

Lancaster Intelligencer.

SATURDAY EVENING, FEB. 21, 1880.

The Oil Producers' Surrender.

The Oil Producers' Union accompanies its surrender to the Standard oil company with a protest which shows that the Union feels that it has not done a very noble thing, and that it needs a place to put the blame of it. It declares that it throws down its arms and accepts the Standard's terms because the state administration of Pennsylvania, in its legislative, executive and judicial departments, sought to thwart its efforts to bring its enemies to justice.

MINOR TOPICS.

It is proposed to remove the Lutheran theological seminary from Gettysburg, Pa., to Harrisburg.

WHAT has become of Billy Snyder, late Greenback candidate for the Legislature, and more recently Republican watcher at the Eighth ward polls, and prospective chief of police under Mayor Boring's administration? His down-town friends haven't seen him since Tuesday.

THERE'S more trouble brewing in the Ninth ward. The "Rough Diamond," the Eve's favorite, secured a vote for Boring and the "fleet-footed Andy" by promising to send the free and independent voter a barrel of potatoes as soon as the election was over. The potatoes have not yet been received by the voter, who promises to make things lively for the "Rough Diamond" if they are not immediately forthcoming—and they must not be small potatoes either.

THE Episcopal Register says: "There is nothing more dangerous than the habit of seeking the exact lines of demarcation between lawful and forbidden indulgences. The object of the Christian should be 'growth in grace,' not present enjoyment. More especially in this holy season of Lent should all the energies of his mind and the affections of his heart be directed towards those things which will promote his spiritual life, so that the business and pleasures of this world may not receive more than their due share of attention."

THE Sunday School Times says: "A recent traveler in India, in describing an elaborate heathen temple ceremonial of which she was a witness, notes only two facts about the musicians present—that they were 'dressed in most gaudy red cloaks,' and that they 'made a most deafening noise.' These two characteristics of the leaders of temple music are not wholly unknown in Christian countries. Why not give to the pagans a monopoly of the ideas that loud singing and good singing are synonymous, or that choir-aid by the conspicuous style of their dress, to the devotional effect of the hymns they sing?"

THE National Baptist says: "It can hardly be too deeply impressed on the Christian and on the worldly, that it is not necessary to take any positive and active steps in order to ensure the most lamentable results. The parent need not actively mislead his children; the teacher need not positively inculcate error; the pastor need not preach false doctrine; it is only needful to neglect, to keep silence, to let things take their own course. The Christian neighbor, the Christian mechanic, has no need to do any harm to neighbors, associates, fellow-workmen; let them alone; neglect them; and they will surely be lost."

PERSONAL.

MADAME TAINE, the wife of the author has, it is reported, just died.

As the Grant men have carried the primaries in the balliwick of GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, he may not be a delegate to the New York convention.

MISS EADS, the daughter of the Mississippi jetty engineer, is to be married next week, in St. Louis, to General Hazard, a prosperous American living in Liverpool.

EX-CONGRESSMAN DANFORTH, who was injured in a railroad accident near Bellaire, Ohio, and whose wounds were reported to be of a fatal character, was indeed seriously hurt about the head, but not fatally.

SEOR CARSTENAR receives his friends every week at his modest home in Madrid; but according to Spanish custom no supper is offered. The guests simply sit round the room of the great orator, smoke their paper cigarettes, and listen to his sparkling wit and brilliant conversation.

HON. CLARKSON N. POTTER, having for many years done legal work for Union college, New York, which, it is estimated, has saved the college \$250,000, and having refused pay for the same, the trustees have made an estimate of the sum he has earned and set the money aside for a Clarkson N. Potter scholarship.

QUEEN VICTORIA, in opening Parliament in late years, takes on the appearance of robes of state but not the robes themselves. She wears her ordinary widow's dress and the royal robes are outspread upon the throne. After she seats herself, it is the office of the Princess Beatrice to pull the corners of the robes over the skirt of her mother's gown.

DR. EVANS, of Paris, the famous American dentist who took it so ill when Mr. Evans good-naturedly alluded to him as a person "to whom the greatest potentates, usually so reticent, had freely opened their mouths," has just been consoling himself by plugging and boring away at the teeth of the Crown Princess of Germany, in her villa at Pigi, near Genoa.

THERE has been no recreation of a peerage in Lord Beaconsfield's administration since Lord Norton's in 1878, nor of a baronetcy since Sir Andrew Buchanan's in 1876. There are now 577 peers or peeresses and 865 baronets, making a little over 1,400 persons who are possessed of hereditary dignities out of a population of thirty odd millions.

MR. SOTHERN has been among the most generous of theatrical donors in the Irish relief cause; he sent \$500 with a simple line stating the fact, and naming his address, that he might know that the check had been received. "God knows I would have given much more," he writes to a friend, "but I couldn't in justice to BENNETT the younger, as he is still called, in naming middle age. He dresses plainly, but with care. His complexion is of a lobster-like redness, and he has a cold, suspicious blue eye—the eye of a canny Scot, reserved, and distrustful. His hands

and feet are cold small and aristocratic—the result, in part, of the great care that was taken of them in his childhood by the direction of his mother, who was very proud of her little son's good points, and saw that he was always properly shod.

A grand banquet was given in Paris at the Continental hotel in honor of General LUCIUS FAIRCCHILD, the newly appointed minister to Spain. Nearly one hundred and thirty guests were present in the superb Salle des Fetes. Nearly half of them were ladies. Mr. Hiitt, charge d'affaires, presided in the absence of General Noyes. On his right sat General Fairchild, Mrs. Lucy H. Hooper, Mr. Richard H. Dana, Major General Reynolds, Paymaster Rucker, United States navy, and General Read. On his left were Mrs. Fairchild, J. J. Ryan, chairman of the executive committee; Senator Foucher de Careil, Dr. Evans, and Dr. Johnston.

DR. BENJAMIN BRANDRETH, the proprietor of the famous "Brandreth's Pills," died on Friday at Sing Sing, in the seventy-second year of his age. He was of English birth, and came to New York in 1833. With the pittance in his pocket-book he purchased of a chemist to make of the pills which have since become identified with his name just enough to furnish a dozen boxes, which he peddled off. The notoriety of the plucky young Englishman who peddled his pills, and the favor which they found, soon enabled him to open a small office. He determined to appropriate a portion of his profits to advertising purposes. Not long ago Dr. Brandreth estimated that since the date of his first advertisement he had expended \$1,000,000 in his advertisements throughout the whole country.

OPPOSED TO THE THIRD TERM.

Republicans in Philadelphia Organizing Against the Grant Movement.

A halt in the third term business is about to be called in Philadelphia which has disorganized the Republican party, and will prove a rock upon which the Grant party in the state will be stranded. An anti-third term organization has just been formed there under the name of the National Republican League. Its members consist of many of the wealthiest and most intelligent Republicans of the city, and it is their intention soon to call a mass meeting at the Academy of Music of Republicans opposed to a third term for Grant. At that meeting the speaker will be the collector of internal revenue for the Fayette district for the year of 1881. After the April term of this year is over the court will fix the number of houses they will license in Harrisburg and Dauphin county, and grant more beyond that number. But for the fact that most if not all the applicants had made their leases, he would have enforced his discretionary power this year.

T. D. Hoover, a delegate to Cameron's convention from Fayette county, who was instructed for Blaine, and took part in supporting the Grant programme, has been recommended by the collector of internal revenue for the Fayette district for appointment as a storekeeper, a position worth about \$5 per day. Gentlemen who were present at the convention say that a number of federal officers were there, prominent among them the collector of the port of Philadelphia and several collectors of internal revenue, who, it is understood, agreed to carry out any agreement that might be made to secure such delegates as might be inimical to the Grant programme.

Delegates were also elected in Lewis, Cayuga, Chautauque and Essex counties. Mr. Blaine is the favorite with the delegates from these counties.

Wm. Terrill, aged 79, a pauper at the town farm of Corinth, Vt., was murdered yesterday morning by Aaron Ferrin, another pauper, aged 76, who nearly severed his head from his body with an axe and afterward cut his own throat. Ferrin was evidently insane. He left a note saying he had to kill Terrill because he received more attention that himself, and that he must afterwards either kill himself or be hung.

About a month ago the residence of William Worrell, near Claysville, was burned. The fact that it was an incendiary fire was evident then, but other particulars of a startling character have been developed recently. It seems James Worrell, son of Wm. Worrell, was engaged in Washington county, but not having the means to marry on, he undertook to destroy his father and sister that he could come into possession of the property and realize his wishes. Before setting fire to his father's house he had first murdered and tied his father in another. Fortunately a servant discovered them in time to save their lives. Young Worrell is twenty-one years of age, highly educated and the family are highly respected.

STATE ITEMS.

Between Easton and Bethlehem there are fourteen completed blast furnaces, and one in progress of erection. Of the fourteen finished stacks, thirteen are in blast, the Bethlehem iron company being out of repairs. The new stack is being erected by the Glendon Iron company.

The Produce Exchange, of Philadelphia, intend to push dealers in oleomargarine who sell the stuff as pure butter. Yesterday warrants were issued for the arrest of thirty wholesale dealers, many of them prominent in the produce business. They will be arrested to-day and given hearings on the charge of violating the law, which provides that no article having the appearance of butter shall be sold as such unless it is genuine.

Judge Pearson, of Dauphin county, under the act of 1834, has concluded to exercise his discretion in the matter of granting tavern licenses in oleomargarine for the year of 1881. After the April term of this year is over the court will fix the number of houses they will license in Harrisburg and Dauphin county, and grant more beyond that number. But for the fact that most if not all the applicants had made their leases, he would have enforced his discretionary power this year.

T. D. Hoover, a delegate to Cameron's convention from Fayette county, who was instructed for Blaine, and took part in supporting the Grant programme, has been recommended by the collector of internal revenue for the Fayette district for appointment as a storekeeper, a position worth about \$5 per day. Gentlemen who were present at the convention say that a number of federal officers were there, prominent among them the collector of the port of Philadelphia and several collectors of internal revenue, who, it is understood, agreed to carry out any agreement that might be made to secure such delegates as might be inimical to the Grant programme.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

SCIENCE VS. SUPERSTITION.

Philosophy and Poetry Combined. During the early winter and on the first of February, many notices appeared in the papers to the effect that roses, pansies, dandelions and other flowers were blooming in the open gardens. When Caudle came, cold and clear, superstitious people prepared for six weeks of cold weather—because "the ground-hog had seen his shadow." The fears of these people were, to some extent, dissipated by an able paper published in the INTELLIGENCER entitled, "Ground-Hog Philosophy." This was supplemented by a statement in the newspapers that blue-birds, potato-bugs, grass-hoppers and butterflies had appeared, and that the crocus, snow-drop and other spring flowers were in bloom. These evidences of spring seemed to entirely dispose of the ground-hog superstition; when all at once, came along another Arctic wave and snow storm, and with them came the Pirates of Penzance, and the following poem, not written by Mr. Gilbert:

Ground-Hog Philosophy. BY ARCTICUS MOSAX. Lo! the mercury, descending near to zero—

Near to zero; Tells of frost that chills the blue-bird's cheerful strain— Cheerful strain! While the Colorado beetle, dead as Nero— Dead as Nero! Lies a hapless corpse upon the frozen plain— Frozen plain! And the hopper-grass, with legs so long and slender— Long and slender! Has learned, alas! too late, he came too soon— Came too soon! And the butterfly, with wings of gauzy splendour— Gauzy splendour! Is grieving for his sister—his cocoon— His cocoon!

And the crocus, and the hardy little violet— Little violet! And the snow-drop and the "lily of the plain"— The lily of the plain! They are sighing for those sunny Southern islets— Southern islet! Where they may bloom and "fructify" again— Fructify, again!

The silly Johnny-jump-up and the daisy— The daisy! The sturdy dandelion with yellow bloom— Yellow bloom! And a dozen other upstarts, vain and crazy— Vain and crazy! Sought distinction and applause, and found a tomb! Found a tomb! But the ground-hog early sought his winter quarters— Winter quarters! For he knew the Arctic wave would reach our shores— Reach our shores! So he dozes in his hole, with sons and daughters— Sons and daughters! Nor cares a fig how long the tempest roars— Tempest roars! For when the blustering lides of March are over— March is over! And nature shall accomplish all the Spring— All the Spring! He will leave his hole and revel in the clover— While blossoms blow and birds in bushes sing—

Bushes sing: Collector Appointed. A note from Rev. T. N. Allen, pastor in charge of the Zion A. M. E. church, states that Rev. Matthew M. Digs is authorized to collect funds for the benefit of the church.

Police Cases. Alderman McConomy committed this morning for ten days each, two drunken and disorderly men, one of whom hailed from Coatesville and the other from Philadelphia.

THE OPERA.

"Pirates of Penzance" at Fulton Hall. Very naturally the production of a new work by Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan was hailed with a vast amount of popular interest, and the first query that was likely to suggest itself to the average mind on the announcement that they had given a new opera to the public, was, "Is it as good as 'Pinafore'?" To satisfy themselves upon this point an audience that almost filled the lower part of Fulton opera house assembled last evening to witness the initial production of "The Pirates of Penzance" by a company organized by Mr. D'Oyly Carte, the business manager of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan, and under their express direction and authority. These gentlemen, proffing by their experience with their earlier work, have reserved all rights for the production of "The Pirates" in this country, and will be likely by this course to reimburse themselves for the comparatively meagre pecuniary return which the voyage of the "Pinafore" brought them, owing to the piratical proclivities of the modern American manager.

The conclusion forced upon the unbiased spectator and auditor of last night's presentation of the new opera is, despite the claims that have been made for it in the metropolitan press, that it is never going to attain that peculiar popularity that made "Pinafore" famous. At the same time we are free to admit that the possibilities of the work, neither in its music nor its humor, were fully developed in last night's performance. The libretto of "The Pirates of Penzance" is irresistibly funny, but withal its humor does not seem to be of the spontaneous character that distinguished its predecessor. By far the greater portion of last night's audience, in all probability, laughed more after they got home and thought the matter over than they did while witnessing the absurd scenes being enacted before their eyes; while they could not truthfully have said that "Pinafore" which convulsed the average audience with merriment during its progress. The satire of "The Pirates" is subtler, the humor deeper, and it was exasperating to observe that many of the brightest points with which the new opera sparkles from beginning to end appeared to be unnoticed by the audience, who were, however—by way of illustration—not slow to catch the point of a neatly carried out pun on "orphan" and "often," which they accorded the commendation denied to many far worthier commentaries.

Looking at the new opera from a standpoint regarding its merits as a musical composition, it is at once seen that the numbers will never become as popular with the "masses" as the bright, ear-tacking tunes of "that infernal nonsense Pinafore," as one of the characters last night described it. Why, a day after the little nautical opera had its first production every gamin in the street was whistling the "Buttercup" song with a gusto calculated to astonish the composer; while there is not the slightest reason to believe that our ears will be saluted with the youngster's shrill and piercing notes in the policeman's chorus, which met with such an enthusiastic reception last night.

The music is bright and pretty, the "Hymn to Poetry," and the ode to the "evening breeze," and the love duet with the "weather chorus" accompaniment, and half a score of others that might be named, being notably beautiful; and though not so "catchy" as the "Pinafore" airs, there is no questioning the much higher order of the music. Mr. Sullivan has given broader treatment to the score, and the orchestration is at many points of a quality that would do no discredit to grand opera. While it pleases the ear, it skillfully avoids the effort to retain it in the memory long enough to be able to give it an exact reproduction. One may hear the opera the first time without being immediately seized with a burning desire to have a performance of it in one's own parlor and by one's own particular "set."

Much of the humor of the piece is in Gilbert's wildest and most extravagant vein. Nothing happens that could possibly have occurred in actual life, and yet it is all as coherent as though it were true, like some ridiculous dream, which doesn't seem a bit ridiculous while you are dreaming it. The very title shows the boldness of its absurdities; the "pirates," who are declared by their king in his opening solo to be the "mildest-mannered men that ever cut a throat," or scuttled a ship," being supposed to have their lair in one of the petty towns on the west of England coast, where Major General Stanley and the British army are quartered. This latter personage is a sort of army duplicate of Sir Joseph Porter, and one of the funniest things in the opera is the song in which he shows himself to possess every kind of knowledge except that which is necessary to the fulfillment of the duties of his position. This is what is technically known as a "patter" song, that is, a song in which the words must be spoken with inconceivable rapidity and distinctness. How difficult the words are to enunciate in this manner may be gathered from the following verse:

I know our myrtle history, King Arthur's and Sir Galahad's, I've a pretty taste for parodies; In quills in enigmas, all the crimes of Hellogabba; In couplets on floor peculiarities parabolous; I can tell undoubted Raphaels from Gerard's; I know the croaking choruses from the "Frogs" of Aristophanes; Then I can hum a fugue of which I've heard in the music-hall afore; And while all the airs from that infernal nonsense "Pinafore" I can write you out a washing bill in Babylonian cuneiform; And tell you all the details of Caractacus's misadventure; In short, in matters vegetable, animal and mineral, I am the very model of a modern Major General!

The policeman's chorus achieved an instantaneous success, likewise. The latter are a band of downy individuals, whose conversation in unison and in unchanging monotone is very funny. Prior to starting on their enterprise to destroy the pirates they indulge in a solo and chorus, the sergeant singing the alternate lines, and the others coming in with a deep bass refrain, using their clubs as trumpets, which they raise to their mouths with military precision and appalling solemnity. Here is a specimen verse:

When the foreman bears his steel, ALL (trumpeting)—Tarantara, tarantara: We are uncomfortable feet. ALL—And we find the wisest men, Tarantara, tarantara: ALL—Is to slap our chests and sing, Tarantara, tarantara: ALL—For when threatened with enemies, Tarantara, tarantara: ALL—And your heart is in your hand, Tarantara, tarantara: ALL—There is nothing but your hand, Tarantara, tarantara: ALL—Like the trumpet's martial sound, Tarantara, tarantara: The swing of this number is extremely pleasing, closely resembling the celebra-

ted grandiose chorus in one of the brightest of our modern French operas. It will doubtless become one of the popular airs of the opera. Another of the same kind achieved an immediate success and was imperatively re-demanded. One of the verses runs as follows:

ALL—When the enterprising burglar's not a-burgling— not a-burgling: ALL—When the cutthroat isn't occupied in crime— ALL—He loves to hear the little brook a-gurgling— brook a-gurgling: ALL—And listen to the merry village chiming— village chiming: ALL—When the coster's finished jumping on his mother— ALL—He loves to see his mother in the sun— in the sun: ALL—Ah, take one consideration with another— with another: ALL—The policeman's lot is not a happy one— happy one:

As indicated at the outset of this article the possibilities of the opera were not fully brought out. The only individual voice which we feel at liberty to unreservedly commend is Miss Mimie Walsh's, who, as Mabel, was as pretty and engaging a heroine as could be desired, and her voice is of excellent compass and texture, here staccato notes being true as a bell, and her execution of the difficult solo in which she first appears on the scene bringing down the house in a deserved encore. She scored the success of the evening. Owing to the sudden illness of the lady cast for the part of Ruth, the practical maid-of-all-work, the management were compelled to make a substitution for that character, and it need only be said that it was an unfortunate one, and on several occasions came near mixing matters hopelessly. Mr. Brown, as the Pirate King, was only moderately good, and the tenor, Mr. Paxton, as Frederic, found hard work in meeting the requirements of the score, owing to the limited compass of his voice. Mr. Jones, as Major-General Stanley, gave a satisfactory rendition of the part. The chorus was strong, accurate and well-balanced, and the female portion of it very pretty and picturesque, attired in quaint old English style, in swiss dresses and such hats as Sir Joshua Reynolds used to paint for the lovely English women who sat for him. The scenery was excellent, and taken all together the production of the opera constituted a very pleasing event in the present amusement season.

OBITUARY.

Death of John Syder. John Syder, one of the most prominent and popular residents of East township, died at his home in New Holland this morning, in the 75th year of his age, after a severe and protracted illness. Some years ago Mr. Syder was stricken with paralysis, which partially disabled him and more recently he suffered from strangulated hernia which finally resulted in his death. Mr. Syder was born in East Earl township and passed the greater part of his life in the vicinity of New Holland. In his early life he was a successful cattle dealer. Later he built the Syder house in New Holland, and for many years was its proprietor. He was a capital hand, kept a first-class house, and was a great favorite with all his guests. He was one of the most active workers and liberal subscribers to the fund for the construction of the New Holland and Waynesburg branch of the Pennsylvania railroad. He was always among the foremost in forwarding any project for the benefit of New Holland. In all the relations of life, whether in business, society or the family, he was a large-hearted, unselfish and exemplary man. He was twice married. His last wife, Mrs. Henry Brunker, nee Sprecher, and several children survive him.

SUDDEN DEATH.

Apoplexy—Coroner's Inquest. This morning between 6 and 7 o'clock an elderly German named Anthony Yooos was found dead in bed at George Kircher's hotel, corner of East King and Lime streets. Coroner Misher being notified, empaneled the following jury of inquest: John G. Hood, Wm. Compton, John C. Meiers, John B. Snyder, Paul Weiss and Rudolph Musser. The testimony offered before the jury was to the effect that deceased was a native of Wurtemberg, Germany; came to this country many years ago; was a shoemaker by trade; served in the Union army during the late war; received a pension for disability; for a number of years past was engaged in peddling in Lancaster county, and when in the city made his home at Mr. Kircher's; yesterday he seemed to be in his usual good health, and was found dead in bed this morning, as above stated; was about 65 years old at the time of his death, and has no relatives in this country, so far as is known. He was an honest, sober man. No money was found on his person, but some papers in his possession showed that he was entitled to three months' pension at \$8 per month.

The coroner's jury returned a verdict of death from apoplexy. The body was removed to the almshouse for interment.

The Tobacco Trade.

The past week has been a brisk one among tobacco men. Immense quantities of leaf have been delivered at the city warehouses, hundreds of hands are busily engaged assorting and casing, and buyers are still actively engaged in securing the comparatively small portion of the crop that yet remains in the hands of the growers. The full prices are maintained, ranging from 10 and 3 for low grades all the way up to 20 and 5, 25 and 5, and in one or two instances 28 cents for choice wrappers. Dealers say that, per quality, the prices are as high as at any time during the season, and that by the first of April the crop will be bought up more closely than was the '78 crop at the same date.

Not less than 500 cases of 1873 tobacco changed hands during the week at private terms. It is understood that there was a slight advance in prices.

A Poor Man's House Burned.

On the north side of the ridge lying north of Quarryville stood a frame house formerly the old "Winter Hill" school house, which was owned and occupied by a hard-working, honest man named David Hersh. On Wednesday last, during the absence of the family, the house took fire, and together with all its contents, including \$300 in bank notes, the proceeds of Mr. Hersh's tobacco crop, was entirely consumed. It is not known what the fire occurred. An opinion prevails that a robbery was committed, and the house set on fire to cover the crime. Much sympathy is manifested for Mr. Hersh, and liberal contributions are being made for his relief.

THE ENDURING STARS.

NINTH MEETING OF THE STAR CLUB.

"Heart of Charles," "Berenice's Hair," "Diamond of Virgo," "Morning Constellations—Outside Constellations—Light and Eclipse—The Microscope, Etc."

The regular meeting of the Star club was held last evening. The addition to the list of stars and constellations was not so large as usual, but was perhaps of more than usual interest.

The Hunting Dogs of Bootes (Canes Venatici) are now above the northeastern horizon by 7 o'clock in the evening. The Bear Driver holds them in leash as they forever pursue the Bear around the Pole. The constellation is not a prominent one, the only conspicuous star being Cor Caroli, "Heart of Charles," in the neck of Chara, the dog farthest west, a star named by Sir Charles Scarborough in memory of Charles I. of England, who was beheaded A. D. 1649.

It will be remembered that, as the handle of the Great Dipper is the tail of the Great Bear, the dogs must be looked for immediately behind him, the charts representing them in vigorous pursuit. To fix this star, extend a line from Benetnash in the extremity of the handle of the Dipper to Denebola in the tail of the Lion, No. 104 on our list. Divide this line into three equal parts. At the first point of division, that nearest Benetnash, we have Cor Caroli; and at the second point, nearest Denebola, the beautiful cluster of stars known as Berenice's Hair. A line from Denebola, one of the Pointers, through Phad, produced nineteen degrees farther, will also fix Cor Caroli.

Coma Berenice's, or Berenice's Hair, is a very interesting star group. The story of how it was named is often repeated and familiar to many. Berenice, the queen of Egypt, alarmed for the safety of her husband, promised her beautiful locks as a votive offering to the goddess Venus should he be restored to her unharmed. The king returned and the vow was paid. But her hair soon disappeared from the temple of the goddess, and to shield from punishment those who had it in charge, the astronomer Conon declared that Jupiter transferred it to the heavens, and in proof of this statement, he pointed out the constellation, known ever since as Berenice's Hair.

The address of the astronomer saved the lives of the priests from whose care the locks had been stolen. But, as an old-time specimen of high-grade adulation—high as the heavens—at first glance it seems only less stupendous than the effort of the Latin poet, Lucretius, who, in an address to the Emperor Nero, prays him, that, after death, he may not choose his place near either of the poles lest his weight should disturb the balance of the universe. When we remember what Nero was, and try to realize what the universe is, Conon's story becomes a modest compliment and Lucretius stands matchless forever!

We began our work in October last, with Bootes sinking rapidly in the north-west. His dogs were already out of sight. Disappearing before their master, they, of course, rise before him. Their present position has just been indicated. Arcturus, the bright star in the knee of Bootes, is now on the horizon before nine o'clock in the evening and before 10 o'clock the big Y is in full view. When we saw this bright star sink in the northwest, it was placed at the head of our list, and now as the Earth moves on in its course around the Sun, our No. 1 comes again into view, to remain in our sky until late in the autumn, being eight months of the year above the horizon and four months below it.

Having now three stars of what is known as the "Diamond of Virgo"—namely, Denebola, Arcturus and Cor Caroli—we complete the figure to the southeast with the fourth, which is Spica in the Virgin. This does not rise in February until after nine o'clock, but by ten o'clock the entire figure may be easily distinguished. Spica is the only bright star in the immediate vicinity. It is in the ear of corn in the left hand of the Virgin. It is thirty-five degrees from Denebola, and when on the meridian, about fifty degrees, almost due south from Cor Caroli. Nearly midway between Spica and Berenice's Hair is Vindemiatrix, in the right arm of the Virgin. It is nineteen degrees from Arcturus and about the same distance from Coma Berenice, thus making an isosceles triangle which points southward. Zavijava is in the top of the left wing of Virgo, thirteen degrees south of Denebola. A line from Arcturus through Vindemiatrix, and extended as far beyond it, will indicate this star.

We have then this evening, continuing our numerical list: No. 113 Cor Caroli, in the Hunting Dogs; 114 Coma Berenice or Berenice's Hair, a constellation; 115 Spica, or Arista, 116 Vindemiatrix, and 117 Zavijava in the Virgin.

It is interesting now before day-break to see the stars and constellations in the east which a few months ago we saw set in the west. At 6 a. m. we have Hercules, Serpentiarius and the head of the Dragon nearly on the meridian—with the Harp, the Eagle, the Swan and the Dolphin conspicuous in the eastern sky. The bow of the Archer is well up in the south-east, but Vega, Altair and Deneb, in the head of the Cross, are the three brilliant star-points that arrest the attention of even the careless observer.

The newspapers also announce an interesting event for the last day of February, when, very early in the evening, the planets Jupiter and Mercury will be in conjunction. They will be very close together, but little more than half a degree between them, a distance about equal to one fifth the Belt of Orion. Mercury is a planet that comparatively few people have seen. It must be looked for, if it is to be identified, and a good opera glass will be of use in fixing it.

The list of the members of our Star club in regular attendance is large, but it is gratifying to us all to know that we have also a membership, large and widely distributed which we never see in these seats. Through the courtesy of the newspapers, reports of our meetings are scattered far and wide and the work doing outside of this room, through the influence of these reports, is perhaps twenty times that done within it.