NIGHT LODGINGS.

INTERESTING SIGHTS AND SCENES.

There is a unique-looking building on Louisiana avenue, surmounted by a peculiarly-shaped belfry, that, like a well-worn hat on the head of a patriarch, has begun to show signs of the ravages of time. This building was the provost-marshal's guard-house during the early days of the rebellion, and afterward degenerated into a police station. Though it has changed owners again, it still wears a gloomy, prison-like aspect. A dingy lamp hangs over the doorway, on which is painted in legible characters:

"NIGHT LODGING-HOUSE."

A REPUBLICAN scribe, whose sleeping moments belong to that impossible and impracticable hour of which no man knoweth, but who nevertheless is benevolently inclined in acquiring information of the means and opportunities of rest for the poor, impecunious body and soul, peeped in the entry of the aforesaid "lodging-house," and, perceiving a bright light streaming from a adjoining room, boldly pushed open the door and entered. It was a small apartment, scantily furnished with two pine tables, a row of benches, and a large, old-fashioned cooking-stove. On the benches were seated eight poorly-clad men, eating with evident relish their evening meal, a bowl of nutritious meat-soup and bread. The cheerful expression on their jaded, careworn faces told eloquently the value of the "Night Lodging-House" and its benefits to the poor, homeless wanderer. Hope had entered their despairing hearts and flickered out a

TRANSIENT GLEAM OF BETTER DAYS.

A burly mulatto stood before a table, on which were ranged a number of bowls and a hecatomb of baker's bread, ready to dispense fresh rations to the hungry guests, and at another table, facing the lodgers, a young man sat, busily engrossed in writing in a book the names and ages of some newcomers. "This," observed the young man, who seemed to be the superintendent of the establishment, as he took up the ledger and turned over its leaves for the inspection of the scribe, "is our record-book. Every applicant, on presenting us a ticket from any of the police stations, has his name, age, occupation, weight, &c., entered therein, then, after going through the usual catagorical questions as to whether he has been vaccinated, his destination, and the length of time he intends remaining in the city, we give him a supper, his bath, and he is then at liberty to retire to his dormitory. If you will step up stairs," he added, "we will show you their sleeping apartments." THE REPUBLICAN followed the obliging superintendent up a flight of well-worn steps to the second story. The building has an aged look, and the iron-barred windows and grim brick walls suggested with a slight shiver, a resemblance to the famous "tombs" of New York.

THE LARGEST DORMITORY

which is divided into two compartments, accommodates twenty-six lodgers. A large coal stove, well filled with anthracite, gave a pleasant and cheerful aspect to the surroundings. Each cot was neatly provided with its necessary et ceteras, and a nice clean night-gown, of a Millerite hue and texture, hung at the head of each bed. There was no one in the dormitory at the time but a pale, emaciated creature, who lay on a couch, breathing heavily.

"You notice that man," said the superintendent, lowering his voice to a whisper, "he is in the last stages of consumption, and is only kept alive by constant doses of morphine. He was an inmate of Providence Hospital, and, after experimenting on him, and finding no hope of his recovery, they turned him remorselessly out of that institution to perish prematurely from want and neglect. As a strange phase in this man's history, he wishes to possess a quiet interest in a post-office clerkship."

"A sad case," observed THE REPUBLICAN.

"Sad, indeed; but hundreds of others equally distressing are daily coming to our notice. To relate them would sound like very impossible fiction. In nearly every case these who apply for lodging are deserving men and women."

"You have women lodgers, then?"

"Frequently—music teachers, clerks, and others having no stated business. Some of these cases are very sad and touching. One lady, in particular, came to us on one of the coldest nights in March a year ago. She was young,

GOOD LOOKING, AND ELEGANTLY DRESSED.

She seemed averse to giving us any account of herself, only she was out of money and none of the hotels or public houses would take her in. We afterward ascertained she was the daughter of a leading sectarian clergyman of Boston. She had been wandering around the streets a long while, her feet were frost-bitten, and she could hardly find strength to reach our night lodging-house. But if you will step outside I will show you the women's dormitory."

We followed the superintendent a few steps farther to a more comfortable, convenient, and even cosy little apartment, with two cots, a stove, and some other trifling articles of furniture. This room had been occupied for two weeks or more by a respectable but unfortunate lady, a music teacher, who, after vainly attempting to procure employment, exhausted her pecuniary resources and was unable to say. Let us now return to the sup-room, which is already crowded with

A FRIGHT LOT OF UNFORTUNATES,

whose pale and shrunken features, watery eyes, and weary gait tell us a silent but impressive tale of human suffering. Many of these have seen better days; some freshly unfortunate, unacquainted as yet with the extreme rigors of poverty; others are persons claimants, who, from miscalculation or improvident habits, have got out of money, while there is a sprinkling of the stereotyped office-seeker, who from one descending step to another has sunk into the arms of a too-welcome charity; some are mechanics and sturdy tradesmen, who, since the commencement of this last month (February) numbers of this class have been saved from exposure and a possible death by the benevolent exertions of the Night Lodging-House. There are also among these applicants for a temporary home, which runs out in three days, now and then, a professional gentleman, a doctor, lawyer, and even journalists who are never "behind" ledger, which goes to show that the bulk of the scores who are registered in this unique and economical hotel are of American parentage, and in the main respectable and of moral worth. On every page is a story of suggestive interest to the kind-hearted and reflective mind. One of these cases was

A BAPTIST CLERGYMAN OF EVIDENT CULTURE,

who came to the Night Lodging-House last winter shabbily dressed, and with a face that betokened such despair and abject misery that the kind-hearted officials were not long in deciding in his favor. He took his seat quietly by the others, and eagerly stretched forth his hand to receive his ration of bread and soup. His cheerful face, shining out through all those rags and dirt and abject wretchedness, made a striking picture for an artist, while, as a sombre contrast, another lodger swallowed down his repulsive story, laid with a half unguatural gulp, and leaving vacantly up at the ceiling, as though quarreling over his miserable destiny. A small negro urchin, who is evidently in the book-black line, deposits his brushing-box outside, going with the characteristic good nature of his race, settles down comfortably on the bench, and addresses himself to his humble meal with an air of contentment that an Arlington or Wormley boarder would envy. The door opens again; another unfortunate,

A TALL, OLD MAN, WITH A GRIZZLY BEARD,

totters in. He is very white and emaciated, and as he advances to the table his trembling limbs almost refuse their office. He quavers out the answers to the stereotyped questions in a kind of piteous way that would have moved a heart of stone. The pictures of distress which constantly pass under the observation of the officials, so oft recurring, gives a sober, thoughtful expression to their faces. There is no joking, no rude and boisterous mirth, no loud talking, but quiet and a recitation room. Silently the rations are distributed, as silently received with a grateful nod or half inclination of the head, and then the weary wanderer takes his bath and glides like a ghost into his dormitory. And in this magnificent metropolis of stately buildings and costly equipages, where gayety and social happiness abound; where wealth distributes her favors and power sits enthroned; where hundreds of homeless creatures wander around helplessly for succor, or cry aloud in vain for help; where misery and desolation go groping through the darkness and skepticism of a thoughtless or unfeeling world, Mercy and Charity, twin sisters, with their angel wings, hover over us still; and how many, even on this coming night, will bless that useful institution sustained by the noble Christian men and women of Washington, our Night Lodging-House."

A NEW ARITHMETIC.

Interesting Problems for Old and Young Minds to Solve.

A merchant bought four barrels of sugar, several barrels of molasses, and two barrels of meal. Find what per cent. of beans he mixed with his coffee?

A beggar met two boys; one gave him seven cents and the other gave him eight cents. Find the name of the third boy, who hit him in the ear with a snow-ball?

If one insect has six legs and another insect has seven, how many hornets does it take to lift a boy out of the old man Sabin's orchard?

In one field there are eight sheep; in another field there are seven horses. How many men will it require to properly conduct a village dog-fight?

A county officer on a salary of $800 per year purchased two horses for $600, a carriage for $400, a set of silver for $200, four silk dresses for his wife at $60 each, and played poker to the tune of $180. How much did he save out of his year's salary, and what is the county going to do about it?

If a young man owns a little cane, a rat-and-tan dog, a pair of lavender pants, three flash neckties, a frail mustache, and a flimsy handkerchief, what will it cost to board six idiots at a first-class hotel for a year?

A bureau weighing sixty-eight pounds is to be carried up a flight of stairs twelve feet high. What lifting power must be exerted to the square foot to get it half-way up?

A plumber is called upon to mend a leak in a water-pipe. He sends an employee, who surveys the leak, another who courts the servant girl, a third who has a quarrel with his sweetheart, a fourth to look after the other three. He sends a bill for $4.12. At this rate how long will it take the plumber to secure a mortgage on the City Hall?

A bureau weighing sixty-eight pounds has been tugged half way up a flight of stairs twelve feet high. How much the last man must the old man travel to get the foot of the stairs and take his boots off before the infernal old thing smashes him?

Among the players in a poker-room are three merchants, two aldermen, four clerks, two lawyers, one butcher, and one grocer. A raid is made by the police and all are captured. Find how many of them "dropped in to see about selling the poker man a horse."

A asks B for a loan of $5 until Sunday. Six months later B reminds A that he has not returned that "V" yet. A denies that he ever borrowed a red cent of B, and offers to punch his head for insulting him. Find what B loses.

A tramp gets two kicks at one house, a cold pancake at another, and a bite from a dog at a third. How long will it take him to get into the workhouse for sixty days?

Thirteen Mexicans cross the Rio Grande into the United States on a pleasure excursion. They conclude to invest in a drove of Texas cattle. Three-fifths of the number meet with accidents and remain permanently on this side, while another fifth feel hurt about something. What is the exact number of those who got home without feeling anything in particular?—*Sunday School Gazette.*

An Agricultural Company.

The Natchez *Democrat* says that it learns from a well-informed gentleman from the vicinity in which the purchase was made that a Boston company has recently bought for cash seven valuable contiguous plantations in Chicot County, Arkansas. The prices paid for these plantations respectively were $20,000, $35,000, $20,000, $20,000, $25,000, $18,000, and $20,000, making a total investment for the lands of $158,000. It is the intention of this company to cultivate all these plantations, having their own supply stores, and their own oil mill, and their own schools and churches, and to make it to a great extent an independent and self-sustaining community.

Stylish.

The really stylish young man in Philadelphia now hangs his hair, curling it down in such a manner as to cover the "front window of the brain." It is said to give them the charming appearance of so many idiots—and it is possible that in this case appearances are not entirely deceptive.—*Exchange.*

What E. John Ellis Loves.

"I love my State and her people," says Congressman Ellis, of Louisiana, in a recent letter, "better than I love the Democratic party; and I propose to stand with the people, and not by any party who have abused and wronged the people."

NOTES OF THE STAGE.

"Landlord and Tenant" is the title of a new Irish drama by H. A. Lewis.

Rossi will commence an engagement at Maguire's, San Francisco, April 3.

The Kiralfys are crowding Robinson's Opera-House, Cincinnati, with the "Black Crook."

Alf Burnett is in Cincinnati, engaged in perfecting plans for next season with his piece "Our Club."

Edwin Booth will commence a two weeks' engagement at Haverly's Theatre, Chicago, on Monday next.

W. E. Sheridan has sailed for a tour of Oregon and British Columbia, intending to give a series of dramatic readings.

Kate Claxton is meeting with great success in the West. This week she has drawn crowded houses in St. Louis.

The Hoey-Hardie Combination have been playing at the Academy of Music, Buffalo, "The Child of State" to large audiences.

Mary Anderson will be the attraction in Detroit to be somewhat in the nature of a benefit to her, and even journalists who are never "behind" will squander money for bouquets.

Nearly all of the Boston theatres having their available dates filled, Anna Dickinson's appearance in the "Hub" is a matter of doubt.

A new "Danites" combination will soon be put on the road by George T. Ulmer, with George C. Boniface, Charles Chapelle and wife among the people.

Haverly's Opera Comique Company will make its first appearance in Philadelphia Monday night at Haverly's Theatre. The opening bill will be "Patience."

"Youth" is in the first of a three weeks' engagement at the Grand Opera-House, Chicago, by the Boston Theatre Company. The audiences thus far have been large.

The Villa Combination will shortly play "M'chette," by L. Q. Jeffries, at the author's home in Wooster, Ohio. They are said to have been quite successful with this melodrama.

"Far from the Madding Crowd," a drama by Thomas Hardy and J. Comyns Carr, was originally acted at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, Liverpool, February 27, and achieved a decided and gratifying success.

Harry Meredith has leased the Eighth Street Theatre, Philadelphia, for a brief period, for the purpose of producing there his new play, "Ranch No. 1." The first performance will be given on Monday night.

Mark Klaw, the legal representative of the Mallory Bros. and ex-manager of the "Hazel Kirke" Company No. 1, and Miss Nellie Johnson, of Chicago, formerly of Louisville, Ky., were married recently in Chicago.

A series of summer concerts, under the business management of Milward Adams, will be given by Theodore Thomas and his orchestra in the Exposition building, Chicago. The first concert will take place about June 1.

George Riddle, who is said to have been engaged for five years by a traveling manager, is to be sent by the latter to Europe for a year to study the French school of acting, after which he will do tragedy roles in this country.

Messrs. Primrose and West, of the Wilson, Barlow, Primrose & West combination, will be associated next season with Mr. George Thatcher, and they will present the strongest minstrel organization ever placed upon the road.

The famous French theatrical writers, Meilhac and Halevy, who wrote so many celebrated opera bouffe, comedies, and farces, have dissolved partnership. Halevy is now writing Parisian sketches and satires, which are much praised, and has recently brought out a book—"L'Abbe Constantin"—in which the heroine is an American girl.

An exciting incident occurred during Patti's first performance in Boston in the accidental ignition of the scarlet stage curtain during the first act, and just at the conclusion of Patti's "Semper Libera," in "La Traviata." The fire caught by the curtain coming in contact with lighted candles on a table on the stage, but the flames were speedily extinguished by the stage hands. A momentary panic was the only result; but excitement quickly subsided, and the opera went on quite smoothly, everybody having been frightened, but no one injured.

The New York critics handle Miss Anna Dickinson without gloves. The *Clipper* says of her first performance of "Hamlet," at Haverly's Fifth Avenue Theatre: "One of the largest audiences of the season at this theatre had come to see how she would treat *Hamlet*, apart from dressing him; but of the many hundreds who waited until the third act had been finished scarcely one-half remained to see *Hamlet* die. It is nothing more than naked justice to an intelligent, studious, and ambitious woman to say that she made a promising beginning. But that was all. Her first speech was her best, and gradually all the promise vanished, giving way to the stern reality that Miss Dickinson is one more to be added to the twenty or so females who within the past half century have failed to present the Dane in a manner satisfactory to New York audiences."

The Cincinnati musical festival will take place May 16, 17, 18, and 19, under Theodore Thomas direction. Mme. Materna, Mrs. E. A. Osgood, Elizabeth Hedrick, Adah R. Wilson, Eleanora Kopp, Annie Louise Cary, Emma Cranch, William Candidus, Theodore J. Toedi, Georg Henschel, Franz Remmertz, M. W. Whitney, and T. J. Sullivan are among the vocalists engaged. George E. Whiting, organist; Herman Brandt, violin, and F. Dietz, trumpet, have also been engaged. There will be a choir of boys from the public schools, a festival chorus and grand orchestra. Arthur Mees is the chorus conductor. Mozart's Requiem, Beethoven's Symphonies in F and A, Handel's Dettingen Te Deum, Bach's Passion music, selections from Wagner's works, Berlioz's "Fall of Troy," from "Les Troyens," Gounod's prize composition: "The Forty-sixth Psalm," and numbers from Schumann, Schubert, Mendelssohn, and Liszt are among the selections.

BEAUTIFUL STARS.

HOW THEY GOT THEIR QUEER NAMES.

Artemus Ward used to say that, while there were many things in the science of astronomy hard to be understood, there was one fact which entirely puzzled him. He could partly perceive how we "weigh the sun" and ascertain the component elements of the heavenly bodies by the aid of spectrum analysis. "But what beats me about the stars," he observed plaintively, "is how we come to know their names." This question, or rather the somewhat similar question, "How did the constellations come by their very peculiar names?" has puzzled Professor Pritchard and other astronomers more serious than Artemus Ward. Why is a group of stars called the Bear, or the Swan, or the Twins, or named after the Pleiades, the fair daughters of the Giant Atlas? These are difficulties that meet even children when they examine a "celestial globe." There they find the figure of a bear, traced out with lines in the interrals between the stars of the constellations, while a very imposing giant is so drawn that Orion's belt just fits his waist. But when he comes to looks at the heavens the infant speculator sees no sort of likeness to a bear in the stars, nor anything at all resembling a giant in the neighborhood of Orion. The most eccentric modern fancy, which can detect what shapes it will in clouds, is unable to find any likeness to human or animal forms in the stars, and yet we call a great many of the stars by the names of men, and beasts, and gods. Some resemblance to terrestrial things, it is true, every one can behold in the heavens. Corona, for example, is like a crown, or, as the Australian black fellows know, it is like a boomerang, and we can understand why they give it the name of that curious curved missile. The Milky Way, again, does resemble a path in the sky; our English ancestors called it Watling Street—the path of the Wailings, mythical giants—and Bushmen in Africa and redmen in North America name it the "ashen path." The ashes of the path, of course, are supposed to be hot and glowing, not dead and black, like the ash-paths of modern running grounds. Other and more recent names for certain constellations are also intelligible. In Homer's time the Greeks had two names for the Great Bear; they called it the Bear or the Wain; and a certain fanciful likeness to a wain may be made out, though no resemblance to a bear is manifest. In the United States Statesmen in a popularly styled the Dipper, and every one may observe the likeness to a dipper or toddy-ladle. But these resemblances take us only a little way toward learning how the constellations obtained their human and animal appellations.

As the star stories told by the Greeks, the ancient Egyptians, and other civilized people of the Old World exactly correspond in character, and sometimes even in incident, with the star stories of modern savages, we have the choice of two hypotheses to explain this curious coincidence. Perhaps the star stories about nymphs changed into bears and bears changed into stars were invented by the civilized races of old, and gradually found their way among people like the Esquimaux and the Australians and the Bushmen. Or it may be insisted that the ancestors of Australians, Esquimaux, and Bushmen were once civilized, like the Greeks and Egyptians, and that the traces of such civilization still remembered by their degenerate descendants. These are the two forms of the explanation which will be advanced by persons who believe that the star stories were originally the fruit of the civilized imagination. The other theory would be that the "ridiculous stories" about the stars were originally the work of the savage imagination, and that the Greeks and Egyptians when they became civilized retained the old myths that their ancestors had invented when they were savages. In favor of this theory it may be said, briefly, that, there is no proof that the ancestors of Australians, Esquimaux, and Bushmen had ever been civilized, while there is a great deal of evidence to suggest that the fathers of the Greeks had once been savages. And, if we incline to the theory that the star myths are the creation of savage fancy, we at once learn why they are in all parts of the world much alike. Just as the flint and bone weapons of rude races resemble each other much more than they resemble the metal weapons and the artillery of advanced peoples, so the mental products, the fairy tales, and myths of rude races have everywhere a strong family resemblance. The myths, and the tales of it, are the natural mental conditions of ignorance, curiosity, and credulous fancy, and they are intended to supply the same needs, partly of amusing narrative, partly of crude explanation of familiar phenomena.

Now it is time to prove the truth of our assertion that the star stories of savage and of civilized races closely resemble each other. Let us begin with that well-known group, the Pleiades. The peculiarity of the Pleiades is that the group consists of seven stars, of which one is so dim that it seems entirely to disappear, and many persons can only detect its presence through a telescope. The Greeks had a myth to account for the vanishing of the lost Pleiad. The tale is given in the "Katasterismoi (stories of metamorphoses into stars), attributed to Eratosthenes. The work was probably written by one of his pupils, but the author derived his information from older treatises, now lost. According to the Greek myth, then, the seven stars of the Pleiad were seven maidens, daughters of the Giant Atlas. Six of them had gods for lovers; Poseidon admired two of them, Zeus three, and Ares one; but the seventh had only an earthly wooer, and when all of them were changed into stars the maiden with the mortal lover hid her light for shame. Now let us compare the Australian story. According to Mr. Dawson ("Australian Aborigines"), a writer who knows the natives well, "their knowledge of the heavenly bodies greatly exceeds that of most white people," and "is taught by men selected for their intelligence and information. The knowledge is important to the aborigines on their night journeys;" so we may be sure that the natives are careful observers of the heavens, and are likely to be conservative of these astronomical myths. The "Lost Pleiad" has not escaped them, and this is how they account for her disappearance. The Pirt Kopan Noot tribe have a tradition that the Pleiades were a queen and her six attendants. Long ago the tribe had a totem (or totem) of the native cat, from which they refused to be his wife. The Queen found that the queen and her six maidens, like other Australian gins, were in the habit of hunting for white edible grubs in the bark of trees. The Crow at once changed himself into grub (just as Jupiter and Indians used to change into swans, horses, bulls, or what not) and hid in the bark of the tree. The six maidens sought to pick him out with their wooden hooks, but he broke the points of all the hooks. Then came the queen, with her pretty bone hook; he let himself be drawn out, took the shape of a giant, and ran away with the Pleiades. Ever since they have been only six stars, the six maidens, in the Pleiad. This story is well known, by the strictest inquiry, to be current among the blacks of the West District and in South Australia.

Let us next examine the stars Castor and Pollux, which are referred in Australia these are said once to have been two young men. In the Katasterismoi, already spoken of, we read: "The Twins, or Dioscouroi. They were nurtured in Lacedemon, and were famous for their brotherly love, wherefore Zeus, desiring to make their memory immortal, placed them both among the stars." In Australia Turree (Castor) and Waugil (Pollux) are two young men who pursue Purra and kill him at the commencement of the great heat. Coonar Toorung (the mirage) is the smoke of the fire by which they roast him. In Greece it was not Castor and Pollux, but Orion who was the great hunter set among the stars. Among the Bushmen of South Africa Castor and Pollux are not young men, but young women, the wives of the eland, the great native antelope. In Greek star stories the Great Bear keeps watch. Homer says, on the hunter Orion for fear of a sudden attack. But how did the Bear get its name in Greece? According to Hesiod [illegible] the Greek [illegible] bear was once a lady, daughter of Lycaon, King of Arcadia. She was a nymph of the train of chaste Artemis, but yielded to the love of Zeus and became the ancestress of all the Arcadians (that is, bear folk). In her bestial form she was just about to be slain by her own son, when Zeus rescued her by raising her to the stars. Here we must notice, first, that the Arcadians, like Australians, red Indians, Bushmen, and many other wild races, and like the Bedouins, believed themselves to be descended from an animal. That the early Egyptians did the same is not improbable, for names of animals are found among the ancestors in the very oldest genealogical papyrus, as in the gratecagles of the old English kings. Next the Arcadians transferred the ancestral bear to the heavens, and in doing this they resembled the Peruvians, of whom Acosta says: "They adored the star Urchuchilly, feigning it to be a rain, and worshipped two others, and say that one of them is a sheep and the other a lamb. * * * Others worshipped the star called the Tiger. They were of opinion that there was not any beast or bird upon the earth whose shape or image did not shine in the heavens."

But to return to our bears. The Australians have, properly speaking, no bears, though the animal called the native bear is looked up to by the aborigines with superstitious regard. But among the North American Indians, as the old missionaries Lafitau and Charlevoix observed, "the four stars in front of our constellation are a bear; those in the tail are hunters who pursue him; the small star apart is the pot in which they mean to cook him."

It may be held that the red men derived their bear from the European settlers. But, as we have seen, an exact knowledge of the stars has always been useful, if not essential, to savages, and we venture to doubt whether they would confuse their nomenclature and sacred traditions by borrowing terms from trappers and squatters. But, if this is improbable, it seems almost impossible that all savage races should have borrowed their whole conception of the heavenly bodies from the myths of Greece. It is thus that Egede, a missionary of the last century, describes the Esquimaux philosophy of the stars: "The notions that the Greenlanders have as to the origin of the heavenly lights—as sun, moon, and stars—are very nonsensical; in that they pretend to have formerly been as many of their own ancestors, who, on different accounts, were lighted up to heaven, and because such glorious celestial bodies." Again he writes: "Their notions about the stars are that some of them have been men, and others different sorts of animals and fishes." But every reader of Ovid knows that this was the very mythical theory of the Greeks and Romans. The Egyptians, again, worshiped Osiris, Isis, and the rest as ancestors, and there are even modern scholars who hold Osiris to have been originally a real historical person. But the Egyptian priests who showed Plutarch the grave of Osiris showed him, too, the stars into which Osiris, Isis, and Horus had been metamorphosed. Here then, we have Greeks, Egyptians, and Esquimaux all agreed about the origin of the heavenly lights, all of opinion that "they have formerly been as many of their own ancestors."

The Australian theory is: "Of the good men and women, after the deluge, Pundjel is kind of Zeus, or rather a sort of Prometheus of Australian mythology) made stars. Sorcerers (biraark) can tell which stars were once good men and women." Here the sorcerers have the same knowledge as the Egyptian priests. Again, just as among the Arcadians, the progenitors of the totem tribes, whether birds, or beasts, or men, were set in the sky, and made to shine as stars.

We have already given some Australian examples in the stories of the Pleiades, and of Castor and Pollux. We may add the case of the Eagle. In Greece the Eagle was the bird of Zeus, who carried off Ganymede to be the cup-bearer of Olympus. Among the Australians this same constellation is called Totyargull. He was a man who, when bathing, was killed by a fabulous animal, a kind of Kelpie, as Orion, in Greece, was killed by the Scorpion. Like Orion, he was placed among the stars. The Australians have a constellation named Eagle, but he is our Sirius, or Dog-Star.

The Bushmen, almost the lowest tribe of South Africa, have the same star-love and much the same myths as the Greeks, Australians, Egyptians, and Esquimaux. According to Dr. Bleek, "stars, and even the sun and moon, were once mortals on earth, or even animals or inorganic substances which happened to get translated to the skies. The sun was once a man, whose arm-pit radiated a limited amount of light around his house. Some children threw him into the sky, and there he shines." The pointers of the Southern Cross were "two men, who were lions," just as Callisto in Arcadia was a woman who was a bear.

In Australian fable the moon was a man, the sun a woman of indifferent character, who appears at dawn in a cost of red kangaroo skins, the present of an admirer. In an old Mexican text the moon was a man, across whose face a god threw a rabbit, thus making the marks in the moon. Among the Esquimaux the moon is a girl, who always flees from the cruel brother, the sun, because he disfigured her face. Among the New Zealanders and North American Indians the sun is a great beast, whom the hunters trapped and thrashed with cudgels. His blood is used in some New Zealand incantations. The Red Indians, as Schoolcraft says, hold many of the planets to be transformed adventurers. "The Iowas believe stars to be a sort of living creatures." One of them came down and talked to a hunter and showed him where to find game. The Gallinomeros of Central California, according to Mr. Bancroft, believe that the sun and moon were made and lighted by the Hawk and the Coyote, who one day flew into each other's faces in the dark and were determined to prevent such accidents in future. But the very oddest example of the survival of the notion that the stars are men and women is found in the "Pax" of Aristophanes. *Trygaeus*, in that comedy, has made an expedition to heaven. A slave meets him and asks him, "Is not the story true, then, that we become stars when we die?" The answer is, "Certainly," and *Trygaeus* points out the star into which Ion of Chios has just been metamorphosed. Aristophanes is making fun of some popular Greek superstition. But that very superstition meets us in New Zealand. "Heroes," says Mr. Taylor, "were thought to become stars of greater or less brightness, according to the number of their victims slain in fight."

It would be easy to multiply examples of this stage of thought, and to show that star-stories exist on the banks of the Amazon as well as on the borders of the Lake of Anahuac. But we have probably brought forward enough for our purpose, and have expressly chosen instances from the most widely separated peoples. These instances, it will perhaps be admitted, suggest, if they do not prove, that the Greeks had received from tradition precisely the same sort of legends about the heavenly bodies as are current among Esquimaux and Bushmen, New Zealanders, and Iowas.

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It seems evident enough that the older Greek names of stars are derived from a time when the ancestors of the Greeks were in the mental and imaginative condition of Iowas, Kanekas, Bushmen, Murri, and New Zealanders. All these and all other savage peoples believed in a kind of equality and intercommunion among all things, animate and inanimate. Stones are sentient, the Pacific Islands to be male and female, and to propagate their species. Animals are believed to have human or superhuman intelligence, and speech, if they choose to exercise the gift. Stars are just on the same footing, and their movements are explained by the same system of universal anthropomorphism. Stars, fishes, gods, heroes, men, trees, clouds, and animals all play their equal part in the confused dramas of savage thought and savage mythology. Even in practical life the change of a sorcerer into an animal is accepted as a familiar phenomenon, and the power of boasting among the stars is one on which the Australian biraark, or the Esquimaux shaman most plumes himself. It is not wonderful that things which are held possible in daily practice should be frequent features of mythology. Hence the ready invention and belief of starlegends which, when we turn it into prose, make the heavenly bodies. Nothing more, except the extreme tenacity of tradition and the inconvenience of changing a widely accepted name, is needed to account for the human and animal names of the stars. The Greeks received from the dateless past the savage idea of the kinship of the stars and of the constellations, and we have taken them, without inquiry, from the Greeks. Thus it happens that our celestial globes are just as queer menageries as any globes could be that were illustrated by Australians or American Indians, by Bushmen or Peruvian aborigines, or Esquimaux. It was left for a savage to invent the names of our stars, which handed to science the names of the constellations, and provided Greece with the raw material of her astronomical myths—as Bacon prettily says, that we listen to the harsh ideas of earlier peoples as they come to us "blown softly through the flutes of the Greeians." The first moment in astronomical science arrives when the savage, looking at a star, says, like the child in the nursery poem, "How I wonder what you are!" The next moment comes when the savage has made his first rough practical observations of the movements of the heavenly body. His next step is to explain these to himself. Now, science cannot advance any but a fanciful explanation beyond the sphere of experience. The experience of the savage is limited to the immediate world of his tribe, and of the beasts, birds, and fishes of his district. His philosophy, therefore, accounts for all phenomena on the supposition that the laws of the animate nature he observes are working everywhere. But his observations, misguided by his crude magical superstitions, have led him to believe in a state of equality and kinship between men and animals, and even inorganic things. He often worships the very beasts he slays; he addresses them as if they understood him; he believes himself to be descended from the animals, and of their kindred. These confused ideas he applies to the stars, and recognize in them men like himself, or beasts like those with which he conceives himself to be in such close human relations. There is scarcely a bird or beast but the Red Indian or the Australian will explain its peculiarities by a myth, like a page from Ovid's "Metamorphoses." It was once a man or a woman, and has been changed by bird or beast by a god or a magician. Men, again, have originally been beasts, in his philosophy, and are descended from wolves, frogs or serpents, or monkeys. The heavenly bodies are traced to precisely the same sort of origin; and hence, we conclude, come their strange animal names, and the strange myths about them which appear in all ancient poetry.—*The Cornhill Magazine.*

A TOUCHING FAREWELL.

De Long's Last Interview with His Wife—Her Faith.

"I think one of the most touching episodes I ever witnessed," said William Bradford, the artist, the other day, "was the parting between Lieutenant-Commander De Long and his wife, and I know that the pang of separation was heightened by her regret that she could not share his trials in the heroic endeavor for the attainment of the purpose in which her heart was as much bound up as his. We went out of the Bay of San Francisco with a tug following us, to take back those who were to return, and not a word was spoken of the separation momentarily drawing nearer. Finally, when we had got pretty well out, Lieutenant De Long came to me and said: 'It is time to go.' A small boat was lowered from the side and manned; Mr. De Long got into it. I followed them, and he and Mrs. [illegible] the order to pull away for the tug. [illegible] short trip

THE SILENCE IN THE LITTLE BOAT

was oppressive, painfully beyond description, the only sound being the thump of the oars in the row locks and the swash of the water. When we reached the side of the tug Lieutenant De Long pressed his wife's hand [illegible] boy.' She stepped [illegible] upon the husband [illegible] look [illegible] pressed the most p[illegible] Morgan [illegible] devout silent prayer for [illegible] For an instant he seemed to [illegible] moment unnerved by her at[illegible] recovering his self-control, [illegible] men, and in a full, strong voice commanded, 'Pull away, men!' Soon their swiftly-plied oars placed him alongside the Jeannette. We saw him mount the side, saw the vessel bear away, and watched her insensible until she was a mere

SPECK UPON THE DISTANT HORIZON,

without a word being spoken. Then, finally, when the Jeannette was fading from sight, Mrs. De Long said to me, "Please, let's go below. I want to be alone for a moment." I complied with her request. Soon, however—almost immediately indeed—such was her power of self-control and I believe also her confidence in her husband's ultimate success and happy return, that she regained her self-possession and entered into conversation. It was such a manifestation of bravery on the part of a woman as I never before and never expect to witness again. But she has never had any doubt, and has none now, of the safety of her husband and his ultimate return to his native land."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Let Your Light Shine.

An exchange makes this suggestion for business men: "In all towns where a newspaper is published every business man ought to advertise, even if it is nothing more than a card stating his name and the kind of business he is engaged in. It helps to sustain a paper and lets the people out at a distance know that the town is full of business men. The paper finds its way into thousands of places where hand-bills cannot reach. A card in a paper is a traveling sign-board and can be seen by every reader. Think of these things and let your light shine."

Uncle Bill Short's Lecture.

The continued scoldings which the Springfield *Republican* bestows upon the "Stalwarts" remind us, both in character and results, of the lectures Uncle Bill Short used to give his wayward boys. "Boys, boys," said he, "you'll be the death o' me; I don't know what to do; I've talked to ye, I've scolded at ye, I've whipped ye, I've sworn at ye, and I've prayed for ye a thousand times, and all on it don't do one bit o' good, condemn ye." Uncle Bill was honest and ignorant; the *Republican* is honest, but O so wise!—*North Adams News.*

How to Judge a Man.

Never judge a man to be an undertaker from the solemnity o fhis visage. Wait until you have seen him smile. If he sits his tumbler up to the brim he is a professional griefist. If he takes a moderate cornucopia he is probably employed as a smiler for some morning newspaper.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

CORCORAN ART GALLERY.

Interesting Pictures of Eminent Men—A Sketch of Them.

It is quite impossible for any one to suffer from *ennui* in this city. There are so many places of interest to visit and so much to study it seems, instead of time hanging heavily upon one's hands, the trouble would be in finding sufficient time to bestow upon what is so freely offered upon all sides. Take the Corcoran Art Gallery alone. It is brimful of beauty and interest, and hours may be spent there without exhausting the rich store contained there. A beautiful picture has been placed there recently, "A View of Constantinople," by J. O. de Montalant. This gentleman, although a native of this country, spent many years in foreign travel, and has painted a number of other pictures. This view of the celebrated city of the East, being painted from drawings taken on the spot, is wonderfully correct. The artist has apparently stood in the suburbs of the city, for the beautiful gardens and charming villas are near at hand, while in the distance is the city, with its graceful domes and numerous minarets, and beyond it the famous Golden Horn, dotted with craft of every description.

There is another very interesting picture—"The Procession of the Sacred Bull Apis-Osiris"—by F. A. Bridgman. This represents an Egyptian festival. The animal is led by a high priest, preceded by the king and queen. Dancing-girls in gay attire attend them, and the pathway is strewn with flowers and ferns.

After viewing the miscellaneous pictures one may find a whole volume to be read and studied in the portrait-gallery. Who can gaze upon the peculiar wisened face of John Randolph—the amiable expression, the distrustful eye—without recalling many of the strange incidents of his life? Learned, eloquent, sarcastic, brave, he was both loved and feared. How very tenacious he was of his dignity, and how ready he was to resent any real or imagined insult offered! Knowing all these traits of his character, one can readily picture that scene eighty years ago in a Philadelphia theatre, where he became so enraged with certain officers of the army for repeating the terms "ragamuffins" and "mercenaries" in his hearing, thinking they meant to insult him by doing so, as he had used those terms a few days before in a bitter speech he made against the increase of the army. With all his faults, though, Virginians were proud of him, and he was without doubt a man of considerable influence.

Hanging right above him is the face of that great commoner, Henry Clay; the piercing blue eye, large, firm mouth, noble brow, and intellectual nose—for noses have almost as much expression as eyes have—proclaim him to be no ordinary man. What an orator he was, and how those who had the pleasure of listening to him speak of hearing him speak love to dwell upon his powers. An admirer of his oratory says "his voice was sonorous, full toned, flexible; sometimes sinking to the faintest whisper or rising to the highest tones without apparent effort upon his part. That when he rose to speak all eyes were riveted upon him, and that all followed him seemed tame in comparison."

How very interesting to the present generation is the face of G. W. Parke Custis. His name has been so intimately associated with that of General Washington, and his former home, in full view across the river, is an object of great interest to every one. It is not a handsome face, and the beholder does not see in it the country gentleman that he has a right to look for. One turns from the plebeian features and florid complexion to look with pleasure upon the extremely handsome face of George Peabody. Benevolence and good-will shine from every lineament of his face, and it is absolutely beautiful, and is what ladies would call "a real kissable mouth." Probably the artist has flattered him.

Quite near the great philanthropist hangs the portrait of Bernadine St. Pierre, a French author, whose romantic love affair, whose romantic love affairs, first with a Polish princess and afterward with a French girl, were the means of driving him to books.

There never was a greater contrast between two faces than between Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Jackson, which are hanging one above the other. Aside from the features they have in common, as man can well be; but with such a history woven around them they become objects of admiration. Brave, honest, patriotic—not without faults either of them—their names are deservedly honored, and no doubt will continue to be as long as our country lasts.

A fine portrait of Thomas Jefferson—the third President—by Healy, after Stuart, hangs near. The nose is good, also the mouth; but if the name were not given one would scarcely expect to find in that face President, Vice-President, statesman, lawyer, scientist, writer, farmer, planter—all of which positions he filled with ability and great credit.

John Quincy Adams had as honest a face as God ever gave to man—a large mouth, an aristocratic nose, and arched eyebrows, and stamped with intelligence and strong good sense. Looking upon this frank, manly face one might expect to find just such an agreeable companion as was described by a writer many years ago, after a visit to him. He said: "The last conversation I had with him was long and interesting. The nearly all subjects—of science, of letters and the arts, and of agriculture and gardening. He seemed at home in air and water. From him I became ac