THE SUNDAY APPEAL.

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For the Sunday Appeal.]

IN MEMORY OF H. W. A—Y.

BY ŒNONE.

The tenderness of thy early wife-hood hast
Thou taken away forevermore, dear Saint,
From him who loved thee, and thy children young
That clamor for thy care? Some token faint
Drop from the casement of thy later home
To those who call on thee—a jewel-ray
From the bright crown binding thy perfect brows,
A leaf of the palm within thy hand, to say—
"It is well with me!"

Was it the milky-way thy fairer feet
Tracked to the Eternal City with white gate
Ajar for spotless travelers like thee?
And wast thou, trembler, ushered in with state
By Him, that city's Lord, who loves the meek?
Say, Sweet!—we loved thee; tell us of thy way—
What raptures divine, what welcome thou didst meet!
How safe and happy! One word, God, I pray
She thence speak to us!

Night, Ethiop-queen with dusky, noiseless feet,
Paces her star-courts, loosing gems of fire,
As Zepyrus doth the dew-pearls from the rose,
And pale I kneel and worn with strong desire
To pierce the folds that shut the happy in!—
A glimpse of those the curtains hide from sight,
That hang athwart the skies! A tone from lips
We've kissed—ta'en from us—O, tiara'd night,
Were worth thy crown gems!

We challenge empty air! Our idle breaths
Fall back to us from Heaven's embattled walls,
They cannot glide o'er these to ears of Saints,
Shut in by God from Earth's too clamorous calls,
And it is well, or from His work, the souls
We love, we'd turn with our vehement cries,
And fall in prayer to Him, to call on those
Our fearful natures cling to, loved and known
To earthly senses! O, so dear and close
They—far God ne'er seen!

1868.

Written for the Sunday Appeal.]

THE LATE J. H. McMAHON.

A Tribute of Friendship.

BY LEON. TROUSDALE.

Jesse H. McMahon was born in the town of Franklin, county of Williamson, on the 5th of April, 1812. At the time of his death, he was consequently in his 57th year. At an early age he was entered in the office of Henry Van Pelt, Esq., as an apprentice to the printing business. Mr. Van Pelt was an able and distinguished editor and one of the most genial of gentlemen. The friendship formed between him and young McMahon was of the most sincere, kindly and lasting character, never suffering the slightest interruption, from the many fierce political contests in which they subsequently engaged as editors respectively of the APPEAL and *Enquirer* at Memphis. It is a striking proof of the independent character of the young *protege* and, at the same time, of that unalterable fixedness of friendship which he cherished, that in the division of parties in this State, first into Jackson and anti-Jackson and subsequently into Whig and Democratic, he held fast to his political convictions, while he never turned his back upon his old friend. The first newspaper established by the young printer and editor was called the "*Truth Teller*." It was published at Jackson, then a rising village, and celebrated for no little of talent at the bar and other professions and for the enterprise of its merchants. It was Whig in politics, and was unquestionably one of those strong germs of Whiggery which afterwards grew to such stalwart proportions in the State. In 1835-6 the *Truth Teller* warmly espoused the cause of Hugh L. White against Martin Van Buren. It was in that campaign that McMahon won his reputation for an able and eloquent political writer and attracted towards him the esteem and admiration of the great Whig leaders of the State. In 1836 he went out as a volunteer to the Florida (Seminole) War, having been chosen to command a company in Col. A. B. Bradford's regiment, by his comrades from Jackson. After an experience of considerable excitement and some tedium in the hammocks of Florida, during which some three or four battles and skirmishes were fought almost breast deep in water, in which McMahon and his company bore an honorable part, he returned to Tennessee, and having been solicited to take charge of the *Republican Banner*, then the central Whig organ of the State, he removed to Nashville and for a year and a half bore the brunt of political and partisan warfare; after which he removed to Memphis, then a small trading town, at the mouth of Wolf. This was about the year 1838. He soon after joined a party, composed of Mr. Dooley, the late Jno. B. Moseley and B. F. Dill in establishing the Memphis *Enquirer*. It was a journal for the times, racy and redolent of genius. Its columns sparkled with the best effusions of McMahon's fertile mind and the highest inspirations of his eloquence. Fact and fancy were so blended and interwoven as to create lights and shadows in the political landscape which more resembled the fairy-like creations of the painter, with the warm coloring of a fervid, yet chaste fancy, the far-reaching perspective of a political philosopher, the pure English of an Addison or a Goldsmith and the high purpose and burning enthusiasm of a poet. No man was ever more devoted to the Whig party, yet none ever more scorned the mere trickery and intrigue of party management. So zealous was he to push his party upon its own merits and to go before the country, relying upon truth and reason to win his triumph, that he came near, on more than one occasion, kicking the party traces. Yet he never dreamed of disloyalty to Whiggery. If he had been driven to carry out his purpose, he would have rebuilt the Whig altars in his own household and erected therein the statue of Harry of the West as the patron saint of his cause and Chevalier Bayard of his imagination. His horror of Democracy was fully equal to his love for Whiggery. If he ever used the choicest expletives in social life, it was when he referred to the Democracy, which he averred had ruined the country. While doing so earnestly and as a firmly-rooted conviction, it was always said, without offense to those who knew him and differed from him. On these occasions of unreserve, he uniformly avowed himself a Hamiltonian in principle, expressing the belief that nothing but a strong Government could ever save the Republic.

Col. McMahon was subsequently connected with the *Eagle and Enquirer*, and was the founder of the Memphis *Morning Bulletin*, in whose paternity he took great pride. All of these journals not only played a conspicuous part in the political contests of the State, but also contributed their full share of labor and ability in building up the industrial and educational institutions and railroad enterprises of Memphis and surrounding sections. How zealously his pen was ever enlisted in every beginning of public advantage, there are thousands of living witnesses to attest. How perseveringly he prosecuted these labors to the end, none can doubt who remember the opportune and powerful aid which his polished pen ever volunteered to the encouragement of all that promised to assist in building up the embryo city. He never faltered, never doubted that a glorious success would crown each one of these labors. And he was thus far a prophet among men. Very early in his career, with the chivalry and courtesy of his nature, which was inborn, he espoused the then unequal cause of Mrs. Edmund Pendleton Gaines against the vested rights of the millionaires of New Orleans. The suit, which was protracted through twenty years, to restore to the legitimate heir of Daniel Clark his immense property, and which was prosecuted with such undaunted heroism by Mrs. Gaines, until she gained the most complete and wonderful triumph known to the annals of the law, became known to the public chiefly through the efforts and ability of Col. McMahon. He was her unsleeping ally and faithful *aid-de-camp* on every field of her long and harrassing campaigns with the lawyers and the bench. He breathed into the written sketches of her efforts the soul of chivalry and the inspiration of romance. No articles, ever written on this continent, were more extensively copied into the contemporaneous press or were more acceptable to the public, which entered into the full spirit of their generous author and joined in sympathy with their courageous subject. Col. McMahon lived to see the long labors of years culminate in a clean victory for his friend. His pen became enlisted and his busy and large brain interested in this generous work long before he married the relative of Mrs. Gaines. This alliance was rather the result than the cause of his zeal and friendship for this noble woman. But whether as friend or kinsman he was equally true to his espousal of the almost sublime faith which marked his championship of the weak and defenseless against the most unequal odds. It is a chaplet, bright and unfading, to adorn his name and keep his memory fresh in the hearts of all who esteem unswerving friendship and constant devotion. Whatever may have been his errors, and they were perhaps as few and venial as fall to the lot of most mortals, he always wore in his heart that "dew of youth" which makes vernal forever the first affections, and sparkles more brightly in the character than diamonds in the coronet of kings.

There is another very marked trait of Col. McMahon, which we should scarcely be pardoned, were we to omit mention of. It was his uniform high-toned and punctilious courtesy towards his brothers of the Press, and towards all whom he was compelled to oppose or whose sentiments he was called on to combat. Not that he eschewed legitimate repartee and all the armory which it may properly command, to assure victory and discomfit an antagonist. And much less was he averse to earnest and racy controversy with "foemen worthy of his steel." But he most heartily despised black-guardism, personality, without a strong moving cause, and the *argumentum ad hominem*, in all its phases, unless it related to the public acts of public men, in which case he thought it fell within the legitimate province and clear duty of an untrammelled press. In this channel he constantly aimed, and not without considerable success, to confine the Press, and thus to impart to it dignity, usefulness and the support and encouragement of the most refined and intelligent classes of the community. The Press of the Southwest, and especially of Tennessee, is indebted to him, for much of the high-tone and *esprit du corps*, which it has possessed. Though not strictly a literary man, having been engaged for thirty years as a political and public journalist, the style of Col. McMahon was decidedly one of the best models of composition, being perspicuous, pure, sparkling and elevated. His writings would be prized in any lyceum or library, if properly collated and printed in a convenient form. There are many excerpts which rise to the highest reach of prose composition—in expression, in sentiment, in argument and appeal. We hope to see the day when they will be rescued from the oblivion which seems to be the fate of the productions of the daily Press by some one who has leisure and opportunity to do a simple justice to one of our most distinguished and gifted Editors, and to confer a grateful benefit upon those who have been accustomed to admire his productions and to love and esteem their author. It is well known that he was one of the very last of the Union men of Tennessee who succumbed to the storm of revolution and then not until a fratricidal contest was inevitable. He braved obloquy and peril in the maintenance of his honestly entertained views. And when the wild winds commenced to blow he ranged himself by the side of his kith and countrymen with a sad heart, but with all his warm sympathies aroused for his friends and neighbors. He performed his duty bravely and truly until the cause was lost, when he returned to Memphis and again grasped the helm of Journalism, amid the stormy billows which the late furious tempest had evoked. Accepting the position of chief editor of the APPEAL, he pursued the same calm course of conservatism and indited the same vigorous and wise essays, tempered with sadness and distrust it is true, which had distinguished his early and emblazoned his middle career. In descending the Western arc of the career of life, clouds often dimmed the effulgence of his sun, but the luminary, which had shed such brightness in its past ascent to the zenith of its fame, could not suffer eclipse. It often broke, with former refulgence, through the rifting and flying storm-signals and poured forth its light in undiminished ray, leaving as it passed on to another mist—a silver lining—a beautiful halo to the veil which obscured it.

There be many of us with whom his warm and honest greeting, his sunny smile of welcome, his hearty shake of the hand and his wise and virtuous counsel will ever remain, in living remembrance. He has met the Destroyer before us, but we fancy he fought his last battle with the foe with the same loftiness of bearing in which he tilted with human antagonists; and when he knew the time for surrender had come, prepared himself with the armor of righteousness to explore that mysterious *terra incognita—the Hereafter*, with diligence and awe, clothed in the garments of humility, which any Heaven-aspiring soul may honestly put on in entering upon unexplored and unknown glories beyond this world of blight. His head lies draped by the solemn festoon of Death. But we often meet him in the mysterious vigils of the soul; and thus feel that, though departed, *he still lives.*

The Chromo-Lithographic Process.

To many who admire the all but perfect chromos now exhibited by our leading publishers, the process by which they are produced is still a mystery. For the benefit of these we shall describe it as intelligently as we can in the limitad space permitted us.

The inventor of lithography was a German, named Senefelder, and to whom, also, we owe the first effort at chromo-lithograph, or, as he called it, Mosaic printing. This was seventy years ago. The pictures of to-day are the result of steady labor in the improvement of the art since then. For the better understanding of the more elaborate process of to-day, it will be necessary to explain the simple one out of which, in the course of years, it has gradually grown.

The stone upon which the drawings were made, fifty years ago, is the same now used. It is a species of limestone found, but in finest grain, we believe, in Bavaria. It is capable of a very fine polish, and is prepared for the lithographer in slabs of various thicknesses, according to the size, and the pressure to which it is to be subjected. To produce ordinary lithographic effects from this stone, the writing or drawing is done upon it, or transferred to it, in a certain preparation of ink which adheres firmly to it on being treated chemically by the workmen. This done the stone is whetted, but the writing or drawing owing to its resinous character rejects the moisture. The ordinary inking roller of the printer is then passed over the stone. The wet portion of the stone refuses to receive the ink for which the writing or drawing has ready affinity, and is thus prepared as types are to be transferred to paper in the ordinary way.

For the chromo process, instead of ink, the drawing is made with a preparation of soap, which adheres to the stone as the ink does, and repels the water and receives the color in like manner. To produce some of our finest chromos, sometimes as many as twenty different stones are required—one for each well-defined tint seen in the completed picture. The first stone prepared is that on which is laid the faint ground tint, in which there is but the faint resemblance of the picture that is to be. The next contains the shades of another color characteristic of the painting; the next the variations of another color, still more prominent in the original, and so on until the highest effects of color are secured. This preparation of the shades upon the different stones, and of the colors used to produce them, calls not only for the nicest skill in all employed at it, but also for a true sense of the beautiful in art, on the part of the superintending workman. The stones, thus prepared, are ready for the printing process, and this is one that calls for scarcely less skill and no less care. The paper has to be specially prepared for this work, and must be of the finest quality. The stone which contains the delicate shadowing of the picture—that first referred to—is now put in the press, the roller with this ground tint color passed over it, and a number of impressions taken. These have to be put away carefully to dry before they can be passed over the second stone, which will advance them another stage; and so on, at each step, the picture approaching in likeness to the original, of which it is to be a *fac simile*, as near as possible. As it takes fully a week to dry the sheets after some of these printings, it can be readily understood that the process is a slow one, many months being frequently required in the printing of an important picture. One of the nicest difficulties, perhaps, in a process which is difficult throughout, is the proper adjustment of the unfinished picture on each successive stone, as the slightest deviation from its precise position would, of course, misplace the shade of color then being laid, and so ruin the effect. A further proof of the delicacy of handling, skill and artistic knowledge required to develop a good chromo will be recognized by the careful examination of one. It will be seen that many of the most delicate tints are produced by the passing of one color over another, in this way producing often a hundred distinct shades of color in a single picture. Blues passing over yellows, give us many tinted greens; blues over reds, purples; reds over blacks, browns; over yellows, orange, and so on *ad infinitum*.

Statistics of the Hindoos.

In January, 1865, a census of the inhabitants of the Northwestern Provinces of British India was taken, with enumeration of their occupations, after the manner of the English tables. The population in number came out as equal to that of the United Kingdom, or rather more than 30,000,000 of souls. The total number of persons supported by the community was found to be 540,013, many of whom returned themselves under these curious callings: Beggars, 479,015; prostitutes, 26,806; eunuchs, 2,251; pimps, 321; mourners, 29; almstakers, 111; pedigree-makers, 28; flatterers for gain, 226; vagabond, 1; house painters, 16; bud mashers, 974; gravediggers, 97; ear piercers, 18; maker of caste marks, 51; wrestlers, 2; charmers, 4; sturdy beggars, 35; professional thieves, 22; informer, 1; hangmen, 133; fortune tellers, 3; jesters, 851; astrologers, 1,123; mimics, 259; divers, 142; miscellaneous, 22,532. The vast majority are simply put down as beggars, but of "sturdy beggars" there were only thirty-five. Mourners, almstakers (classed apart from beggars), pedigree-makers, and flatterers for gain come in strange progression.

—Victoria meditates erecting a widows' home near Coburg.

—Seventeen thousand men and sixty dredging machines do the work on the Suez Canal.

—In the manufacture of bird cages alone one thousand persons find employment in Birmingham.

—The rainfall in Calcutta in 1868 was forty-eight per cent. above the average of the last fifteen years.

—It costs English railroads one and three-quarter million dollars to pay for personal injuries done in one year.

—The English are reported to be adopting the American Convention system for nominating members of Parliament.

For the Sunday Appeal.]

TO GENERAL FORREST.

How fares it, soldier brave and bold,
Erst chieftain of the wood and wold,
Since now thou may'st not ride
In the wild foray's bloody van,
Or headlong lead thy reckless clan
To stem the battle's tide?

Ye woke the echoes of the world,
Brave Southrons, ere your flag was furled;
And *this* is hard to bear!
'Twere better to be lying low
By your blue river's restless flow,
With the brave who perished there,

Than live to view, with powerless hand,
The despot's heel on the loved land,
For which ye fought in vain.
How long ye battled, and how well,
In sooth, your Northern foes can tell,
And their graves on hill and plain.

Once, Forrest, safer 'twere to wake
The sleeping panther in the brake,
Or seek the lion's lair,
Than meet thy vengeance dread, brave son
Of the fair South, whose victories won,
Are quenched, in dark despair.

But now, the hireling blue-coat sneers
At thee and at thy brave confreres,
Whose very name, in other years,
Had made the dastards fly;
Ah, me! full darksome is the night,
Thou leader bold, of desperate fight,
In the wild days gone by.

ELVIRA.

NEW LONDON, CONN., March 1, 1869.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

BY MISS MARTINEAU.

We published some weeks since several extracts from the "Biographical Sketches" of Miss Harriet Martineau, which having enjoyed an extensive popularity in England, are now presented to the American public, in a tasteful and substantial volume, by Leypoldt & Holt. The book, from which we propose further to regale our readers, contains in all forty-six articles, descriptive of the most notable Englishmen and women in the various departments of life, who have died since 1852, when Miss Martineau established her connection as an editorial writer with the London *Daily News*, in which these sketches appeared as obituary notices. They are now presented in an unaltered form, they having been merely arranged by Mr. J. R. Robinson, also of that journal. The title "Sketches," is a very apt one; there is no general plan, nor any attempt at completeness—a few facts, personal reminiscences, incidents, anecdotes, merely thrown together, but in so chatty a way and in such pleasant language, as to be the very perfection of "sketch-writing."

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Of Walter Savage Landor, we read:

His tall, broad, muscular, active frame was characteristic; and so was his head, with the strange elevation of the eyebrows, which expresses self-will as strongly in some cases as astonishment in others. Those eyebrows, mounting up till they comprehend a good portion of the forehead, have been observed in many more paradoxical persons than one. Then there was the retreating but broad forehead, showing the deficiency of reasoning and speculative power, with the preponderance of imagination and a huge passion for destruction. The massive self-love and self-will carried up his head to something more than a dignified bearing—even to one of arrogance. His vivid and quick eye, and the thoughtful mouth, were fine, and his whole air was that of a man distinguished in his own eyes certainly, but also in those of others. Tradition reports that he was handsome in his youth. In age he was more. The first question about him usually was why, with his frame, and his courage, and his politics, and his social position, he was not in the army. One reply mighty be, that he could neither obey nor co-operate; another was, that his godfather, Gen. Powell, wished it; and Landor therefore preferred something else. As for that something else—his father offered him £400 a year to study law, and reside in the Temple for that purpose, whereas he would give him only £150 if he would not; and of course, he took the £150, and went as far as he well could from the Temple—that is, to Swansea.

* * * * *

He employed many scores of laborers on his Welch estates, made roads and planted, and built a house which cost him £8000. He set his heart upon game-preserving (of all pursuits for a democratic republican,) and had at times twenty keepers out upon the hills at night, watching his grouse; but, with 12,000 acres of land, he never saw a grouse on his table. His tenants cheated him, he declared, and destroyed this plantation; and though he got rid of them, he left, not only Wales, but Great Britian, in wrath. Then the steward in charge of his house cheated him, when he not only got rid of the steward, but had his splendid new house pulled down—out of consideration, he declared, for his son's future ease and convenience, in being rid of so vexatious a property.

FATHER MATHEW.

The following, of Father Matthew, will be interesting:

The Political Apostle of the day had the sagacity which was not remarkable in the Moral Reformer. O'Connell made Father Mathew his unconscious agent; and hence some of the success, which, to those who did not discern all the springs of the movement, appeared miraculous. O'Connell's aim was to keep up a state of vigilant expectation among the people; and it is certain that the two millions who were presently pledged by Father Mathew believed, generally speaking, that some mighty political event was at hand, for which they must hold themselves ready in a state of soberness. Most of them believed that Dan. was to be King of Ireland; many, that the temperance medal was to be their badge of safety in the day of coflict; and all believed that it was their token of salvation. It was commonly believed that Father Mathew could work miracles, and even that he had raised a person from the dead. When inquired of about his action in regard to these superstitions, he wrote a letter containing a few sentences so characteristic, that they almost preclude the necessity of describing his mind. "If I could prevent them," he says of these superstitions, "without impeding the glorious cause, they should not have been permitted; but both are so closely entwined, that the tares cannot be pulled out without plucking up the wheat also. The evil will correct itself; and the good, with the Divine assistance, will remain and be permanent." Such an agitator was the very man for O'Connell. His gatherings trained the people to marching in physical sobriety and moral enthusiasm. With their bands of music and their organization—nearly approaching to the regimental—they were amused for the time, and convinced that some ulterior work was preparing; an immense revenue was levied from the sale of shilling medals—a fund which was never accounted for. Nobody ever supposed that Father Mathew pocketed one of those shillings. He gave many of them to the relief of the poorest of the crowd; but he and his relatives became bankrupt by the movement—his brother by the ruin of his distillery, and himself by the loans and advances required of him by the urgency of the movement. Of his perfect disinterestedness, that never was any question. He handed over his life insurance to his creditors; and the pension of £300 a year from the Crown was all spent in keeping up the insurance.

LORD MACAULAY.

Of Lord Macaulay, she writes:

He was the son of that excellent man, Zachary Maculay, whose honored name is inseparably connected with the Anti-Slavery movement of the beginning of the century. Strange as the saying may seem, there is, in our minds, no doubt that his parentage was his great disadvantage, and the source of the comparative unfruitfulness of his splendid powers. Zachary Macaulay sacrificed fortune, health, time, peace, and quiet, and reputation, in behalf of the great philanthropic enterprise of his time; and, instead of his distinguished qualities being perpetuated in his son, the reaction from them was as marked as often happens in the case of the children of eminent men. We see the son of remarakably pious clergymen grow up to be men of the world; the sons of metaphysical or spiritual philosophers make a rush to the laboratory, or wander about the world, hammer in hand to chip at its rocks. The sons of mathematicians turn to art; and the families of statesmen bury themselves in distant counties, and talk like graziers of bullocks and breeders of sheep. The child of a philanthropist, Thomas Macaulay wanted heart; this was the one deficiency which lowered the value of all his other gifts. He never suspected the deficiency himself; and he might easily be unaware of it; for he had kindliness, and for any thing we know, a good temper; but of the life of the heart he knew nothing. He talked about it, as Dr. Blacklock, the blind poet, wrote descriptions of scenery—with a complete conviction that he knew all about it; but the actual experience was absent.

How an Army of Monkeys Bridged a Stream.

"They are coming, and will most likely cross the river by the rocks yonder," observed Raoul.

"How, swim it?" I asked. "It is a torrent there!"

"Oh, no," answered Raoul; "monkeys would rather go into fire than water. If they cannot leap the stream they will bridge it."

"Bridge it! and how?"

"Stop a moment, captain, and you shall see." The half-human voice now sounded nearer, and we could perceive that the animals were approaching the spot where we lay. Presently they appeared upon the opposite bank, headed by and old gray-headed chieftain, and officered like so many soldiers. They were, as Raoul stated, of the *comadreja*, or ring-tailed tribe.

One—an aid-de-camp, or chief pioneer, perhaps—ran out upon a projecting rock, and after looking across the stream, as if calculating the distance, scampered back and appeared to communicate with the leader. This produced a movement in the troops. Commands were issued, fatigue parties were detailed and marched to the front. Meanwhile several of the *comadrejas*—engineers, no doubt, ran along the bank, examining the trees on both sides.

At length they all collected around a tall cottonwood that grew over the narrowest part of the stream, and twenty or thirty of them scampered up its trunk. On reaching a high point, the foremost—a strong fellow—ran out upon a limb, and taking several turns of his tail around it, slipped off, and hung head downward. The next on the limb, also a stout one, climbed down the body of the first, and whipping his tail tightly round the neck and forearm of the latter, drooped off in his turn, and hung head down. The third repeated his manœuvre upon the second, and the fourth upon the third, and so on, until the last one upon the string rested his fore-paws upon the ground.

The living chain now commenced swinging bockward and forward like the pendulum of a clock. The motion was slight at first, but gradually increased, the lowermost striking his hands violently on the earth as he passed the tangent of the oscillating curve. Several others upon the limbs aided the movement. This continued until the monkey at the end of the chain was thrown among the branches of a tree on the opposite bank. Here, after two or three vibrations, he clutched a limb and held fast. This movement was executed adroitly, just at the culminating point of the oscillation, in order to save the intermediate links from the violence of a too sudden jerk! The chain was now fast at both ends, forming a complete suspension bridge over which the whole troop to the number of four or five hundred passed with the rapidity of thought.

It was one of the most comical sights I ever beheld, to witness the quizzical expression of the countenances along that living chain!

The troop was now on the other side, but how were the animals forming the bridge to get themselves over? This was the question which suggested itself. Manifestly by number one letting go his tail. But then the *point d'auppi* on the other side was much lower down, and number one, with half-a-dozen of his neighbors, would be dashed against the opposite bank or soused into the water.

Here, then, was a problem, and we waited with some curiosity for its solution. It was soon solved. A monkey was now seen attaching his tail to the lowest on the bridge, another girded him in a similar manner, and so on, until a dozen more was added to the string. These last were all powerful fellows; and, running up to a high limb, they lifted the bridge into position almost horizontal.

Then a scream from the last monkey of the new formation warned the tail end that all was ready; and the next moment the whole chain was swung over, and landed safely on the opposite bank. The lowermost links now dropped off like a melting candle, while the higher ones leaped to the branches and came down by the trunk. The whole troop then scampered off into the chapparal and disappeared.

For the Sunday Appeal.]

LITTLE EDDIE.

A DOMESTIC EPISODE, FROM PERSONAL OBSERVATION.

BY ROBERT M'WADE.

Pa-pa's pet, and ma-ma's boy,
Hold him's yittle footie upple,
Den he'll have him's yittle supple
And his yittle yattle toy.

Da now! uppie daisy!
Pull him's yittle tockie on;
Pwecious chile—sinks ma-ma's kazy—
There—don't kuy 'cause pa-pa's gone.

Now Eddie take him's yittle feed—
—Want ma-ma skatch his yittle heel?
Oh—Ed! I'll whip—I will, indeed,
If you bite—you little eel!

[Mama throws baby on the bed and looks for simple serate salve.]

Swedenborgianism—What it Is and what it is Not.

From the Independent.]

The popular ignorance and prejudice concerning the doctrines of what its disciples call the "New Church," but what is far more generally known by the name of its eminent founder, as the Swedenborgian Church, afford a curious illustration of the "odium theologicum." Few persons who have not made them the subject of special study know at all what these doctrines are. Even the well informed clergymen have sometimes a vague notion that they are "spiritualistic," or "infidel," or "unitarian;" and "Swedenborgianism" and "free love," and "socialism" are most singularly intermixed in the minds of a good many people who ought to be better informed concerning the character of a denomination which is really characterized by nothing more than the excellent lives and pure characters of most of its adherents. So far from being amenable to the charge of immortality, the theology of Swedenborgianism insists with great strenuousness upon interior purity of heart. So far from being Unitarian, it recognizes in Jesus, the only one living and true God, the Infinite and Divine Spirit, not united with a human nature, but simply tabernacled in a human body. So far from being "infidel," the Swedenborgians pay to the written Word a reverence only less than that paid by the ancient Jews to his sacred scriptures. So far from being "spiritualistic," they denounce spiritualism with a vigor intensified by their mystical faith, of a dealing with evil spirits, the very sin punishable with death under the Mosaic code. Swedenborgianism is the very antipodes of Rationalism. The one recognizes reason as the supreme arbiter in religion; the other founds religious beliefs on faith. The Rationalist ideality and marvelousness are almost wholly wanting; in the Swedenborgian they predominate. The Rationalists are critics; the Swedenborgians are men of imagination. In the Rationalist number among them a large proportion of the scientists; to the standard of Swedenborg flock quantities of poets, artists, musicians. His church is composed of men of refined and cultured tastes, rather than skeptical or vigorous understandings. To the one, religion is a science; to the other a poem.

Whoever desires to understand modern theology, and the elements which have contributed to its formation, has need to study the writings of Emanuel Swedenborg. Whatever minister desires to understand modern religious thought in his own congregation must know something of Swedenborgianism, though he has not a Swedenborgian in his parish. It is not likely he will ever become a convert to the new church. It is not probable he will ever have to warn others against it. But he needs none the less to be acquainted both with its truths and its errors. In the former he will find much from which he can obtain useful instruction. In the latter he will find much which he strives in vain to comprehend.

To our thought, the best work for such investigations is Swedenborgian's "True Christian Religion." It is to Swedenborgianism what Calvin's "Institute" are to Calvinism. It affords the entire theology of the New Church in an authentic and authoritative form. Of course he who desires to familiarize himself with that theology will investigate special doctrines further in special treatises. But he who desires simply to have in a comprehensive form the general teachings of Swedenborg has them in these two handsome volumes. They are far better for the student than any more modern treatises by subsequent writers. For, though Swedenborg has many enthusiastic followers, he has produced no original thinkers. We have found very little value in the works of his disciples, save that they translates into modern phraseology the thought of their leader. To gather these thoughts from the library of volumes he gave to the world, requires a painstaking study that few but his disciples have patience to give. But every catholic theologian who desires to trace theology to its source, and to acquaint himself with the teachings of other churches than his own, should, if his means enables him to do so, make room for this work upon his library shelves.

Whom do Great Men Marry?

Women, of course. But they show the same diversity of taste that is seen in the lower ranks, and, on the whole, make worse mistakes. They, however, generally show the same sense in choosing wives that they show in managing other people's affairs, whether it be good or bad.

Robert Burns married a farm girl with whom he fell in love while they worked together in the plow field. He, too, was irregular in his life, and committed the most serious mistakes in conducting his domestic affairs.

Milton married the daughter of a country squire, but lived with her but a short time. He was an austere, exacting, literary recluse; while she was a rosy, romping country lass that could not endure the restraint imposed upon her, so they seperated. Subsequently, however, she returned, and they lived tolerably happy.

Queen Victoria and Prince Albert were cousins, and about the only example in the long line of English monarchs wherein the marital vows were sacredly observed and sincere affection existed.

Shakspeare loved and wed a farmer's daughter. She was faithful to her vows, but we could hardly say the same for the great bard himself. Like most of the great poets, he showed too little discrimination in bestowing his affection on the other sex.

Byron married Miss Millbank to get money to pay his debts. It turned out a bad shift.

Benjamin Franklin married a girl who stood in her father's door and laughed at him as he wandered through the streets of Philadelphia with rolls of bread under his arms and his pockets filled with dirty clothes. She had occasion to be happy when she found herself the wife of such a great and good man.

Washington married a widow with two children. It is enough to say of her that she was worthy of him, and that they lived as married folks should, in perfect harmony.

John Adams married the daughter of a Presbyterian clergyman. Her father objected, on account of John's being a lawyer, he had a bad opinion of the morals of the profession.

Thomas Jefferson married Mrs. Martha Skelton, a childless widow, but she brought him a large fortune in real estate. After the ceremony she mounted the horse behind him and they rode home together. It was late in the evening, and they found the fire out. But the great statesman bustled around and rebuilt it, while she seized the broom and soon put things in order. It is needless to say that they were happy, though Jefferson died a poor man, on account of his extreme liberality and hospitality.

John Howard, the great philanthropist, married his nurse. She was altogether beneath him in social life and intellectual capacity, and besides this, was fifty-two years old while he was but twenty-five. He would not take "No" for an answer, and they were married, and lived happily together until her death, which occurred two years afterwards.

Peter the Great of Russia, married a peasant girl. She made an excellent wife and a sagacious empress. Humboldt married a poor girl because he loved her. Of course they were happy.

It is not generally known that Andrew Jackson married a lady whose husband was still living. She was an uneducated but amiable woman, and was most devotedly attached to the old warrior and statesman.

John C. Calhoun married his cousin, and their children fortunately were neither diseased nor idiotic, but they do not evince the talent of the great "States' Rights" advocate.

Edward Lytton Bulwer, the English statesman and novelist, married a girl much his inferior in position, and got a shrew for a wife. She is now insane.

Opium Eating in New York.

The use of the pernicious drug is not confined to the men; there are hundreds and thousands of women who are in the daily habit of intoxicating themselves with it, and they are found in all grades of society, but chiefly among those who are not dependent upon their own exertions for their support. Some of the drug stores up-town and in Brooklyn sell more opium to women than to men, the latter buying chifly at the down-town shops. Not long ago a lady of one of the first families was arrested on the street for drunkenness and locked up in one of the stationhouses. She had all the appearances of being intoxicated, and the police very naturally concluded that she was of the fair but frail class, and the best thing to do with her was to lock her up. It turned out on investigation that she was wholly innocent of having swallowed fusil oil or anything of the sort, but had only been indulging in opium. The affair was hushed up, and the name of the lady did not appear in print. Two or three cases like this have occurred, and some of the police say that they have made several arrests under the mistaken impression that their subjects were suffering under too heavy stress of whisky.

Very few of the ladies who use opium venture into the street while under its influence, and the fact that these arrests occur in public, shows that the habit is very widely spread. Many of those addicted to it conceal the fact from their nearest friends, while others are in the habit of meeting in little parties and having a social chew, just as some of the ladies down South used to indulge in social "dips." Opium takes the place of snuff, and the parties generally get up to a high pitch of enthusiasm. As opium does not lead to a head-breaking and combative intoxication, like whisky or other strong drink, the fair creatures do not, save in rare cases, disturb their neighbors while at these opium seances. An exception is sometimes found; there was one a few months ago when the female inmates of a house on Fourteenth street fell to pulling each other's hair and committing other breaches of propriety while under the influence of opium. But then it must be remarked that they were not, at best, the possessors of good characters.

Men make less concealment of the opium habit than women, and from their more frequent mingling in business affairs they are more liable to detection. I know several men in business who are in the habitual use of opium, and generally carry neat little lamps in their pockets. The use of the drug gives them a certain nervousness of manner, which is probably the first sign to be discovered. Any metropolitan reader of this can probably call to mind from one to half a dozen men he has met whose manner indicates that they are no strangers to opium. I know two editors who use a great deal of the drug; one has not yet impaired his faculty with it, though he will do so before long; the other has taken so much of the narcotic that his brain is stupefied, and his thoughts often wander. Still he writes well and often brilliantly, and none who read his productions would imagine that they came from a head that is frequently more than two-thirds insensible, while the body to which it belongs is in full activity.—"*Waterloo's*" *New York letter to the Rochester Chronicle.*

The Spoiled Koh-i-noor.

From all the Year Round.]

The Koh-i-noor has hitherto been a fatal jewel. Its history is well authenticated at every step. This stone of fate seems never to have been lost sight of from the days when Ala-ud-deen took it from the Rajahs of Malwa, five centuries and a half ago, to the day when it became a crown-jewel of England. Tradition carries back its existence in the memory of India to the year 57 B. C.; and a still wilder legend would fain recognize in it a diamond first discovered near Masulipatam, in the bed of the Godavery, five thousand years ago.

The Koh-i-noor is reported by Bader, the founder of the Mogul Empire, to have come into the Delhi treasury from the conquest of Malwa, in 1304. The Hindoos trace the curses and the ultimate ruin inevitably brought upon its successive possessors by the genius of this fateful jewel ever since it was first wrested from the line of Vikramaditya. If we glance over its history since 1304, its malevolent influence far excels that of the necklace for which Eriphyle betrayed her husband, or the Eguus Seianus of Greek and Roman tradition. First falls the vigorous Patan, then the mighty Mogul Empire, and, with vastly accelerated ruin, the power of Nodir, of the Dosrance dynasty, and of the Sikh. Runject Singh, when it was in his possession, was so convinced of the truth of this belief that, being satisfied with the enjoyment of it during his own life time, he sought to break through the ordinance of fate and the consequent destruction of his family by bequeathing the stone to the shrine of Juggernaut for the good of his soul and the preservation of his dynasty. His successors would not give up the baleful treasure, and the last Maharajah is now a private gentleman. In 1850, in the name of the East India Company, since, in its turn, defunct, Lord Dalhousie presented the Koh-i-noor to Queen Victoria.

Perhaps we should have been better without it. The Brahmins will hardly relinquish their fate in the malignant powers possessed by this stone, when they think of the speedily following Russian war, which annihilated the prestige of the British army, and the Sepoy mutiny three years later, which caused England's existence as a nation to hang for months on the forbearance of one man.

The public saw the Koh-i-noor lusterless at the exhibition in 1851, then weighing one hundred and eighty-six carats. Its recutting, performed in 1822, though executed with the utmost skill and perfection, has deprived the stone of all its historical and mineralogical interest. As a specimen of a gigantic diamond, whose native weight and form had been interfered with as little as possible, (for with Hindoo lapidaries the grand object is the preservation of weight,) it stood without a rival, save the Orloff, in Europe. As it is, in the place of the most ancient gem in the history of the world—older even than the Tables of the Law and the Breastplate of Aaron, supposing them still to exist—we get, according to Mr. Kink, a bad shaped, because too shallow, modern brilliant, a mere lady's bubble, of but second-rate water, for it has a grayish tinge, and, besides, inferior in weight to several, being now reduced to one hundred and two carats and a half. The operation of recutting was performed in London, under the care of the Messrs. Gerrards, the Queen's jewelers, who erected for that purpose a small four-horse steam engine on the premises. It was conducted by Voorsanger and another skillful workman sent over by M. Coster from Amsterdam. In consequence of the advantage gained by using steam power, the actual cutting occupied no more than thirty-eight working days—a striking contrast to the two years necessary for cutting the Pitt diamond by the old hand process. In some parts of the work as it was necessary to grind out a deep flaw, the wheel made three thousand revolutions per minute.

Rossini's Petite Messe.

From the London Musical World.]

This eagerly expected work was brought out at the Theater Italien on Sunday last with unqualified success. Mlle. Krauss, Madame Alboni, Signor Nicolini, and Signor Agnesi were the solo singers. Speaking of its rehearsal, the *Gazette Musicale* says: "The entire work bears the impress of genius, and made a profound impression." So far good.

Some details of the performance appear in another column, but for an analysis of the music, our readers must wait with what patience may be possible. We are able, however, to partly gratify their natural curiosity about this "Song of the Pesaro Swan." *Le Moniteur de l'Orpheon* has opportunely reproduced a notice from the able pen of Mons. A. Elwart, written when the work was first performed at the house of M. Pillet-Will in 1864. We shall translate just so much of this article as serves to outline each number:

"The *Kyrie*," says M. Elwart, "opens with an introduction in severe style, after which the instruments are silent, while the vocal quartet sings a *Christe*, written in the manner of Palestrina. The *Gloria* begins with a soprano solo. A very charming theme for the orchestra accompanies the voices in the *Laudamus Te*, etc. The *Gratias*, a trio for contralto, tenor, and bass, is one of the finest things in the work. Its conclusion, where Rossini employs the plagal cadence, must be heard for all its beauty to be comprehended. The *Domine Deus*, a solo for tenor, is full of passion, while the *Qui Tollis*, a duet for soprano and contralto, rises to an extraordinary elevation of style. The *Quo niam*, a grand solo for bass, is followed by a choral fugue, *Cum Sancto Spiritu*, distinguished for profound science and melodic beauty. A *decrescendo* on the dominant pedal is above all remarkable. The *Credo* is a poem of picturesque design. After the enunciation of each article of faith, with regard to the creation and the coming of Christ, the chorus answers 'Credo.' In the *Crucifixus*, the soprano voice recounts the Savior's sufferings with a pathos which brings tears to the eyes. In the majestic *Resurrexit* there is a fugue of colossal dimensions. Both the subject and counter-subject are remarkable, and the whole effect is sublime. The *Offertoire*, for ochestra, reminds one of the eighteenth century by its melody, but the harmony is novel and striking. The *Sanctus*, which is preceded by a few instrumental chords, is written throughout for voices alone. The *Benedictus* is one of the most charming melodic creations of the master, and is second only in the entire work to the *Agnus Dei*, a contralto solo with choral responses. The latter is sublime."

To this brief sketch we can only add at present certain items of news with regard to the work. It appears that Sunday last, the day of the first public performance, was the seventy-eighth anniversary of Rossini's birth,* and that the mass would have been then performed at one of the churches but for the absurd prohibition against female voices. We hear, further, that M. Ullmann has bought the right of performance in Italy for 50,000 francs, and that, under M. Muzio's direction, the work will be given first in Milan, afterward in the other chief cities of its composer's native land. It will be heard in the Sixtine Chapel on April 11th, on which occasion the Pope celebrates the fiftieth anniversary of his first mass. With regard to England, the privilege of a first performance has, we understand, been secured by the Sacred Harmonic Society. The fitness of this arrangement nobody will dispute.

*Rossini was born on the 29th of February—so that two years out of three the anniversary of his birthday was March 1.—A. S. S.