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Selected Poetry.

Enough.
BY FRANCIS RILEY HAYWARD.
I am so weak, dear Lord, I cannot stand.
One moment without thee—
But all the tenderness of thine out-
And all the fullness of thine upholding,
And all the strength of thy right hand!
That strength is enough for me.
I am so lonely, Lord! and yet I know
All thine sweet dwells in thee;
And hour by hour that never failing ten-
Supplies me with its overflowing measure
My light, my grace, my joy, and so
Thy grace is enough for me.
It is so sweet to trust thy word alone!
I do not ask to see
The unveiling of thy purpose, or the shat-
ting
Of light on mysteries unwinning;
Thy promise-fulfill is all my own—
Thy word is enough for me.
The human heart asks love; but now I
know
That my heart hath from thee
And real and full and marvelous perfec-
So near, so human, yet divine affection
Tartly gloriously the mighty glow.
Thy love is enough for me.
There were strange soul depths, restles,
And broad
Unfathomable as the sea,
And infinite craving for some infinite fill-
ing
But now thy perfect peace is perfect filling;
Lord Jesus Christ, my Lord, my God!
Thy love is enough for me.

Communicated.

For the Advocate.
Revivals—No. 3.
While the enemies of spiritual progress are using their strength to crush the revival spirit that is now manifesting itself in nearly every part of the world where the gospel has been preached, it is well for the friends of vital godliness to be wide awake, and seeking every possible means of promoting the work. This is not the time to yield, lest perchance we might fall under the frowns of scoffers.—While the enemies are using their heaviest ordnance, the friends of the work should push their columns forward with such rapidity as to silence the batteries of sin, and spike the guns of an impudent but impotent foe.
This brings us to the question, what can the church do to render revivals more common and more lasting. By revivals we do not mean mere spasmodic excitements, that like a meteor, soon vanish and leave no trace behind; but on awakening, in which the church seeks a deeper work of grace, and sinners are brought earnestly to seek the pardon of their sins.
The Discipline of the Methodist Church directs, that we should notice those places where God seems pleased to prosper the work, and there to labor more abundantly. This is a good rule. The Church should also at this time pray more especially for those who are engaged in revivals—that they may have both wisdom and grace to manage the work prudently, that there be no room for gainsayers to find fault, within the domain of reason. The best regulated revival in the world will present scenes sometimes that appear awkward. Where people are excited this is to be expected. Christ was solicited to stop the shoutings of the people, but he objected, affirming that if they should object, they would be more excited than they were. Nothing can be more exciting to the human mind than for those who are in imminent danger suddenly to discover the means of escape. In the instance of the besieged fort, in which General Hancock expected his troops and their families all to be soon massacred, when they heard and saw the British relief, the shouting and rejoicing beggared all description. A subject involving eternal life or death cannot be void of excitement. But let it be deep and earnest, and its results will be good.
But the object of this article is more especially to call the attention of the church to the importance of selecting and sending out evangelists for the work, by two and two. Christ sent out sixty by twos and Paul generally had with him a ministerial companion. Sometimes Barnabas—sometimes Silas, and sometimes other preachers. The apostles often went in pairs.—Cather often had Melancthon. Luther had Parre; John Wesley had Charles and others often to accompany him. Moody and Sanky are now names that cannot be well separated. Many a neighborhood revival has come to a close for the want of a second man to aid in the work. Where two men are sent, the work is more likely to be in good order, than where one man is frequently coming in to produce despondency. Would it not be a worthy experiment for the Conference to appoint two revivalists at each place? Men whose hearts are in the work.
E. L. P.

For the Advocate.
Messrs. Editors: Permit me to give through the columns of the *Advocate* a few more facts to the reading portion of mankind if they will patiently "hear me through." An old gentleman who resided in this county recently died, having lived to a ripe old age in single bliss. A few months prior to his death he was stricken by disease, which, doubtless was the effects of a wound received from a vicious horse three or four years ago. While he was sick, a Catholic priest, accompanied by a devotee of Romanism, visited him, and through much persuasion induced him to don the symbol of that mystical denomination, assuring him by their strongest arguments that it was the thing necessary to his future happiness. They then endeavored to persuade him to give half of his possessions, which is estimated to be worth ten thousand dollars, to the Catholic church. To their chagrin, he did not comply with their request. He survived the first attack, but a few days ago he was summoned hence. Father somebody was immediately telegraphed for before his soul made its exit, but arrived too late to perform a "miracle." However, he came equipped in his priesthood's "fixins," and on his way from R. R. Depot, being accompanied by a young man who occasionally indulged in his royal fatherhood, drew a glass piece of artillery and shelled him heavily with what the young man termed the best liquor he ever drank. The weather being inclement they kept up an incessant running fire of "grape and tucker" till they reached their destination, when, of course, the usual amounting operation was performed on the person of the deceased, to the consternation of the good people, who, doubtless, had never before heard or read of such proceedings, which will be the theme of amusing gossip for a month or so. Many of our readers may not be cognizant of the growth of Roman Catholicism in this country which is fearful and astonishing. The Catholic church in the United States probably numbers eight million communicants. They occupy 6,920 stations, chapels and churches, and have the service of 4,873 priests, 6 apostolic vicars, 49 Bishops, 6 archbishops and one cardinal. They have 18 theological seminaries with nearly 1,500 students; over 2,000 schools of all grades, and more than 3,000 asylums and hospitals. There are among them 7 different orders of monks and friars, 12 of nuns, 8 different institutions such as Jesuits and Redemptorists, 12 congregations of priests and brothers and 30 sisterhoods. A rumor has been put in motion to the effect that Pius IX will take up headquarters in this country. The Roman Catholics are making strong efforts to gain the ascendancy; and every spire of a Catholic church that is reared aloft is but a step toward monarchy and every convent an advocate, in principle, of a Monarchical form of government.—Roman Catholicism instituted the persecution of the old countries and burned the Divines who were teaching their fellow man by precept and example the religion of Jesus Christ.—The Romans already claim the great valley of the Mississippi, the richest region of this country. The student of history may see with prophetic eye the course they are pursuing will eventually, when they gain the power, result as in other countries in *Imperialism*. The horrible disclosures of convent life made by escaped nuns should be sufficient warning to our people to let Roman Catholicism *secrecy alone*. It will prove at the last day as flimsy and self-condemning as Atheism, and all of their Roman tomfoolery will vanish like mist in a tornado. May a merciful God save the present and rising generation from the belief in Roman Catholicism, and be thoroughly enlightened in the religion of Him who died for all mankind. Last Sunday (9th inst.) it was announced that a meeting called "The Retreat," would commence at the Catholic Church at Newton Grove; in the course of which two "high priests," who, I suppose, are in Virginia, would deliver discourses directly explaining the faith and order of Romanism. A little curiosity and a weak desire to hear and see something prompted me to attend for the first time in my life. On my way to the "amphitheatre," I learned that only one priest would show his nose, which proved correct, consequently a large, respectable and intelligent congregation were sadly disappointed. The next appointment is the second Sunday in June, when we are promised a grand and fantastical Retreat. Everybody and his family have a special invitation. These Romans promise a great time just ahead in order to gather a large crowd.
A great many ways are tried to make the gospel sweet-oil and sugar-plums. You are told that he who believes and is baptized shall be saved; but there some preachers stop; it must be remembered that he who does not is damned.—*Rev. T. D. Talmage.*

John Wesley.
His death scene was one of the most peaceful and triumphant in the annals of the church. Prayer, praise, and thankfulness were on his lips. Many golden sentences, worthy to be had in everlasting remembrance, were uttered during his last hours. "Our friend Lazarus sleppeth." "He is all! He is all!" "There is no need for more than what I said in Bristol, my words then were—
"I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me."
"We have boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus."
"How necessary it is for every one to be on the right foundation!" "The Lord is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge." "Never mind the poor carcass." "The clouds drop fatness." "He giveth His servants rest." "He causeth His servants to lie down in peace." "I'll praise Thee!" "Lord, thou givest strength to those that can speak, and to those that cannot! Speak, Lord, to all our hearts, and let them know that thou loosest the tongue." "Jesus! Jesus!" His lips are wetted, and he says his usual grace, "We thank thee, O Lord, for these and all thy mercies. Bless the church and king; and grant us truth and peace, through Jesus Christ our Lord for ever and ever." Those who look out of the windows are darkened, and he sees only the shadow of his friends around his bed. "Who are these?" "We are come to rejoice with you; you are going to receive your crown." "It is the Lord's doing," he calmly replies, "and marvellous in our eyes." "I will write," he exclaims, and the materials are placed within his reach; but the "right hand has forgot her cunning," and "the pen of the once ready writer" refuses to move. "Let me write for you, sir," says an attendant, "What would you say?" "Nothing, but that God is with us." "Now we have done all. Let us all go." And now, with all his remaining strength, he cries out, "The best of all is, God is with us!" And again, lifting his fleshless arm in token of victory, and raising his failing voice to a pitch of holy triumph, he repeats the heart-reviving words, "The best of all is, God is with us!" A few minutes before ten o'clock on the morning of the 2nd of March, 1791, he slowly and feebly whispered, "Farewell! Farewell!"—and literally, "without a lingering groan," calmly fell asleep, having served his generation by the will of God.—*H. Moore.*
Sanitary Effects of Iron.
Muspratt gave to iron the name of "Nature's scavenger," and Professor Medlock justifies the appellation by means of recent observations and analyses. By placing water in contact with a large surface of iron, he discovered that in about two days every trace of organic matter had disappeared or was rendered insoluble, in which state it could be removed by filtration. It was also discovered that water, which had been conveyed through iron mains, instead of being contaminated, was actually rendered more pure, that which contained, on entering the pipes, iron to the extent of nearly one-half grain per gallon was found to contain on issuing scarcely a trace of this metal. Water, containing 2.10 organic matter and 96 of iron, after standing in contact with iron for some time, was found by subsequent analysis to be virtually pure, the organic matters having either been decomposed or precipitated.—These results would seem to suggest a simple and effective method for obtaining pure water, and, if we mistake not, their publication will soon be followed by an advertisement setting forth the claims of some new filter and water-purifier.—*Appleton's Journal.*
Verbal Vices.—Indulgence in verbal vice soon encourages corresponding vices in conduct. Let any one of you come to talk about any mean or vile practice with a familiar tone, and do you suppose, when the opportunity occurs for committing the mean or vile act, he will be as strong against it as before? It is by no means an unknown thing that men of correct lives talk themselves into crime, into sensuality, into perdition. Bad language easily runs into bad deeds. Select any iniquity you please, suffer yourself to converse in its dialect, to use its slang, to speak in the character of one who relishes it, and I need not tell how soon your moral sense will lower down to its level. Becoming intimate with it, you lose your horror of it. To be too much with bad men and in bad places is not only unwholesome to a man's morality, but unfavorable to his faith and trust in God. It is not every man who could live as Lot did in Sodom, and then be fit to go out of it under God's convey. This obvious principle of itself furnishes a reason not only for watching the tongue, but for keeping ourselves as much as possible out of the company of bad associates.—*Indian Arcana.*

National Salutations.
The Japanese salutes by taking the slipper off his foot. In Hindostan, one salutes a man by taking him by the beard. The king of Ternate stands during his audiences, and his subjects sit down to salute him. The inhabitants of the Philippine Islands take your hand to do you honor, and then rub their faces with it. The Laplanders push their noses vigorously against those of the persons whom they respect. In New Guinea, when they wish you good evening, they place green leaves on your head. The Ethiopian takes the robe of him whom he approaches, and covers himself over with it as far as he can. The black kings of the African coast press the middle finger three times as a sign of salutation. The Chinese have a whole series of salutes, from merely bending the knee to complete prostration.—They used formerly to repeat the salutations for forty days to the ambassadors, that they might be acquainted with them before they were admitted to court. The sons of Aracania, in order to salute a venerated person, open their veins and offer him their blood to drink. At Cairo people say to you, "Do you perspire?" because a dry skin is considered a symptom of a mortal malady. The Dutchman says, "Do you eat with an appetite?" The German says, "How do you find yourself?" The English ask each other, "How do you do?" The proud Spaniards ask each other if they hold themselves upright. The Greeks of ancient days used to accost each other by saying, "Work and prosper." The Romans simply said, "How do you go?" The German says, "May you live well." The Poles, "I fall at your feet." The Italians, "I kiss your hands." The Chinese, "Have you eaten your rice?" The Turks, "Salutation and health." The French, "How do you bear (or carry) yourself?" The Hebrew "*Shalom*" has been copied in the Christian ritual, "May peace be with you."
—*Ill. Christian Weekly.*
Macaulay.
It was not until Macaulay stood up that I was aware of all the vulgarity and ungraininess of his appearance; not a ray of intellect beams from his countenance; a lump of more ordinary clay never inclosed a powerful mind and lively imagination. He had a cold and a sore throat, the latter of which occasioned a constant contraction of the muscles of the thorax, making him appear as if in momentary danger of a fit. His manner struck me as not pleasing, but it was not assuming; unembarrassed, yet not easy; unpolished, yet not coarse; there was no kind of usurpation of the conversation, no tenacity as to opinions or facts, no assumption of superiority, but the variety and extent of his information were soon apparent, for whatever subject was touched upon he evinced the utmost familiarity with it; quotation, illustration, anecdote, seemed ready in his hands for every topic. * * * Macaulay is a most extraordinary man, and his astonishing knowledge is every moment exhibited, but (as far as I have yet seen of him, which is not sufficient to judge) he is not agreeable. His propensities and his allusions are rather too abrupt; he starts topics not altogether naturally, though he has none of the graces of conversation, none of that exquisite taste and refinement which are the result of a felicitous intuition or a long acquaintance with good society, or more probably a mixture of both. * * * Sydney Smith calls Macaulay "a book in breeches."—*Greenleaf's Memoirs.*
Evangelical Arminianism, as preached and written by Wesley, Fletcher, Watson and their true successors, is the accepted theology of the Methodist church that affiliated with Wesley in his lifetime and of its branches and offshoots in various parts of the world.—It is a theology worth preserving. It is destined, we believe, to endure to the end of time, and to modify very materially, if not to assimilate to it all other Protestant doctrinal systems.—It is sound, it is philosophical, it is evangelical, it is Scriptural; it harmonizes free agency and grace, it is equally adapted to the evangelism and to the edification and perfecting of the Church; it is the theology which to-day is preached by evangelical Protestants during every revival and earnest religious movement in Christendom, and at every mission-station in heathendom. It is full of "Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling-block, and unto the Greeks foolishness;" but nevertheless, "Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God," to save unto the uttermost all who come unto God by him.—*Western Advocate.*
The authorities of Jesus College, Oxford, have offered to endow a professorship of the Celtic language and literature, upon certain conditions. The offer will probably be accepted by the University.

Matches in Grammar.
We are pleased with the spelling contests in which all our villages and cities have participated. We think good will come from them, not only in the boisterous hilarities which have been created, but in the improved mental calibre of the people.
Now we propose a new form of amusement, namely, a grammar match. It is amazing how many of the best Christian laymen in all our Churches are so deficient in grammatical accuracy as to excite the mirthfulness of the young people. We speak not for ourselves. We sometimes positively enjoy the brawny smashing of the English language by some old Christian man who never saw a grammar in all his life, but whose heart is so full of holiness that he can say a religious meeting and carry everything before him. But we consider it a positive shame, when a grammar will cost only fifty cents, and one hour's study a day for one year would make an ordinary mind capable of understanding the structure of our English language, that so many of our young men and middle-aged men go blundering through their prayers and exhortations, thus depleting their influence for good by one half. The little children of this day are having so many opportunities of perfecting themselves in the study of grammar, that when in our religious assemblies they hear men distorting and outraging the language at every step, putting "them" for "those," and "is" for "are," and "I did it," and "they was," for "they were," the young people turn their heads away and say within themselves: "For I know more than he does now." It would be well for ministers of the Gospel to purchase fifty or a hundred English grammars and distribute them among those who take part in religious service. If the pastor has the confidence of the people they would gladly take his suggestion. Laymen go on from year to year with this little "dead fly in the ointment" of their public services, because the fly has never been pointed out to them.
Suppose, then, we have a few grammar matches? Let us choose sides, and see who can parse a sentence without breaking down. What wonder if some little child should carry off the premium for being the best grammarian.—*Christian at Work.*
The death of Gen. John C. Breckinridge will be deeply regretted by the people of the South. He was a gallant soldier, an able and honest statesman, and a jurist of extensive attainments. Cultivated, refined and noble, there was no blot on his escutcheon. He was the son of John Breckinridge, who filled the posts of United States senator and Attorney General. He was born in 1821, served with distinction in the Mexican war, elected to Congress in 1851 elected Vice President in 1856. In 1860 he was the Democratic candidate for President, and in 1861 he was a member of the Confederate army with the rank of brigadier general at the close of 1861, and in January, 1865, was appointed Secretary of War. After the war he resided for two or three years in Europe. He died at his home in Lexington, Ky., May 17, 1875.
STUDY THE SCRIPTURES.—A silver egg was once prepared as a present to a Saxon queen. Open the silver by a secret spring and there was found a young gold, and it flew open and disclosed a beautiful bird. Press the wings of the bird and in its breast was found a crown, jeweled and radiant. And even within the crown, upheld by a spring, like the rest, was a ring of diamonds, which fitted the finger of the princess herself.
Oh, how many a promise there is within a promise in the Scripture, the silver around the gold, the gold around the jewels; yet how few of God's children ever find their way far enough among the springs to discover the crown of his rejoicing, or the ring of his covenant of peace.
The first years of every man's business or professional life are years of education. They are intended to be, in the order of nature and Providence. Doors do not open to a man until he is prepared to enter them. The man without a wedding garment may get in surreptitiously, but he immediately goes out with a flea in his ear. We think it is the experience of most successful men who have watched the course of their lives in retrospect that whenever they have arrived at a point where they were thoroughly prepared to go up higher, the door to a higher place has swung back of itself, and they have heard the call to enter. The old die, or voluntarily retire for rest. The best men who stand ready to take their places will succeed to their position, and its honors and emoluments.—*Dr. Holland.*

The Fire That Old Nick Built.
INTEMPERANCE.—This is the fire that old Nick built.
MODERATE DRINKING.—This is the fuel that feeds the fire that old Nick built.
RUM SELLING.—This is the ax that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that old Nick built.
LOVE OF MONEY.—This is the stone that grinds the ax that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that old Nick built.
PUBLIC OPINION.—This is the sledge with its face of steel that batters the stone that grinds the ax that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that old Nick built.
A TEMPERANCE MEETING.—This is one of the blows that we quietly deal to fashion the sledge with its edge of steel that batters the stone that grinds the ax that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that old Nick built.
TEMPERANCE PLEDGE.—This is the smith that works with a will to give force to the blow that we quietly deal to fashion the sledge with its face of steel that batters the stone that grinds the ax that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that old Nick built.
ETERNAL TRUTH.—This is the spirit so gentle and still that nerves the smith to work with a will to give force to the blow that we quietly deal to fashion the sledge with its face of steel that batters the stone that grinds the ax that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that old Nick built.
P. T. Barnum.
In a temperance address at his Hippodrome in Philadelphia, on Sunday, the 18th inst., Mr. P. T. Barnum made the following statement, which of itself forms one of the most impressive appeals for the cause of temperance that could be made:
"I will undertake, and give bonds for the fulfillment of the contract, that if the city of Philadelphia will stop selling liquor and give me as much as was expended here for liquor last year, I will pay all the city's expenses; no person living within her borders shall pay taxes; there shall be no insurance on property; a good boy, girl, man and woman; all the educational expenses shall be paid; a barrel of flour shall be given to every needy and worthy person, and I will clear a half million or a million dollars myself by the operation."
Shrewd Retorts.
A Romanist once said to a Christian, "You Protestants could not prove your Bible if it were not for the Holy Catholic Church, and her great men."
"True," said the Christian, "for the Bible would predict there would be such an apostate church and priest-hood, and here you are just as the Bible said."
After hearing a discourse in which much was said by the preacher about God, a skeptic said to him, "What is this God about whom you have been saying so much?"
The preacher replied, "God is a spirit."
The skeptic fiercely followed up, "What is a spirit?"
The preacher quickly turned on him, and inquired, "what is a corn-stalk?"
"Why—why—why, it is a corn-stalk."
"Yes, sir," replied the preacher, "a spirit is a spirit, and if you cannot tell what a cornstalk is, which you have seen thousands of times, and know has an existence, why do you ask me to tell you what the Infinite Spirit is, or doubt his existence?"
A Missouri woman, who applied for a situation as car driver, being asked if she could manage mules, scornfully replied: "Of course I can. I've had two husbands!"
LORD OF ROANOKE.—The history of North Carolina is full of curious and romantic incidents. Among the most curious is the circumstance of the creation of a peerage in the person of an Indian Chieftain. Sir Walter Raleigh, on the Island of Croatan on the 13th of August 1587, attended the baptism of Manteo, a faithful Indian Chief, and afterwards made him a feudal Baron under the name of the Lord of Roanoke. This was the first and last Peerage ever created by English authority on American soil.
The name of Manteo is preserved in the title of the Lodge of Odd Fellows in Raleigh.
Postmasters have received instructions from the Postoffice Department authorizing them to receive as mail matter small parcels of sugar or flour, which heretofore have been excluded. The parcels must be done up securely in tin boxes, and will cost one third letter postage. This will be a convenience to grocery merchants, who may wish to order or send specimens.

Earnest Thoughts.
There is a second youth for man, better and holier than his first, if he will look on, and not look back.
Sin is never overcome by looking at it, but by looking away from it to Him who bore our sins, yours and mine, on the cross.
A Prescription in three parts for a nervous disorder: "First, occupation; second, occupation; third, occupation." The prescription was written by a celebrated physician and will serve as a remedy for many of the ills to which flesh is heir.
It was a remark of President Edwards derived from his own observation during an extraordinary revival of religion, that "nothing seemed to promote greater effects on the mind of his own congregation, than recitals of the prevalence of religion in other places."
A minister has no ground to hope for fruit from his exertions until himself has no hope—until he has learned to put no faith in the point and energy of his sentences—until he feels that a man may be mighty to compel the attention, mighty to regale the imagination, and mighty to silence the gainsayers, and yet not mighty to the pulling down of the strongholds.—*Chalmers.*
I FORGOT.—What? a business appointment? O, no. Was somebody to pay you money, and the hour appointed slipped by? Was it a concert, a wedding, an evening party? No! somehow people never forget these things. It was only a Church service; an appointment made with God for his worship; a promise on his part to meet you with a blessing. The day, the hour came, and you forgot. Bells rang to remind you, but were unheeded. It does not trouble you at all. But think again; was it a trifle? What did you forget? Whom did you forget?
"It is finished." We are ever taking leave of something that will not come back again. We let go, with a pang, portion after portion of our existence. However dreary we have been here, yet when that hour comes—the winding up of all things; the last grand rush of darkness on our spirits; the hour of that awful sudden wrench from all we have ever known or loved; the long farewell to sun, moon, stars, and light—humbly and fearfully, what will then be finished? When it is finished, what will it be? Will it be the butterfly existence of pleasure, the mere life of science, a life of uninterrupted sin and selfish gratification; or will it be, "Father, I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do?"—*Robertson.*
Literature, Art and Science.
The naval monument, upon which Simmons, the sculptor, has been engaged for some time, is almost finished.
An autograph letter of Queen Elizabeth to Henry IV. brought what is accounted the large price of £82, at a recent London auction.
It is said that an edition of the Bible is to be printed in London, with the proper names accented, to indicate their correct pronunciation.
A picture representing a body of horsemen, recently painted by Meissonier, and covering a canvas less than a foot square, was lately sold for \$24,000 in gold.
It is announced that the statue of the late William H. Seward, ordered from Randolph Rogers for the Central Park, New York, will be ready in August.
The May number of the *Art Journal* will contain an engraving of the Bryant testimonial vase, and also of the unsuccessful designs, submitted to the committee.
The *London Law Times* says that American legal literature has attained superior excellence, and that far more American lawyers than British ones, to write from love of study.
The monumental figure of Robert E. Lee has been completed in marble by Valentine. The likeness is said to be admirable. The figure is recumbent, and is represented as dressed in the Confederate uniform.
The Boston Art Club has the happy faculty of providing very entertaining exhibitions, by supplementing the works of its own members with pictures loaned by citizens and painted by noted American and European artists. Its Spring exhibition is now open.
Sir Charles Lyell has left a fortune of about \$150,000. To the London Geological Society he willed \$10,000, the annual interest of this sum to be applied to the encouragement of geology or allied sciences. The money, it is provided, is to be appropriated partly for travelling expenses or for memoirs and papers, and without reference to the sex or nationality of the authors.

It is announced that the committee appointed to decide upon the true character of the statue of St. John the Baptist, recently brought to light in the Rossemmini-Guandini palace, at Pisa, have given it as their decided opinion that it is a genuine work of Michael Angelo.
A book of religious meditations by Mrs. H. B. Stowe, will be published by J. B. Ford & Co., in the Autumn. The first edition of Mrs. Stowe's "We and Our Neighbors" numbers 22,500 copies. Fifty thousand copies of her story, "My Wife and I," of which the former is a sequel, have been sold.
As it has been reported that Miss Elizabeth Thompson, the famous painter of cavalry, in England, had a field trodden down by horses that she might draw the bruised grass, some one has revived an old anecdote about Meissonier, somewhat similar, but evidently containing more fiction than fact. The story reads thus: "To paint Cuiraissiers," said Meissonier, "I must needs see them." He accordingly took a dozen of this corps to his country house, where they were required to charge down the park every morning, but the evolution did not last long, and before the artist had sketched an outline of the group, the gallant fellows were out of sight. "You must follow them by train," said a friend. No sooner said than done. An engineer was summoned, rails were laid down, rolling stock purchased, and for several weeks Meissonier accompanied the charge of his models by train. But it was Summer, and historical accuracy required that the Cuiraissiers should dash over snowy ground. Thousands of bushels of flour were then laid down in the park, and the Cuiraissiers, as they charged, became enveloped in clouds of farina. The illusion was complete, the studies admirable, and the finished picture sold for millions."
Laughing Stock.
—An affecting sight—barrels in tiers.
—A natural revolutionist—the earth.
—The sun says, with a flap, "I thaw it."
—Something that ought to be put down—carpets.
—A muff—a thing that holds a young lady's hand without squeezing it.
—"Orthogrammanis," is what they are calling the rage for spelling matches.
—The greatest feat in eating ever recorded is told of a man who commenced by bolting a door, after which he threw up a window, and swallowed a whole story.
—A man is said to be absent-minded when he thinks he has left his pocket at home and takes it out of his watch to see if he has time to return home and get it.
—A Brown County editor bought his ink by the jug full, because he could get it cheaper, but his wife went to fill the inkstand one morning and found it wasn't ink by a jugful.
—A certain Western editor, who was presented with a box of collars in pay for an advertisement, is waiting in daily expectation that some one will present him with a shirt.
—The saddest thing in life is the spectacle afforded by a young person who has burnt all her hair off her forehead with a hot slate pencil, and cannot afford to buy a row of curls.
—It was an Irish Coroner who, when asked how he accounted for an extraordinary mortality in Limerick, replied sadly: "I cannot tell. There are people dying this year that never died before."
—Visitor: "Well, Mrs. Flanagan, what did the doctor say about your poor husband's deafness?" Mrs. F.: "Faith, Miss, the doctor says Tom will never hear again; but (whispers) please don't speak loud; it might make him depressed like!"
—There was a woman's rights meeting in Colorado, recently, to which no gentlemen were admitted. Somebody, however, put a live rat in the room from the ceiling, and with a hurried "Resolved, that we adjourn," and some shrieks and confusion, the gathering scattered.—*Rochester Democrat.*
A man will carry five hundred dollars in his vest pocket, but a woman needs a morocco portmanteau as large as a fist, and too heavy to carry in the pocket, to escort a fifty cent script, a recipe for making jelly-cake, and two samples of dress goods down town and back, every pleasant afternoon.
A correspondent of the Kingston East Tennessee reports that about one hundred Northern families have settled in Cumberland county, and by their industry and energy, they have materially aided in developing the country. Some are engaged in raising fine cattle, hogs and sheep. A Northern gentleman has purchased five thousand acres of land, and proposes to stock it with two thousand sheep. Experienced sheep farmers from Pennsylvania say that the business is bound to pay in this section.