MEMPHIS APPEAL

PER

GALLAWAY & KEATING.

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One copy, one week, in city	25
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First insertion, per square	$1 00
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Eight lines solid nonpareil make one square, and twelve lines make one inch.

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MEMPHIS APPEAL

SUNDAY : : : MARCH 26, 1876.

OUR CHARITIES—A SUGGESTION.

While engaged in the business of today our people are not unmindful of the claims of to-morrow. Money-getting and money-saving does not wholly monopolize their time and thought. The poor, whom the greatest once upon a time promised His hearers, we should always have with us, have share in their thoughts, and the unfortunate who sink gradually or fall suddenly into the profound depths of sin and sorrow, have an interest in their gains. Our charities are abundant, and are as peculiar in their objects and their work as the phases of poverty which are ever appealing to our sympathies. We have them answering all the degrees of trial and trouble, which, do as we may, will come, be it to ever so few, and leave their heavy mark of corrosion and care. We have orphan-asylums for Roman Catholics, Anglo-Catholics, Evangelicals and Jews; we have a Presbyterian woman's home and a Ladies' christian association, for instant relief and the securing of places for needy and deserving women; the Bethel, for the Sunday instruction of the street Arabs; and, last, though not least, indeed, first of all, the "Good Shepherd" charity, organized for the purpose of weaning fallen women from sin and bringing them back to the virtue from which they have been estranged. Besides these there is the city dispensary, the city and county hospital, and the county poor-house. It will thus be seen that Memphis, while building up and strengthening her avenues of trade and commerce, has not been unmindful of the claims of those who grow down to the earth and become mere grovellers, without heart or hope, inclined that way not by any will or volition in themselves, perhaps, but by circumstances the force of which they have not had strength to resist. It will be seen that we are not unmindful of the obligations that rest upon us as a people, and that we are equal to the charitable as well as the selfish responsibilities of life, only one beneficence being wanting to secure to us all that is needed of charitable purpose or design, and that is the endowment of a city hospital, to be maintained in the heart of the city, to be placed under the care of the board of health, and to which all street-patients, cases of accident or sudden or urgent illness, might be carried, certain of immediate treatment, care and attention. Such a hospital, endowed, for instance, and, as a correspondent suggests, by the now idle funds of the Howard association, and to be under the direction of that society, would be a fitting as it is a needed addition to the beneficences of our city, which open, with that exception, all the avenues of hope, expectancy or relief for the poor, the needy, or such as are distressed in mind, body or estate. Such a hospital is an immediate necessity, and it is one that ought to have immediate organization, for, no doubt, many lives have been lost for want of it, and much of unnecessary pain and torture been endured. We make the suggestion to the Howards, believing that such a charity is within the scope and power of their chartered obligations, and that such an application of their funds would meet the approval of the donors and all classes of our citizens.

RAILROAD AND STEAMBOAT COMMERCE.

By reference to the tabulated statement of the trade and commerce of Memphis, by "river and rail," during 1875, we find that the aggregate is in favor of the river, and that the preponderance of steamboat freights over those by railroad is so large as to justify the city in the most earnest endeavors for the preservation of the levee, its improvement and its freedom from any interference or hindrance that will in the least inconvenience those doing business there, or retard the growth of our trade by that channel. We also remind our readers that, when the river is at its highest—and that is generally the time when freights are most abundant—there is between Jefferson and Beale streets so little room for the transaction of freighting business that river men have reason to and do grumble, and have time and again asked for such an increase of space as the cutting down of all the bluffs, save that dedicated to the customhouse, would give. And even with that, they assert, there will scarce be enough space for the handling of the river freights if they are to increase in the next five years in anything like the ratio they have during the past. So anything like a railroad "under" the bluffs, that is between it and the river, is out of the question, barrier as it would be between the merchant and the steamboat, hindering free ingress and egress to the boats, and forming as it would a perpetual weight about that portion of our commerce which should be as free as the railroads are within the limits of their depot grounds. To permit the construction and operation of a railroad on the levee would be to ruin the river trade for the sake of extending privileges to the railroads which they can have by simply tunneling the bluff, or making a detour outside the city limits. That we ought to have a union railroad depot no one will deny, but that we ought to have such a depot by the ruin of our river trade none are prepared to consent to. Granting that one is as important as the other, there would still be a manifest injustice in carrying out a scheme that would injure the one to favor the other; but when it is remembered that nearly two-thirds of our commerce is by the river, our readers will realize that the contemplated railroad along the levee would be a permanent injury and virtual confiscation of the river trade, a great wrong of which the chamber of commerce should take instant cognizance, and which the general council never should permit. As we have before said, New Orleans is now suffering from just such an evil. We should take warning by her example, and refuse a privilege that will entail incalculable loss to our river trade, and place the city at the mercy of the railroads, to be administered upon at will.

THE CHURCH OF THE WORLD.

Harper's Magazine for April.]

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES (LORD HOUGHTON).

I stood one Sunday morning
Before a large church door;
The congregation gathered,
And carriages a score.
From one carriage stepped a lady
I felt had seen before.

Her hand was on a prayer-book,
And held a vinaigrette;
The sign of man's redemption
Clean cut on it was set,
Above the cross there glistened
A golden coronet.

For her the obsequious beadle
The lofty door flung wide;
Lightly, as up a hall room,
Her footsteps seemed to glide;
The organ filled good thoughts in her,
For all her sins pride.

But after her a woman
Peeped wistfully within,
On whose wan face was graven
Life's hardest discipline,
The trace of the sad trinity
Of weakness, pain and sin.

The few free seats were crowded
Where she could rest and pray,
With her worn cloak humiliated
Each side in fair array.
"God's house holds no poor sinners,"
She sighed and walked away.

Oh! Heathendom's vast temples
Hold men of every state;
The steps of the Bazaars
Commingle small and great;
The dome of Sophia
Confounds all human state;

The aisles of blessed Peter
Are open all the year;
Throughout wide Christian Europe
The Christian's right is clear
To use God's house in freedom,
Each man the other's peer,

Save only in that England
Where this disgrace I saw—
England, where no one crouches
In tyranny's base awe—
England, where all a equal
Beneath the eye of the law.

Yet there, too, each cathedral
Confesses its ample room;
No weary beggar resting
Within the holy gin m;
No earnest student missing
Beside the fane in tomb.

Who shall remove this evil
That desecrates our age—
A scandal great as ever
Iconoclastic rage?
Who to this christian people
Restore their heritage?

For the Sunday Appeal.]

Notes of European Travel.

I cannot offer even the plea of youth for being "one-sided and enthusiastic." I will simply acknowledge myself a verdure-clad specimen going to feast upon the wonder of art and nature. I was not one of those who had "exhausted life in my teens, and felt that there was nothing left but to weep over the ruins of spiritual excitement." Everything was strange, and each day developed hitherto undreamed-of attractions. As I review the scenes of my pilgrimage, they pass before me like the fair pictures of some old magician's glass, delicately colored, softly shaded, yet perfectly defined—precious souvenirs of a golden time. I was greeted at Heidelberg with the warmest of welcomes from a German family residing at Mannheim, to whom I had carried a letter of introduction. But alas! a sad, perplexed expression of the ladies spoke English, nor could I speak one word of German; but Vassar came to the rescue as interpreter, and so, being a feminine party, even under these disadvantageous circumstances there was a good deal communicated. The Methodist man, whose sole object in his extensive travels, so far as I could discover, was the finding of a rich Tory, was at once desperately enamored of one of my visitors. I was unable to decided whether it was her fresh blooming beauty, or the richness of her attire and the flashing gems on her pretty hands that fascinated him; but after having successfully maneuvered for an introduction he certainly devoted himself to her with praiseworthy assiduity, and apparently to her satisfaction as well as his own. Their mutual delight was convincing proof that there is a language easier far to learn than German or English—a language old yet ever new—a dialect not of words but of smiling lips, downcast eyes and mantling cheeks. The *naiveté* of the recently emancipated school-girl, and the ardor of her new admirer, almost bridged the years of my skepticism, and renewed a belief in love at first sight. Notwithstanding it rained unceasingly, in company we wended our way to the castle, the smitten pair walking beneath the same umbrella, and doubtless the attraction progressed favorably. I forgot to observe the gradual development, however, in frantic efforts to keep my pretty dress from being draggled—you know the great *ego* will reign supreme—and was glad to avail myself of a masculine arm and a share of another umbrella. It seemed as if we might have walked a mile up an almost perpendicular ascent, yet when we had reached the loftiest tower of the castle, from which we could look down upon the town and see for leagues away, the dark mountains still towered above us. These ruins are grand in their decay, and most picturesque. The ivy that climbs over the walls seems the growth of centuries, and trees of large size push their bold branches through the open casements, while flowers in profusion spring up where royalty once trod. Even upon the topmost turrets there are brilliant clusters, and feathery ferns find a congenial lodging place among the gray stones. Next came dear, delightful Baden. And whom should we meet here but the irrepressible W——. True, it was no surprise to encounter him again, for he had fairly shadowed us through our long journeyings, but this time it was rather agreeable, which couldn't always be said, for the rain poured day after day, and he was one of those persons whose benign possibilities blossom forth under certain trying circumstances. At any rate he was not an objectionable feature of that reading-room we came to know so well before we parted. I did not encounter a more inviting spot among the hotels of Germany. There were pretty plaster casts above the crimson-curtained windows, mirror-paneled walls, luxurious arm-chairs, and more than all, a grand piano of admirable tone. This retreat was rendered doubly attractive by contrast with the dripping court—all the foliage one sodden mass, the flowers bruised and broken, and the grim gargoyles of the ancient building peering through the wet leaves like little demons. I often wondered if these last were not petrified baby denizens of the Black Forest. Several of the gentlemen went for a horseback ride to those dense shades, despite the adverse circumstances of wind and rain, and we congratulated ourselves upon not having accompanied them when they returned, looking, as Kentucky said, "like drown-ded rats. (He could afford to murder the Queen's English and mangle the corse!") The knowing say that the glory of Baden-Baden has departed, but enough remains to afford an tonight into what it has been. Small wonder is it that its seductions lured and held fast alike gulleies youth and hoary-headed wisdom. Around the now empty halls of the kursaal there lingers yet a subtle essence, an indefinable, fascinating influence. The ball-rooms and the suite of reading rooms are regal in their appointments. Without, there is a bewildering fairyland of sweets, and fountains forever tossing their silver spray on the balmy air, while such music falls on the listening ear as, amid these adjuncts, steals away all consciousness except a dreamy one of an existence blissful as that of oriental story. I know that I often closed my eyes, vaguely hoping that I might thus drift away into the unknown. It is fortunate for me, I suppose, that this Sampson of all iniquity was shorn of his locks before dawning upon my vision, or I should not now be recording the continuance of my journey to Strasburg and Bale. I should say that Strasburg's guardian angel had been most neglectful of its charge; the city looks very old, and has an air of general dilapidation. The winds of heaven seem to have had a habit of visiting her cheek very roughly. The deep French roofs, with five or six rows of windows rising one above the other, present a very queer and antiquated appearance. The cathedral was undergoing repairs from injuries received during the Franco-Prussian war. The outside ornamentation is very elaborate; it is especially displayed in the bas-relief of the arched entrances. There was a perfect sea of heads crowded in front of the great clock at twelve o'clock. The figures are much smaller than I thought, and the clock itself is in an obscure corner, and not at all as imposing as I imagined. The apostles passed in slow succession, each making obeisance to the Savior. Death struck the hour, the cherubs did likewise, and the wonderful performance, not forgetting the deliberate flapping of the cock's wings, and his sickly crow, was over. Afterward, Bale—how even the word brings up Trollope's story—I believe it must have been on the balcony of the *Trois Bois* that miserable fellow sat. We arrived at dusk, and walked out after tea out saw only the rapidly flowing Rhine, its broad bridge, and long rows of closed shops and ill-lighted streets. Not caring to disturb the pious slumbers of such "goody" people, especially as there was no inducement to prolong our stroll, we returned and betook ourselves literally to our little beds. We departed next morning, and I believe my chief recollection of that sleepy town is of the golden honey and delicious chocolate it afforded, and the quaint old pottery of hideous design everywhere exposed for sale. But I perceive that although "the days of our fellicities make short arches," a recital of the incidents which filled mine makes a letter of unpardonable length, for into them was crowded, for your correspondent, as much happiness as many people thinly spread through all their merger lives.

PATTIE LYLES COLLINS.

Hawthorne.

Hawthorne's parents lived in the old town of Salem, Massachusetts. Young Nathaniel entered Bowdoin at the age of seventeen. As a student he was the reverse of young Longfellow in almost every respect. It was Longfellow's nature to be frank and social with all. Hawthorne, on the other hand, was sensitive, shy, reserved, quiet and meditative, and he oftener preferred to be by himself. Says one of his old classmates to the writer: "I think he was the most peculiar young man in his tastes I ever met. One peculiarity of his college days I remember very well. On leaving the recitation room, instead of keeping with the rest of the class, as they stopped to laugh and chat, he would immediately drop off, either by himself or in company with one of his particular associates. I remember it was often his delight to wander away alone down among the pines. Here, in some noiseless retreat, he would remain for hours, studying and musing by himself. He seemed to have a dread of contact with his fellow-students, and exhibited tendencies to solitude. But few of his classmates ever came to know him well. In college he had but three associates. With these he was very intimate. One was Franklin Pierce. Pierce afterward became President of the United States, and Hawthorne his biographer. I remember," continued my informant, "seeing them often together in college days, and I know the friendship which they then formed for each other lasted through life. Hawthorne's two other associates in college were Horatio Bridge, now at the head of the bureau of clothing in the naval department, and George S. Sawyer, now chief justice of South Carolina." In recitations Hawthorne was not remarkable for accuracy. In fact, he was very often deficient. Mathematics he disliked very much. He excelled only in one branch—that of a writer. Professor Newman often spoke of his translations as showing a high order of taste, while his English compositions were always excellent. He was, indeed, a lover of literature, and preferred rather to give vent to his natural genius than to allow himself to be cramped and molded into the mere memorializing machine of the classroom. But, to complete the story, some one has said Hawthorne was blessed with a wife, whom, if he had never loved, he would in all probability have died unnoticed and unknown. Both are now dead. Hawthorne sleeps on a pleasant hill slope near Concord. His ideal wife rests in an old church-yard in London. In heaven, let us trust, their souls are again united.

The Art of Flattery.

Saturday Review.]

If flattery is to be grateful to a sensible and truth-loving man or woman, it must cleverly conform to several conditions. As we have remarked, it must not be too broad, wholly setting at defiance the bounds of truth, but must be recognizable as an approximation to the truth. Thus the compliment bestowed should clearly point to a meritorious quality having an undisputed existence. Further, it should never be forced on a person in an obtrusive way. It should be couched in modest language, and not break violently on our attention in bald eulogistic epithets. And it should not be kept before our minds so as to arouse a full and embarrassing consciousness of the speaker's meaning, but rather appear as a transient element in a fugitive conversation. It is always better to let the praises be inferred from the language used than to declare it in direct terms. In this way it will be appreciated by a swift movement of feeling, while there will be no time for its arousing a painful self-consciousness. Once more, flattery is always more acceptable when it seems to be the product of the moment, and not the result of premeditation. In this case it has a greater appearance of reality. Or if the speaker distinctly intends to indicate a deliberate wish to gratify, and to show the exercise of forethought, the praise should be tendered with a certain delicate skill so as to assure the recipient of the giver's anxiety to make the offering as graceful as possible. The indirect ways of flattery are also worth attending to. One may flatter a person by saying to his intimate friend—for instance, his wife—something highly eulogistic, which it would be difficult to say to himself directly. Another and still more useful method is to flatter by action instead of words, that is, by treating people as if they had a certain kind of merit or excellence. Thus we may studiously consult the taste of a lady whose æsthetic judgment we wish to extol, or may enlist the co-operation of a person in a benevolent scheme, and thus indirectly attribute to him a generous disposition. The advantage of this last mode of flattering is that it compels no necessity of even a slight verbal untruthfulness. To appeal to a person's opinion is not the same thing as to declare him to be wise, even though he may be readily disposed to conjecture from the former that we mean the latter also.

Ward cheney.

New York World, 22d.]

Mr. Ward Cheney, of Cheney Brothers, manufacturers of American silks (the New York house is No. 477 Broome street) died of pneumonia at his residence at South Manchester, Connecticut, yesterday morning, about sixty-five years old. Mr. Cheney was one of the first and most successful makers of American silks. His first factory at South Manchester was started in 1836 The business was not a promising one at that time, and for three or four years of three million dollars. The present members of the firm are the brothers John, Ralph and Frank Cheney, and Mr. Ward Cheney leaves an only son, Arthur, of the Globe theater, Boston. Mr. Cheney built a model village for his operators at South Manchester, most of whom were brought over from England by him, supplying neat cottages and town-hall, post-office and other buildings, with a lyceum whose winter lecture courses include the best of lecturers. He was recognized as one of the foremost men in the manufacture of American silks, and was elected in May, 1873, president of the Silk association of America.

A Valuable Deodorizer.

Dr. Goolden, in the London *Lancet* directs attention to the great value of chloride of lead as a deodorizer. He prepares it by dissolving a drachm of nitrate of lead in a pint or more of boiling water, and pouring the solution into a bucket of water in which two drachms of chloride of sodium have been dissolved. When the sediment has subsided, the clear supernatant fluid is a saturated solution of chloride of lead. Dr. Goolden says that a cloth dipped in this solution, and hung up in a room, will instantly sweeten a foetid atmosphere; or, if the solution be thrown down a sink, water closet or drain, or over a heap of dung or refuse, a like result will ensue. In this way he disinfected a house in which a drain had burst, some stables, and also a large ship. In the last case the bilge-water was exceedingly offensive. He merely dissolved half an ounce of nitrate of lead in a bucket of boiling fresh water and had it thrown down the bilge when the ship was rolling slightly. The effect was the instant disappearance of all smell.

Cremation in Paris.

Correspondence of the London Times.]

At the meeting of the Paris municipality recently, the prefect of the police submitted the report on cremation addressed to him by the hygiene commission. It states that were the system of common graves continued—which, however, is to be abolished in the projected cemetery at Mery—cremation would offer decided sanitary advantages; but legislative obstacles would arise, as it would prevent the detection of certain crimes. An autopsy would, therefore, be necessary before it was allowed in any case; and cremation would have to be optional.

A Bit of Experience.

Presbyterian.]

"Good-natured editing," says some wise man, "spoils half the papers in the States." Yes, verily. "Will you please publish the poetry I send," says one; "it is my first effort;" and some crude lines go in, to encourage budding genius. "Our church is in great peril," says another; "will you publish our appeal," and a long and dolorous plea is inserted. "My father took your paper for twenty years," writes another; "I think you ought to publish the resolutions passed by the session of Big Brake church when he died," and in go resolutions of no interest to a majority of the readers. "I am particularly anxious that the views I present should go before the church this week," and out go a covey of small, pithy contributions, to make room for three columns from a ponderous D. D. "There is an immediate necessity for the exposure of one who is a bitter enemy to the truth," writes another, as he sends an attack upon an antagonist which will fill an entire page. "I am about to publish a book, identifying the great image of brass, iron and clay, and I would be obliged to you to publish the advance sheets of the fifth chapter, which I herewith inclose to you." "Why do you not publish in full R——'s great speech in the general assembly? It would increase your circulation largely." "If you will publish the sermon I transmit to you, I will take eight extra copies!" "The church must be aroused on the subject of foreign missions," says a pastor, as he forwards the half of his last Sabbath's sermon. And the ladies—bless their sweet smiles and sweet voices—the good-natured editor surrenders to them at once, and they go away happy, utterly unconscious that they have helped to spoil the paper.

Sea-Waves as a Motive Power.

We mentioned several months ago the proposed utilization of the force of sea waves as a motive power. A London journal of recent date contains an abstract of a paper read by Mr. Beauchamp Tower before a scientific gathering in England and descriptive of a machine for the purpose named: "It consists in the principle," says the report, "of a weight supported on a spring, so that it can oscillate on the spring, through a considerable range in a vertical line. The scale of the spring, and consequently the natural period of oscillation of the weight, can be varied at will. When it is so adjusted that it synchronizes with the waves, the oscillations become very violent, and a large amount of power can be obtained from them. In practice the springs consist of highly-compressed air pressing on the rims of hydro-pneumatic cylinders, and the arrangement is such that the vessel containing the compressed air forms the moving weight. The author exhibited a design of a machine for working an auxiliary propeller of a sailing ship of eighteen hundred tons displacement. The moving weight in this case is one hundred tons, and he showed by calculation that it would give about thirty horse-power in the long swell of the Atlantic, about one hundred and sixty horse-power in average ocean waves, and more than six hundred horse-power in a heavy head sea. The space occupied by the machine compares favorably with a steam-engine of the same power. The author exhibited a model of the machine, which recently, in a moderate sea, had yielded power at the rate of one and one-half horse-power per ton of moving weight."

Mohammedanism in Central Asia.

Pall Mall Gazette.]

A leading article in the *Golos* of St. Petersburg draws attention to the Mohammedan movement in Central Asia. "The agitation," it says, "which now prevails among the Mohammedans in all parts of the Asiatic continent shows that Islamism is far from being so worn out and decrepit as it is generally believed. The movement aims at nothing less than a complete regeneration of the Mohammedan religion, and it manifests itself not only in Turkey—where the fanatical hatred of the christians is more bitter than formerly—but also in Bokhara, Khiva, Khokand and Kashgar. The Turks, who are beginning to feel that their mission in Europe is at an end, now turn their attention to Asia, and their efforts to obtain influence among the Central Asian States cannot fail to affect our relations with those States. In China the Mohammedans are engaged in a deadly struggle with the Chinese, and in India they have regained so much power that the English government has had to make important concessions to them. The July revolution in Khokand, the expulsion of the Russian protégs, Khudojar Khan, the energetic resistance offered to the Russians by the Kiptchaks and the Karakirghiz, which it has taken more than four months to suppress, the popular excitement manifested in Bokhara, and the war preparations in Kashgar—all these facts point to the commencement of a new era in the history of Central Asia; and if precautionary measures are not speedily taken, Turkestan will become a second Caucasus."

The Illustrated Newspapers.

The two leading illustrated newspapers agree in beginning and ending with political caricatures, which is about the only agreement there is between them—in political matters at least. On the first page of the current number of *Harper's Weekly* Mr. Nast pictures Brother Jonathan as a minute-man trampling upon a state upon which is inscribed the name of Jeff. Davis, while a lamb, labelled "New Hampshire Victory," dances joyously in the background. On the corresponding page of *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* there is a picture by Keppler of a gang of thieves, whose faces are meant to represent those of certain cabinet officers, sitting around a table, engaged in dividing the proceeds of their plunder. The chief of the gang, looking nearly like the artist could make him like President Grant, is running in hastily, crying "Hi, my jolly coves! Hide your swag quickly! The cops are on us! This lay is played out, and we must keep shady for awhile!" One of the party, with a beard that resembles Belknap's, is escaping through a window, while the conventional "Brother Jonathan," dressed in policeman's uniform, peeps in through a window. The caricatures on the last page of *Harper's Weekly* are devoted to Pendleton and Tweed, while that with which *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* comes to an end is an ear—that of the President, to wit, into which certain labelled and winged epistles are flying.

Small Fruits Versus Cotton in West Tennessee.

Milan Exchange.]

The fact that several enterprising citizens from other towns and from Illinois have recently come to Milan to engage in the culture of the small fruits, has caused no little comment among our people. We have several times called the attention of our citizens to the growing demand for the small fruits in the northern cities, and have tried to impress it upon them that, with our excellent soil and climate, they could make the strawberry and raspberry a paying crop. One of our citizens has demonstrated this to them. The paying crop is the one that reaches the market first, and we can exhaust our crop of berries here before the northern gardener's crop would begin to ripen. Our soil is the natural home of the strawberry and the grape. Our old citizens can remember when all the country for miles around Milan was one continuous strawberry patch, the fruit ripening and growing from year to year on the prairies, or barrens as they were called. We have a mine of gold that only needs enterprise and labor to equal any mine in California. All that is needed is for some of our citizens to commence. It will exceed the profits of cotton raising tenfold. The only fear is that strangers may come in, and by getting the best land, reap the substantial rewards before our citizens realize the fact. We want to see who will quit cotton to raise strawberries first.

Four Notable Women.

New York Star.]

Truth is stranger than fiction. Within half a mile of Printing-House square, New York, live four women who are known in connection with the stage. One sprung from nowhere, and is the wife of the editor of a leading American newspaper. A second, after years of toil and some marked success, is the wife of a millionaire. A third, better born than the others, is one of the wives of the present managing editor of a leading American newspaper, and earns a subsistence as a ballet-girl in one of our chief theaters. Her husband sports a second "wife" on a large salary, confident that the love of his real wife will protect him from prosecution. A fourth started as low as one can start, and is to-day not only among the stars of her profession, but an honored member of the selectest social circle. Queer, isn't it?

BAIRNIES, CUDDLE DOON.

ALEX. ANDERSON.

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht,
Wi' mickle forethought an' din;
"O, ye sad sleep, ye w' sikrie rogues,
Your father's comin' in."
They never he'd a word I speak;
I try to gie a frogie,
But aye I tap their lugs, an' cry,
"O, bairnie, cuddle doon."

Wee Jamie, wi' the curly hed—
He aye sleeps next the wa'—
Bangs up an' cries, "I want a piee;"—
The rest start frae their sma'.
I fin an' fitch them pieces, drinks,
They step awee the soun',
Then draw the blankets up an' cry,
"Noo, weanies, cuddle doon."

But ere five minutes gang, wee Rab
Gives out, frae 'neath the claes,
"Mither, mek Tam gie over at once,
He's kittlin' wi' his taes."
The mischief's in that Tam for tricks,
He'd better half the toon;
But aye I hap them up an' cry,
"O, bairnies, cuddle doon."

At length they hear their father's fit,
An', as he seeks the door,
They turn their faces to the wa',
While Tam pretends to snore.
"Has a' the weans been guder?" he asks,
As he pits off his shoon.
"The bairnies, John, are in their beds,
An' lang since cuddled doon."

An' just afore we hed oorsels,
We look at our wee lambs;
Tam has his arm roun' wee Rab's neck,
An' Rab his arm roun' Tam's.
I lift wee Jamie up the bed,
An as I strait each croon,
I whisper till my heart fills up,
"O, bairnies, cuddle doon."

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht
Wi' mirth that's dear to me;
But soon the big warld's cark an' care
Will gurten doon their glee.
Yet, O, me what will to them be,
May He who sits aboon
Aye whisper, though their pows be bauld,
"O, bairnies, cuddle doon."

CURRENT NEWS.

Colonel W. P. Adair, a high-toned aborigine from the Indian Territory, is charged with paying a bribe of thirty-five thousand dollars to get a claim through the interior department.

Lo, the poor Indian, whose tattooted mind,
Twigs this pale-face who holds his hand behind.

Hon. Richard A. Dana is justified in having a horror of Butler. His hateful shadow, falling across the door of the committee on foreign relations, has "struck more terror to the soul of Richard than could the substance of the ten thousand Democratic senators. (Shakespeare.)

St. Louis disbursed ninety-two thousand eight and three dollars and thirty-nine cents in maintaining its public schools during February, and has a good balance in the treasury. That city prefers good schools in modest buildings to expensive structures and large debts and perhaps no schools.

Mrs. Walpurga Wackerle has arrived in Connecticut, after traveling thousands of miles, much of the way on foot, in search of proofs that her husband was killed in 1872 on the Texas and Pacific railroad, in order that she may collect six thousand dollars on a policy from the Ætna life insurance company, of Hartford. The company resists payment.

He was taken sick in the night, and in her youthful ignorance she made two mustard plasters, and put one on in front and one behind, and then with bitter sarcasm she asked him how he felt. But he was a well-bred man, and merely said that he realized with a tenderness he had never known before the true position of a sandwich in the community.

The colored schools of Delaware are said to show encouraging signs of activity. Outside of the city of Wilmington there are twenty-nine schools under the care of the Delaware association, with an average attendance of nine hundred and seventy-eight pupils. Efforts made to awaken the colored people to the importance of education are proving successful.

In England marriage with a deceased wife's sister is still illegal, whereas the colonial legislatures of Australia have sanctioned it, and the respective executives received the royal assent. The anomaly of having there arisen the issue by such marriages, while legitimate in the colonies, is considered the reverse in the home country; a law is under consideration in parliament to obviate the difficulty.

Brussels has the largest icehouse in the world. The roof covers an area of eighteen thousand square feet; the walls are double, and filled with moss and sawdust. There are nine separate ice-chambers, each of thirty thousand cubic feet capacity. There are galleries for storing meat in hot weather, capable of holding two thousand quarters. A million tons of ice have been stored in the building at one time.

A correspondent of the Richmond *Enquirer* estimates that five million six hundred and fifty thousand dollars have been appropriated to educational purposes in Virginia during the past ten years. In the same period endowment schemes for the benefit of the colleges and theological institutions in the State have been wholly or in part carried out, amounting in the aggregate to three million four hundred thousand dollars.

Yale has been prolific in college presidents, having furnished them to the following institutions: Princeton, Columbia, Dartmouth, Williams, Amherst, Trinity, Middlebury, Churchill, and the universities of Vermont, California, Pennsylvania and many others. Presidents Barnard, of Columbia; White, of Cornell; Gilman of the Hopkins university, and Chancellor Sillie, of the University of Pennsylvania, are graduates of Yale.

Rev. Dr. A. J. Behrendt, who has recently left the Baptists, publishes an article in the *Baptist Union*, entitled "The Modern Inquisition," in which he sharply condemns the Baptist denomination for its policy on the communion question. He calls the present defense of Baptist principles "a dishonorable and distractig guerrilla warfare," says that it is "wrong, wicked, satanic," and that he "has felt the lash to the quick, and has been racked in every joint."

New York *Herald*: The disgraceful neglect of the authorities in permitting the corpse of Mrs. Rose Young to remain moored to a pier in the East river for twenty-four hours after its discovery is surely worthy of more than mere condemnation. There are few things more pitiable on record than that of the husband of the unfortunate woman watching wearily through the long night over the remains of his wife as they rose and fell and swayed with the tide. Can no one be punished for this outrage on humanity?

Ex-President Woolsey, of Yale, one of the highest living authorities on international law, has written a letter strongly urging the confirmation of Mr. Dana. He says that he has personally made examination of the facts of the controversy concerning the Wheaton notes, and that nothing in the slightest degree dishonorable was done by Mr. Dana. Mr. Woolsey speaks in the highest terms of Mr. Dana's reputation and character, and his letter will have weight with the public, if not with the senate.

"Mr. Lamar," says the Washington correspondent of the Atlanta *Constitution*, "though apparently in good bodily health, is in a very critical condition, and fears death every time he makes a speech or participates in such a debate as that on the Belknap business. The paralytic stroke which some years ago nearly put an end to his career may at any moment be succeeded by another, with almost a certainty of its proving fatal. It is to avert such a calamity that Mr. Lamar has turned his back upon Washington at this time, when his counsels and his example are so much needed."

The trustees of the John Hopkins university at Baltimore have offered to young men from any place ten fellowships or graduate scholarships, to be bestowed for excellence in any of the following subjects: Philology, literature, history, ethics and metaphysics, political science, mathematics, engineering, physics, chemistry and natural history. The value of the fellowships will be five hundred dollars, payable in three sums. Applications must be made prior to June 1, 1876, the conditions being an evidence of a liberal education, an inclination toward a certain line of study, and upright character. The holder will be expected to co-operate in upholding the efficiency of the university, and to render some service as an examiner.

The London *Sporting and Dramatic News* tells this story in an article on "The shady side of pigeon shooting": "Captain Bogardus, the champion wingshot of America," it says, "came over here to challenge any man to shoot against him at pigeons. He polished off the crack shots of this country in a manner worthy of praise; but after one of these great matches his opponent bet him fifty pounds he did not kill the next bird. The champion took the bet, the trap was pulled, but no blue rock rose to take its flight. A pigeon there was in the trap, but it was a dead one. The captain paid his fifty pounds with a grimly amused air, as he sotto voced, 'This is English fair play; and that is what the old country has come to.'"

The great drink manufacturers of Ireland are distinguished by an exemplary munificence where ecclesiastical edifices are concerned. The late Sir B. Guinness led off with six hundred thousand dollars for St. Patrick's cathedral; a great distiller, Mr. Roe, followed with the restoration of the other Protestant Episcopal metropolitan cathedral and a hall for synodical assemblages; and now, in Cork, Mr. Wise, distiller, has received at Zittau. He subsequently began the study of medicine and surgery at the Dresden academy, completing his course at the University of Leipsic. It was here that he became a convert to homeopathy, partly owing to its efficacy in his own case, and partly from a thorough examination of the system. His studies in this line were completed at Wurzburg, where he received his degree March 22, 1824. He then was appointed teacher of mathematics and natural sciences in a Dresden academy, and subsequently proceeded to Surinam, S. A., to make scientific researches, under government auspices. After resigning this office he began the practice of medicine. His extensive and valuable zoological and botanical collection was presented to the academy of natural sciences in this city, he being elected a corresponding member of that body. In January, 1833, he came to Philadelphia, where he has since resided, except when engaged in an unsuccessful attempt to inaugurate a school of homeopathy at Allentown. He participated in the efforts by which the Hahnemann medical college of Philadelphia was established, and was for many years professor of institutes and materia medica in that institution. He is a very voluminous writer, his *Rise and Progress of Homeopathy* having been translated into English, Dutch and Swedish. His *Domestic Physician* had a circulation of one hundred thousand in Europe and America, and has been translated into French, Italian and Spanish. He is still actively engaged in the duties of his profession.

Moliere's Plays.

A remarkable discovery has been made in finding the diary of the celebrated actor Lagrange, who was an intimate friend of Moliere. He kept the accounts of Moliere's company, and it is mainly these documents which have been found. The profits of each play have been carefully recorded, and many other items of interest have been discovered. The *Misanthrope* brought Moliere nothing at all, for it was not well received. The *Médecin malgre lui* was somewhat more successful, as were also the *Citoyen* and *Amphytrion*. The *Miser* brought him nothing, but the *Ecole des femmes* paid quite well. The greatest profit was made by the remarkable success of *Tartuffe*, which, according to this diary, brought to Moliere some seven thousand livres during the two years of its run. When the great dramatist died the actors supported themselves upon the profits of his works; but at the beginning of the eighteenth century his plays were almost forgotten, and even though such artists as Talma, Beauvisset, Duchesnes, etc., appeared the sum the average receipts never exceeded four hundred livres. On September 12, 1721, the *Monsieur de Pourceaugnac* brought only sixty-two livres, and the favorite *Tartuffe* brought, on the eighteenth of November of the same year, only four hundred and sixty-one livres. In the month of October, 1721, the house of the company amounted to two thousand livres; but this result was not due to the comedies of Moliere, but to the production of a sensational play, produced at that time, and called *Cartouche*, which, after the execution of this notorious convict, was played with great success. In later years the comedies of Diderot and next the political comedies of Beaumarchais, drew the attention of the public away from Moliere's works. In the first twenty years of our century the works of Moliere were revived, and again found enthusiastic listeners. But the romantic school, headed by Alexander Dumas and Victor Hugo, again threw these plays in the background. This state of affairs, however, did not last long, and to-day the *repertoire* of Moliere is the most popular of the French theater.

Galaxy for April.]

A CONFESSION.

THOS. WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

A "Confession," bearing date of the eleventh century, gives some idea of the quaintness and earnestness of these early rhymers:

O Lord, forgive me, for I trust
Eternally to Thee.
What I have done and said and thought,
All my perversity.

From natal and baptismal hour
Down to the present day,
To Thee, High Priest, Almighty God,
I do bewail alway.

The evil one has written down,
The sin he sees in his power,
The wicked deeds and sinful thoughts
Of every passing hour.

Sweet Jesus! for Thy Mother's sake,
Thy pardon I implore,
And by my youthful trespasses
I will offend no more.

From God, Thy Mother, and from Thee,
I humble mercy pray;
For then the devil will be vexed
Upon the judgment day.

Oh, keep me, in temptation's hour,
From every shameful sin,
Dear God, without Thy loving aid
No soul can enter in.

Sin is so strong, and we are weak,
And I have faithless grown;
O Lord, in my extreme distress,
I cling to Thee alone.

The "Fall" in French.

Wells College Chronicle.]

"Monsieur Adam he wake up; he see une belle demoiselle asleep in ze garden. Voila de la chance! 'Bon jour, Madame Iv.' Madame Iv she wake, she hold her hand before her face. Monsieur put up his eyeglass to admire ze tableau. Zey make one promenade. Madame Iv she feel hungry; she see apple on ze arbre. Serpent se promenade sur Partre make one walk on ze tree. 'Mons. le Serpent,' says Iv, 'weel you not have ze bonte to peek me some apple? J'ai faim.' 'Certainment, madame,' says ze serpent; 'charm de vous voir.' 'Hola, mon ami! ar-r-etez-vous,' says Adam; 'stop, stop! Que songez-vous faire? What madness is zels? You must not peek ze apple!' Ze snake he take one pi