SUNDAY APPEAL

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE CITY.

SUNDAY MORNING, : : : : OCT 15, 1871.

"WE MUST EITHER PAY OR REPUDIATE."

Such is the language of our State Treasurer in face of the fact that we have not paid interest on our State debt in ever so many years. "We must either pay or repudiate." So says the State Treasurer in a report, wherein he makes this other suggestion, "That the State will not be in a condition to resume interest payments before January, 1874, if then;" farther on recommending "the funding of all outstanding warrants." The APPEAL believes we *must* pay, and is utterly opposed to repudiation; but since the people are clamorous for a reduction of taxation, and the Legislature has signified through the Senate, its willingness to obey the voice of the people, we do not see how payment is possible this year or next, or before 1874, as the treasurer states. The payment of our past-due interest and that falling due must, therefore, be postponed. Funding, the last alternative of the treasurer is out of the question. We cannot afford to increase our debt by the issuance of interest-bearing bonds for coupons that do not draw interest, and that we will redeem so soon as we have recovered in some measure from the effects of the Radical thefts that most our of State bonds represent. We did this once to propitiate the eager and hungry bondholders who cajoled and threatened by turns and hug-beared us with the ugly word "repudiation." But we have grown wiser since then; and know, as the treasurer informs us, that even these bondholders do not expect interest in two, and need not in less than four years. They have waited thus long and must "wait a little longer." Six per cent. Tennessee bonds, bought at thirty-five to forty cents on the dollar, are a safe investment. At the latter price, if we did not pay interest in eight years, the holders of our State securities would still be ahead. We will pay and will not repudiate. The money-grabbers of Wall street know this, therefore, as the treasurer again says, the "increased manifestations of confidence at home and abroad in the honesty and good purposes of our people." We must maintain our school system on a basis grander and more reassuring to the poor tax-payers whom the treasurer pats on the head, in a patronizing sort of way, and extols at the expense of the wealthy. We must put our blind, insane and other asylums on a good, solid footing; in a word, we must regain as much as we have lost before we attempt to cope with a debt that, if we could, we should make Brownlow and his gang pay every dollar of. They made it and profited by it. Our home interests must not be made to suffer, in order that the bondholders who were in cahoot with our Radical taskmasters may be prevented from decrying the credit of a State they helped to rob. The patient, tax-ridden merchant, now groaning under his tax burden, must be relieved. We cannot force him to carry an increase of his present load. He has more now than he can bear, and cries out, remonstrates, and will be heard, or else immigrate to other and more favored localities, to the permanent ruin of our trade. As it is with the merchant, so it is with the mechanic and farmer. They sweat and groan under the combined load heaped upon them by the Federal, the State, the county and the city tax assessor, and demand a reduction of the taxation which is "eating them out of house and home" and lessening the chances of their ever being able to pay anything. In recommending a continuance of the tax load the treasurer should have kept these facts as steadily in view as those which seem to have pressed him into the service of the bond-holder. While candour for the creditor, he should be mindful of the fact that it is possible to overload the debtor and by bankrupting him prevent the payment of the debt he honestly intended to pay, principal and interest. Before laying the tax burden next year the legislature should reflect on what our people have to carry that is imposed by the federal, county and city governments, and then "cut their cost from the cloth that remains." If they do this, as the senate has promised they will, we will not pay interest before 1874, and the bond-holders will have to wait.

THE BUREUGGERY OF POLITICS.

It is amusing to read the party slogans after the elections are over. The newspapers of Ohio and Pennsylvania, published up to the day of the recent elections, are just reaching us by mail, and the war cries of the gathering clans are most excruciating. The Democratic papers are filled with crowing cocks, and the Radical sheets are disfigured with big black type, urging Tom, Dick and Harry to rally to the support of the truly loyal. The voters are conjured and adjured, by the ties of affinity and consanguinity, to march to the polls, and to vote first, last, and all the time. A perusal of these inflammatory appeals are apt to create the impression in the minds of the young reader that the present era of parties is the most violent and dangerous one to the country in its whole history. This is far from the fact. We may twaddle about "old ruts," "new grooves" and the "progressive new nation;" but we are just what we were nearly a century ago, and what we will be a century hence. Since the adoption of the Declaration of Independence, up to the present hour, the country has been visited by periodical crises, eruptions, hobgoblins and big comets about to wag its long tail against this little planet. According to the frothy effervescence of office-seekers, the United States has been travelling to the bow-wows for seventy years. These political excitements, which the young regard as something new, are older than the constitution itself, for when the simple question of ratifying or rejecting that instrument came up in 1787, the whole people were suddenly arranged into two parties—Federal and anti-Federal. Taking for example, Massachusetts and South Carolina, we shall see the strength of parties in the State conventions called to consider the famous document. In the former State 187 delegates voted "aye" and 168 "no;" in the latter State, South Carolina, 149 voted "aye," to 73 "no" —just two to one in the affirmative. South Carolina was more sensible at that time than Massachusetts.

When the Federalists undertook to celebrate the ratification of the constitution very violent exhibitions of party feeling occurred. In Providence, Rhode Island, (the very seat of free speech,) a mob of a thousand men—some armed, and headed by a judge of the State supreme court—prevented the Federalists from celebrating the constitutional victory. In Albany, the procession of the latter party was attacked with clubs and stones, and the constitution burnt. In New York city, a mob of Federalists destroyed the type of Greenbaes's *Political Repister* for obnoxious remarks against their doings and sayings. One of Patrick Henry's last philippics was directed against James Madison, in the Virginia Assembly, opposing his election to the United States Senate. Although General Washington's election as president was unanimous, there were eleven candidates voted for as vice president by the electoral colleges. The debates of the first session of Congress were very spirited and warm. Anti-slavery memorials and petitions for "abolition" poured in—Benjamin Franklin headed one, as president of a Philadelphia society. These, of course, excited most scrimonious debate, and the papers of the day show us that the personalities of the last congress were more than eclipsed by those in the first congress; and, what is very astonishing to us now-a-days, the majority of the representatives from Maryland and Virginia decidedly leaned toward anti-slavery views. A year or so later Jefferson had an idea that Adams and Hamilton were engaged in a conspiracy to overturn republican institutions; and the latter entertained views that the former was a Jacobin, quite as dangerous to the country.

So, from that time to the present, the parties of the United States have been at one another, wrestling and snowballing—sometimes blackballing—talking and writing, and conducting the country through all sorts of "imminent dangers" and "crises;" and so it will be until the world comes to an end, and with it this government.

THE DESIRE TO BE QUICKLY RICH.

The desire to become suddenly rich is the bane of society. Young men sigh, not for fame, not for intellectual wealth and abundance of knowledge, but—MONEY. The prayer of most young men is, "Let me be quickly rich." They seem to loose sight of that philosophy which teaches us that there is "more pleasure in the pursuit than the possession" of an object, and they despise the pleasant means which secures a bubble. In these days of peculation, corruption and villainy, few seem satisfied to become rich by the once-honored mode of industry and economy practiced by our ancestors. Of the thousands who make the effort few become quickly rich, and never remain so. But the story of those who prove successful, with fabulous additions, spreads with telegraphic speed, and inflames the minds of the excitable, and often many others, and they long to become quickly rich. Forgetting, or not regarding, the fate of the unsuccessful, their whole energies are directed to the rapid accumulation of a fortune. They vainly imagine that the possession of wealth, and living in a style common with many who have suddenly acquired it, confer happiness, although experience has everywhere demonstrated the fallacy of all such expectations. Man is so constituted that employment is necessary for his health and happiness. He who devotes his energies to business to secure a livelihood is far happier than him whose sole employment is caring for and protecting wealth, while no system of measuring merit can prove the latter more honorable or noble. A false and highly injurious notion is widely pervading the public mind, that honor and happiness flow from wealth, and that the want of it indicates dishonor and misery. This fallacious theory has led to more misfortune, suffering, and disgrace than wealth ever prevented. It induces men to engage in the wildest adventure, and to hazard, not only their own accumulated earnings, but those of others, as far as subject to their control; while not one in a hundred prove successful. The effort to become quickly rich is the great cause of the frauds upon merchants by their clerks, and many of their customers, and upon banks and corporations by their officers and employes. They are not content to follow the path trod by Astor, Girard and others, and to rise to fortune by industry and the pursuit of business, directed with skill and intelligence. They forget that Astor commenced his commercial career by carrying his stock upon his back, exchanging it for furs; and that regular business, skillfully managed, conducted him to his immense fortune. They do not remember that Girard from a cabin boy on a vessel, became first a small ship-grocer, and by unremitting attention and great sagacity accumulated his millions. They only recollect him as the millionaire. They wish to approach or rival him in their accumulations without subjecting themselves to the toil, physical and mental, necessary to accomplish the result desired. Girard once made a remark which is worthy of much reflection. A young man had been offered a salary which he thought too small, as he could lay up but a limited sum after paying his expenses. Girard replied, "I labor far harder than you, having all this property to manage and take care of, and all I shall ever have out of it is my victuals and clothes." Out of his millions all he enjoyed was comprised in these two items. Men are most happy when constantly engaged in business, and are most likely to perform all the duties of good citizens in the most acceptable manner. Of course they are gratified if it proves successful, so that it may guard them and their families against want. If well and skilfully conducted most kinds of business lead to independence and competence, which tend to happiness; whereas the mere possession of wealth, except with the sordid miser, never confers happiness upon mankind. Those who become suddenly rich lose all the pleasure and reputation derived from conducting a successful business. One lucky venture will lead to new hazards, and often occasions a total loss of the fruits of the first success. Among all who engage in mercantile business, not three in a hundred are computed to die rich. Among those who seek to become quickly rich, probably not one in a thousand does so. But few honest men become suddenly rich. Young men in starting out in life should reflect that it requires the slow process of regular business to secure wealth. Of the thousands who have been suddenly made rich by stock and other speculations, few, indeed, close their career with wealth. Among the numerous "operators" in land and other property, where a regular business course is not pursued, but a limited number ever come out with property, much less large fortunes. We hear much of those who in all these matters succeed, but lose sight of the infinitely greater number who fail and fall into obscurity, poverty, and often into degradation and misery. The father confers the greatest benefit upon his son who educates him to some regular and respectable employment, and encourages him to pursue it as the road most likely to lead him to happiness and a reasonable share of wealth. The son who devotes his time and talents to such employment may rationally expect a far greater share of respectability and happiness than can be derived from fortune not actually earned and accumulated, but quickly derived from some one lucky move out of scores of unsuccessful ones. He who prays to be made quickly rich, if his prayer is favorably answered, will fail in his greater object of becoming honorably distinguished and personally happy. If any doubt the correctness of our conclusions, let them study the evidences that abound in both city and town in every quarter of the country. It will be found that those who earn their fortunes keep them, and are generally esteemed by all, while few who become suddenly rich long remain so, and fewer still who secure enviable positions in society. Parents and young men just entering upon active life should reflect upon these subjects, and pursue that course which the experience and observation of mankind show best calculated to lead to honor and happiness. Such course will also contribute most to the honor and independence of the country, which all should have at heart.

THE FAIR—ITS SUCCESS—THE DIGNITY OF LABOR—OUR VISITORS.

From present indications, the third annual fair of the Memphis Agricultural and Mechanical Society, which commences to-morrow, will be one of the grandest demonstrations of science, agriculture and art ever made in West Tennessee. We are pleased to see the deep interest which our entire community feel in its success. The annual exhibition of the joint productions of nature and the industry of man are either monuments to our prosperity or the sad tokens of decay. We trust the success of the fair will show the world that our march is onward, encourage the Industry of man, elevate, dignify and promote labor, for labor is alike honorable, whether performed by the day laborer, the farmer, the mechanic, the merchant, or by one in the learned profession. Labor, either of the brain, of the heart, or of the hands, is the only true title to nobility. Toil, whether of the body or the mind, is the source of all wealth—it is wealth itself. Labor produces; it prepares and enriches the soil, and places therein the various germs of vegetable life, which spring up and furnish in abundance, nutritious, healthful and delicious supplies for the wants of man. It digs into the bowels of the earth, and brings forth the vast stores of coal and iron, and of the precious metals. Labor forms, fashions and builds. It is the magical wand that brings into existence pleasant and comfortable dwellings, beautiful palaces, and costly and gorgeous temples, which are dedicated to the service of the living God. It spans a continent with iron rails, and sends out branches in all directions. It constructs the mighty and ponderous locomotives, and sends them shrieking and thundering through valleys and over prairies with their cars of living freight. It builds the majestic floating palaces which cleave the waters of our rivers and steam across the Atlantic. It abolishes time and space by laying telegraphic wires three thousand miles on the bed of the ocean, connecting two continents in electrical bonds of sympathy. Labor is heaven's great ordinance for human improvement. It develops and strengthens the intellectual and moral faculties. It is a friend to the artist, and shows itself in lifelike delineations upon the canvass and upon the statue. It develops man physically, and conduces to health, and consequently happiness. "From labor health, from health contentment springs." It feeds and clothes the body. It drives away sorrow and despondency. It shields man from temptations to sin, and is an uncompromising foe to indolence.

Whilst we trust the mechanical department of our fair will be successful, we hope the agricultural will be pre-eminently so, for agriculture is the foundation of civilization. The civilized world could not exist without it. Strike it from existence, and man could neither be fed nor clothed. Cities and towns would become depopulated. The busy hum of industry in our factories would cease. Commerce would be destroyed, and we should become a nation of savages.

It should be the earnest effort of every citizen of Memphis to make our fair a magnificent success. It is thought that the throng of strangers in our city during next week will be immense. We should bend all our energies toward having everything comfortable and making visitors agreeable.

TENNESSEE PEACEFUL AND INDUSTRIOUS.

The Nashville *Banner* must not be taken as fairly representing the State of Tennessee. It feels, like poor Tom, "a-cold." It is without a party, would form one to suit, therefore continually magnifies single crimes into public disorders, and hoarsely bellows: "Ku-klux! Ku-klux!" as a dreary prelude to the drearier song by which it would force its cranky views of disintegration upon the Democracy of Tennessee. It is incendiary, and an enemy to the best interests of our State. Between it and Colyar, the father of the second "new movement" patronized by the *Banner*, Brownlow has come to believe that, instead of the State being "peaceable," as Governor Brown claimed in his inaugural, "we ought to have martial law proclaimed, and Federal troops enough sent to the State to protect every citizen," etc. This is the *Banner's* work with its big headings and exaggeration of the affair at Hawkersville, long reports of Colyar's speech and resolutions for peace by citizens that have never been at war. The *Banner's* twaddle has been yelped so long and so often, that not only itself but others in and out of the State have come to believe that Tennessee is in a chronic state of disorder and disaffection. It is indecent thus to be hurling the fixed ammunition of Radicalism at the people of Tennessee from a supposed piece of Tennessee ordnance, and under cover of the smoke thus raised, attempt to disrupt the Democratic party upon the plea of forming a "peace and order" association. We have smelt this Radical powder before, and know it by its stink, and we have seen the smoke and heard the thunder of such Radical cannon, too. We can neither be deterred by the one nor blinded by the other. This "peace and order" business is played out. The Governor of the State says so. He states that Tennessee is in a condition of profound peace. There are no ku-klux in all her borders, and wherever disorders occur, the local law authorities are not only competent, but ready and willing to deal with those originating or participating in them. The *Banner* knows this. But its chronic dislike to the name "Democrat," and its chronic desire for a new departure of some kind, are blinding it to the effect its hue and cry of "ku-klux" is having upon those who would befriend us abroad. In the interest of the people of Tennessee we ask the *Banner* to release itself from the thraldom of its chronic complaints and join us in the more agreeable task of presenting Tennessee as she is, a noble, peaceful, law-abiding member of the family of States, and her people as among the most industrious in the Union. The treasurer says we have increased our taxable wealth $25,000,000 in less than two years. That is a clear gain known to the authorities. But there is four times that which is not reported, as it does not come within the purview of the tax-gatherer. Such gains, over and above our actual capital, were impossible did we deal in ku-klux to the extent the *Banner* would have outsiders believe. It is worse than stupid this continued cry of ku-klux; it is criminal. It postpones the era the *Banner* would hasten by its Colyar-Foote reform movement for the maintenance of law and order, and for "the removal of sectional prejudices that tend to impede the growth and development of those fraternal relations and love of a common country, which alone can enable the American republic to attain the consummation of its high destiny." To accomplish so desirable an end as is thus pictured, we think Grant should help and Congress should help. We think that instead of sedating the Radicals in Tennessee and throughout the south to perpetuate a worse than autocratic power, the administration and the national legislature should take steps to restore the people of the south to their rights, and thus help to remove the sectional prejudices that tend to impede the growth of fraternal relations and love of a common country. The good time for which the *Banner* sighs and cries may be hastened by those who have the power to grant its blessings. The people of Tennessee can do no more for it than, as they now do, live in perfect obedience to the laws of the republic and the State, devote themselves to their private affairs exclusively, and thus increase the wealth of Tennessee and the nation. This they are doing, according to the testimony of Governor Brown and the Legislature, the Hawkesville affair, Colyar's speech and the *Banner's* article to the contrary notwithstanding. Governor Brown knows and the Legislature knows that as a State we are no more responsible for that affair (much to be deplored as it is) than the people of Vermont for the recent onslaught upon Federal revenue officers by a party of "border ruffians and smugglers." They know this as we know it, and as all right-minded people know it, and hence, they fearlessly state that *Tennessee is at peace, is peaceably disposed, and her people are law-abiding and industrious.* There is, then, as little necessity for this "law-and-order association" as there is for the too long continued cry of ku-klux by the *Banner*, by Colyar, by Foote, or any of the clique who in Nashville periodically lash themselves to fury in maddening attempts to establish a third party.

The Working Women.

Eds. Appeal—In your Sunday's issue I noticed a letter from General Chalmers, in which he seeks to exonerate himself from certain constructions placed upon his remarks during the debate on the Brownlow-Adams case, detrimental to the character of working-women, and at the same time publishes a portion of his speech to prove the public mistaken, in which is contained the very sentiments which have caused honest men to cry it down! It is true that the robe of our sex is clothed in purple and fine linen—wreathed round with flowers—worthy of a better cause; for which, I presume, he thinks we should be grateful. But General Chalmers must know very little of women, if he dares to think their virtues must be protected by the strong arm of fathers, husbands or brothers. No; God has implanted within the heart of every true woman that which enables her to guard her honor, no matter where her lot be cast—within the home circle, at the sound of a father's voice, or battling alone the rough storms of life, or even coming in contact with "strangers of the rougher sex." No temptations, or dazzling pictures can lead her footsteps from the paths of rectitude; no influence can cause the blush of shame to mount her brow, and make her unworthy of a mother's kiss, or a father's "God bless you," where are the noble women of to-day? Who, since the devastation of our our own bright Southland, may be found in almost every office deputed to male applicants earning that support which had heretofore been given them by fathers, husbands and brothers who now fill soldiers' graves? Are these women, who are brave enough to stem the rough tide of life, to be considered unworthy guardians of their own honor? or to be spoken lightly of by men who see fit to make extemporaneous speeches, or grow excited in the heat of debate? One would suppose, that a man so well read as General Chalmers, could forget such women as Florence Nightingale, Jenny Lind, and others like them, who, amid tempations more dazzling than can ever surround the path of a plain working-woman, preserved their names as pure and unsullied as when given them by their sponsors! In hinting that I claim more space in your columns, although hundreds of instances might be cited of women who have earned their living in public life, and when called upon to lay down their cross, have gone out with the great Unknown, feeling that peace and rest passed all understanding—known only to those who have finished the work their Master gave them to do; and, with joy unspeakable, heard the words, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." A WORKING WOMAN.

ALL SORTS.

A love letter, picked up in Springfield, Illinois, had the following paragraph: "My beloved one, I chewed the postage stamp on your last letter all to thunder, because I knew you licked it on."

M. Thiers has had his salary increased. It is now $120,000 a year, together with $32,500 for contingent expenses, say $152,500. He is lodged, washed, warmed, etc. The whole amount of his pay cannot be below $500,000.

Upon one of the Lagoon islands of the Pacific was recently found a citizen of the United States, having—more fortunate than Robinson Crusoe—a family, and some native dependents, in all numbering twenty-seven souls. He is a missionary of christian, a warm friend of missions, and sways the scepter of his little realm with patriarchal simplicity.

The election law in South Carolina allows the officers ten days to count the ballots and make their returns. No doubt this privilege has been used for the purpose of changing the returns to suit dishonest candidates, and strong efforts have been made to repeal the law. Governor Scott has given his influence for a change. He says that the time allowed is too long. The next legislature will probably repeal the law.

The Spaniards and Cubans are great smokers, and the use of tobacco is not confined to the male sex alone. There is an undescribable grace in the way a dark-eyed senorita will roll her cigarette between her dainty finger-tips. She does it so quickly that you can hardly follow her motions, placing it between her lips and asking for a light in such a bewildering manner that, if you are at all susceptible, you are desperately in love at once. Everybody smokes in Spain, and on all occasions. Bull-fighters in the arena will coolly light a cigarette while watching the motions of their infuriated antagonist.

In spite of many palpable drawbacks, the fact stands out clearly that the industrial progress of the United States is now equal, in most respects, to any period in the national history. Statistics show that during the decade from 1850 to 1860 the increase of population was 3,000,000, and the increase of tonnage carried on railroads 14,000,000 tons, while during the decade of 1860 to 1870 the increase of population (owing to the war) was only 7,000,000, but the increase of tonnage carried on railroads was 54,000,000 tons. In the first period the average earnings of railroads were $4000 per mile, and in the second period the earnings were $9000 per mile. The increase of population in the last ten years has been 25 per cent., while the increase in domestic commerce has been 3000 per cent.

No one visits Frankfort without seeing Hannerer's celebrated "Ariadne and the Panther." There are other works of art in Bethmann's museum, but many people go to see this alone, and to add their little tribute to the great chorus of admiration. It is a beautiful work, and its effect is helped by the light that falls upon it, which gives a warm tint to the marble. But I question whether those nude figures have an elevating effect on common place spectators. They represent the flesh-like form, and appeal, in many minds, simply to the flesh-like spirit. The eye sees what it has power of seeing; no more. The Eve of Thorwaldsen is to an uncultivated mind simply "Betsey" dressed of clothing, as the infant Jesus of Canova is "Master Tommy" in his tub.

The first manufacturer of buttons in the United States was Samuel Williston. While he was dragging along as a country shoe-keeper, his eyes having failed him while studying for the ministry—his wife bethought her that she could cover by hand the wooden buttons of the time, and thus earn an honest penny. From this the couple advanced in their ambition until they had perfected machinery for covering buttons, the first employed for the purpose in the United States. From this sprang an immense factory, and then others, until Samuel Williston made half the buttons of the world. His factories are still running at Easthampton, coining wealth for the proprietors, and known to every dealer in buttons the world over. He is now between seventy and eighty years of age, is worth five or six million dollars and has given $400,000 to Easthampton for a seminary and for churches, $200,000 to South Hadley female seminary, and $200,000 to Amherst College, besides lesser gifts.

For the DAILY APPEAL.]

SUMMER FRIENDS.

To my sweet "summer friend," Mrs. T. B. Kirby.

BY LIDE MERIWETHER.

When upon the thirsty ground
Summer dew descends,
Summer blossoms opening round,
Sweetest fragrance blends;
Rain and sunshine come and go,
Sweetly buds and blossoms blow,
So in love and friendship grow,
Pleasant summer friends.

Through the wood the singing stream
Silver-threaded winds,
Laughing as the twinkling beam
Through the branches sends;
Up and down the ottomed row,
Out and in the ripples flow;
So in happy laughter go
Merry summer friends.

Cooing soft the woodland dove
On his mate attends,
Who from out the shady grove
Back the echo sends;
Softly answering to and fro
Love such melt-in-love-notes flow,
So in talk congenial go,
Mated summer friends.

Lending sweets to summer flowers
Summer rain descends,
Fairy rings to summer hours
Golden sunshine lends,
Joyous laughter ripples low,
Sympathetic teardrops flow,
So in shine or shadow go
Loving summer friends.

Stretching wide, the forest king
Giant branches sends,
And the vines that closely cling
Grace and beauty lends,
Through the bitter blasts that blow,
Through the golden summer's glow,
Hand in hand they go
Faithful summer friends.

Where the ever-blooming flower
Lasting fragrance lends,
Where from ever-vernal lower
Joyous song ascends,
Through the cloudless, golden ray
Of an endless summer day,
May we sing the hours away,
Kindred summer friends.

RHEA SPRINGS, September 30, 1871.

CAN THIS BE AUTUMN?

Can this be autumn, when the air
Is bland as spring and green the trees?
When through the weeping willow's hair
Soft sighs the wild October breeze?

Is it that stilly, dreamy time
When spell-like Indian Summer reigns?
A fairy, enchanted clime
Of purple woods and golden plains?

No, see those half-grown April leaves,
Those garlands, too, of May-like flowers;
The cying year no longer grieves,
And Spring holds court in Autumn bowers.

Can there be autumn woods so gay,
Where bluebirds wave their azure plumes,
And southern breezes round us play
Rich with the Indian pink's perfumes?

And can this be cold "autumn gray,"
In bud and leaf and verdure dress?
And October wooing May,
Wrapped up in summer's vernal vest?

Beware, beware, sweet maiden May!
And shun October's borrowed charms,
Or soon your bloom will have passed away,
You'll find yourself in winter's arms!

W. T. G. WEAVER.

GAINESVILLE, Cook county, Texas.

THE OLD MAN'S DREAM.

Oh, for one hour of youthful joy;
Give back my twentieth spring;
I'd rather laugh a bright-haired boy,
Than wear a silver crown!

One moment let my life-blood stream
From boyhood's fount of flame!
Give me one giddy reeling dream
Of life, all love and fame.

My listening angel heard the prayer,
And calmly smiling said:
"If I but touch thy silvered hair,
Your wish is half sped.

"But is there nothing in thy track,
To bid me tendly stay,
While the swift seasons hurry back
To find the wished-for day?"

Ah, truest soul of womankind!
Without thee what were life?
One blest I cannot leave behind;
I'll take—my—precious—wife!

The angel took a sapphire pen
And wrote in rainbow hue:
"The man would be a boy again,
And be a husband too!"

"And is there nothing yet unsaid
Before the pen be cast,
Remember, all thy gifts have fled
With these disowning years.

"Why, yes; for memory would recall
My fond paternal joys;
I could not bear to leave them all—
I'll take—my—girls—and—boys!

The smiling angel dropped his pen;
"Why, this will never do;
The man would be a boy again,
And be a father too!"

And so I laughed—my laughter woke
The household with its noise—
I wrote my dream when morning broke,
To please the gray-haired boys.

Living English Poets.

Perhaps no living poet is more imitated than Tennyson. In publication after publication one sees poems of which the models are "Dora," "The Gardener's Daughter," and "The Brook." Among the over-censorious, as Mr. Foreman observes, there has lately come up a fashion of ignoring the magnitude of his claims because of the falling off—which it is impossible not to recognize—in much of his late work; but nothing can annul what he has done. He leads the ideal of life of the poet. His beautiful residence on the Isle o Wight is enough to inspire the dullest with active imaginings. Mr. Tennyson goes little into the world, but he has a circle of dear friends in whose companionship he drops the taciturnity which characterizes his intercourse with strangers. He looks something of the old man. There are deep lines on his face, and his shaggy hair is gray. He has always been a liberal in his thought, and has sympathized with the progressive movement of his time. Of late he has conceived a violent dislike to the positive system of philosophy, and has much interested himself in opposing it; but in so doing he acts in accordance with the spirit of his works. A poet may seem out of place at the meeting of the Metropolitan Physical Society (at which Tennyson is frequently found), but on the idealization of the intellectual phases of life, such experience is valuable. Tennyson is not an idol of the country, but his constituency is large, and of enemies he has none.

ROBERT BROWNING.

I was in the society of the author of "The Ring and the Book" a short time since, the rest of the company, without exception, being men who were famous in literature and art. The talk wandered over men and things that were wide apart, and the criticisms spoken were many, but throughout all the conversation Mr. Browning was even on the good-natured side. I did not hear him say a single word, but I did hear him say very many tender ones. Where he could not absolutely approve, he suggested an excuse. He was all geniality and heartiness. I never met a more agreeable man. In person, he is of the middle size and well made. His face is large and jolly-looking, with none of the rapt enthusiasm which some expect to see. His blue eye, and the heavy expression of his features, give one no idea of his penetrating method. In his works he has allowed a concentration strikingly original that mere imitations of his would be excessively difficult to effect, though, at the same time, there is scarcely a living poet of rank in whose works Browning's influence may not be clearly discerned. Browning's laws of composition, as well as works for the stage, his drama "Stafford" having failed, even under Macready's auspices, His plays, though dramatic in character, are so subtle in some of the actions and indications as to require, at times a not inconsiderable mental effort to catch the result intended to be conveyed, and that will not do for the theater. But every year Browning's works are better known, and the new one announced is looked for impatiently. No doubt it will even "pay." His son and only child is, I am glad to say, strong and healthy, and, at his university, is somewhat distinguished for his proficiency in athletic sports. It is a little singular that this child, of two poets himself, displays no faculty for melodious verse, and is not, indeed in any way a remarkable youth.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

In an ironmonger's shop in London, you may see, if you have any business requiring areference to the ledger, the author of "Gerge Geith," and other successful novels sitting at the desk, and ready to treat with you shrewdly the lighter or nails. Are you wanting furniture for your rooms, you cannot do better than get it at the establishment of the poet, and who, of all living ones, excels in processional splendor of descriptiveness and in tale-singing of the more exquisite kind. His work great largely of action, incident, external form and color, and are enriched by force, sweetness, and propriety of expression. Putting aside the question of relative merits in the various tales, it is not too much to say that the whole "Earthly Paradise" is such a work as cannot be found in modern literature, regarded as a repertory of Aryan myth, tradition and legend. Founded almost exclusively on tales current at different epochs among nations of the great Indo-European family, this work is a more complete and honorable generous collection of the myths and traditions of that family than any one bard has yet got together and fused into a luxuriant and beautiful form. The world would be astonished if it knew that this refined artist does not despise the duties of a tradesman's life.

A. C. SWINBURNE.

That Mr. Swinburne is able to drive about as I saw him a few days ago, is a sufficient disproof of some of the stories in circulation respecting his alleged imprudence of living; but he certainly looks like a wreck of youth rather than a perfect type. Excessively wan and pale, he is the opposite in body as well as mind to Mr. Browning. Needless to say, that many of his works give the impression of a mind completely in abandon—not merely loosed from the thralldom of superstition, king-worship, and priest-fear, but from all ties of whatever nature that bind men within the seeming bounds of decency and tolerance. His last productions have been Republican in sentiment, but Democracy shrinks from association with him. Mr. Swinburne has done infinitely more harm than good by his works, and no amount of genius can make that saying acceptable. At a dinner which was lately given to Professor Jewett by a distinguished body of university men, the reverend doctor, in returning thanks, gave a list of eminent men who had been members of Baliol College. Presently a voice said in a low tone, "Swinburne." The Professor went on without taking notice, when the same voice again said, "Swinburne, Swinburne," "No! no!" observed the Professor, softly with a depreciating gesture of the hand, and proceeded with his speech. Significant of a man's standing, when a scholar of such breadth as Professor Jewett disclaims him as a creditable son of his college!

DANTE ROSSETTI AND CHRISTINE ROSSETTI.

These gifted Italians have acquired an honorable fame as English poets—the former in the space of two or three years only. Dante Rossetti, two years ago, was known as a poet but to a few friends. To those, however, who are intimately acquainted with the pre-Raphaelite movement from its commencement, he has always assumed the position of its leader, both in painting and literature, notwithstanding the comparative vagueness of idea conveyed by his poems to a public in whose ears the names of Hunt, Millais, and others, are sounds of no small significance. Beyond the limits of a small circle, he is, indeed, to all intents and purposes, palpably connected with it by no other means than a few book illustrations. "The Blessed Damozel" was first published in a periodical called the Germ, in 1850, and afterward in the Oxford and Cambridge Magazine, in 1856, with considerable modifications. "My Sister's Sleep" was published in the Germ, and the "Burden of Nineveh" in the Oxford and Cambridge Magazine. In 1868, Mr. Swinburne transcribed three exquisite sonnets, for his Royal Academy pamphlet. Such was the hidden poet, concerning whose works he had never put a word in print, until simultaneously with a rumor that he was about to issue a volume, the sixteen marvelous sonnets of "Life, Love, and Death" appeared in the Fortnightly Review, and were allowed to pass almost unheeded by the critical society. But at length the long withered poems may be in all men's hands. Besides the reprints named, we have "Dante at Verona," and a great deal that is even more important. Much of the volume may be characterized as thoroughly Italian, especially a division of the book, fifty sonnets and clever songs, part of a work to be called "The House of Life." In these sonnets deep themes of life and love, of death and ultimate hope, are set to a music utterly new to our English ears. Throughout Rossetti's poems may be found an ever new variety of subject, and ever constant presence of the author's fresh individuality of workmanship—new thoughts always throwing the pages in forms of unfamiliar beauty. He is the centre of a choice set of friends, and his literary influence could be greater than his. Miss Christiana Rossetti has not produced any one work of great dimensions, or even of great scope in small dimensions; but her two little volumes constitute not only a choice contribution to the literature, but a significant fact in the history of female literature. It is now five years since her last little delicate offering of verse was issued; but she has written a novelette called "Commonplace," which is thoroughly refined in workmanship throughout, and another by her titled "The Waves of this Troublesome World," is spoiled by a narrow sectarianism. The moral is: You should not leave the Church of England to marry a Methodist, and become a Methodist yourself; but if you do so, and your husband is and child both die, you must take these facts as gentle chastisements of the Good Shepherd, whose will it is that there be but one fold, and you must return accordingly to the bosom of the Established Church. This is wretched stuff.

ARNOLD WOOLNER AND HORNE.

Mr. Matthew Arnold is the dislike, if not the terror, of a certain school of public writers; and under the published surface of his sarcastic allusions and significant ironical humanity it is, indeed, impossible not to discover considerable rancor, egotism, and vanity. His idea of urbanity has reference to style alone, and is regarded as by no means incompetent to include hard sayings, deliberately framed to hurt people. He is a government inspector of public schools, and is hard to please—some of his notions of education being simply eccentric. His best essays are undoubted masterpieces, and yet, in reading them, as Foreman says, it is not easy to get over the idea that one is conversing rather with an intelligent lawyer, or a wide-hearted living man. There is much retention of enthusiasm, and so great a measure of delicate intellectual subtlety, that the atmosphere is more or less uncongenial. But in regard to the poems no general statement such as this can be made. Because, while some of the more intellectual pieces seem to be outside the domain of poetry proper, some of the more heartfelt and imaginative poems are nearly as beautiful as can be. Dr. Arnold lives a happy domestic life, is fond of home and of children, and enjoys the means of gratifying the tastes which he cultivates and admires. Mr. Woolner's one poem, "My Beautiful Lady," is a beautiful book, and it is hard to say what he might have done in poetry if sculpture had not stepped in and claimed him as its votary. We have few artists in these days which can give us "thoughts that breathe" in marble. Mr. Woolner possesses the power, and having it, exchanges his pen for his chisel.

I frequently met in the Strand a short, well made man, advanced in years, but not old; with long gray hair, but a ruddy and healthy face; with bright clear eyes, full of shrewdness and good humor. I always lift my hat, if I do not stop to speak, for, since my school days, I have admired the compositions of R. H. Horne, and he is the man to whom I have referred. He returned home from Australia a year or two ago. As a colonist he was fairly successful, and he is, I believe, the owner of some land which is expected to prove of considerable pecuniary value. He is generally referred to as the author of "Orion," but in fact, he has always been one of the most prolific of writers and vigorous of workers in general literature, and has produced several poetic or dramatic works as considerable as "Orion." Mr. Forman sets down Mr. Horne's want of sustained and complete success to his versatility and unflagging energy. When we look at the scores of good magazine and review articles traceable to him, at his many literary productions below the rank of entirely meritorious work, at his early military services in Mexico, and his late active physical labors at the antipodes, of his intermediate editorialships and lecturings, and writings of an anonymous or pseudonymous class, not to mention services on commission of inquiry—when we put all these together, it is easy to sum up a total of energy which, if applied in one direction, would have carried Mr. Horne to a conspicuous attitude.

GEORGE ELIOT AND JEAN INGELOW.

In George Eliot's poetic works, even in "Armgart," the last of them, there frequently seems no good reason why the matter in hand should have been divided into lines rather than into paragraphs; and, indeed, it is not clear that many passages would not gain force by being presented in a prose paragraph. Her poems afford innumerable new renderings of her great sentiments, but high feeling and subtle intellectuality do not suffice to constitute poetry, and Miss Evans will be known in history by her novels rather than by her verse. She is greatly liked by those who are privileged with her friendship, and she is oftener met in general society than was once the case. To any one who witnessed the success of Robert Montgomery and Martin Tupper, the remarkable popularity of Jean Ingelow—she is married now and has another name—will afford no ground of surprise. Miss Ingelow's poems went through four editions in five years! She is described by Mr. Foreman as "one of those numerous writers who, not having, as a rule, anything really worth saying, somehow manages to make up parcels of vacuity with enough of external neatness to lead superficial readers into supposition that there is something very *recherche* in the way of a kernel to this shell of expression. Many a silly person, who has not the slightest idea of the meaning of anything but the most superficial trash, will, for the sake of appearing wise, praise any misty nonsense in the way of "poetry;" and thus it is probably, that among a certain class an idea has been circulated that Miss Ingelow is a poetess of exceptional thoughtfulness. She seems to be one of the shallowest of writers, her lyrical faculty being entirely of the unfeathered order; but she still is popular.

What Prussia Does with the Money.

The London Times says: Now that a considerable portion of the war indemnity—1,500,000,000f—has been liquidated by France, it will be interesting to know, what becomes of the money. In the first place, 325,000,000f, being the purchase money for the Alsatian railways, must be deducted from the sum total. The rest, 1,175,000,000f., is equal to 113,000,000 thalers. Of this 4,000,000 thalers have been reserved to endow the generals, and another 4,000,000 thalers to assist those members of the landwehr and reserve whose pecuniary circumstances have suffered in the war. Two million thalers more will indemnify the Germans expelled from France; 7,000,000 thalers are allotted to shipowners whose vessels were seized or detained in the harbor by the blockade, and about 20,000,000 thalers have to go to the inhabitants of Alsace and Lorraine for damages sustained and prov