SUNDAY APPEAL

F. A. TYLER, - - - - EDITOR.

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SUNDAY MORNING, : : : : DEC. 12, 1869.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

FOR THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION,

W. H. STEPHENS, of Shelby.
J. B. HEISKELL, of Shelby.
H. B. BATE, of Tipton.

OUR neighbors of the village of Nashville have commenced a suit in chancery, the object of which is to avoid outstanding claims amounting to one and a-quarter million dollars. These claims consist of $561,000 of checks, pledged as collateral, $440,000 notes outstanding, $300,000 bonds of the ALDEN administration, $46,500 bonds to HUGH MCGAVOCK, and $80,000 old bonds, sold by the same administration. Many other transactions, involving large amounts, are also sought to be avoided, as illegal and usurious. The city affairs of Memphis might well enough undergo a little of a similar sort of inspection.

FROM the funeral notice under the appropriate head, it will be seen that another of the oldest citizens of Memphis has passed away. GEORGE H. MONSARRATT died yesterday morning at eight o'clock, in the forty-ninth year of his age. He was a native of Maryland, and came to this city some sixteen or eighteen years ago, and soon engaged in the business of a real estate broker, first in partnership with Governor JAMES C. JONES, and more recently has been connected with JOHN C. LANIER. He was a man of no inconsiderable sagacity in business matters, and probably has done as much essential service for Memphis as any other enterprising man who could be named. In the outset of hostilities he left the city and commanded a Nashville battery for some time. He was a man of untiring energy, genial social qualities, and good heart. He leaves a wife and four children, with a brother, late grand master of the A. Y. M., of Kentucky, with thousands of citizens, his friends and companions to mourn his departure. He was one of our most useful and respected citizens, and as he died, so may he rest in peace.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Dubuque (Iowa) *Times* exposes the celebrated petrified "Cardiff Giant," which has lately been on exhibition in the Eastern cities, as a huge "sell." It seems that a couple of shrewd Yankees went to Fort Dodge, and after remaining a few days, purchased an acre of gypsum land, near that place, paid their hundred dollars for it, and went to work and cut out a huge piece of stone. With great difficulty they carted it off, breaking down a wagon and several bridges on their way, and having deposited it in some secret place, proceeded to carve out their statue. The owner of the Chicago Museum happened along about the same time, by some strange coincidence, and afterward took an interest and share in the matter. This "petrified giant," having been finally put into shape, was placed on exhibition as the latest and greatest wonder of the world, and beating BARNUM's "woolly horse," "what is it," guerilla, and all. The wise and scientific men of New York and Boston, rushed to see it, and many of them pronounced it perfect—areal petrifaction of a once living being, and a relic of remote antiquity, when "there were giants in those days." It was given out that it was discovered on a farm near Syracuse, New York, but it was perfected before being buried there. The statue is ten feet two and a-half inches high, three feet across the shoulders, and twenty-six inches through. The men of science discovered all the nerves, veins, arteries and bones of the human form divine, as a matter of course, and the Bohemians went to work and wrote it up. The *Times'* correspondent states that hundreds of citizens near Fort Dodge will attest the getting out of the gypsum stone, and the "giant" divided the opinions of the men of science as to whether he was carved from the gypsum or not. Thousands flocked to see the prodigy, and money poured into the pockets of the museum man and his confiduators, who still have it on exhibition. That will do.

THE immediate cause of BUTLER's notorious and infamous order in New Orleans is explained by the New York *Democrat*. We have not seen the particular explanation before. It is in substance this: Having taken, with body-guard and staff, and with all the pomp of a brainless beggar on horseback, possession of the St. Charles Hotel, he advertised that Mrs. Gen. B. F. BUTLER would hold audience two hours each afternoon with such *ladies* as wished to intercede for friends or relatives through her to the General. If the interviews were *satisfactory to Mrs.* BUTLER, the favor asked would be granted. The ladies of New Orleans, accustomed to better society than that of those who proposed to play the role of King and Queen in their midst, failed to call on the Queen, who sat in state the hours daily allotted for the purpose, and thus grave offense was given. The *Democrat* thus gives the denouement:

"Soon after the order was issued and the place prepared for the ladies to kneel in supplication, a few Northern officers and a few residents of New Orleans met one night at a noted resort for fast people, and proposed to run a "good one" on Butler and his snobbery, by having several fancy women in favor with Northern officers dress in high style, call on the General's wife, each caller representing herself to be this or that lady, well known in upper circles.

"The idea, conceived over a champagne carousal, was a hit. Several fast women volunteered to play "lady." Cards were written, carriages ordered, silks and diamonds worn in profusion, and the calls were made for several days. Many of those who thus called were quadroons, employed for the purpose. All who called were from that portion of the city below Basin street, near the graveyard, from the quarters inhabited by this class of persons, who here, by squatters' right, hold a certain locality under their control, where no one molests or makes afraid those who hold revel by day or by night, in that peculiar way understood without further use of words. Some were from Franklin, some from Marais, some from Treme street, but all represented themselves as other persons—as ladies in high social standing, residing in various fashionable quarters of the city.

"The 'gag' worked to perfection. Mrs. Butler, not knowing the character of her callers, listened with gracious ear to all sorts of contrived stories—was promised all sorts of presents—made all sorts of promises in return. At last the secret was let out—a few of the officers engaged therein became the subject of Butler's vengeance, and he in retaliation issued an order which forever branded him as worse than the son of greater common prostitutes than were contained in all New Orleans.

"Meanwhile the presents, not poured at the feet of the mobbled Queen, he became possessed of by the usual way—spoils being his great aim and object."

THE Columbia *Herald* thinks the the present Legislature has been overrated, and has "disappointed the public somewhat." The spiteful denial of right of way to railroads, and the passage on trust of some laws containing bad features, has not raised it materially in the esteem of the *Herald*, nor in that of some other people. With relation to its absurd prohibition of Chinese immigration, the *Herald* says:

"It was scarcely expected of a legislature representing a people just removed from under a system of class legislation, that they would even look with favor upon a proposition to forbid Chinese or any other race from coming to Tennessee. We are not able to say whether Chinese laborers would be a blessing or a curse to our State, but we do know that any attempt to prohibit, by legislation, their immigration is both anti-republican and silly. If Asiatic labor proves unprofitable and unsatisfactory to the planters who have the enterprise to try it, it certainly concerns no one but themselves. The prohibition of Chinese from coming into this State is certainly not in the interest of the negroes, because they can never be superseded in this country as laborers. If the negroes are better than other laborers they will be retained; if they are not, it is unjust to legislate for them as a class."

IN a lecture before the Parker Fraternity of Boston, on the subject, "What we would ask of Congress," WENDELL PHILLIPS says "the Administration represents a section and a weak section of the Republican party," and that Congress is the "active element of the Government." He demands that Congress should take the reins, and "harvest the results of the war." He regards the Union as no group of States, but a State. He insists that yet the "great, shrewd and persistent bull-dog element at the South hates the Union," and that the war has only just begun. He treats the formation of the Constitution as a very imperfect work, and as a "mercantile partnership, not a nation, that our fathers founded." This wrought the revolution of 1861, the only thing which was guarded being the bank vault of the country. He wants to get a new footing, and to finish up the construction of the Government, which was left incomplete, and slavery being abolished and citizenship at last defined, to protect that citizenship. He would, if necessary for that purpose, "plant a squad of soldiers in every voting district of the thirty-eight States," and whenever forty householders in any district shall call for the protection of the ballot-box, that the President shall send a company or regiment there. If that looks towards despotism, he prefers despotism to anarchy. This remarkably sane man thinks that the rebellion was produced by "eight millions of dunces, led by a few hundred thousand knaves," whom he thinks not worth conciliating. He wants "no forgiveness" nailed to the mast as the Northern motto, and every Northern mind brought to "stand aghast at the very idea of forgiveness." With such insane ravings is a Northern audience delighted, and by such means does he propose to erect the State. He fears that Congress will relent, and closes the lecture as follows:

"What I demand of Congress is to fortify against the coming magnanimity. God has given us one corner-stone upon which to fortify, and that is the negro. I demand of Congress that it should establish at the South lands, every acre that the North owns, as a gift and loyalty. There is a fearful problem looks to us from the Rocky Mountains. The immigration from Europe is probably drying up. The fears of England will soon do justice to Ireland. We shall not depopulate her any more. Bismarck will build up a Germany that will keep German youths at home on the banks of the Rhine. Europe is remodeling her governments, and she has need of all her people. The races of the Eastern slope will probably not be very much enlarged after the next five or seven years. The epoch of European emigration is closing, and the vacant prairies of the West are to be filled up from the Pacific side. The great Oriental horde is opening. The four hundred millions of Chinese are to pour their surplus into our Western veins, a race as bold, as indomitable, as indestructible as the Yankee. The shock will strain to the utmost the capacity of republican institutions. The very thought of it has scared from its seat the faith of many an American in self-government. One-half our statesmen are ready to sit down and surrender the principle that lies at the root of our government to this enormous danger. What I want is a government at Washington that can hold the States in their orbits while the great change needed goes on. At present there are three chances out of five that we float in 1872 into that inevitable change of dynasty which has always followed a war, and then remand those questions to the doubtful tribunal of politics, to the intrigues of parties, not to the common sense of States."

THE Jackson *Tribune* suggests that a party is rapidly forming in Tennessee which will be, in all its policy, a white man's party. We only differ by saying that the only party which is in the process of formation is the universal suffrage party, and that promises to be a mere abortion. While the "white man's government" party is largely in the majority in the towns of Tennessee, as we believe, in the country we are confident that sentiment is overwhelmingly triumphant—so strong as hardly to leave a corporal's guardfor universal suffrage. This is a white man's State, and white men intend to govern it. The idea that the State is bound to negro suffrage is an absurdity based on no rational grounds. It is an idea of being bound by pledges never assented to by the people, conditional pledges with the conditions unperformed; pledges which ought not to be made, or, if made, ought not to be kept, for the reason that no men have a right to make or keep pledges to destroy the benign government and well-being of the country. It is an idea that everything done by partizans in the interest of the conservative masses to escape the clutches and "crowning victory" of the Radical destroyers, only bound the State more and more to the suicidal policy of the Radical party. To yield negro government is to yield Radical government, and all that for which the tyrant party is striving to gain and perfect its power. Yet, no sooner were we victorious in Tennessee, than we were informed gravely, and with an air of authority, that the State was gagged and bound to the black body of death. This was the victory that some went forth from the conservative ranks to celebrate!

We deny all obligation on the score of promises in this matter. We deny that the negro could be benefited by carrying out such promises of suffrage, if we had made them. We deny that any citizen has the right to engraft an injurious principle on the organic law for the benefit of any class or race, and to the injury of all races. And we deny that any Constitutional law exists compelling us to do this wrong. The pretended State Convention, which empowered the Legislature to amend the Constitution in this respect, was bogus. If it had been otherwise, the Convention authorized the Legislature to regulate the suffrage at its first session thereafter. This the Legislature did, and established a white man's government, in pursuance of the power given. It made its election as to the manner and extent of exercising the power, and when that was done the power given *was exhausted*—it could not act again on that subject. All its subsequent action, by which negro suffrage was established, was illegal and void. This we shall establish hereafter more fully, by argument and reference to the recognized and standard legal authorities, including the decisions of the Supreme Court of Tennessee itself.

THE NEW CHARTER.

Editors Appeal: You deserve the thanks of the citizens of Memphis for pointing out one of the leading enormities of the new city charter. Considerably more than one-fourth of the whole instrument is devoted to pointing out the method by which the real estate of our citizens can be taken from them for the purpose of paving streets. Why is such prominence given to this subject? Undoubtedly to open the way for other grand swindles similar to those of the past. It has been affirmed, and not yet disproved, that the contracts for the Nicolson pavements already made were procured by bribery. What has occurred may occur again. There are now just as many cormorants eager to devour our vitals as there were two or three years ago. Then they found no difficulty in securing contracts, amounting to a million of dollars, at such exorbitant rates that they could make more than half that amount of net profits, merely by lubricating the machinery of the City Council with twenty thousand dollars in greenbacks. The only trouble then was the stubborn unwillingness of the citizens to *fork over*. This obstruction is obviated in the new charter. Property holders can now be summarily and legally robbed, and that without remedy.

The new charter extends the city limits so much that the space beyond the old corporate lines is fully equal to that within. If the streets in the whole of this new addition should be paved with the Nicolson pavement, the cost would be fully equal to the value of all the property. It is not to be supposed that all these streets would be paved at once; but there are sharpers enough who understand the game to induce a majority of the incorruptible city fathers to give them the job of paving some dozen streets in different localities, so that they can secure a half million of net profits by the contract. After this, the persuasive influence of greenbacks, and the incessant cry of more, more, would procure other contracts. Then again the old pavements must be renewed. And so the process continues *ad infinitum*, or rather *ad ruinam*.

While this system of *legal* plunderina is going on, not more than one-tenth of the people are ruined at a time; the nine-tenths, while their own pockets are intact, witness the public improvements, and give little heed to the grumblings of the few. In a few years this grinding extortion will be experienced by all. This is an apt illustration of the fable of the ass and the horse: The ass was sick and overloaded. He begged the horse to take part of his burden to save him from death. This horse spurned his request. The poor ass sunk under his burden and died. The master skinned the ass and placed both his burden and hide upon the horse.

The labors of aldermen are incessant and vexatious. Even when they do their whole duty they are subject to blame and vituperation. Their salaries are two hundred dollears a year. Men who have large possessions might possibly consent to serve in order to subserve the true interests of the city, and thereby protect their own property. But certainly no man will be an alderman merely for the salary. Why then is the office so eagerly sought? Most assuredly for the perquisites.

This elaborate portion of the new charter seems peculiarly, if not designedly, adapted to the purposes of a *ring* of expectant contractors and aldermen. A few years ago a set of *carpetbaggers* and *scalawags*, without the consent of the people, and in contempt of their wishes, assembled together and called themselves a convention of the State of Tennessee. They instituted a government in their own interests to enable their friends to plunder the people. In accordance with this system of corruption, certain unknown parties have engineered this new charter through the Legislature, a prominent portion of which authorizes the robbing of the citizens under the disguise of making and repairing pavements. In all good conscience ought not the provisions of this charter to be submitted to the approval of the citizens? Or must we submit quietly to the designs of a *ring*, as the people of the State were compelled by bayonets to submit to the enactments of the so-called convention.

Say and Smith, the great writers on political economy, both assert that the happiness and increased production of a State depend mainly on the security afforded to life and the possession of property. The great traveler, Polvre, tells us that he never saw a country really prosperous which did not enjoy the freedom of industry as well as *security of person and property*.

How can we expect our city to prosper and men of capital to come here and purchase property when we are ground down with taxation, and, in addition, there is a legalized ring of cormorants who can despoil them of their property at pleasure? If mechanics and men in moderate circumstances should come to our city and purchase property, they would naturally secure themselves homes in parts of the city where property is cheap. In these localities, especially, if costly pavements should be made, the whole property would not sell for more than the assessments. As an illustration, a widow lady owns a corner unimproved lot, fronting twenty feet on one street and running back one hundred and forty-eight and a half feet. It brings her no income, and she can only pay the ordinary taxes by depriving her children of most of the common comforts of life. A pavement is made on two sides of her lot, at a cost of about twenty-four hundred dollars. Of course she must sacrifice her property, and the sharpers pocket the money. The new charter legalizes such robbery.

SENEX.

As a young lady was crossing the street, in Greenfield, Mass., the other day, she chanced to pass immediately in front of a horse. The animal, probably mistaking her waterfall for a bunch of some new brand of hay, seized it in his mouth, and violently tore it from the gay lady's head, thereby pulling out a very little of her own hair. She screamed, and the animal, discovering his mistake, dropped the waterfall to the ground, where it was found by a mischievous urchin, who mounted it upon a pole, and walked off with it, to the great discomfiture of the victim, and the immense amusement of the crowd.

PLAYING KITTEN.

Have you seen a kitten playing with a ball?
She clutches it tight in her sharp little claws
Tosses it up, and then lets it fall;
Rolls it away, and, after a pause,
Brings it again to her side; with a spring,
Bounds for from it with motion active,
Yet mark, for an instant, loses the thing!—
Oh! a kitten playing is very attractive.

Just so a maiden plays with my heart;—
A moment she holds it touched in her smiles,
Then seems to forget me and turns apart;
And, when I am almost freed from her wiles,
Calls me back with a glance so sweet
That only her in the world I see,
And again lie captive before her feet,
Tho' I know she's playing kitten with me.

HOW SOFTLY ON THE BRUISED HEART.

How softly on the bruised heart
A word of kindness falls,
And to the dry and parched soul
The moist'ning tear-drop calls;
Oh, if they knew who walked the earth
Mid sorrow, grief and pain,
The power a word of kindness hath,
Twere paradise again.

The weakest and the poorest may
The simple pittance give,
And bid delight to withered hearts
Return again and live;
Oh, what is life if love be lost?
If man's unkind to man—
Or, what the Heaven that waits beyond
This brief and mortal span?

As stars upon the tranquil sea
Its wintry story shine,
So words of kindness in the heart
Reflect the source divine;
Oh, then, be kind, we know not how
That breathest mortal breath,
And it shall brighten all thy life,
And sweeten even death.

EVERLASTING NOW.

I.

Everlasting Now,
How beautiful art thou!
Through the ferny greenwood dells,
When the oaks were golden,
Hyacinths rang their bonny bells,
A time of music olden;
Sorrow and care had swept away
That melody so light and gay;
Why did it wake once more that day?
I do not know. But once again
Thoughts long dead and buried,
Shook their wings, a sunny train,
And o'er my spirit wearied
Poured a fresh and childish song,
One I had forgotten long,
Nay, not one, a flock, a throng.

II.

Everlasting Now,
How wonderful art thou!
In a dingy, noisy street,
A pure, white lilac growing,
Showered down its sweet odors to my feet,
And mingled with their flowing,
Sounds and sights of long ago,
Roses which have ceased to blow,
Winters of forgotten snow.
Stranger faces passing by
Saw I then, no longer.
Visions of the inner eye
Ever are the stronger;
Came a face quite close to me,
One I here no longer see,
Smiled, and vanished suddenly.

III.

Everlasting Now,
How terrible art thou!
Wandering by the river's side,
When the sun was setting,
Whispers came from far and wide,
"There is no forgetting.
Past is present, Now is vast,
What is future will be past,
All will be Now at last."
Then there spoke a kind voice
For a hasty word spoken,
Glistening with tear-drops wet,
Love's rair flowerret broken,
Years long past had seen that wrong,
But of bitter thoughts a throng
Sprang to life all fresh and strong.

IV.

Everlasting Now,
How bitter-sweet art thou!
Soul! who never can forget,
Thoughts that live forever!
Feed with tears of penance wet,
Venomed waks forever!
Came thou here the Eternal Now?
Or, as mortal things laid low,
Does thou crave an end? Not so!
Thou, who wakest memory's ear,
By such subtle blending
Of the present with the past,
With the life unending,
Tune us to that perfect key,
Giving life's unity—
Life, which hides itself in Thee!

—*Fraser's Magazine.*

Mrs. Stowe's Brother.

The readers of the APPEAL have fresh in their minds the disgraceful ghoul-like article written by Mrs. STOWE, wherein she wantonly and without foundation attacked and sought to steal the good name and character, and stamp with infamy the dead sister of Lord BYRON. The public have not yet recovered from the surprise of that article, when forth steps the brother of Mrs. STOWE, the veritable BEECHER himself, and as if to sustain the excitement occasioned by his sister's infamy, participates prominently and seeks to sustain the principles in *un affaire du coeur*, an affair that has startled decency, and unsettled the propriety of the respectable people of the country. The press of the Union, with few exceptions, have been as liberal in their denunciations of this outrage as they were of that which Mrs. STOWE perpetrated, and may, like that, recoil upon those who participated in it, to plague and crage them.

The New York *Sun* is fiercest in its denunciation of this RICHARDSON-MCFARLAND Marriage (the affair we allude to). It very properly characterizes it as—

"A public outrage on decency and religion"—a scene which seems to the editor to set "at defiance all those sentiments respecting the relation of marriage which render it intrinsically superior to prostitution," adding:

"Consider, married men of New York, husbands and fathers, by what trail you entitle insure your wives and yours. If you fail in your business—and it is said that ninety-five out of one hundred business men fail—then the younger and handsomer face of your widowed neighbor may charm away your wife; the laws of Indiana will grant a divorce to the fair truant, and Henry Ward Beecher—with the Rev. Dr. Field, of the New York *Evangelist*, standing at his right hand, and the Rev. O. B. Frothingham to implore a blessing on the sin—stands ready to marry her to the first libertine who will pay—not in affection, but in gold or greenbacks—the price of her frail charms! If it be said that poverty was not the only crime of McFarland, then rest easy, husbands and fathers, at least all of you who never, in any moment of trial and vexation, have uttered one impatient or petulant word!

"Yes, it is the pious, the popular, the admired, the revered Henry Ward Beecher who comes boldly and even proudly forward, holding by the hand and leading Lust to her triumph over Religion! Who can read the narrative, and not wish that Plymouth Church were sunk into the ground until the peak of its gable end should be beneath the surface of the earth!

"And Mr. Beecher was assisted by the Rev. Mr. Frothingham, who blasphemed in a prayer to God which contained these words: '*Father, we thank Thee for what these two have been to each other, and for what they may be yet.*' Mr. Frothingham may plead in his defense that he does not believe in the Scriptures; but Mr. Beecher, who has lectured for several years past upon a Life of Christ, should have reminded him that our Savior said: 'I say unto you, that whosoever shall put away his wife, saving for the cause of fornication, causeth her to commit adultery; and *whosoever shall marry her that is divorced, committeth adultery.*'"

Against this scathing rebuke BEECHER, in most unpriestly style, at the funeral of RICHARDSON, who died the day after its publication, recoiled upon his critics in this little speech:

"Mr. Beecher said that if he felt that the man before him had broken down the wall of his neighbor's garden and robbed his finest fruit, he would make no remarks upon him. He would merely perform the duties of a clergyman over his corpse. But he did not think that he had done so. He believed him to be a true man, and that in the present instance he behaved himself morally according to the best customs of Christian society. Those who knew him best believed him above reproach in the late sad affair, and both he and she who was left to mourn him, behaved in the main virtuously and rightly, and that they did not violate any of the received Christian tenets. Believing, as he did, the speaker approached his corpse as he attended his bridal, and felt that those who had stood by him in sentiment would be in future his (the speaker's) brothers and sisters through life. Mr. Beecher then lauded the gentleness and many virtues of the bereaved widow. He said that this was a case in which death had created bitterness. No sooner was the unfortunate victim wounded than every beetle and carrion bird assailed him. Now that he was down, fresh flies swarmed around him. It was a shame, bitter and disgraceful, that such should be the case."

And to this, the *Sun* replies with the following, which we think entirely justifiable, and a proper chastisement of an impudent assuming preacher, who has been tolerated too long, and who has had already too much countenance by religious people:

"Henry Ward Beecher stood up in the Astor House on Friday last to speak words which he knew would be reported and published by many of the leading journals throughout the country, and read by millions of persons. He therefore spoke carefully and considerately. It had become necessary for him to speak in self-vindication, for he had been arraigned for disregarding the doctrine of Christ; and in his desperation, it seems to us, that he spoke slanderously, maliciously and wickedly.

"Daniel McFarland was lying in his cell in prison. His wife had been married by Mr. Beecher to another man, who then lay dead before him, and whose funeral services he was performing. The color of authority under which Mr. Beecher assumed to perform the second marriage ceremony was what is called a divorce, granted by a court in Indiana, under the free-and-easy system of divorce which prevails in that State.

There is one scriptural ground of divorce, and for that, if it existed, Mrs. McFarland might have obtained a divorce from the bonds of matrimony here at home, in her own State, and where she lived. The ground is adultery on the part of the husband. The fact that she did not attempt to get a divorce here, that she never alleged this reason—which would have vindicated the separation in the eyes of all Christendom—in her petition for a divorce, shows that it did not exist. And yet, under all the responsibility resting upon him as a popular preacher, under all the solemnity of the occasion—an occasion on which, as he well knew, he was addressing the whole country—Mr. Beecher had the hardihood to say—we quote from the *Tribune's* report:

"When death was drawing near, and I was called to unite him to her who now sits desolate, overwhelmed with multiplied sorrows, I went with alacrity, believed that she was both legally and morally justified in separation from a brutal husband, who to excessive and outrageous personalabuse, had also furnished that one extreme ground of divorce which justifies it in the eyes of all christendom. And the facts and truth are held to be not the less real and morally justifying because she, for her children's sake, and for her own, shrank from the odious task of revealing and proving the extreme reasons moving her, and obtained a divorce on a representation of a part only of the reasons that existed for such a separation."

Now let us see—not by unscrupulous and loud-mouthed denunciation, but by sworn, solemn, truthful, unrefuted testimony—what manner of man he is proved to be, of whom Henry Ward Beecher says that he was a "brutal husband;" and what manner of woman she is proved to be, to whom Mr. Beecher attributes the extreme delicacy and forbearance of withholding the worst that she could say against her husband.

First, of the man, John D. Billings, a lawyer in whose office McFarland occupied a desk, testified to McFarland's temperate habits, and said: "He is a man of strict integrity, and a gentleman of refinement and morality."

Mrs. Mason, the landlady with whom Mr. and Mrs. McFarland boarded up to the time of her elopement with Mr. Richardson, testifies under oath as follows:

"Mr. McFarland was very domestic. He was never out of the house evenings. He was constantly devoted to teaching his little boy Percy. I never saw a father more devoted. I never knew him, while he was at my house, use any intoxicating drink. He always treated his wife with great kindness; he was a perfect slave to her. He was perfectly wrapped up in his wife. She always told me that his husband was very kind to her. I never heard her say anything but good of him, and that she did often."

And of Mrs. McFarland, on the other hand, this same lady, who had every opportunity to know them both thoroughly, testified as follows:

"*I let a room to Mr. Richardson at Mrs. McFarland's urgent request.* She was frequently out at night visiting while Mr. McFarland stayed at home teaching his boy."

And Samuel Sinclair, the publisher of the *Tribune*, whose testimony is entirely above suspicion, testifies, under oath, that when Richardson and Mrs. McFarland were staying at his house, before she obtained a divorce, or even applied for one, *they slept in adjoining rooms, connected by two openings; there were no doors to these openings.* And a waiter in the house of Mr. Sinclair testified that Mr. Richardson and Mrs. McFarland, while staying at Mr. Sinclair's, occupied the same room. He swore as follows:

"Mrs. McFarland was in the middle room, up-stairs, *all open to Mr. Richardson's room*; no doors in the room, nor shutters; *when you are in one room you are in the other one; I call it all one room.*"

He also said:

"I saw them eat together off the same plate. I have seen Mrs. McFarland throw her arms around Mr. Richardson's neck and kiss him."

It was in contemplation of all these facts that the Rev. Mr. Frothingham had preceded Mr. Beecher's performance of the marriage ceremony between Mr. Richardson and Mrs. McFarland with: "Father, we thank Thee for what these two have been to each other."

But our main purpose is to comment on the cruel recklessness with which Mr. Beecher puts forth against McFarland, while awaiting his trial for murder, this insinuation, this charge, which all the malignity of all his bitter enemies had never adduced before; and can anything surpass in preposterousness the pretence set up by Mr. Beecher that a woman who had not regard enough for herself or her children to keep her, while married to one man, from shameless adulterous intercourse with another, would have withheld, on account of regard for those same children, a charge of adultery against the husband she had eloped from, if it could be maintained.

After preferring this most grave and unfounded accusation against a poor, imprisoned man, Mr. Beecher fell on his knees and prayed as follows:

"Nor would we forget him who lies imprisoned. In this hour of our sadness and sorrow, O God, remember him *with forgiveness, and graciousness, and kindness.*"

That, it strikes us, will do in the way of a prayer from one who has just stretched forth his powerful hand and his long arm, and strained his every nerve, to put the hangman's rope around the neck of the victim for whom he prays. We suppose there is such a thing as mockery; and it is possible that if a man had really got to be hanged, he would as soon take his chances in the dark leap without the benefit of such a prayer by the minister who had sought to secure his conviction by preferring a base charge which no other enemy had the malignity and the audacity to fabricate and prefer. The Old Testament contains a story of a certain man who said to another: "My friend, my friend;" and immediately he stabbed him under the fifth rib. The account does not state whether he prayed for his friend after he had killed him. It seems a singular ambition in Mr. Beecher to unite in himself the two offices of executioner and priest.

Ah, Mr. Beecher has gone sadly astray. Perhaps it is all explained in his own declaration, on Friday, that the words of certain men and women are a law unto him. As great men as he have before been led into error by women not more brilliant than some who have hovered over this tragedy. The trouble with Richardson himself was that the words of one woman, to whom he ought not to have listened, had become a law unto him. Let Mr. Beecher substitute for the words of these women the commands of God's Holy Word and the statues of the State of New York, and he will find them a much better law.

That our readers may have all the pros and cons of this scandalous affair, we give the following from the New York *Republican*, the result of an interview with the brother of the murdered MCFARLAND, by a reporter of that paper:

Reporter—What are the exact facts as to the alleged poverty of your brother compelling his wife to read in public, and take to the stage?

McFarland—It's all an invention. My brother was always able to support his wife entirely comfortably. She went reading just to get a chance to paint her face, pass for a beauty, and get in with that free-love tribe at Sam Sinclair's. Dan always opposed her going out in public. He opposed it gently, however, because he never could say no to her, and she was so bent on it. Her allegations that she had to read to support her children and her husband were not true.

Reporter—Was your brother cruel or not to his wife?

Mr. McFarland (with emphasis)—Nothing of the kind, sir, nothing of the kind. They were always so sweet on one another that it disgusted their friends, and me too. It was always, "My Dan, what will you have?" and "My darling, I would like to have this," and "Pussy, hand me that," all the time. He was, and is, the tenderest man in his treatment of his wife I ever saw. Even now he loves her, does not blame her, though I do, but puts it all on Richardson.

Reporter—How did these stories of cruelty, and how did this infatuation for Richardson come about?

Mr. McFarland—It was all along of those Gilbert girls (one of them is a Calhoun now), and of the free-love tribe at Sam Sinclair's house. They got around her, and we have got letters to show that the Gilbert girls acted for Richardson in his getting around Dan's wife. When Mrs. McFarland went off with the children, we have found out that he paid Sam Sinclair's servant girl $25 to get a carriage round in a back street and drive them to the Boston depot.

Reporter—How about the Sage family's opinion of your brother?

Mr. McFarland—Right after the first shooting, two years and more ago, Abby's mother, Mrs. Sage, threw her arms around Dan's neck, and said: "O Dan! you were just right. You always treated Abby nobly, and I love you better than one of my own children." Since then, however, the Sages have been worked on by the free-love tribe, and are set against Dan. Why, I think, sir, by the way they talk, that the Sages have some pumpkins. Why, bless you, they are the commonest sort of folks. The father used to carry newspapers, and the rest of the family took in boarders to help out the income. Dan did all he could for them—helped them on a good deal—and now they can't say anything too base about him. Abby isn't a bad woman at heart; she's been demoralized and deceived by these free-lovers. They got her up, and that what's the matter with her.

Reporter—I hope your brother will have an able defense.

Mr. McFarland—Yes, sir; he shall. The lawyers haven't been wholly picked out yet; but I mean to see to it myself that he is ably defended. He can do nothing for himself. He is so wrapped up in this false marriage of his wife and thinking what it became of his children, that he's prostrated.

The Rev. Dr. Collier, of Chicago, preached in the Unitarian church at Washington on Sunday, and in the course of his remarks he alluded to the Richardson-McFarland affair in New York. The correspondent of the *Herald* says:

"Referring to Vice-President Colfax, he said the second officer of the government had shown his hypocrisy by going to Utah to denounce the Mormons, and then going to New York to applaud spiritual adultery and polygamy. The conduct of the Vice-President was inexcusable. He must have been aware of the facts in the case of Mrs. McFarland and Mr. Richardson, and yet he could send telegrams condoling with the latter in the effects of his crime, and stand by his death bed in agony at his decease. It was time the people, to whom Mr. Colfax is responsible, took notice of these facts and administered to him the proper rebuke. Among the auditors at this discourse were Secretary Boutwell and Attorney-General Hoar, together with a large number of members and senators."

Before the Magnetic Telegraph.

In November, of the year 1095, Pope Urban II called together, in the old city of Clermont, in Auvergne, a council of Church and State, of the Bible and the Sword, to consider the standing reproach of Christendom, the possession of the holy city, Jerusalem, by the infidels. The vast building could contain the assembly, but the most plain outside of the city was covered with bishops, princes, knights, priests and throngs of commoners; and there the Pope, the second only after the great Gregory, and his equally eloquent missionary, Peter the Hermit, held before the throng, for days together, the solemn duty of recovering the holy places, and offered to all who would join in the work the forgiveness of sins and the enduring favor of God. The enthusiasm grew, until at length Bishop Adhemar, of Puy, came with his train, knelt before the head of the Church, and prayed for permission to set out on a crusade. Other bishops followed, and the whole multitude caught the inspiration, and with one voice, which seemed, say the chroniclers, to fill heaven and earth, raised the shout, "God wills it! God wills it!" From that hour the cross on the right shoulder was the badge of the Christian warrior, and thus began those memorable and disastrous expeditions which for two hundred years wasted the wealth and manhood of Europe.

It was an old church tradition that when that shout arose it thrilled through the Catholic church on earth; and that the decree of the Council of Clermont was carried, by no mortal or physical agency, to every heart and mind within the bounds of Christendom. It is to this that Wordsworth so strikingly refers in his sonnet, "The Council of Clermont:"

"And shall," the Pontiff asks, "profaneness flow
From Nazareth—source of Christian piety,
From Bethlehem, from the mounts of agony
And agonizing resurrection? Warriors, go!
With prayers and blessings we your path will strew;
Like Moses, hold our hands erect, till ye
Have chased far off by righteous victory
These sons of Amalek, or laid them low!"
God willeth it!" the white assembly cry;
Shout which the enraptured multitude answ ounds!
The Council roof and Clermont's tower reply:
"God willeth it!" from hill to hill rebounds,
And, in awe-stricken mountains far and nigh,
Through nature's hollow arch that Voice re sounds.

When these words were written, early in the nineteenth century, the tradition seemed as miraculous as when it was first uttered, in the eleventh; and Wordsworth, forty years ago was as far from believing that a council's decrees could be known all over Europe on the day they were made as was Peter the Hermit, eight hundred years ago. But the council of 1869, whether or not it proclaims its judgments to the world with the same unanimity and inspiration as the storied one of 1095, will at least utter them instantly to all nations—as, according to the tales of the Crusaders, did the most splendid and important assembly in the Middle Ages.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

AIN'T GOOD AT SMALLPOX.—A few days ago a very starchily-dressed individual called at an out of the way shop on Howard street, over which swung the sign of Dr. Jiffries: "Is the doctor in?" he inquired of a dilapidated darkey who answered his summons. "He am dat, sar!" was the smiling rejoinder. "Tell him I think I have symptoms of smallpox, and wish to consult him." The whites of the darkey's eyes grew intense, and his dusky complexion assumed rapidly a creamy hue. "Golly, boss, what you say?" "Tell the doctor I'm sick with the smallpox, and wish to see him." The astonished African gave a wild leap, and darting through an inner door, slamming it in the visitor's face, cried out: "Leave dis yor house; I don'k want no smallpox!" "But the doctor?" "Golly, boss, I'se the doctor, but I ain't good at smallpox!"—*N. O. Picayune.*

Letter from Paris.

The following letter from our young Memphis artist, now a student in Paris, will be read with interest by his numerous friends of the city:

PARIS, November 2, 1869.

My Kind Friend: "Un letter pour vous, Monsieur Charle!" exclaimed my good natured landlady, with a donnalingsmile on her face as she handed me the letter from you, so anxiously looked for, and still more enhanced in value by being good square English—my great want; and the great dearth of that article in this market makes me greedy for every intelligible word. Still I am making some progress in speaking French as far as my necessities go, as you might discover in my giving my "garcon" the order for my "dejeunir," and suppose a Frenchman had taken his seat there; but anything that hints at old familiar sounds and associations discovers my weakness directly. While I sat at dinner the other day, a dog came up and looked as only a dog can look—speechless and eloquent—that made me sympathise deeply with him. His talkless condition was the fellow-feeling between us that made me divide my dinner and tell him, in plain English, that "every dog must sometime have his day." He at least understood me, or the wagging of his tail meant nothing.

You ask for minute descriptions in my profession. All I have to tell admits of but little variation, harnessed as I am to the triumphal car of the Goddess of Painting. I am forced to pull steadily forward, or feel the sting of her goad. Her pathway lies through scenery so full of grandeur that I am never tempted to leave the traces for the thousands of different amusements here. My teacher is an artist of considerable reputation, but still greater as a teacher. He shows a marked kind interest in me, very flattering and gratifying—having adopted me to be his student without my request: an honor not often conferred—so that now I am under his eye most of the time, where heretofore I only saw him three times a week. You may wonder how we get along together, he not speaking one word of English or German, and I only an occasional one of French; but we certainly do get along swimmingly, and, in boating parlance, never "catch a crab" either. I am paying nearly as much attention to architecture, sculpture and anatomy, and everything pertaining to art, as to painting. They all lend their aid to perfect the grand whole. To facilitate some one or all of these studies, every pleasant evening after 4 o'clock I visit some palace garden—the Luxembourg I prefer, with its fountain, with the royal-looking swans so tamely swimming in its basin, guarded around with statues of the Queens of France, from the saintly Bathilde down to the dashing Duchess Mille de Montpensier, forming a house-scene with the palace at the open end. This palace I have been shown through, but the apartments that hold their spell over me are five in number, containing over one hundred and fifty paintings, beyond all doubt, for the sizes, the finest collection of the modern schools. Here you may find your humble servant every afternoon from 2 to 4 o'clock, Mondays and Sundays excepted, all through the winter, in order to copy here, one must have a special permit. This my master obtained for me. The painting selected for me to copy is by Eugenie de la Croix—one of the most difficult in expression and wonderful in anatomy. It represents an illustration from Dante's *Inferno*—Dante and