SUNDAY APPEAL

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE CITY.

SUNDAY MORNING, : : : : NOV. 19, 1871.

THE editors of the APPEAL decline to become responsible for the return of manuscripts rejected for publication.

DEMOCRATIC MASS MEETING

Pursuant to a call, numerously signed, a Mass Meeting of the Democracy of Memphis will be held in the Greenlaw Operahouse on Saturday, December 2d, the purpose of nominating candidates mayor and other municipal offices.

FREE AND UNTRAMMELLED.

An impression exists to a considerable extent in the public mind that every editor has his master—that every political writer is a sort of kept, debauched hugleman for some scheming politician. There seems to be a general assumption that every newspaper is somebody's screeching organ or brazen trumpeter—that it is owned by a set or wire-working clique, and cannot give utterance to honest sentiments without first procuring the assent of its owners. There is some cause for such a belief, for, with shame, we see almost every day selfish demagogues, clans, cliques and factions exercising a controlling influence over the press, which should always be free and unshackled. It is certainly a pitiable sight to see an editor in his sanctum opening his mouth upon the arrival of his master and swallowing down everything offered, with the same greedy confidence that the callow fledgeling in its downy nest opens its mouth at the arrival of the old bird with worms and carefully selected vermin. We had rather "be a dog and bay the moon" or a "toad feeding upon the vapors of a dungeon" than one of these editorial automata that move at the tidding of others or repeat, like a parrot, the words ordered to be repeated. The curses or praise of such concerns are neither to be avoided nor sought. Their good will is odium. Their praise certain death to the unlucky individual cursed with it. When such creatures permit themselves to be dragged about like prize bulls, rings in their noses, and made to echo the edicts of small men, they at once desecrate and pervert the great art of printing. Because the APPEAL has refused to do the dirty work of managing place-hunters, and expressed a determination to look to the interest of the city instead of the schemes of trained pimps and wire-workers, it is accused of having sold out, and being run in the interest of certain parties who own much of the stock of the APPEAL Publishing Company. In reply to this calumny we have to say that the APPEAL is owned by three individuals alone and they are the editors and proprietors of the paper. And what is more, the paper is under no pecuniary obligations to any one. It has no debts outstanding because it does not owe a dollar to any one—and as evidence of the truth of this assertion we hereby request any one having a claim against the paper to present it at the counting room where it will be promptly participated. The APPEAL is therefore free—holds a birth-right charter illimitable as the winds to blow on whom it pleases. In the exercise of this freedom, we have advocated the proposed mass meeting as the safest and most reliable means of securing the nomination of an efficient mayor, an honest tax collector and a faithful wharfmaster. In this policy we confess we have been actuated more by a desire to promote the future interest of the city than the interest of political tricksters. The people of Nashville, in their recent election for mayor, scorned the behests of executive committees, the clamors of pot-house politicians and ward bullies, and re-elected the incumbent over one of the most popular men of the city. The machinery of politics was powerless in New York. The people of Louisville are determined, if necessary, to discard politics to secure good men for municipal offices; and the people of Memphis intend to meet in mass meeting and nominate a candidate for mayor who will see to it that the money of the tax-payer is used in liquidating the public debt instead of being squandered among seedy deed beats. In national, State or county politics, the APPEAL has been and ever will be, true to its party. As the approaching contest for mayor, it will support none other than an avowed, unequivocal Democrat, but in the selection of such a Democrat, the people desire to speak in mass-meeting, instead of a convention packed by hungry aspirants. Many of those who belong to the Democratic executive committee live outside of the city, and what right have they to give orders in an election in which they cannot vote? Not a single member of the committee resides in Raleigh, and if the committee were to call a convention to nominate a candidate for mayor of that flourishing village, the people of Raleigh would indignantly say, "Mind your own business; confine your duties to county elections; we can take care of ourselves; can select and elect a mayor without the officious interference of men who cannot vote for the nominee they would have us make." There being no authority to call a convention to nominate candidates, a mass-meeting is the only alternative, and we shall support its nominee, first, last, all the time. In this course we are governed by our own sense of duty and what is due to those who patronize this paper. People often assert that we owe everything to the party whose principles we advocate. We owe nothing to party, and if this paper relied upon the patronage of the little creatures who are crying party! party!! from their offices, which are the street corners, it would live, by accurate calculation, but fourteen hours and seventeen minutes. Our experience is that when an official has favors to grant he uses them as bribes with which to propitiate his enemies, and trusts that a sense of fidelity to party will prevent his friends from assailing him. And it generally does, while his enemies, finding that he prizes hostility more than friendship, take pains to give him hostility enough. Journals that live on party pap have to get along with very thin diet. It has been the good fortune of the APPEAL to be abundantly able to earn its own food. We owe our success and prosperity, not to the patronage of any party, but to the public appreciation of a newspaper. A decent respect to public opinion and common gratitude to our patrons demand that we should aid in placing the best men of the city in the municipal offices; that we should warn traders, jobbers and political speculators to keep their dirty fingers out of the city treasury. And in this course we are serving the Democratic party; for should the day ever come when ward politicians can puck conventions in the interest of rings, and elect men in utter disregard of the taxpayers, that moment will conventions become a mockery, and the people will shun even legitimate conventions, legitimately called as they would a haunted house. According to the teachings of the Memphis Tammanyites, the Democrats of Nashville and Louisville are fools and traitors, for in neither of those cities do we find little oligarchs calling for the executive committees to order conventions. We would much prefer that Memphis would imitate the example of her sisters, and agree upon candidates by common consent. But, as this cannot be done, the remedy is in a mass-convention—such a convention as nominated John W. Leftwich.

A YANKEE'S DREAM.

Nearly twenty years ago ex-Governor Paine, of Vermont, and Mr. Clarke, afterwards, we believe, lieutenant-governor of New York, spent several days or weeks in Memphis. Mr. Paine was certainly a man of first-rate abilities. He used to soliloquize even in the midst of crowds who were ever gathered about him. He said that he was born and reared an abolitionist; that with his breath, from his birth he had inhaled ineradicable prejudices, with breezes that blow over the White Mountains, against negro slavery. His health was impaired, and after his term of office as governor of Vermont expired, he had spent two winters in Louisiana. He stated that many of his opinions as to the capabilities of the black race had been wholly changed. He was at least satisfied that the two races would never be confounded, and that their co-existence as free peoples was neither possible nor desirable. His dream which he recited after crossing the lowlands west of Memphis and returning to this city, was that negro slavery would become negro servitude, that finally slave property, save in the lowlands, would be valueless, and that the final aim of Divine providence would be attained, and the American negro become the agent for the civilization and christianization of Africa. Mr. Paine said further that Memphis would be preferred as the point at which Pacific railways would converge; that Memphis was neither within the region of too great heat nor of too great cold; that the Mississippi was often closed by ice at St. Louis and at Cairo, but never at Memphis; that Memphis was north of the realms of yellow fever; and that here would finally converge a magnificent railway system. He was accustomed to place his walking stick on the map of the United States, one end resting on "New York," the other on "Marshall, Texas" or "Albuquerque," and show how naturally physical facts defined a path for trans-continental railways from New York to Mazatlan and San Diego, crossing the Missisippi at the heights on which Memphis stands. Most of us deemed Governor Paine a dreamer and enthusiast, and ascribed his wild vagaries to that disease which preyed upon his life blood, and, not long afterwards, dug his grave. He spoke as confidently of the construction of five great railway lines across the continent as it he had already executed contracts with Rothschilds and Vanderbilts for their completion. He said that five steamship lines would connect with these five great railways and that the cheaper labor of Asia would expel the costlier of Africa, and in these facts he thought he had discovered a final solution of the American negro question. He then anticipated no war between the States, but was wont to speak of the results of the war which we now contemplate as accomplished facts. We have only adverted to these memories and vaticinations of a wonderful man because reminded of them by vigorous efforts now making to extend our railway system into Texas. Of Governor Paine's history we only know that he was said to have given origin to the New England system of railways, and that he was the builder of the Vermont Central. We know that he was a vigorous, clear-headed thinker; that he won rapidly the respect, confidence and friendship of those with whom he was brought in contact, and that his faith in the future magnificence of this city was as unquenchable as that of a more wonderful thinker and soldier, General E. P. Gaines. If true to ourselves, if we dare attempt mighty tasks, if we confide in God's and nature's laws and achieve tasks which men like Governor Paine have assigned us, his dreams will be realized, and there will be gathered in Memphis from the West more than that fabulous oriental splendor of which the dreaming Vermonter spoke when he asserted that "trans-continental railways would turn backward the tide of the world's commerce," and that we would, as Tom Benton said when pointing to the setting sun, exclaim, "there is India," and there, the exhaustless treasury of the world's wealth.

WHAT THE WORLD THINKS OF US.

The Paris *Intelligencer* has a correct conception of the future greatness of this city; but the realization of its dreams depends upon a wisely-directed public spirit which must impel each member of the community to contribute somewhat to the attainment of those great ends of public beneficence and progress to be achieved by railway builders. Within the current decade, if plans now devised for the aggregation at this point of the wealth of the West be executed, Memphis will become, by means of the distribution of population, effected by narrow-gauge roads, coterminous with the county of Shelby, and this county alone will pay half the taxes of the State. In fact, Shelby is the only county of Tennessee thoroughly imbued with the progressive spirit of the age, and the *Intelligencer* does this people no more than justice when it says that "it requires no great prescience to predict that Memphis is destined to become the great commercial centre of the south west. Her geographical position thrusts greatness upon her, which can only be avoided by blind indifference or dead apathy to these opportunities. The Mississippi river brings the commercial treasures and varied products of half a great continent to her doors. She is located in the very centre of a vast agricultural empire; distance being almost annihilated by the vast railroad connections already enjoyed on the eastern side of the river, which are being continually multiplied. But beyond the river is an undeveloped empire, equal to at least six great States, of almost incalculable wealth, awaiting her bidding to flow into her treasuries. Besides these, she is in the midst of the greatest timbered region of the continent, and contiguous to measureless mineral wealth imbedded in the bowels of Alabama and Arkansas."

The *Intelligencer* then recites the virtues of Memphis newspapers asserting the good fortune of the city "in the possession of a public press in the very van of all material progress; the faithful exponent of all that is grand and hopeful in her future. The thunders of the APPEAL must keep her wide awake, and shake the recreant round about, while the *Avalanche* shall fall upon and crush out all that is opposed to advancement. The *Ledger* will faithfully chronicle her good deeds, as well as her evil ones, and hand them down to their children's children."

FATHER BYRNE pronounced an eloquent and instructive address yesterday morning at St. Peters' church. His subject was the dignity of labor, suggested by the conduct and fortunes of Miss Doherty whose funeral services were celebrated. The story of her life was recited involving an invaluable lesson which Father Burns inculcated with wonderful earnestness and consecutiveness of thought and aptness of illustration. She came to Memphis, not many years ago, a penniless, unaided woman, and by steady toil and inflexible adhesion to a fixed purpose, had gained a good estate. The woes of friendless womanhood have been immortalized in Hood's matchless verses; but this was an Old World's story. Here, the walks of industry are not overcrowded, and patient labor and honest worth never fail to command success. Idle, empty heads are turned by flattery and the true aims of existence are forgotten in the midst of social delights to which the sex is prone, and many a woman has failed and her fame and fortunes have been wrecked for want of that steady, unfaltering devotion to duty and truth which distinguished the conduct of Miss Doherty. Properly enough the worthy priest made Miss Doherty an exemplar for her sex, and none who listened, when her virtues were extolled, would have asked Father Byrnes to say less, though he could not have said more in laudation of the conduct, history and virtues of this excellent woman, who never, when fortune smiled upon her toils, forgot to aid the poor or to assist those who struggled to escape the clutches of poverty.

THE MAYORALTY.

One hundred and five names of firms and individuals are appended to the card asking for a convention of the people, "Democrats and others," to designate a peoples' candidate for the mayoralty. Of this whole number there is not one who is suspected of ulterior selfish purposes, and not one who is supposed to aspire to any public position. They are, however, all deeply interested in the maintenance of good government, in the perfection of the city's credit, and in the reduction of the public debt. If there be those who object to the action of these signers of this call for a peoples' convention, no suspicion of the purity of purpose actuating them can be entertained. Their written action is certainly equivalent in moral force to the conduct of a politicians' convention, to which we are indebted for an excellent mayor. But how it happened that this convention gave us such a candidate and such a mayor is an inquiry which, solved, would show how trades are made and men are forced by the machinery of these packed ward meeting conventions, to do a great deal that is wrong in order to accomplish a great public good. It was a trade, and not the beneficent purpose of the ward meetings' convention, to which we are indebted for John Johnson as our local chief magistrate. And if by a trade in a partisan convention we won an excellent mayor, is not the danger palpable that in the next, we may lose both a proper mayor and his proper subordinates? At this juncture in the fortunes of Memphis, when a brilliant future dawns upon us, can we afford to incur such dangers as those involved in a *trading*, partisan convention? On the contrary, is there not greater safety in the unrestrained, embodied action of the working men and merchants of Memphis?

THE Williamson *Journal* is out in no uncertain spirit for a reduction of taxes. It says the people are clamorous for a reduction of taxes, and, strange to say, there are some who advocate the doctrine for those in authority to overrule the wishes of the people and keep the taxes up. What power have those in authority to set aside the public will and ignore the public wish? One feature about the present legislature we particularly like is their severe retrenchment notions. Heretofore a few bankers, brokers and bondholders have dictated to the legislature the amount of taxes to be assessed. We are glad to see that we have at last men in power who are opposed to fat road rings, bank rings and bond rings. What right have bankers and brokers to dictate in this matter? They want the interest on their bonds paid, no matter how sorely it may oppress the people. These blood-suckers and non-producers have ruled this country long enough, and we thank Heaven that, although they may rule elsewhere in the United States, that here in Tennessee they are at the mercy of the laboring men. We want our legislature, like practical men, to study the pecuniary situation for themselves, and by no means to take any bondholder or banker into their consultations. All we want is to meet our liabilities squarely in the face, and deal with them just as honest men deal with their individual indebtedness. Let monopolies and banking vampires take the back seat and abide the time and will of the people.

WHAT THE WORLD THINKS OF US.

THERE is no local enterprise of greater importance to this city than that involving the connection of Jackson and Bolivar with Memphis by a direct narrow-guage road to Somerville. The trade of Somerville of itself is not enough, it seems, to induce the managers of the Memphis and Charleston road to give that place all desirable facilities of access to Memphis. Much freight and many passengers are required to pay interest on a road costing twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars per mile, and therefore the necessity for a cheaper road and for its extension to Jackson and Bolivar. Such a road would pay from the beginning, and its value would be rapidly augmented by constantly increased density of population along its route. The commercial interests of Jackson, as effected by the Brownsville, Denmark and Holly Springs road, make this connection with Memphis an unavoidable necessity so far as Jackson's trade is involved, and then the people of that city above all things need most a cheap and direct road to Memphis. In promotion of the purposes of those who would build this road, Colonel Mosby, of Fayette, is now at the Peabody hotel, where he would gladly confer with merchants and others who would co-operate in the construction of the Jackson, Somerville and Memphis narrow-guage road.

The great public domain that should and might, under Democratic auspices, have been made the means of encouragement for emigrants and the increased glory of the Republic, has passed into the hands of speculators, and is held for such advance in price as the growth of the country and the labor of the poor may in time give it. According to the last report of the land office, there is now left of our once vast public domain only 1,018,202,609 acres. From this must be deducted 21,000,000 of acres since given to the Texas Pacific railroad, leaving only 997,202,609 acres, covering an area of 1,590,941 square miles. Two-thirds of this land, at least, according to the estimates of the assistant secretary of the interior, are not regarded as arable, and so far as agricultural purposes are concerned, may be considered worthless. One of these days there will be a terrible reckoning forced, perhaps, and all the more violent on that account, when the Grants and the Tweeds will be compelled to disgorge their stolen wealth.

The result of the election in Virginia is attributed, by the Washington *Chronicle*, in part to the supineness and inactivity of federal office-holders, "whose example in this respect (it says) is injurious to the Republican party. Such men should be removed, and zealous *working* Republicans put in their places." This is a confession we hardly expected from the *Chronicle*—that it is not *honesty and attention to official duties* that is expected from Grant's officials, but *party work*. That is the criterion of efficiency; hence the multiplied robberies of the Treasury and those that have piled up the debt of the southern states to $220,000,000.

WAIFS OF THE WIRES.

London subscriptions to Chicago amount to £48,500.

A negro woman was burned to death in Nashville last night. Kerosene.

The trades' unions of New York are degenerating into political machines.

According to Charles O'Conor, the demurrer in the Tweed suit will be over-ruled.

Tweed's bank, the Guardian Savings institution, has been placed in the hands of a receiver.

The State department at Washington officially thanks United States consuls abroad for their efforts in behalf of Chicago.

Seven of the crew of the steamship City of Mexico—from Havana at New York last Friday—were arrested for smuggling cigars into the port.

The sale of works of art in New York for the benefit of destitute Chicago artists, has been postponed until next Monday and Tuesday.

Bad water, insufficient food, and want of cleanliness is said to have been the cause of the breaking out of the cholera on board the steamer Franklin.

At a meeting of the New York Liberal Club, held Friday evening, a letter was read from John Stuart Mill, in answer to Greeley's anti-free-trade criticisms.

The New York customhouse is heaped up with imprecations showered upon it by business men, because of the delay experienced in getting importations through its corrupt portals.

The London Standard announces that the negotiations between the British and French governments in the diffusion of the commercial treaty has been broken off. No cause for the interruption is assigned.

The mayor of Norfolk prohibited the negroes of that town from holding a public meeting, in reference to the killing of the negro policeman, (shot last week by rowdies) for fear that a riot would ensue.

Dr. McLeod states officially that he has attended Queen Victoria over thirteen years, and declares that all reports that her majesty has shown symptoms of mental weakness are unqualifedly false.

Owing to an insufficiency of coal on board the plague-ship Franklin, of the new Baltic Lloyd's line—lately arrived in New York harbor rotten with cholera—the boxes and chests of the steerage passengers were used to "fire up" with.

Three four-story buildings on One Hundred and Twenty-second street, New York, which had been undermined by the terrific rain of Tuesday night and Wednesday, fell yesterday, burying in its ruins Charles Nelson, a laborer.

William H. Rallaly, deputy jailer of St. Lawrence county, New York, who is charged with releasing four burglars for a bribe of five hundred dollars about a year ago, was arrested Thursday last, near Kansas City. He is now en route to St. Lawrence county, under the charge of Sheriff Haskell, of that county.

A death from a singular cause occurred in New York on Friday. The steamer Derwent arrived from London, with an assorted cargo, among which were a lot of herrings, and some packages of preserves. The herrings, in some means, became impregnated with the poison, and Patrick Barry, who ate of the fish, died from its effects. The board of health are investigating the matter.

Sickles, minister to Spain from the United States, has written home that the former ministers, Rivero, Morlas and Becerras, and the lamented Marshal Prim, all and severally assured him that Cuba should be justly treated as a province of Spain; and that these promises prevented the American and three fleet in interfering in Cuban affairs.

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On Friday afternoon two men entered the office of the Union Trust company, in New York, and while one of them engaged the cashier in regard to a proposed loan, the other slipped in a room adjoining and walked off with a tin box containing bonds of the Monticello railroad company to the amount of $101,000. The "mouthpiece" was arrested, but the man with the bonds is still missing.

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SCRAPS FROM SCRANTON

The Sinking Village—A Strike—Fatal Thrust with a Dirk.

NEW YORK, November 8.—A special from Scranton says the excitement at Hyde Park has partially subsided. The ground has settled about one foot more since last night, and still continues to sink. There are, however, no apprehensions of further damage to property. The ground within the limits of the town continues to settle, and breaks on the surface and cracks in the walls of buildings are increasing.

The Wilkesbarre iron and coal company's men are on a strike for non payment of wages. It was agreed at the resumption that the men should be paid between the 10th and 15th of each month, but during the election months payment was delayed until the 21st. Now they insist on the basis being complied with.

John Evans deliberately plunged a dirk-knife into the throat of Benjamin Hughes, within two feet of the largest fissure near the cave, yesterday evening. Hughes cannot live but a short time.

GOOD TIME FOR GOOD MONEY.

Fine Sport at Prospect and Fleetwood Parks.

NEW YORK, November 18.—At Prospect Park, yesterday, a match for two thousand dollars was won by Kingston and mate, beating Honest Allen and mate. Time, 2:19½, 2:17½, 2:18½, and 2:20.

At Fleetwood Park, yesterday, in a match for five hundred dollars, Grace Bertram to harness beat Topsy to wagon. Best time, 2:43.

The second race, for five hundred dollars was won by William, beating Rock of Ages. Best time, 3:07½.

Rising in the World.

You should bear constantly in mind that nine-tenths of us are, from the very nature and necessities of the world, born to earn our livelihood by the sweat of the brow. What reason we have then, to presume that our children are not to do the same? If they be—as now and then one will be—endowed with extraordinary powers of mind, those powers may have an opportunity of developing themselves; and if they never have that opportunity, the harm is not very great to us or to them.

Nor does it hence follow that the descendants of laborers are always to be laborers. The path upward is steep and long, to be sure; industry, care, skill, excellence in the present parents lay the foundation of a rise; and by and by the descendants of the present laborer become gentlemen.

This is the natural progress. It is by attempting to reach the top at single jumps that so much misery is produced in the world; and the propensity to make such attempt has been cherished and encouraged by the strange projects that we have witnessed of late years, for making the laborer virtuous and happy, by giving them what is called education. The education I speak of consists in bringing up children to labor with steadiness, and with skill; to show them how to do as many useful things as possible, to teach them how to do them all in the best manner; to set them an example of industry, sobriety, cleanliness and neatness; to make all these things habitual to them, so that they shall never be liable to fall into the contrary practices; to let them always see a good living proceeding from labor, and thus to remove from them the temptation to get at the goods of others by violence or fraudulent means and to keep far from their minds all the inducements to hypocracy and deceit.

For the SUNDAY APPEAL.]

WOMAN'S LITANY.

BY LIDE MERIWETHER.

Gray November has come again,
Uniting north wind and driving rain,
Withered blossom and leafless bough
Chaplet form for his stormy brow,
Dull clouds meeting on leaden sky,
Mist seen lying from hills in June,
Night winds sobbing like human pain
Herald the winter's dreary reign.

Closely sheltered, a home within,
Free from the city's glare and din,
Free from poverty's long sing sigh,
Pain's dazed struggle and hunger's cry;
Kneeling lowly before Thy throne,
Grateful thanks for Thy care I own,
Priceless blessings, serene and still,
Home, and husband, and gentle child.

Sweet little women" twain have I,
Nut-brown ringlets and azure eye,
Broad white brow, and the smile amile,
Speaking a bosom free from guile.
At my side they are kneeling now,
Hands clasped meekly, and upraised brow,
One lamb rests on each curly head,
Thus, *for their* I pray, my prayer is said.

Make her a woman, pure and fair,
God, our Father! Thy watchful care
Be above her through every hour,
Guard each day from the snares of human clay;
Like Thee, boldly proclaim to men,
"Daughter, neither do I condemn;
Pointing balm on a stricken sore,
"Some, my sister, and sin no more."

Make her a woman, bright and rare,
Holy Spirit, the Comforter!
Sorrow's cloud from her heart beguile
By the glad sunshine of her smile;
Sin's dark stain wipe out when away,
Pointing up to Thy cheering ray;
Bearing sheaves to Thy harvest blest
Like Thee, guiled to perfect rest.

Give her a woman's work, nobly done,
Holy Trinity, Three in One!
Feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
Bear Thy pardon to the darkened floor;
Keep her pure, through the devious way,
Spotless living in the golden day;
Safely lead Thy fold again,
Angels singing the glad amen.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF MRS. WILLIAM B. RAMLIN.

Yes! fold thy hands, pale gentle one,
Thy work is o'er.
Thy wounded heart has passed its sorrowing
bed
For evermore.
Earth's cares have passed its trials deep,
Thy child is peaceful sleep."

Yes! fold thy hands, yet peacefully,
Thy cross no more
Weighs down thy slender form so piteously
With burdens sore.
Thine is the crown, in heaven to keep,
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

Yes! fold thy hands, thy flowers no more
Need care,
But wreathed around thy casket drooping lie,
Fair as thou art.
God loves his children, even while they
weep,
"He giveth His beloved sleep

Fold not thy hands, sad, mourning friends,
But in thy way
Scatter sweet words and gen'rous cheering
while yet 'tis day;
On earth you reap what you sow, then you reap,
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

A.

The Eternal City.

ROME, October 17, 1871.—The season in the Imperial City is about opening, and several Americans are already here, including two or three citizens of Chicago—whose agitation on hearing the disastrous news from that unhappy town may be easily imagined. The great rush of travel has not set in. The weather is clear and cool, and Rome never appeared more delightful than at this moment. Various improvements have lately been made by the municipal authorities with which the city more agreeable as a winter residence than ever before. Prominent among these is the new park laid out on the elevation whereon is situated the church of San Pietro in Montorio. This site has long been noted as affording the most extensive view of Rome which can be obtained. The church is built on the scene of the martrydom of St. Peter, and directly over the alleged spot, in the middle of the cloisters, stands a circular memorial chapel built by that the former ministers, Rivero, Morlas and Becerras, and the lamented Marshal Prim, all and severally assured him that Cuba should be justly treated as a province of Spain; and that these promises prevented the American and three fleet in interfering in Cuban affairs.

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The second race, for five hundred dollars was won by William, beating Rock of Ages. Best time, 3:07½.

Rising in the World.

You should bear constantly in mind that nine-tenths of us are, from the very nature and necessities of the world, born to earn our livelihood by the sweat of the brow. What reason we have then, to presume that our children are not to do the same? If they be—as now and then one will be—endowed with extraordinary powers of mind, those powers may have an opportunity of developing themselves; and if they never have that opportunity, the harm is not very great to us or to them.

Nor does it hence follow that the descendants of laborers are always to be laborers. The path upward is steep and long, to be sure; industry, care, skill, excellence in the present parents lay the foundation of a rise; and by and by the descendants of the present laborer become gentlemen.

This is the natural progress. It is by attempting to reach the top at single jumps that so much misery is produced in the world; and the propensity to make such attempt has been cherished and encouraged by the strange projects that we have witnessed of late years, for making the laborer virtuous and happy, by giving them what is called education. The education I speak of consists in bringing up children to labor with steadiness, and with skill; to show them how to do as many useful things as possible, to teach them how to do them all in the best manner; to set them an example of industry, sobriety, cleanliness and neatness; to make all these things habitual to them, so that they shall never be liable to fall into the contrary practices; to let them always see a good living proceeding from labor, and thus to remove from them the temptation to get at the goods of others by violence or fraudulent means and to keep far from their minds all the inducements to hypocracy and deceit.

THEATRICAL NOTES.

"Die Blumengeister," by Herr Theodor Gassmann, has been brought out at Leipsic. The *mise en scene* was splendid, and the piece was favorably received.

At the second Gewandhaus concert a couple of unpublished marches by Joachim were executed, and a violoncello concerto of Haydn's made part of the programme.

The Sociétaires of the Francais are about to erect in Pere la Chaise a monument to the memory of Adrienne Lecouvreur, who is buried at Grenelle, near the Hotel de Vogue.

Mlle. Antonine, and not Mme. Farguell, will play the principal part in the piece of M. Sardou, forthcoming at the Vandeville. The *role* is said to be unworthy of Mme Farguell.

The honors recently paid to the memory of Ugo Foscolo have been the cause of the revival of one of his tragedies, "Tieste," which was favorably received at the Folitearns of Florence.

The third part of Herr Hebbel's "Nibelungentrilogie," lately brought out, after many difficulties, at the Vienna Hoburgthester, was very successful, and the scenery and mise en scene were especially good.

A one act episode, in verse, by M. Francois Coppee, has been produced at the Odeon, with the title "Fais ce que dois." On the night of its performance Mlle. Therval made her debut in George Dandin.

Signor Ferdinando Bosio has published, in Palermo, a powerfully written drama, entitled "Marco, Scene su Napolinal 1799," in the style of the modern French dramatists who imitate French dramatists who imitate Victor Hugo and Alexander Dumas.

The National Choral society of England, under the direction of Mr. G. W. Marido, is organizing a grand performance of the "Messiah" in aid of the Chicago fund. Application will be made for the use of the Royal Albert Hall for the performance.

A Madrid manager, having refused the authors right to Offenbach for having performed the "Chateau de Toto" at the Zarzuela theatre, has been condemned by the Madrid tribunal to pay 1000 reals, and is interdicted from performing the opera in future.

At the Vienna Hofonerntheater the recess has been well occupied by the necessary preparations for the new ballet "Fantasca," which produced under the superintendence of its author, the famous Paul Tarliouni, of Berlin, has met with great success.

M. Reviial—one of the most efficient and successful singing masters of the Paris Conservatoire—died last month at the age of sixty. Not fewer than a dozen of the most popular vocalists of the French lyrical theatres were pupils of this esteemed maestro.

The case of Sarah Waters, the "baby farmer," has furnished an Italian plagiarist with materials for a drama. "Sara Vaters, in Ladra di Fanciulla, ossia i Misteri di Londra," has been performed at some of the Milan theaters and published in *Bibliocteca edo Madaria Teatrale.*

The only musical attractions offered at present in the Eternal City are the second rate performances at the Apollo theater, where "Traviata" alternates with "Masaniello," the spirited tenor, Mazzoni, taking the principal character in the latter work, and winning the usual encore for the *barcarolle.*

Among new pieces in contemplation in Paris are "La Tartare," by M. J. Legouix, at the Athene; "Le Cacolet," of M.M. Mellasc and Halevy, in rehearsal at the Palais Royal, and "Le Chandre du Colonel," at the Vaudeville. In the piece last named, M. Victorin, of the Gimnasie, will make his first appearance at the Vaudeville.

The Covent Garden autumn season commenced on Monday, October 30, with Rossini's "Semiramide." On Tuesday, the "Sonnambula" on Thursday, "Lucrezio Borgia;" on Friday, "La Figlia;" and on Saturday there was the debut of a new prima donna, Mlle. Jeanne Devries, from Paris and Brussels, who appeared in the "Traviata."

Baron von Perfall, the "Theater-Intendent" of Munich, has been commanded by the King to allow, in addition to operas, only important comedies and tragedies, which require no scenery or a large number of actors, to be performed at the Hof theater and the National theater. The less important dramas and comedies will be performed at the small Residenz theater, in order that they may not lose their popularity by being acted on too large a stage.

Every one was curious to see how the opera of "Erostrate" in Paris would be reviewed in the *Debats*, the composer, M. Reyer, being the musical critic of that journal. He begins by assuring us that he never expected his opera to run more than three nights, and that he was mistaken. It was only performed twice. Erostrate burned the temple of Ephesus in order to leave a name to posterity; and when M. Reyer declares that his music will never be forgotte, because people talk of it opera, we think of "Erostrate." It is clear that he shares one of the peculiarities of his hero.

Mr. Mapleson's winter season at Covent Garden, which commenced on October 30, will be of the kind to which London has been accustomed during successive Novembers. The prettiest toilets she has worn was the one in which she appeared in the last act of "Martha." A petticoat of sky blue silk, trimmed with silver fringe and rows of silver braid, between which were brilliant buttons. The train of black velvet was looped at the side by silver cord and tassels. The tight-fitting velvet body was fastened with diamond buttons; and the wrists were finished with deep cuffs of point lace. A coquettish gray hat with a long blue plume was set jauntily on the frizzled mass of golden hair. It was the very perfection of a toilet.

Item for Smokers.

A man with a bad appetite will, if he smokes, most assuredly eat still less—a noteworthy fact for smokers of others recovering from a wasting illness, or "off their feed" from whatever cause. This effect of tobacco, by the way, while an evil to the sick man who cannot eat enough, becomes a boon to the starved man who cannot get enough to eat; an ample illustration of this was furnished among our soldiers in the recent war. Again, a man should not smoke who has a dirty tongue, a bad taste in his mouth, or a weak or disordered digestion. In any such case he cannot relish his cigar or pipe of tobacco. It should be a golden rule with smokers that the pipe or cigar which is not smoked with relish had better not be smoked at all. Indigestion in every shape is aggravated by smoking, but most especially that form it produces in some stomachs, accompanied with flatulence. Diarrhea, as a rule, is made worse by smoking.

THE story of the Countess Benedetti, wife of the French minister to Prussia, is worth recording. She was once a Greek slave, landed at Alexandria by Jocosi, the celebrated merchant of Constantinople. She had been educated for sale, and was consequently full of accomplishments. One of the wealthiest of Arab bankers purchased the girl to wait upon his wife, to whom he was much attached. The Greek girl, lively and amusing, diverted the mind of the barren, and soon became the ruling spirit there. In course of time the wife died, and the aged husband, regretting that he could not marry her, adopted her as his child and the heir to his enormous fortune. At his death she became slave inheited his wealth, and as Benedetti, at that time a young attache belonging to the French Consulate at Alexandria, happened to present himself to the heiress, won her affections, and they were married. The old merchant's money enabled Benedetti to cut his way to a conspicuous position in diplomacy, and his wife, lovely and accomplished, reigned for a long time over the world of fashion in Paris.

The Two Great Tunnels.

The following statement of the dimensions, cost, etc., of the two great tunnels of the world is interesting:

Mont Cenis Tunnel—Length, 12,236 metres, or nearly 8 miles; width, 26 feet 8 inches; height, 29 feet; cost, $18,000,000; time occupied in construction, 9 years; number of men employed, about 2,000.

Hoosac Tunnel—Length, 26,001 feet, or about 4¾ miles; 24 feet wide; 21 feet high; cost about $3,000,000; time of construction, when completed, nearly 20 years; number of workmen employed, about 700 at present, but much less during most of the time the work has been prosecuted.

The chief engineering difficulties attending the construction of the Hoosac tunnel have been overcome, and the amount of progress in a given time can now be so accurately predicted that the engineers and the contractors have no doubt that the work will be completed before the 15th of March, 1874, the date named in the contract.

Father Hyacinthe intends to preach a series of sermons in Paris.

HEAVIER THE CROSS.

Heavier the cross, the nearer heaven:
No cross without; no God within.
Death, judgment, from the heart are driven
Amid he world's false glare and din.
O happy he with all his loss,
Whom God has set beneath the cross.

Heavier the cross, the better the Christian:
This is the touchstone God applies.
How sunny a garden would be wasting,
Unwept by showers from weeping eyes.
The gold by fire is purified;
The Christian is by trouble tried.

Heavier the cross, the stronger faith:
The loaded palm strikes deeper root,
The vine-julce weighty benefith
When men have pressed the clustered fruit;
And courage grows where dangers come,
Like pearls beneath the salt sea foam.

Heavier the cross, the heartier prayer:
The bruised herbs most fragrant are.
If sky and wind were always fair,
The sailor would not watch the star;
And David's Psalms had ne'er been sung
If grief his heart had never wrung.

Heavier the cross, the more aspiring:
From vales we climb to mountain crest;
The pilgrim of the desert tiring,
Longs for the Canaan on his rest.
The dove has here no rest in sight,
And to the ark she wings her flight.

Heavier the cross, the more aspiring:
Death is a friendlier face to see;
To life's decay one bids defying,
From life's distress one bids to flee.
The cross sublimely lifts our faith
To Him who triumphed over death.

Then Crucified! the cross I carry,
The appointed day it draws near;
And lest I