That is the best way to head off little troubles, and when I hear a parish song, "Our minister cannot preach as well as some, but it is balm to hear him pray," I congratulate them. They are not far from the gate of heaven.

THE GOODNESS OF GOD.

A remarkable contrast with the blasphemous lecture of the spiritualist Prof. Wilson, delivered at the Operahouse last Sunday night, is the following speech of the present Lord Chancellor of England, made on the occasion of a recent old-fashioned house-warming, at which his tenantry and friends assisted, and in reply to whose toast and best wishes he said: "My friends, in my own name, and in the name of my dear wife, I thank you most heartily for your kindness in coming to meet us here this day, for the manner in which you have received the mention of our names, and for the interest which I am sure you really take in our fortunes and our welfare. [Cheers.] We felt very deeply the manner in which we were received on our return the other day. Everybody must have felt it; but I think we felt it the more, because if there was anything that we had at heart, it was as far as might be, that we might have with every class with which Providence has brought us in contact with those free, cordial, kindly, and affectionate relations which we hope in the course of time may be more and more established between us, and of which I trust there has already been made a beginning. [Cheers.] For the whole country there is nothing I desire so much, or more heartily pray God for, than that all classes of the people may be united in the bonds of brotherly love one with another [loud cheers]; that those who by the accident of fortune, or by the providence of God—which is the more proper expression—have in any way been raised to a position of apparent advantage over others, may not be exalted by those outward distinctions, but may be brought more and more to see that their truest happiness will lie in cultivating those relations of brotherhood which are their real relations with those who are in some degree below them in the walk of life; and that those who are less gifted with outward or worldly advantages may not suffer any evil-disposed or designing person to stir them up to think that their happiness and welfare would be promoted by attempting to subvert the established order of society, or to undo those laws which God has established for the government of the world; but that all may know that by each man faithfully, providently, and as in the sight of God, doing his proper work, he will best raise his class and render himself a happy man and a good citizen. [Cheers.] I desire that the bonds of love may more and more prevail between high and low, rich and poor, one with another. Depend upon it, there will always be high and low, rich and poor. We cannot get rid of those differences; but we should remember that the true source of happiness is within us and not without. [Cheers.] It is not in the possession of more or less of worldly advantages that happiness depends—it is in the heart and in the relations of the heart to God and man. [Cheers.] I remember that a few years ago, when I had just come into the parish, I was called upon to say a few words to you at a missionary meeting; and I ventured to suggest how pleasant it would be if all would strive, with the blessing of God, that the place might become a model parish. I wanted everybody of every class to try and set a good Christian example. I wanted all to strive and be good neighbors and good men. I said if we only did that, we should not only be a happy people amongst ourselves, but our parish would be a central light which would irradiate blessings on all around. I think we may hope that something has already been going on in that direction; and the best wish I can form for you is, that it may go on more and more amongst us. [Cheers.] Speaking of myself, I may say the best gifts that I ever received, gifts beyond all comparison, exceeding all gifts of station, all honors, all pecuniary means which by my labors I may have enlarged, are two which, in God's providence, I received in my childhood. The one was, that I had good instruction in the knowledge of God; the other, the best education which my parents were able to give me. [Cheers.] We cannot give you those gifts; God only can give them; but, by God's blessing, what we could do we have done. We have been able to do something toward providing you with a suitable place of worship, and with the means of educating your children. I trust that you will make good use of both; and I am quite sure you will say that if you do not, it will not be the fault either of your clergyman, or of your schoolmaster. [Loud cheers.] Mr. Jelf has kindly referred to the great, and I am bound to say, the overwhelming, honor and responsibility which her majesty has lately laid upon me. Perhaps the minds of some may be attracted as much to the honor as to the responsibility. I hope it may please God to preserve my mind from being directed to that; because, although the honor and dignity are certainly great, earthly dignities and honors are useful only for the sake of the public objects for which they exist. A man who sets his heart upon them is certainly not likely to turn them to good account. They may last a very short time, and when they go it is certain that we can take nothing of them away with us. No; it is the duty and the responsibility which are the real thing. It is certainly a great responsibility to judge causes of justice between man and man—to be the adviser of the queen and the colleague of her ministers, and to have to fill up vacancies which occur in spiritual benefices. Those are duties, the adequate discharge of which, will require gifts to which I cannot pretend. I only trust that those amongst you who know and understand these things will sometimes, when they pray God to guide the minds of those who are set in high places in this kingdom, remember me, and ask God to give me those gifts of which your minister has spoken. [Cheers.] I do not agree with some of my friends who in private letters say it may be presumed that I have now reached the highest point of my ambition. That is not so at all. My ambition is, if it be possible, to do some good in the position to which I am called; and if I cannot do good in that position, I would rather leave it and try some other. [Cheers.] For we must all remember that there is after all one other final step which all of us have to take; and which, if it lead to the very lowest place in our Master's kingdom, will be an advancement and promotion inexpressibly greater than any that we could receive on earth; whereas, if it leads to no place there, all other honors will be of little use." [Loud cheers.]

When a mild mannered and melancholy young man, not prone to profanity and to, as the Danbury *News* would say, "suffering a great deal at times," consents to assume the monotonous duties of Uncle Sam's postal service, blasted be the woman who in these degenerate days would harrass him for rigorous compliance with regulations. Yet such an Amazon has been found, who in the San Francisco postoffice the other day walked up and tendered ninety-nine big coppers, requesting in lieu thereof thirty-three stamps. Vainly did the gentlemanly official, impressed with the ponderous nature of the currency which approximated some two pounds in weight, essay to soften the heart of the fair one by the assurance that postal regulations precluded the receipt of more than four coppers as legal tender. Wearied by her pertinacity he at last gave a point blank refusal whereat the woman, circled by a crowd of grinning and sympathetic spectators, "formed a line" thirty-three consecutive times and obtained a like number of stamps enlivening each purchase by remarks of a personal nature. We guess that clerk thinks that woman can find her way to the polls.—*Troy Whig.*

Alas that there should be so many poor souls who in this world and that which is to come look forward to nothing that is substantially comfortable and satisfying! Here, for instance, is a veritable descendant of Saint Martin, who came into a neighbor's house in Buffalo, a few days since, downcast, wearying with many cares and cumbered with much serving, "So much to do! cleaning, working, cooking, washing, sewing, and everything else! No rest! never was, never will be, for me!" "Oh, yes," said the good woman she addressed, "there will be a rest one day for us all—a long rest." "Not for me! not for me!" was the reply. "Whenever I *do* die there will be certain to be a resurrection *the very next day!* It would be just my luck!"

ARE MEN AND WOMEN FOND OF EACH OTHER.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* is exercised over the question whether "men are more interesting to men than women are, and whether women find more in women to interest them than they do in men." The *Gazette* comes to the unwelcome conclusion that the pretended fondness of the two sexes for one another is the great fundamental hypocrisy of the race. It would be unfair to dwell too much on the circumstance that they make one another uncomfortable in a way that men never make men nor women women, taking that fact by itself. This might be a mere result of their being different. But a review of the whole case tends to establish a general incompatibility between the two. Things will have to alter very much if men and women are to get along well together. The pretense that they are dying of sheer liking of one another is not only not proved, it is disproved. Not merely is that kind of mortality wholly absent from the returns, but after all these centuries the two sexes greatly keep aloof from one another.

Whenever you can get a glimpse of their true tendencies, it comes out clearly enough that men and women are domestic creatures under compulsion. All kinds of social contrivances have been tried, the real purpose of which, no matter how it may be disguised, is to separate the sexes, and so secure for each the pleasure of being only in its own society. There is no sacrifice men will not make to get this luxury. They will support the costliest clubs, they will smoke, they will pretend any sort of recreation from cards down to billiards, sooner than not be apart from women a portion of their time. The like thing holds of the ladies in their own way. The inability of the men to stay at home allows their wives to assemble mutual clubs in their own drawing-rooms, and they do so. For one club the men have, the women have hundreds—just as many as there are houses.

The truth is, the taste of the sexes radically differ. At home feminine likings prevail, and there is no man who is not more or less aware that the minor arrangements and wonderful and to him supercilious filigree-like ornamentation of his house are not for him nor for his sex, but for the other. Just as little can it be doubted that men and women dress each for their own sex; that it is the admiration of their own kind, not of the opposite one, they lay themselves most out for. Men and women are in a perpetual condition of surprise, and scoff at each other's style, both always self-complacent, and altogether omitting criticism of their own.

Conversation equally betrays this natural opposition. If the sexes had real respect for one another would they indulge in those unbelievable compliments? Neither does it to those of their own kind whom they honestly like. Their artificial style of talk, which is the traditionary custom of the sexes, is plainly that of creatures who do not understand each other, and have mutual suspicions. Being strange, they betake themselves to compliments.

A qualification in reference to the family relation has to be made. To a man his mother is not a woman—she is a divinity. The like partly holds in a girl of her father, and brothers and sisters are not of any sex. But get outside of this non-sexual circle, and the antipathy comes quickly into play. Boys nearly hate girls, and the feeling is returned. Old men care nothing for women of any age, except as nurses; old women creep together. It is only during the central portion of life that the sexes can be said to be civil to one another. In fact, if nature had not forced men and women to love each other during that portion willy-nilly, and given them that incredible and perplexing bribe of children, it is doubtful whether they would have any mutual liking. Love is all that exists between them.

It is astonishing, considering what a complete, intricate, long association the bringing up a family ties a couple to, that they do not become more really intimate than they do even in the best cases. Doubt may well be felt that there are few husbands and wives who, in spite of all the trials they have shared, have not at the bottom of their hearts a sense of grievance one against the other.

It is very sad; but it cannot be helped. The sexes are a partial failure, and somehow has arisen an enormous exaggeration of their liking for one another. Looked at calmly, the interest which each has for the other is wofully lacking in versatility; it is alike monotonous and small—mere love, in fact.

HOLY WEEK AT ROME.

The influx begins during holy week, when the great hospital of the Holy Trinity is opened for the pilgrims, who are there fed and housed by thousands by the papal government. A confraternity of ladies and gentlemen, both Roman and foreign, have the management of this charity, and wear a distinctive costume while engaged in these hospitable duties. This consists of a scarlet apron of common twill, with a cross on the shoulder, the garment covering the figure entirely in its spreading folds, and resembling a dressing-gown in shape and amplitude. Men and women alike wear this, and so arrayed, serve their guests in separate wards of the building. During the day they may be seen guiding them to the different shrines of the city, and in the vast and gloomy recesses of St. Peter's, where, in three days the most magnificent church pageant in the world will be held, and the silver trumpets will ring forth the march which is only repeated twice a year. In the great balcony looking down upon the "confession," or shrine of the apostles, the stranger will find long, silent files of pilgrims visiting the seven altars of the basilica. They come from the mountains, from far-off valleys, some from Hungary, Germany, Bohemia, or Poland, and they come not to see but to worship, not to be amused but to be blessed. They have not inherited the faith that prompted the crusades, and while "progress" has cast forth from our practical lives all that was left of beauty, poetry, and tenderness in the moral world, they, the simple and the unlearned, have garnered in their customs and never-interrupted traditions all that the wise and great ones of the world have lost. And so it is that the long serpentine lines of peasants, crossing and recrossing the shadowy depths of the great basilica, and forming Rembrant-like groups of unexpected beauty when the fitful glare of the rosin torches placed at intervals against the huge pilasters falls suddenly upon them, are a more welcome and suggestive sight than the equally numerous, but not equally earnest crowds that block up the Sistine chapel. Every evening the scene at the hospital is the same, but only the newly-arrived pilgrims are admitted to the "washing of the feet." This custom, which many visitors to Rome will remember, is very ancient, and used to be much more extensively carried out in former times. Even in our day, at least during holy week, its observance involves no sinecure. The pilgrims, of course, have made all or the greater part of their journey on foot, and the *chaussure* of many of them is extremely primitive, such modern improvements as shoes and stockings being replaced by long linen bands swathed about the feet in coils full twenty or thirty yards long, until a sufficient thickness is reached to protect the flesh against the inequalites, of Italian mountain roads. Still these mummy-like swathings are not wholly proof against the continued friction of stones and sticks, so that when the wayfarers arrive at the hospital these rags are often soaked in blood and clotted dust. The pilgrims are immediately led to a basement room, furnished with a low, continuous wooden settle, skirting the wall, and numberless wash-basins, with strong soap and coarse towels to each. The members of the confraternity accompany them, and removing their bandages carefully wash their sore and bleeding feet in warm water. The old pilgrims meanwhile receive this token of what in our more fastidious lands we should call unparalleled attentions, with the quiet dignity and unperturbable simplicity of the natural man, or rather we should say of the perfect Christian. To them the biblical stories of wayside hospitality are still realities, and they feel no wonder and no embarrassment at seeing princes and nobles do to them what the King of kings once did to his sinful creatures. Equality, in the Christian sense of the word, has a truer exposition in their conduct than it often has in other countries and under other circumstances, where a mixture of assumed arrogance and of real servility passes among certain people for proper "self-respect."

Fifty years ago there were only a few hundred thousand tons of coal raised in Germany, where now about twenty million tons are mined as cheaply as in England before the price advanced.

For the Sunday Appeal.]

SUCCEEDED.

BY FANNIE BORLAND MOORES.

Lo! in the early morning of his days,
Gone down into the silence of the tomb!
Knowing not noonday, nor the sun-set rays,
From perfect brightness, into utter gloom—
Our brother, in the morning of his days.

Did we not grieve? ah Nature witness it;
Did we not seek, in thy unbroken fields?
And by thy river margins flowerlit,
For comfort thy renewing power yield?
Did we not grieve and thou not witness it?

And lo! we heard thee in the morning time,
Crying out "patience" from the depths of dawn;
"Look on my handiwork; this oak's full prime;
Behold my traces in the springing corn,
From seed to harvest, with my helper Time.

'Do I not bring fresh leaves from driest bough?
In last year's nest, renew the unfledged bird?
Bring from their graves the blooms, and buds, that thou,
Grieve comfortless, and deem thyself unheard?
Have I not leaves for thee, thou wasted bough?

"Take up the story where Death left it off;
See! I will give a new love to thy heart;
Cover *his* grave with grasses, flowers shall scoff,
At Death, and sorrow, and their little part,
And power, to break thy life's fair story off.

"The ivy shall grow thick about his name,
Shrouding it in forgetfulness, and mould,
Lo! a new worship, and new altar flame,
And a new image, driving out the old,
To its own place, with the forgotten name."

This comfort speaks somewhat of a new death.
This is a second going out of life—
That at the very passing of the breath,
We rush forth for oblivion, call on strife,
To murder memory—this is second death.

Truly his grave is grassgrown. Ivy hid,
The name we held slow lingering on the tongue;
The new Love sets his Palace like a lid,
On that wide chamber where his presence clung,
In the old days, before the name was hid.

THE FIRST VIOLETS.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

Who that has loved knows not the tender tale,
Which flowers reveal when lips are coy to tell?
Whose youth has passed not, dreaming in the vale,
Where the rath violets dwell?

Lo, where they shrink along the lonely brake,
Under the lifeless, melancholy tree,
Not yet the cookoo sings, nor glides the snake,
Nor wild thyme lures the bee.

Yet at their sight and scent entranced and thrilled,
All June seems golden in the April skies:
How sweet the days we yearn for, till fulfilled!
O distant Paradise!

Dear land to which Desire forever flees,
Time doth no Present to the grasp allow;
Say, in the fixed eternal shall we seize
At last, the fleeting Now?

Dream not of days to come, of that unknown
Whither hope wanders (maze without a clue);
Give their true witchery to the flowers—thine own
Youth in their youth renew.

Avarice! remember when the cowslip's gold
Lured and yet lost its glitter in the grasp;
Do thy hords glad thee more than those of old?
Those withered in thy clasp.

From *these* the hand falls palsied—it was THEN
That thou wert rich; thy coffers are a lie!
Alas, poor fool! joy is the wealth of men,
And care their poverty.

Come foiled Ambition! what hast thou desired?
Empire and power?—O wanderer tempest-tossed!
These once were thine, when life's gay spring inspired
Thy soul with glories lost.

Let the flowers charm thee to the jocund prime,
When o'er the stars wrapt fancy traced the chart;
Thou hadst an angel's power in that blest time—
Thy realm a human heart!

Hark! hark! again the tread of bashful feet!
Hark! the boughs rustling round the trysting-place!
Let air again with one dear breath be sweet,
Earth fair with one dear face!

Brief-lived first flower, first love! the hours steal on,
To prank the world in summer's pomp of hue;
But what shall flaunt beneath a fiercer sun
Worth what we lose in you?

Oft by a flower, a leaf in some loved book
We mark the lines which charmed us most. Retrace
Thy life, recall its loveliest passage; look,
Dead violets mark the place!

A REMARKABLE EPITAPH.

The following remarkable inscription has been placed by the Societa di Solferino upon the catafalque in the ossuary of that town in memory of Napoleon III. Upon the front: "Born in a palace, reared in adversity; found refuge when but a youth in Italy; loved her for her past, her treasures of art, her wrongs; and with youthful enthusiasm for her redemption first bore arms." Upon the right: "Learned and immersed in the most abstruse studies, yet found time to investigate the condition of the working class; to study, propose, and encourage befitting means for their improvement and elevation, never as impartial sovereign forgetting their rights as citizens and men." Facing the altar: "Rose to supreme power; united the French army, and became the champion of every just cause or people oppressed; loyal to his early convictions, came to our relief, and with our chiefs wrote our emancipation on the battle-fields of Magenta, Melegnano, and Solferino. Free citizens of a free country." Upon the left side: "Arbitrator of Europe for fifteen years; reduced to the profoundest depths of misfortune in less than one short month; died an exile in a foreign land! History may not yet pronounce judgment upon his life, but Italy will gratefully revere her benefacror forever!" Upon a table at the foot of the catafalque lay open a large volume of great value as a historical relic. Upon the first page are the signatures of the officers who took part in the battle, and beneath them is the clear relief, surrounded by delicate scroll-work, the autographs of Napoleon III and Victor Emanuel. The pages following contain the signatures of over twelve hundred officers of every grade who have visited the monument to their fallen brothers-in-arms. The *Swiss Times* observes that round the ossuary eight thousand skulls of the brave men slain in the battle on June 24, 1859, have been collected. Upon the door of the church, which is the memorial of this great engagement, stands the inscription: "To Napoleon III, Italy's ally in the war for independence of 1859, this society, who have here reverently gathered the bones of the heroes of that memorable and glorious struggle, offer a tribute of Italy's gratitude, and pray for the repose and peace eternal of his soul."

The Philadephai *Press* calls attention to the fact that American flour was selling on the first of March, at the corn exchange in London, at from twenty to twenty-six shillings a barrel, and a higher quality, marked "extra and double," at thirty-one to thirty-four shillings. This is at an average of eight dollars for "seconds," and under nine dollars a barrel for "extra and double." These prices are in gold, to which must be added fifteen per cent, to reduce into our currency. The same qualities of American flour sell in Philadelphia, where they are manufactured, respectively for ten dollars and thirteen dollars currency. The British dealer, who has to pay freight and insurance in addition to cost, doubtless makes a living profit, yet sells American flour very considerably under American prices. It would almost pay to import American flour from England.

General MacAdaras, delegate to the United States from the general colonization society at Alsace and Loraine, has arrived in Chicago. From the annual report of the association just made, many interesting facts may be obtained. The association is sustained by the voluntary donations of capitalists and friends of the emigration movement. It has already disbursed twenty-five thousand two hundred and eighty francs, and collected one hundred thousand francs, aside from sundry subscriptions, voted in its favor, or the subscription by the journals. It has already colonized some eighteen thousand individuals. It has secured seventy-five scholarships in the different lyceums and colleges of Paris, and the provinces. It has other schemes for the instruction of children, of both sexes, and will shortly open an asylum. The influence of the society is great, and its powers for good appears to be limited only by its facilities.

Professor Roscoe found from his investigation in spectrum analysis of the Bessemer flame that when the blow begins the flame is scarcely luminous, a mere glare of red, giving a very faint spectrum, if any. In about four minutes from the time the blast is let on, a flashing through the spectrum of the sodium line may be noticed. In about a minute and a half after this change we discover lithium and then potassium. As the process continues, the flame becomes intensely luminous, owing to the silicon becoming incandescent. Then it gradually changes, and becomes slightly purple, and in a few seconds passes to nearly the same color as at first. The first spectrum is an exceedingly simple one, but the last is complex, containing as many as thirty-three lines. The lines disappear in the inverse order of their appearance, and when the green band becomes invisible, the blast should be shut off and the metal cooled.

VARIETIES.

If a lady is asked how many rings she has, she can say with truth that there's no end to them.

Why is an errand-boy like an old horse put up at auction? Because he will go for what he will fetch.

An essay delivered at a recent meeting of the St. Louis farmers' club, was entitled "The hog of the period."

Two real archdukes of Austria helped to put out a fire in the house of the United States minister at Vienna.

Ida Lewis and her husband don't live happily together. She is a coquette, and she is jealous and cross. Such is the fate of most heroines.

Mme. Catacazy has left Paris and gone to Russia. Her husband, the ex-embassador, has also evacuated the city, and was at last accounts in Vienna.

By the will of the late Empress Caroline Augusta of Austria, Archduke Charles Louis, the eldest brother of the present emperor, is appointed sole heir.

Emma Hale, a very pretty waiter-girl at a hotel in Three Rivers, Michigan, took strychnine and died last Tuesday, preferring death to an unblessed maternity.

In Virginia, as well as in New Jersey, the people are dissatisfied with the difficulties experienced in procuring railroad charters, and strongly favor a free railroad law.

A Pittsfield, Massachusetts, woman advertises her husband for sale for one hundred dollars. She has not a very exalted opinion of his worth, but is probably justified.

It is claimed that pretroleum has been found at Taylorville, Iowa (seven miles from Des Moines), and several borings are to be made in order to estimate the extent of the supply.

One Jean Manau is on trial at Bordeaux, France, charged with the murder of his father-in-law, mother-in-law, wife and his two daughters. One of his sons has given evidence against him.

The Pittsburg girl has sent back those two barges of coal which her father gave her for a bridal present, and says she guesses she can make it hot enough for "hubby" without any outside help.

The high price of iron is embarrassing British shipbuilders. Finding they could not safely take contracts one firm, the most extensive on the Tay, recently discharged one hundred and fifty of their workmen.

It is said that Miss Anna Dickinson, on being asked by a green lecture-committeeman where her husband was, replied tartly, "In Texas!" Probably he thought he had better go to Texas than to Hav-ana.

The Boston man who wrote a splendid book entitled *Useful Hints for Ugly Girls*, wonders why there is no more demand for his work. His publishers say they have only disposed of one copy, and that was stolen.

Sheffield, (England) trade reports that the United States, Canada, India, Egypt, and several of the larger colonies are taking large lots of Bessemer steel rails; and Brazil, Egypt, and India take a fair quota of locomotives.

The pioneer commands of the spring fashions are given by a Cincinnati paper after this manner: No sleeves, but gloves with six buttons; a languid expression of face is *en regle*, and the eyes will be worn very much closed.

That localities may be advertised as profitably as business houses, is shown by the fact that a mining and smelting company has leased ten thousand acres of lead lands in Missouri, to which attention was directed by a local paper.

A citizen of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, proposes to place a steamboat costing twenty thousand dollars on Chautauqua Lake, New York, which suggests that there are many other lakes whereon boats for pleasure excursions, etc., would pay.

An illustration of absent-mindedness is told to an excitable young drinking clerk, who filled his customer's bottle with the liniment desired, and receiving therefor a nice new twenty-five cent shinplaster, pasted it on the bottle and put the label in the cash-drawer.

The trial of Mary Cotton at West Auckland, England, accused of poisoning eleven members of her family, has ended in a verdict of guilty upon the first indictment, and the woman has been sentenced to death. The other indictments against her will not be tried.

The formal promulgation of the dogma of papal infallibility is to take place in Wurtemberg on Maundy-Thursday. The dogma has been promulgated in Wurtemberg already by Bishop Hefele, but not with the formality desired by the holy see, an omission which is now to be remedied.

A Peoria man, whose daughter insisted on going out evenings rather oftener than he with his old fogy notions thought advisable, put a gentle opiate in her tea, and when slumber's chain had bound her, shaved her head as smooth as a billiard-ball. She will now tarry at home until her hair be grown.

The Vienna exhibition commissioners have adjusted their difference with the German artist exhibitors, who complained of their own postponement to their French rivals, by obtaining the missing space by arrangement from the Austrian artists, so that now France and Germany start even as regards room.

A Boston gentleman writes to the papers regretfully: "Thirty years ago a beefsteak, oyster, and chicken supper, with cream-toast and coffee, and fixin's generally, cost but twenty-five cents a head, and 'dark seal' brandy, or any other brand, was only six cents a glass—and large bottomed, cut-glass tumblers at that."

Thousands of Chinamen, we read, are employed at railroad building in Costa Rica, and have contracted to work for eight years for the liberal sum of four dollars per month, three suits of clothes per annum, and a free passage home. If they do a fair amount of work, their employers can't very well complain of these terms.

The Prussian minister of the interior has been beaten in all his suits against the newspapers who published the Papal allocution. Such victories ruin the unfortunate editors, who are despoiled of their property arbitrarily, and then, after weeks of legal discussion, are told to go in peace. The minister erred in his construction of the law.

According to the new electoral reform bill for Austria, just approved by the emperor and referred to the lower house of the reichsrath, the total number of deputies is raised to three hundred and fifty-one, who are to be voted for directly by the provincial legislatures. This is as if our senators were to be elected by the people in districts instead of by the State legislatures.

A lady living at a hotel in Troy, allowed her baby to lie around loose, and the result was that it got mixed up with a lot of dirty clothes, and was carrid off, unobserved, by the laundry maid of the establishment. When the loss was discovered, a diligent search was instituted, and eventually, after sorting over the contents of the laundry, the baby was discovered.

The tendency to combine the coal-mining and carrying business existing in Georgia, as well as elsewhere, has led to a controversy between an Atlanta paper and Ex-Governor Brown, who owns coal-mines and controls railroads. It is asserted that he ought to be able to deliver coal in Atlanta at a net cost of three dollars and thirty-five cents per ton, which is considerably less than the price charged.

There are in London two hundred and sixteen thousand eight hundred and twenty-two children who are being efficiently educated in schools which satisfy the requirements of the school board, sixty-five thousand two hundred and four who are in inefficient schools, and eighty-two thousand six hundred and ninety-two who are not receiving any education. There are one thousand one hundred and six schools, good and bad.

Mr. Primsoll, member of parliament, whose book in behalf of English seamen has kicked up such a row, writes to the *Times* to say that "young as this year is, no less than forty-four ships have been posted up at Lloyd's as missing ships, with a loss of life of over one thousand men." Money is pouring in upon Mr. Primsoll from every quarter to enable him to defend himself in the libel suit which his book has brought upon him.

The will of Napoleon III has been proved in England. His personal property is sworn at under one hundred and twenty thousand pounds, and this he leaves to the empress without reserve. To the prince imperial there is only one bequest, we are told—the imperial crown. If this be true, we have here a certain violation of the *idee Napoleonienne*, according to which any Bonaparte may govern who is called by the voice of the people. And the emperor's will is in this respect an important manifesto to the imperialists.