SUNDAY APPEAL

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE CITY.

SUNDAY MORNING, : : DEC. 10, 1871.

FOR MAYOR,

JOHN JOHNSON.

THE APPEAL AND PARTIES.

If it be determined, as we hope, that the Democratic party was not rendered impotent by the new departure, as the APPEAL ever asserted it would be, and its inherent force of principle may give it strength enough to insure the removal of that weight of multiplied woes which overwhelm States of the South, let us have a convention and prepare for a contest such as was never made before. The APPEAL awaits the action of the National Democratic party, and wherever it leads it will follow.

THE APPEAL, TOM SCOTT AND THE LEGISLATURE.

The following palpable and successful shot at the APPEAL was fired by our friend Chesham, the excellent representative of "old Robertson county," day before yesterday, in the general assembly. Our special telegraphic correspondent at Nashville was negligent of duty when he suffered the legitimate and adroit innuendo to escape him. Mr. Cheatham offered the following resolutions in the house:

WHEREAS, Information has been received by this general assembly through the medium of the Memphis papers, that financial arrangements have been successfully consummated by which the Memphis and Charleston road and its appurtenances, including the Memphis APPEAL, have passed under the control of Tom Scott; and as the time is near at hand when, by the admirable financial provisions of the constitution of Tennessee, the per diem of the members of this general assembly will cease, therefore,

Resolved, That the speaker of the house be requested to telegraph the said Tom Scott at once, informing him of the state of affairs, and to ascertain from him if he has any other business or legislation to bring before the general assembly, and if he has not that we do adjourn Friday next at twelve o'clock.

We suppose that there were roars of laughter. There should have been. We might retort that every purpose of the APPEAL has been attained. The rate of State taxation has been lessened one-third, and the Memphis and Charleston road has not only been saved from utter ruin by those who proposed to advance the Wall street value of Tennessee bonds, that the road might be bankrupted and its stockholders robbed, that bond speculators might be enriched. Not only has this little scheme of speculators, who proposed to buy the road on their own terms, been defeated, but such a sale of the road has been made that its shareholders, who lost enough by the war, are saved from utter ruin. Not only has the road been sold to the ring, that should own it, but every stockholder, the rich and poor, are alike protected. Tom Scott has not been suffered in this case to buy simply a majority of the stock that he might control the road and disburse as he pleases its revenues, but every stockholder has equal rights and is equally secure. The ends of the APPEAL having been attained, and every measure it advocated having become the law, and all that it opposed having been defeated, in the name of Tom Scott, we authorize the General Assembly to adjourn as soon as it pleases. The pay of members will soon be cut short by constitutional provision, and, since we have been running the machine, impecunious wretches may begin to draw "draughts" on the APPEAL instead of from "old Robertson county," and "that's what's the matter" with Cheatham.

OUR AMUSEMENTS.

Memphis, her population considered, is regarded as among the first cities of the country by theatrical and musical people. Whatever is meritorious in either art is here always sure of a recognition such as few other cities can or do extend. Our people love amusements, and are especially wedded to those forms of it in which music is the principal attraction. For that reason the opera is always well patronized, and concert troupes such as that of Mrs. Moulton never fail to reap a rich reward, and from crowded houses obtained even at the cost of double prices, as in her case, and quadruple, as in the case of Nilsson. Mrs. Bowers, in the theatrical profession, is, on account of her high standing as an *artiste*, a deserved favorite with us, and never fails largely to increase her bank-account. Mr. Murray, too; and the Wyndham comedy company; Lydia Thompson and her troupe and Mrs. Oates, representatives in their specialties, are also sure of crowded houses, as has often been evidenced; so indeed are all stars and companies of merit. It only needs that the theater shall be properly managed, and, as it is not opened every night, to make it not only remunerative to the management, but a source of profitable amusement for the people. As it is, the manager has up-hill work to force a stranger of ability upon the attention of the Memphis public. The theater, opened one week, is closed the next, and the connection between it and the people, which should be steadily maintained at any cost, is broken, only to be linked again at great loss of money by the lessees and much writing by the press. Theaters, like hotels and newspapers, have come to be regarded as necessary to the dignity and proper status of all cities. Suppose either the Peabody or the Overton to be closed and opened as the theater is, on alternate weeks, who can doubt that they would be injured and the city with them. But this is not the only evil arising from this hot-and-cold policy by our theater management. Young men, of whom we have large numbers, without family ties of any kind, in the absence of public reading or lecture rooms, will resort to the theater; that being closed against them, they become *habitues* of places as barren of decency as of artistic taste or merit, and soon are mustered into the army of "roughs and rogues," whose conduct upon the streets of American cities is in noticeably bad contrast with the manners of even the lowest of European slums. The theater, as a concomitant of our civilization, should be made subservient to the public demands. Our merchants and mechanics are particularly interested in it, and should make it their business, as it is, to see that it is conducted in a way that will insure throughout the season continued amusements of a class that will elevate the tastes of our people and give character to the city. Away back in the early days of Memphis, when her population was scarcely a tenth of what it is now, when her streets were not yet lighted by gas, and her municipal limits and power was but a step beyond that of a village, the Washington-street theater was famous among the resorts of the great stars that then illumined the theatrical firmament; and long after, and indeed yet, it is held in veneration by old citizens as the first temple dedicated to the drama, notwithstanding that in later years it has been given over to most base uses. There never was a time in the history of Memphis when music and the drama were not well patronized. It was the encouragement given to the legitimate drama that induced the building of the New Memphis theater, and the taste and skill that presided over its erection twelve years ago is evidenced in the fittings and conveniences which, with some exceptions, makes it still one of the most comfortable houses in the country. We remember it then as a paying institution, and as in many respects superior in management and its "stock" to any other theater in the union, Wallack's alone excepted. We believe that if now managed in the same way it would pay better than it does, and would be patronized by a constant stream of people who prefer the theater to books, parties or balls. And we believe farther, that if the magnificently proportioned Greenlaw opera-house was completed, or if we had a theater somewhere on Madison street, in competition with the new Memphis, the results would be more in accord with what the people have a right to expect and what they are willing to pay for. In fact we ought to have a second house, a model in every respect, in scenaries and properties and acoustics, wherein concerts or operas might be given without detriment to the effects sought to be produced or to the efforts of the singers. It would pay not only the owner but the city, which is as largely interested in the character of her playhouses or concert rooms as in that of the performers. Something must be done to keep alive our amusements. A whole week in the amusement season without a performance at the theater is more than we can stand. If often repeated, such interregnums will discredit us with the theatrical world and put us back to the place we occupied in 1851.

HELENA AND MEMPHIS.

The Helena *Clarion* is a most sensible paper. It is local. Local it should be in its facts, and then all men who would know what occurs in Helena and Arkansas will read the *Clarion*. The *Clarion* is a valuable paper, for the very reason that men who would learn any fact affecting the country about Memphis, read the APPEAL. But the *Clarion* is selfish, and its prejudices are local. It properly urges the people of Helena to toff in behalf of their homes, and begs the construction of railways. This is wise, and it will not be the *Clarion's* fault if Helena do not achieve that greatness for which nature paved its way. But why not suffer Memphis to do for itself what the *Clarion* insists should be done by Helena? Why object to the construction of a road from Memphis and from Devalls Bluff to Pine Bluff and Camden? Will it not enrich Arkansas? Will it harm Helena? On the contrary, it will double and quadruple the wealth and population of each county penetrated, and double its ability to aid in constructing a road from Helena to Camden. In its monomaniacal devotion to Helena the *Clarion* is monomaniacally hostile to Memphis and false to the interests of Arkansas, and yet Helena and Memphis will ever grow in wealth and greatness, *pari passu*, and every road built by Memphis through Arkansas will promote the interests of every Arkansian taxpayer by multiplying the population of the State. Memphis should be enriched. Does she not enrich Arkansas? For every dollar this city gains by the road to Shreveport, Arkansas will have one hundred dollars added to her taxable wealth. The *Clarion* does injustice to itself and to the intelligent city it represents whenever it asserts that dog in-the-manger policy, evincing envy and jealousy instead of a spirit of noble emulation. Can the venerable conductor of the *Clarion* see the point?

ALMANACS.

There are enough almanacs published for next year to keep Mother Earth's head level for the whole twelvemonth. She can't help keeping straight, with all these pretty guide-books placed before her. There can be no excuse if she run afoul of a "comick," or go on a "bender" with some run-mad earthquake. Her course in the infinitude of space, and all that she will see, and every lamp, except those in Memphis, that will light up her pathway, is clearly designated in all these almanacs. Frank Leslie has published one, as brilliant in the colorings of its starry pictures as the milky way. Josh Billings has sent out a little entomological almanac, as universally distributed as animalculæ in a soldier's wardrobe of six years ago. His aphorisms are rich, and only tiresome for their number, and not for want of wit and wisdom. He says of the coming brood of vermin that will infest and craze the country next summer, that each will finally "settle in his natiff village a constable elected by 19 majority. He will live to a ripe old age, and his posterity will wonder how he managed tew spend his whole life in politicks, like a Tammanyite, and keep out of the State prison."

Frank Leslie's is the most tasteful of the almanacs we have seen, though that of the Harpers is surpassingly beautiful. The reading matter contained in the Atlantic almanac is most valuable and instructive. It is not, however, wholly divested of prejudices growing out of misconceptions of fact, even as Southern people misconceive the worth and character of the mass of New Englanders, because we have only been brought in contact with a peculiar class of this people.

Appleton's almanac is said to surpass all others in every element of taste, not alone as this affects the matter published, but the illustrations that adorn its attractive pages. There is an Irish-American almanac which will have for its next frontispiece the cast iron physiognomy of John Johnson. Since our ban almanac is equally sought after by Irishmen and Americans, Locke and Mansford had sold every copy before we thought of looking into the peculiarities of a species of literature that in its present condition of excellence would make Poor Richard's bronze statue in front of the Boston Atheneum, if a copy were held up before it, put on a broad grin of delight. We have a National Temperance almanac, giving the hour for morning cocktails, and telling innocent people when and how long before and after meals they should drink—water. This almanac will not sell unless we can get up a vast deal of partisan excitement on the mayor's election. Then public health will demand its distribution. The New York *Tribune* has an almanac. Reading from one would think that the weather was the creature of Radicalism, and that figures could demonstrate the fact. One may spend an hour very pleasantly contrasting with this of old Greeley, the almanac of the New York *World*. If people do not believe that almanacs never lie, and since this is the only volume, save one, in which, since they have read northern and southern "histories" of the war, they have the slightest faith—if we did not object to destroying popular faith in almanacs, we would reproduce extracts from these two "figurative" windy, stormy almanacs of the *World* and *Tribune*. They are good books of reference, and invaluable to merchants, lawyers, writers and politicians.

EX-GOVERNOR VANCE of North Carolina states that it is simply his intention to hold the position of United States Senator until he can get a vote on his petition for relief from his disabilities, and if that vote is against him he will promptly resign."

CARDOZA, the negro secretary of the state of South Carolina, refuses to deliver any more State bonds to the ring who have been robbing South Carolina. The honesty of the lately emancipated and unlettered negro shames the rapacity of the thieving carpet-bagger.

THE INDIGNATION ABOUT GAS.

The APPEAL is not a party to the squabbles between the old and the new gas companies. It sympathizes with the new company to the extent that monopolists are heartless, remorseless, exacting, and care nothing for the clamor against high prices and poor accommodations, so they make money. Cheap gas, and the pure and steady flame of other days, are what the people demand, and intend to have. Desiring to take no part in the war between the gas companies, we have excluded from our columns, for weeks, several severe communications assailing the Memphis gas company on account of its short-comings. But the complaint is so universal, and so just, that we feel we would be derelict in our duty as journalists were we longer to close our columns against an expression of the public indignation and of constant complaints for which there are such ample grounds. Any one traversing at night our main thoroughfares, and taking the trouble to look at the lights in the store windows, and at those of the lamps in the streets, will not fail to come to the conclusion that the gas is either of a poor quality, or the pressure too small, even if his own experience did not admonish him of the fact. Quite a number of householders have had the gas-fitters at work, the pipes taken down and cleaned, and the burners renewed, and after all this trouble and expense the light they get is no better than before. There surely must be some remedy for this condition of things, and the present city council, in the interest of the taxpayers, could not do a better thing than to appoint a committee to investigate and report upon the subject. Such an investigation may not be authorized by law, but it would have the effect of calling the attention of the legislature to the outrages of the monopoly foisted upon the people. Rancid butter, damaged sugar, musty flour and stinking meat are put upon the market at cheap rates; but dim gas, rank with the stench of its own impurities, commands as high a price in Memphis as pure unsullied light of transcendent brilliancy. If the butcher sells his tainted meat for one dollar a hundred instead of five, ought not the gas company be made to sell its stinking, gummy light for one dollar per thousand cubic feet, instead of five? But the meaner the gas, the higher the prices. For two months the gas has been villainous. On Friday evening it was so dim that our compositors were unable to set type by it, and the hour's time which twenty compositors lost, for the want of gas, will be charged to our expense account; and while we are thus annoyed with mean gas or no gas at all, our bills regularly increase. As evidence of this, we have only to state that our gas bill from October 1st to December 8, 1871, amounts to five hundred and sixty-four dollars and sixty-five cents, while for the same time in 1870, it was only four hundred and fifty dollars and eighty cents, being an increase of twenty-five per cent. For fifteen years the cost of gas furnished newspaper offices has steadily increased, and if it increases as rapidly for the next twelve months as it has during the last two months, our gas bill for 1872 will be more than double, or amount to about five thousand dollars per annum.

An end must come to this thing. In London, it is said that the people are discontented with the demand for ninety cents in payment for a thousand feet of illuminating gas. They require it at a less price, and good gas, too. If it can be manufactured at ninety cents in London, it should be here, for manual labor is scarcely an element in the cost of production. We have the coal, the machinery, the capital and the skill, and nothing but the cupidity of these bloated monopolies stands in the way of our getting this convenience at what it is fairly worth.

Now, that this question is exciting the people as they have never before been excited, we hope it will not terminate as formerly, in a spasmodic effort for an abatement of the outrages perpetrated on the community. The people of Tennessee, by their indignant clamors, have succeeded in inducing the legislature to reduce taxes. They demand everywhere honesty and reform, and a relief from every unjust robbery, and we see no reason why they should be made "hewers of wood and drawers of water" for an oleaginous institution already inflated with its unjust and unearned gains. The fat sow has been greased long enough, and some of her fat, tallow and lard, must be consumed in giving light to a city shrouded in darkness.

MEMPHIS AND PITTSBURG.

"There was some 'ring' smashing done a few days ago in Pittsburg. Blackburn, the Democratic and Reform candidate for mayor, was elected over Morgan, Radical and 'ring' representative, by more than a thousand majority. The most desperate efforts were made by the 'ring' to whip men into the traces to vote for the fraudulently-nominated 'ring' candidate. Every device known was resorted to. The most villainous abuse of a personal as well as a general nature was heaped upon the Reform Republicans of the city, composed very largely of respectable German citizens, because they saw fit to put in nomination and support honest and capable men, without regard to mere politics, for important offices, who did not suit the 'ring.' But the Democrats and Reformers pushed the battle into the very camp of the enemy, and made the rout full and complete. This result shows what can be accomplished by the union of honest men, and gives increased value and importance to the Citizens' Reform movement in this and other cities."

THE New York *Bulletin*, in an able review of the steamboat law, against the enforcement of which our steamboatmen in convention assembled recently protested, says that the true remedy for any evils which may exist in the management of both steamboat and railway lines does not consist in regulating their management and operation by law, but in holding the responsible managers to a strict accountability for any neglect of precautions needed to insure safety to life and property. This is a matter for the State governments to look after, and not for congress to legislate upon, and if to the State courts had been intrusted the enforcement of suitable laws for the protection of passengers on both railroads and steamboats, the general government would have found no real or imaginary necessity for its present unwise and injurious interference.

THE story is circulated by his enemies, and believed by nobody, that Mayor Johnson is responsible for the present condition and character and quality of gas furnished consumers in this city. If this be true, in God's name let Johnson go under. He can survive the coupon slander that was trumped up in Nashville; he might have robbed a widow, or sent the crazy, naked women to rot and die in a filthy dungeon. He might have borne these charges; but spare him this last intolerable calumny. Say it not that he is the manager of the Memphis gasworks. Spare, oh! spare him.

BOUTWELL collected taxes last year amounting to $388,000,000, and only paid $92,000,000 of the debt. Comment is unnecessary.

IMPEACHMENT OF GRANT.

The *Herald's* Washington dispatch says that a scheme is on foot for the impeachment of the president. The subject was under consideration before the Democratic congressional committee yesterday, and will be further pursued at the meeting next Wednesday. It is believed that Montgomery Blair is at the bottom of it. The main charge will be for violations of the internal revenue laws, and usurpations of war powers in connection with the attempted annexation of San Domingo.

NEW ENGLAND is determined to control the legislation of Congress. The latest proof of this is afforded by Speaker Blaine, who has given the chairmanship of eight of the most unimportant of the forty-four standing committees of the house to the old fifteen southern and border States, which to-day have a population equal to that of one-third of the Union. His preferences have all been for New England protectionists, as may be seen from this list: Maine, three; Vermont, one; Massachusetts, five; Connecticut, two; Pennsylvania, five; Ohio, five; Indiana, three; Illinois, three; Michigan, three; Wisconsin, one; Iowa, one; Nebraska, one; Missouri, one; West Virginia, one; North Carolina, one; South Carolina, one; Mississippi, two; Alabama, one; and Louisiana, one.

THE report of the commissioner of Internal revenue shows that the aggregate receipts from taxation during the past fiscal year were a little over $164,000,000. The returns of distilleries show that there are nearly 67,000,000 gallons of spirits produced in the United States yearly. A large portion of the report is occupied with the subject of tobacco, the commissioner favoring the consolidation of all the taxes on this article to a uniform rate on the raw tobacco, which he would place at twenty-four or thirty-two cents per pound, according to circumstances.

THE Chicago *Republican* also wants to see William Cullen Bryant made president. "Being a poet, he could send down his annual message in rhyme, devoting one clause to San Domingo, and another to the reduction of the debt, and could write his own campaign songs. Thanks to bran bread, he has lived so long that most of his relatives are dead. He never was a tanner. In every respect he is superior to Mr. Grant as a fashionable candidate."

BRIEF TELEGRAMS.

Jacob Brock, a negro, was hanged at Louisa Courthouse, Virginia, last Friday, for the murder of his wife.

Alexis went to Lowell, Massachusetts, yesterday, and will prolong his stay in Boston until Wednesday or Thursday next.

It is understood that the position of assistant district attorney of New York, held by young Tweed has been tendered John D. Townsend.

The County Auditor's Bureau, though carrying fifty names upon its pay-roll a short time ago, has been discovered by the taxpayers of New York to be an entirely useless affair, and steps are to be taken to have the legislature abolish it.

The president of the Mail Steamship company between New York and Havana, says that the refusal by the company to carry papers to the latter place is in consequence of the West Spanish authorities in Cuba suing the company for introducing incendiary documents into Havana.

Governor Hoffman has made arrangements to forward to the Law Institute of Chicago, in behalf of the State of New York, the complete session laws, the revised statutes of the State, with the State reports from the beginning, digests and the last edition of Kent's commentaries. This contribution is made on the individual authority of Governor Hoffman, and he trusts that the legislature will confirm his action.

At the informal opening of the Ontario legislature, on Friday, the lieutenant-governor congratulated the province on its prosperity, and delivered strongly against the conduct of the province of Quebec in protesting against the award by arbitration for the settlement of the liabilities of the old provinces, when merged into the New Dominion. The school system of Ontario is productive of good results, and the immigration into the province satisfactory.

The New York Tribune asserts that Connolly did assent, on November 29th, at the instigation of Commodore C. K. Garrison—who Connolly was anxious should become his bail—to make restitution to the city in the sum of one million dollars, but Charles O'Conor would not consent to the arrangement. This proposition to be by assignment of property by Connolly to this amount, to await the decision of the trial, and if convicted he failed. If the proposition had been acceded to, Connolly was to have turned State's evidence. Mrs. Connolly, in whose name Connolly's property all stands, was the principal negotiating party, and governed herself wholly by Garrison's advice.

ITEMS.

Mobile has an "R. E. Lee dancing association." Re-ly now?

Moderation in all things, and above all things in the cold weather; is highly desirable.

Minister Scheneck begins to think that the "Little Emma" is a heavy load on his mind.

The reason why the Grand Duke's dancing is not more satisfactory is that he only understands the steppes of Tartary.

Among other things Communism in Paris swept away the chimny-sweepers, or else they flue away; there are none there now.

A writer in an English magazine says that Frederick Locker is the best living master of *vers de société*, and gives these two stanzas as an indication of his graceful skill in metrical variations:

This relative of mine,
Was she seventy and nine
When she died?
By the canvass may be seen
She was twenty and seventeen
As a bride.
Beneath a summer tree
Her maidenly simplicity
Has a charm;
Her ringlets are in taste;
What adornment, and what a waist
For an arm!

A policeman found a note-book which evidently belongs to a man who believes in routine business. The book is full of such sentences as these: "Monday—buy a gallon of whisky today; take four drinks. Tuesday—get a gallon of whisky at noon ——; also, get shaved; don't get drunk. Wednesday—see if the whisky is out; also, don't drink until after dinner; also, see about more whisky."

More "Spiritualism." On the 24th of last March, in Portland, Maine, Mr. Woodman fell through the scuttle of his store, wrenched his ribs out of place, twisted his spine, and "displaced one of his intestines." He was put to bed, and everybody was expecting him to expire. But he "was pouliticed according to spiritual direction," and the ghosts of two doctors, and of a woman named Amanda, ministered unto him, in an odd enough way, by raising him from his bed, twirling him in the air, dressing him and walking him about the room, lifting him into bed again, singing to him angelic music," Mrs. Woodman playing a piano accompaniment. The spirits informed those in attendance that they were giving the patient spiritual medicines, and applying spiritual steam and shower-baths. The sick man was thirsty and down from the ceiling came a tumbler, invisibly suspended by a thread, and with spiritual water in it. The vessel stopped at his mouth, and "its contents were administered by unseen hands," he complaining that the water was bitter, and jerked at it lively. Meantime all sorts of side-shows were going on in the room. Colored lights were seen. The medium, one Dr. Hopkins, was carried three times round the apartment. The sick man's mother's ghost showed herself "in full costume." And then the ghosts of two men whom nobody was acquainted. One day sixteen spirits carried the poor patient into the entry. Then they balanced him on the foot-board. One attendant who was rubbing the injured man "was seized and carried some distance," probably because he did not rub nicely. Finally, the man with the damaged back and ribs has now as good a back and as well set ribs as any person in Portland!

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

We group together to-day some fugitive verses that have been going the rounds of the press; a few very sceptical, others expressing a loving confidence in God and Christ, but all bespeaking more than ordinary ability in versification. The first we offer is entitled "The Soul's Despair," and is from the pen of R. H. Stoddard, a writer whose work, as it has appeared from time to time in the New York and other papers, has challenged admiration. In this he gives utterance to a skepticism insidious as it is dangerous. Yet, we do not fear that our readers shall read and ponder it, as following it comes the antidote, strong in hope and faith. The poet asks:

Why stand ye gazing into heaven?
What seek ye there, what hope to find?
Beneath the clouds, which the cold wind
Drives round the world from morn to even?
The way was ploughed with ancient sears?
Toe gradons sun, the alien stars,
The all-embracing space?
Look not for God?
Have ye hoped him there?
You, or your fathers in their prime?
Or any man, at any time?
The wise, the good, the fair?
Who has looked—I will not say his face,
But where his feet have trod?
What have your straining eyes
Discovered in the skies?
Why not look down the Sea?
The deep, the most creative, what slides
In the upper solitude,
Still linking in the lower wastes may be!
Ye Lord of Ocean, tell me. Tell me this—
How know that he is?
Because your fathers in their prime?
Because, of old, their fathers told them so?
As it is now, so was it long ago,
And will be when the years have passed away.

Nothing can come from nothing. Well, what then?
Is the Earth with all its men—
The little insect burrowing in the sod—
Sun, planet, star,
All in the universe,
Must have been made by God!
Why made by him? Who saw them made?
Who saw the deep foundations laid?
The hands that built the wall?
Why made it at all?

Why not Eternal—tell me? Not because
It must created be,
If no Eternal He—
But why E'ernal! why not also This?
Why must the Universe All be His?
It was, and is, and is, because it was!

There is no God, then? Nay,
You say it, and not I;
I do not say
We have not yet beheld this God on High.
Not knowing that he is, we live and die
If we know nothing, of Him yet we feel:
We feel love's kisses sweet—
The wrong that brings us to our feet—
The murderous thrust of steel;
Gladness shoots the heart when the sun
Comes out
Or the soft moon is floating up the skies;
Delight in the sweet music of the nightingale lakes,
Or any bird that flies;
And hot tears in our eyes,
When we, the best of earth, its last kiss over, dies!
But He whom we name God, and grope so for love,
Whose arm, we fear, is Power, whose heart, we hope is Love,
On the world's below Him,
In the most before Him,
We know not, we cannot know Him,
If, indeed, He lives in our ken of course,
And be not this tremendous Universe!

"Higher than arrows fly,
Deeper than your plummets fall,
Is the Unknown, the Most High,
The All in All!".

We think Stoddard is answered in the following, written in the true spirit of piety by "L. C. D." who was, during its later years, a contributor to the columns of the Louisville Democrat:

With naked feet pressing the soil made divine
By the Presence which spake from the heaven-illumine,
The Great Prophet asked, with a tremendous tone,
By what matchless name should this Presence be known?

Then spake the deep voice from the midst of the flame,
Recording in fire that unrevealed name;
Declaring to Israel, down-trodden, oppressed,
Deliverance and succor, and shelter and rest:

"Go tell them I send thee their leader to be,
Deliverance awaits them, they soon shall be free
And, lo! they shall know me by this, my true name,
The God of their fathers—I am that I Am!

"I am their deliverer, their shelter, their rest,
The end and fulfillment of every request;
Their light in the darkness, their hope in despair,
In danger their safety, their solace in care.

"I have seen their afflictions, and heard their
Have counted each tear-drop, and numbered
I know all their sorrows, have known them
And I have come to redress every wrong.

"Lo! I Am that I Am, of whatever they need,
The Healer to bind up the bosoms that bleed;
The Friend in adversity, the might to defend,
Their shield and their sword, their protector and friend.

"I am their true Guide over life's weary way,
Their Counsellor, Comforter, their staff and
Their stay;
Their refuge in trouble, their victor in strife,
Their conqueror when dying, and in death
their life."

Like the voice of the thunder that rolls through the skies,
And in its sublime, long, long, ere it dies;
So deep in the distance the mighty voice fell,
With a echo that reached e'en the confines of hell.

And, lo! down the ages that echo still rolls,
As deep and as high as the waves of men's souls;
As strong and as true as the nature of God—
"I Am," breathed in fire, and sworn to with blood.

Aye, the blood of the covenant sealed the great name,
With the voice of Jehovah recorded in flame;
And eternity's praises to God and the Lamb,
Shall be all of the world's faith in "I Am that I Am!"

The next to hand is from Stoddard, who again questions—"What is Life?"

What is life, and what are we?
Only leaves upon a tree,
Green to-day, to-morrow sere,
Then we are no longer here!

Others, fair and brave as we,
Grew, of old, upon the tree;
Now they crumble in the mold,
With their histories untold.

So shall we: it is our lot
Time to die and be forgot;
By-and-by the tree will fall,
One oblivion waits for all.

This is answered by the following, entitled "Dying is not Death:"

It is not death to die,
To leave this weary road,
And midst the brotherhood on high
To be at home with God.

It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed with tears,
And wake in glorious repose,
To spend eternal years.

It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise on strong, new, unwilting wing,
To live among the just.

Jesus, thou Prince of Life!
Thy chosen cannot die.
Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with Thee on high.

Akin to this in undying faith we offer the following, entitled "Arrael," from an anonymous source:

Come with a smile, when come thou must,
Evangel of the world to be,
And touch and glorify the dust—
This shuddering dust that now is me—
And from this prison set me free!

Long in those awful eyes I quail;
Thou can'st not see the grim profound:
Upon that sea there is no sail,
No any light, no any sound;
From the far shore that girds it round:

Only—two still and steady rays,
That those twin orbs or doom or certify;
Only—a quick, pattering gale
That drains my being, drop by drop,
And bids the pulse of Nature stop.

Come with a smile, auspicious friend,
To usher in the eternal day!
Of those weak terrors make an end,
And charm the paltry chains away
That binds me to this timorous clay!

And let me know my soul akin
Is one and same with minds of morn,
And every grandeur that has been
Since this all glorious world was born,
Nor longer droop in my own scorn.

Come, when the way grows dark and chill!
Come, when the baffled mind is weak,
And in the heart the spirit is still
Who used in happier days to speak,
Or only whispers sadly meek.

Come with a smile that dims the sun!
With pitying heart and gentle hand!
And welcome, from a world that's done,
To peace that waits on thy command,
In God's mysterious, belief land.

We close with the following, written by one who gives the nom de plume of "Hope Asher," it comprises in itself a question and answer, containing what must satisfy every gloomy, morose and grumbling mortal who feels that his or her fate is "harder than they can bear."

I wonder why this world's good things
Should fall in such unequal shares;
Why some are called the lucky, and the lazy,
And others only feel the cares;
I wonder why the sunshine bright
Should shine on some people dead,
While others shiver in the shade
Of clouds that gather over head!

I wonder why the trees that hang
Their branches over some, should grow
Only where some may reach and eat,
While others faint and thirsty go;
Why some sweet flowers bloom for some,
For others only thorns be found?
And some grow from fruitful earth
While others till but barren ground?

I wonder why the hearts of some
O'er flow with joy and happiness,
While others, sad and weary, sigh
Unblessed with naught of tenderness!
I wonder, why the eyes of some
Should ne'er be moistened with a tear,
While others weep from morn till night
Their hearts all crushed with sorrow here!

Ah! well we may not know indeed
The ways, the wherefores of each life;
But this we know—there's One who sees
And welcomes through joy or strife.
Each life its mission here fulfills,
And only He may know the end;
And loving hearts are the strong
Through storms or sunshine He may send.

Dean Stanley's parrot, which was a great pet, one day managed to open her cage and get away to the grounds of the residence of the whole family. After a great search, some one found Polly in the garden, on the top of an apple tree; the welcome news was communicated to the Dean, who, with the whole of the inmates, rushed out at once, accompanied by Dr. Vaughan, who, with some friends, was then on a visit to the Dean. Polly was found, swinging herself on a topmost branch, but when she discovered the large audience below her, she looked gravely down on them, and said,—"Let us pray."

Evidently there is some mistake in the poetical and pathetic statement about the man who was

"...found
Half buried by a faithful hound."

If the hound only half-buried his master, he was hardly "faithful" to the business. He would have done more by a bone.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

A Soothing Attack on Modern Courts and Lunatic Asylums—What Lawyers Do and How Justice is Mocked—The Jury Humbug.

Wendell Phillips delivered a lecture in Boston Wednesday evening. It was the regular occasion of the Boston lyceum course, which the managers had decided not to postpone if it was the night before Thanksgiving, and the subject was "Courts and Jails; or, the Criminal and the Insane." Mr. Phillips spoke substantially as follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen—In the classic republics the State was everything; individual was nothing. All they sought was to cover with a wholesale protection classes of men—the commonwealth. Feudalism, upon which we pour out so much contempt and such keen rebuke, had one merit—it was the gospel of individualism; it was emphasizing the importance of the single unit. To a certain extent it ignored the State, but it never forgot the man. To be sure it confined its protection only to a class, the upper class, the landed class, the wealthy class; but within the girth of what it recognized, that class—every man and the minutest right of every man—was as sacred as the throne itself. The feudal noble bowed to none but the king, and hardly to him. His slightest atom of right, whether he should flaunt a lion on his banner exclusively, whether his chair should sit six inches higher than his neighbor, or he should walk in the great procession ahead of his rival, were rights to be maintained as sacredly at as much cost as his castle and lands. It was no matter how slight, provided it was his—the whole power of the State was bound to vindicate him in his exclusive right. Men went to war for the right to walk in the third or fourth or the seventh place of a procession. We come back in the republic to the old error of classic times. We have a wholesale regard, and provided the general public is protected, there is a singular disregard of the individual. In order to insure public attention you must get a wrong that covers a million of men. And to-day the same wholesale test of institutions prevails. For the protection of an individual right, give me a government modelled on the feudalism of the middle ages. Now what I am going to speak to you of to-night are what men call slight wrongs, affecting only small classes, but they constitute just as truly a grievance, they detract just as certainly the first purpose of government, which is the protection of the individual. "That is a true government," said the Greek, "where the humblest and most helpless man is as safe in his meanest right as the most loved and the strongest." Now I am going to speak of the courts. What I mean to assert in criticism even of the courts of Massachusetts is, that justice is a wholesale, imperfect, exceptional accident; and the whole of this cumbrous machinery of the State is honeycombed all through with mistakes which make it in a certain per centage of instances the organ of nothing but injustice and cruelty, and I shall begin with the client when he enters the court, and I shall remind you that the old maxim was that the king could do no wrong; and although we borrowed nothing from England but certain fundamental forms and her language, we keep at the root of our jurisprudence that same great outrage that the State can do no wrong; and the consequence of it is (which I might enlarge upon in approaching the bureaus of congress in a wholesale manner, but in picking up the trifle of this individual, I am going to confine myself to the course, I was once as a clerk in a court of this county, and I remember a single case of a woman who earned her daily dollar, and the pride of her life was that her grandchildren, left to her orphans, were kept from the almshouse by their grandmother's persistent thrift and toil. It was the last refuge of a justifiable pride. She was an object of some criticism in the neighborhood, and finally dragged into court on a charge of theft. Friendless, she could not be bailed, and she remained nearly a month in the county jail. In that time her grandchildren necessarily were sent to the poor-house, her little stock of furniture was sold at auction to pay her rent, she had to borrow of her neighbors the means of getting her witnesses, and at last, after nigh thirty days, she saw the face of a judge for thirty minutes, and the first examination of the case showed it was baseless; that it had not a loop to hang a doubt on; that it hadn't a shadow of justification by the confession of the magistrate himself. Out of pocket more than she could earn in say two months, scarred in character, sore with the breaking of the only tie that bound her to self-respect, her children paupers, the judge graciously allowed her to go. Whose mistake was it that she ever came there? Not hers. She never stepped her foot over the line of the law. The State owed her atonement; the State owed her compensation. The State, which had invaded the round of her domestic and faultless life, owed her, in the person of the magistrate, a public apology, and then behind that the ample pecuniary compensation for the loss. [Applause.] Why don't it do it? Because the king can do no wrong, and the State can never be charged with its offenses. The lecturer here adduced further instances of the nature of the above. "I dislike," he said, "a government that forgets units and remembers only States. When I desert the client, I come to the jury. A jury is bound, men say, to be selected from the good, worthy character by the mayor and aldermen. They are to be selected impartially. But it is a singular fact, gentlemen, that although the mayor and aldermen are bound to put impartially in rotation the names of good and worthy citizens, the jurors of the anti-slavery struggle, if the name of an abolitionist went in, by a singular miracle not one of them ever came out. The idea of a jury is unanimity, that twelve men shall sit patiently to work and come to the conclusion, unbiased, that you are guilty or not guilty. That is the idea of the Saxon sieve, through which arbitrary power and unjust suspicion and too great weight of magistracy shall be strained before it reaches the individual; yet we have heard the press of Boston cry out against a single man who stood opposed to his fellow-jurymen, and call it blocking the wheels of justice; whereas, we ought to think that man for it. And the time has been again and again when a second trial of the same case brought the other eleven men round to that single man's opinion. But when I go a step further, to the witnesses, the atrocity of the courts becomes more cruel and infamous still. One-half of what is called the wit of the bar is nothing but gross abuse of witnesses. The wit of the bar is wit that among gentlemen would be considered infamous. [Applause.] There isn't a man in this house who would not be glad to see the women of his family associating with the members of the Suffolk bar under the roof of domestic fathers. There is not a man in the house that would not shrink from having his wife subjected to the cruel and abusive cross-examination of those gentlemen in a court of justice. [Applause.] I remember a case in a Boston court where a clergyman of the city being placed upon the stand, a well-known member of the Suffolk bar said to him: "Where is your wife, sir?" "I have sent her to Providence." "What did you send her there for?" "To be beyond your reach." [Applause.] "You behaved very wrong," said the lawyer. "I know my business better than you do," replied the gentleman. What is it that changes the gentleman of the parlor into the mere—well, I don't know what name to assign to him—of the courts? It is an easy thing to amuse us, but it is a sore thing for the individual when he stands under this utterly reckless, unchecked and unlimited right of abuse, and when he sees the judge looking on again and again to prevent his defending himself and never checking once the discourtesy and the abuse of counsel. Then I want to go one step further, and that is to the judge himself. We have a sacred idea of a judge. We have an idea that he is totally emptied out of all passions, that he sees nothing before him but the unnamed form of claimants for justice. Well, I think that idea is due to some of the courts of the continent and to the courts of Europe generally of England, and I think it is lamentably not due to the courts of the northern States. I won't place Massachusetts as low as the late John T. Brady placed the judges of New York when that great lawyer publicly complained in the Cooper Institute that if in the course of a case he found himself obliged to bring it before certain judges he always left the case and invited his client to employ some other persons, favorites of these judges, himself stating frankly to his client that their course would be no hope of justice if he was employed. I don't believe that our courts have reached that absolute extent of personal favoritism; but there is in the courts of Massachusetts, and especially of Boston, an aristocratic leaning and favoritism which would disgrace any bar in Christendom; and I have known a perfectly familiar and worthy member of the Suffolk bar, not standing high in social life, who was obliged, after years of submission to injustice, to rebuke a late chief justice of the commonwealth in his face, because he never could get a hearing when brought in competition with the more fashionable and popular members of the bar; and I have known that chief justice, the most honorable instance of an otherwise honorable career, meet that gentleman afterwards on the pavement and acknowledge that he deserved the rebuke. Now, what shall you say of justice where the impartial head of it sees one man and ignores another? John Philpot Curran said that the mere cold manners of Lord Clair, his obvious intention to snub and dishonor him while practicing in the court, had lost him $150,000