SUNDAY APPEAL

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE CITY.

SUNDAY MORNING, : : : DEC. 24, 1871

FOR MAYOR,

JOHN JOHNSON.

THE COUNTRY PRESS.

The Savannah (Georgia) *News* pays a high compliment to the wonderful progress made in the tone and character of the country newspaper press during the last ten years. "Previous to the war the country paper was a curious admixture of bad typography, stale news and positive mediocrity. The country editor was generally some fagged-out compositor, who, weary of the constant drudgery of his profession, retired to some convenient village, and, with the aid of a font of long primer and a brass galley, installed himself unceremoniously in the chair editorial, and proceeded to astonish the innocent inhabitants. In vigorous, but defective English, he made it a point to parade his poverty, and his editorial efforts varied between pathetic appeals for dues and condescending offers to receive provisions for subscriptions. He manifested little intelligence, and no energy, and the idea of buckling down to work and making a *business* of his profession never entered his Bohemian brain." He was content to eke out a precarious livelihood which, through the charities of some and the carelessness of others, he usually managed to do. He was not precisely a mendicant, but his capital went no further than a certain capacity to write invidious and disgusting puffs. He had no business tact and no political principle, and the business of his office, if it had any, generally took care of itself. He kept no accounts, and his advertising rates were fixed to suit each customer. An advertisement was never refused at any price, on the ground that it was so much saved, and would economize labor. Take him all in all, the country editor was a good-natured fraud, shiftless, indifferent and always hard-run. There were, of course, some exceptions, but the average country editor was pretty much as we have portrayed him. But the scepter of the country editor is now swayed by men who understand and love their profession, and who, for the sake of success, are willing to conform to its most exacting conditions. The majority of them conduct their business with tact, energy and tireless industry, and are the real exponents of public opinion.

This great improvement in the appearance and ability of the country press has also produced a corresponding increase in their circulation. Nearly every good citizen now reads his county paper. This is a movement in the right direction, as a country paper contains much valuable information that cannot be had elsewhere. Every citizen should read his county paper because it is necessary to do so, to intelligently understand anything of passing events. A newspaper reader knows the minute he talks to a man who is not a reader, and the draft that such people make, by way of inquiry, upon the well-informed, is not only large, but it is often perplexing. There are none so ignorant or so sordid that they do not desire to know what is going on, to be posted up in regard to his town, his county, his State, his nation, and of the world. This is necessary to shield him from the charge of negligence, or what is worse, an ignorance that is to be attributed to sordid love of money. A man not thus read up, pointed, and fortified at all points, is scarcely fit for business. He is the material upon which sharpers in trade expect to make experimental cheats and swindles, and hoodwinkings. This sort of thing is most detestable. We have ourselves been bored frequently beyond endurance almost by the persistent questions of such persons about matters that had already been printed, and about which they should know all that we could, if they would read their own county paper. No business man can succeed without a daily newspaper, and a farmer without a weekly paper, published in his own county, is like a ship at sea without a rudder.

REMEMBER THE POOR.

It was one of the divine teachings of the blessed Founder of the Christian religion to remember the poor. "Charity," saith he, "is a cloak that covereth a multitude of sins;" and on to-morrow, a day sacred to the memory of His birth, this divine precept should doubly be borne in mind, and influence our actions. Those whom God hath blessed with health and a fair share of the good things of this life, should gratefully remember the poor, who perhaps more deserving, are destitute of the blessings we enjoy. Let us, then, whose hearts are filled with gladness, whose paths are strewn with good things, let us follow the example of Him who was "meek, and lowly of heart," remember the poor, bearing in mind that the smallest charity, even to the giving of "a cup of cold water" is not without its reward. While our people are preparing to make the hearts of their own children, already warm and comfortable around the rousing Christmas fire, happy by giving them, not the necessaries of life, but costly frippery and finery and unprofitable trumpery and trash, they should not forget that there are thousands of children in our midst homeless, clotheless and suffering with cold and hunger. No one has but little idea of the torture occasioned by the nipping and eager air of last week. We have been told that frequently women and children were seen running after the coal carts and picking up the nuggets of coal which were shaken out as the vehicles jolted over the pavement. Their forms, in scanty or ragged attire, with ashy complexions, hovered like ghosts about the way which the carts had taken, gathering up into their ragged aprons the means of bringing a little warmth into their dreary and frosty homes. In other places they were to be seen hooking out from barrels of rubbish set on the sidewalks such chance bits of coal as happened to be there. Such a scene is enough to wring the heart of a stoic. Let every one do something for the poor to-morrow; to alleviate the sufferings of those without shelter—food, clothes or fuel. Neglected children are the nursery of crime. Wherever is seen swarms of starved, ill-used, homeless, little ones, in due time will be seen an abundant population of thieves, prostitutes, beggars and murderers. To-day, with the chimes of the church bells sounding in our ears, reminding us of the birth of Him who came to bring peace and good will upon the earth, will not those who seek ways to promote the growth of His kingdom, set about to save those little ones from the fate that is surely before them, unless an arm be stretched out to save?

THEY have found gold in the bed of the Missouri river near St. Joseph. Some sharp fellow has land to sell and all the gold is in the speculation he contemplates. Southern people have been once victimized by this dodge. It will win no more.

THE Crispin, Jewelers' and Typographical unions of New York have allied themselves with the Internationals. Honr's bill has infused fresh force and energy into this association.

THE JEWS.

In the *Galaxy* for January, from the pen of W. M. Rosenblatt, under the caption, "The Jews, what they are coming to," we find an article that is full of interesting information in regard to a people of whom but little is known, though politically and commercially they are of us. Mr. Rosenblatt divides the ancient race in the United States into three divisions—reformers or radicals, conservatives and orthodox. Among the first are most of the American, the Bohemian and the German Jews; in the second a few of each of these nationalities, with a sprinkling of Polish and Portuguese, who furnish most of the orthodox, the Poles being especially tenacious of old customs and observances, bigoted and impatient of any connection or intercourse with Gentiles—a state of mind, our author says, due altogether to the intolerance and persecutions to which the Polish Jews (except those of Polish Prussia) have ever been subjected. The English, French and Dutch Jews are too few and too uninfluential to merit separate mark or consideration. The Polish Jews, who resemble in every respect those of their co-religionists from the south of Russia, emigrate by thousands every year from Austria, Russia and Prussia. They are generally, as a consequence of the brutal hate to which they are subjected, ignorant and bigoted, and stick with unparalleled tenacity to all the forms, ceremonies, feasts and fasts of the "law;" they have their schools for the study of the Talmud, in which Rabbis of acknowledged learning and piety preside. The language spoken by the Polish Jews is a *patois* of German and Hebrew, which is here spoken for convenience, and not, as in Russia and Austria, from a pious determination, though all circulars, cards and notices necessarily growing out of their social condition are printed in this jargon; and in the latter, one of their number, in some respects a remarkable man, founded a newspaper, desiring thereby to enlighten and elevate them. Mr. Rosenblatt says "the religious services of the Polish Jews are well worth observing. They are characterized, as one would expect them to be, by a noisy devotion, which is intolerant of criticism, which is exaggerated like the devotion of a barbarous people, which substitutes physical demonstrations for that repose which they cannot comprehend, and which renders hideous and senseless the most beautiful and significant ceremonies." How this may be, we, of course, have no means of knowing, but we suspect from the language and the leanings of Mr. Rosenblatt, as a radical or reformer, that it is as highly colored as a description of the liberalising tendencies of the reformers would be if they were described by one of the sorely persecuted Polish Jews, of whom he further remarks that between them and the rest there is a far more distinct line drawn than between the Germans, Bohemians, English, French or Americans. He says that "generally they are regarded by their co-religionists with contempt for their ignorance, bigotry and vicious habits; and there is even a dislike that borders on hatred shown them, for the reason that the whole race is judged by them and has to bear the imputation of resembling them." How unjust and how illiberal this is all fair-minded persons will realize when the condition of the Polish Jew is remembered, and the heart-rending persecutions they have been subjected to by Russia and Austria. How could they be otherwise than they are? we ask their brethren of other nationalities; and would it not be better to win them to reform by love than compel they to remain orthodox by a social persecution only in degree less painful than the political from which they are exiles? The Germans, Bohemians and Americans, with a few English and French, says Rosenblatt, comprise the radical and conservative classes. Though generally friendly, our author says that wherever they are in sufficient numbers they generally worship in separate synagogues. The Germans are the most active and the most numerous, and it is among them that the great agitations of the last half century found their beginning. The influence of power thought has ever since been excited powerfully upon the rest of the race, and to them belongs the honor of all that has thus far been achieved in the direction of progress. From them have come all the great Rabbis and reformers of the time. Of the traditionary customs of the Jews, the radicals observe hardly any. With them all minor usages are abolished. Milk and meat are eaten together with a relish, the squirrel and the rabbit and the wild duck are as often eaten by them as by their Gentile neighbors; all fasting, except upon the Day of Atonement, has fallen into oblivion, and Rosenblatt says were the festivals not very agreeable interruptions of daily toil, some of them would undoubtedly have taken the same route. Unlike the orthodox, who believe in the miracles related in the old testament, the radicals are not content with disbelieving portions of the Bible, they deny the divine origin of any portion of it, and it may be said of them that they are traveling the highway to pure Deism very fast. Their faith is simply that there is a Supreme Being, intelligent and beneficent. They retain certain forms and continue to observe many festivals, but it is only with a view to recall remin scences of their race, which thus to them find their best expression. Doctors Adler and Einhorn, of New York, and Doctor Hirsch, of Philadelphia, are the leading radical Rabbis, but beside these, there are many others and beyond the temples in which they preach, many men and women who are radicals, but who being few in numbers and too poor, are forced to join a conservative or orthodox synagogue or not worship at all. The theory of the radicals is in brief that the Judaism of the Bible has only one essential feature, the doctrine of a single individual God. Everything else in the Jewish system is unessential; did very well in the elder days of the world, but will not satisfy the progress of the nineteenth century. Priestcraft and ritual may go and the simple monotheistic idea remain. The conservatives, as is generally the case, are in greatest numbers, but Mr. Rosenblatt thinks the time is not far distant when they will be merged with the radicals. With them everybody attends public worship; thus it is they have one synagogue in every town, and in the larger cities several. They cling to the prayer-book in use among the orthodox, but generally omit such portions of it as are at variance with their peculiar doctrines. They are in constant agitation, and reforms are steadily being introduced, the great body of the people only needing a bold leader to march forward in the way already "blazed" by the reformers. Dr. Wise and Dr. Lilienthal, of Cincinnati, both whom have frequently preached in Memphis, Dr. Huebsch and Dr. Mulziener, of New York, are prominent among the conservative clergymen.

With all this difference between them—the Jews as a mass are noted for the strict observance of the laws of hospitality to their race, no matter from what clime they hail. They care for their sick, succor the necessitous, and welcome all as brethren. The radicals regard the Christians with neighborly favor and often fraternize with the Unitarians, between whom and themselves there is a common bond in the similarity of their faith. The conservatives esteem a good man none the less for his being a Christian. They are, like the radicals, exceedingly sensitive to reflections upon their religion or race. The orthodox, only a few years—perhaps months—removed from relentless, stupid and ignorant persecution, regard Christians with apprehension and doubt, as if they could not believe that they live in a free republic instead of under a despotism fatal to all free thought. Of Christ they have no uniform opinion. The radicals and conservatives regard him as Deists generally do, as a religious enthusiast or a great reformer, the orthodox having a vague or veiled idea of him. He is rarely the subject of conversation. When alluded to it is as "the Hanged One." Mr. Rosenblatt says "all expectation that they will ever came to regard him as anything but a man and a son of man is based in desire only." The new Testament is never read, yet no objection has ever been offered to its being read by the children in the public schools until the Roman Catholic church raised the question in Cincinnati and elsewhere. A belief in the coming of Messiah is utterly repudiated by the radicals and a large portion of the conservatives and as a consequence all hope of a return to Jerusalem is thrown overboard. The orthodox on the contrary hold tenaciously to these doctrines. Circumcision is regarded by all as a sanitary regulation to guard against the excesses of a climate like that of Palestine, but of doubtful benefit in the United States, and the only reason for keeping up the practice is the desire of the parents. This ordinance and the law which forbids intermarriage are the only barriers to a complete blending of the Jews with the Gentiles, yet, so rapid is the race of reform that Mr. Rosenblatt thinks that within fifty years we may expect to see the beginning of a movement, the grandchildren of all who participate in which will not be distinguishable from the people round about them. The movement thus begun, can it take long to break down the barriers that surround the rest of the race? for it must be remembered that meantime their progress will be uninterrupted in every land which is blessed with free institutions. Of the ancient people only their perils and their sufferings will remain and the story of the change that came over them in an enlightened age.

SENATOR ALCORN.

Senatorr Alcorn, who has allied himself with the reformers in the Republican party, by his votes in the senate of the United States, is at the Peabody Hotel. He has six years before him in highest council chamber of an empire in which he must make his fame as a stateseman or a wretched partisan. His worth will be determined in future years by the choice he may make between the two courses now mapped out before him. He must either serve the country or seek simply to serve a party and himself; either devoting his energies to the attainment of immediate personal ends, studying the course of ephemeral, popular prejudices, or define for himself the pathway of statesmanship that leads to substantial, enduring fame. He will either think and act as his reason and conscience dictate, or become the supple slave of selfish party-leaders. Thus far in the senate he has acted well his part, and now that he is freed from influences that shaped his course in Mississippi, he may become worthy of the position he occupies and serve the whole country in serving, by liberating, the South. Having the power, because of his partizan history, to wield influence with the supreme power, at this moment, in the country, his responsibilities are great and his conduct will be scanned more closely than that of any representative of a Southern State. In fact he is, we believe, the only Southern man, who in his personal history, represents the South, in the Senate of the United States. He has voted uniformly with Schurz and Trumbull, and yesterday the APPEAL reported the vote in the Senate when it appeared that Senator Alcorn led the way in advocacy of universal amnesty.

VIRGINIA.

A correspondent writing us from Emory and Henry, says: "The political aspect of this glorious commonwealth is truly encouraging. The murky darkness which Radicalism for awhile threw over its fair fame has been dispersed, and the rainbow of Democracy spans the 'ethereal blue,' giving promise of peace, happiness and lasting prosperity. The people have unfurled their proud banner, whose silken folds flutter in every breeze and fan her fair cheek. The recent election in this county—Washington—for members to the house of delegates, was exciting, owing to the fact that several Democratic candidates were in the race who would not withdraw and center on certain ones all their influence, but remained in the race to the last. Fortunately, however, the Democratic party bore off the palm of victory. The recent elections throughout the State show an immense gain for the Democratic party, and in the presidential election in 1872 the 'Old Dominion' will go overwhelmingly Democratic. *Vive la Virginia.*"

THE KU-KLUX TRIALS.

We will publish to-morrow a very interesting letter on the ku-klux cases in South Carolina, written by Rev. Dr. Winkler, of Charleston, to the New York *Examiner*, the leading organ of the Baptist denomination in the United States. It is unnecessary to say that this paper is by no means friendly to the Democratic party, or to remind them that Dr. Winkler is one of the most distinguished clergymen in the Baptist church. It will be seen that Dr. Winkler's views of the situation in his unfortunate State coincide with those so often expressed by us in these columns, and the facts stated can be verified by the testimony of every one who has been, or resides, in South Carolina. We ask all our subscribers to read this letter, and then "pass it along" among their Republican neighbors, that they, too, may see the truth.

CONGRESS has given Chicago the desired four millions, and Memphis has neither a postoffice, customhouse, nor United States court building. These facts are significant of that force of sectional prejudice of which the south is ever the victim. Parties are so organized that the one is ever defeated because deemed the representative of the south, and the other triumphing, not only panders to partisan prejudice by enacting ku-klux and civil-rights bills, but, taxing us to poverty, expends nothing in our midst.

MR. MCCREERY sits in the United States Senate after the 4th of March as the successor of Garrett Davis.

In consequence of the frequent accidents and the obstruction to travel, caused by the large number of street cars and tracks in New York it is seriously contemplated to compel the street railroad companies to sink the road bed of their lines so that the surface of the streets can be utilized for other than railroad purposes. The engineers have reported favorably upon the practicability of the plan, and as aerial railroads in New York are in bad repute this seems to be the only means left to accommodate travel and commerce, and to do away with the exposure to life and limb now existing in making the crossings at intersecting streets.

THE TURKEY.

I saw the turkey in his matchless pride;
Each other turkey meekly bent his head,
And then around him in estatupt he gazed,
And could he speak, I'm sure he'd thus have said:
"Show me the turkey on this farm, I say,
That from myself the palm can bear away."

Thus thought the turkey, and in grandeur stood;
But soon the rueless farmer-boy drew nigh;
His right hand sternly grasped a club of wood,
He stern's up-rolled and murder in his eye;
With direful face he struck one deadly blow;
And on the ground he laid the turkey low.

The turkey fell, but struggled still with death;
His eye a look of stern defiance wore;
And half-upraised, he madly strove for breath
Then gave one desperate gasp, and—all was o'er!
And here this moral is impressed on all;
That, soon or later, "pride must have a fall."

Ah, hapless turkey! Hard was thy sad fate!
For o'er thy mangled corpse, in joyous glee,
Matrons, maids, urchins, each before a plate,
Shall pass the time in song and mirth and jollity,
Until, at last, entirely shall be,
And they are full of happiness—and thee.

And yet, the offering of that luckless bird,
Will ye not sigh and weep, and rave, because
He wings sweet gobbles have so oft been heard
Is gobbled up himself by human jaw!
And wherefore complain against that custom grand,
Which sorrows such have through all time withstand?

The happy parents, for their children's joy,
Have place ye perentiess; he who was liv-ing
Yesterday, your sire, now dead, they do employ
Gifts! left-nite to you—for their christmas living.
So goes the world; what's happiness to me,
Another's direst curse permance may be.

Reader—these lines a moral good contain,
Which you with care may easily discover;
I shall not dress my verses are in vain,
If you will deign to con that moral over.
Yes! in these stanzas of an unfledged pen,
A lesson is to turkeys—and to men.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN TO AMERICA.

Not as old we keep the day
Whereon the Prince of Peace was born,
Whose kingdom come we pray!
Let us pray
To celebrate this holy morn!
Let us begin it make our brawlings cease,
And let us hate that lurks behind the mask of Peace!!

Men of the South, if you recall
The fields your valor won in vain,
Unchanged the spirit you may call
Above your heroes slain!
Weep! but remember we had a cross too,
As easily dear to us as yours can be you!

Men of the North, whose sons and sires,
Victorious in a hundred fights,
Gather no more about your fires
In the lone winter nights;
If some you loved are missing here and there,
No household at the South but mourns its vacant chair!

By all the blood that has been shed,
And will be till contentions cease,
By all the sorrow that is dead
And be again at peace!
So, Mammon! market resting on the wall,
Your State shall be secure when greatest empires fall!

THE INSPIRATION OF WINE.

Noah is generally accredited by the commentators of the Bible as having been the inventor of distillation, and the first man who drank wine to excess. Noah could not plead youth in extenuation of his fault—for he was six hundred years of age when he came forth from the ark, and he certainly, if there is so much harm in drinking, has not added to his good character by introducing to the world an article which "men put in their stomachs to steal away their brains." The philosopher Franklin, however, in a letter to the Abbe Morellet, would seem rather inferentially to commend Noah's patent, for he writes: "Before Noah, men could not arrive at the truth, because they had nothing else to drink but water; so they went astray, deteriorated most abominably and thus were justly exterminated by the very water they loved to drink." The austere Cato lends the weight of his influence to good cheer—for he frequently resorted to wine "to fire his virtue." Hippocrates assures us that it does a man good to get drunk once a month, which opinion is fully supported by the celebrated French physician, Arnand de Villeneuve; and a late philosopher, going to a greater extent, insists that it is well to get drunk daily for the medicinal effect, and his theory has met with the most signal success of any. Horace also tell us that no poet who drinks water can write good poetry; and Athenieus asserts that Alcaus and Aristophanes wrote poetry only when they were intoxicated. Anacreon wrote but of grapes and wine, while Pindar is reticent of the exhilarating liquor. Ovid's worst poems, it is well known, were written in Scythia, where no wine was made. Byron fired his muse with gin, while Poe wrote many of his poems when drunk. Flaccus believed that wine made us eloquent; so did Sheridan and Webster, and it is that that orators are mute because they drink nothing but water. Swift pertinently inquires:

"Who by disgrace or by ill fortune sunk
Feels for his soul enlivened when he's drunk?"

Socrates was always drunk; and the presence of his familiar demon, in whom he put such faith, would argue that Socrates now and then had the delirium. Dr. Johnson, when asked what was bliss, wrote in response the following epigram:

"Here's to hoar in solemn cell,
Wearing out life's evening gray
Strike by thousands, sneer and smile
What is bliss, and which the way?

"Thus I spoke, and, speaking, sighed—
Scarce repressed the falling tear—
When the hoary sage replied:
"Twas, fog lads, and drink some beer."

WINE.

I love wine! Bold, bright wine,
That makes the spirit dance and shine,
Wooing all care
For water fare
But give me—wine.

Ancient wine! Brave old wine!
How it around the heart doth twine;
Bring me from the cold out where I live,
The stars above
But I love wine.

Naught but wine! Noble wine,
Strong as time and old and fine.
What can spire
Heavenly fire
Like brave, bright wine?

O, brave wine! rare old wine!
Once thou wast deemed a god divine!
Hid are the rhymes
Of olden times
That scorn old wine!

So, brave old wine! Dear old wine!
Morning, noon and night I'm thine!
Drink! drink! drink!
I'll stand by thee,
Immortal wine!

Drink deep world, yet and never fall
How at Belshazzar's feast—the "Hole-in-the Wall,"
There ever shine
Old rare old wine
At Bacchus' shrine.

THE IRISH ELEMENT.

The home loves of the Irish people in America have passed into a proverb, and have been the source of recognition of the sentiment from the Boston Women's Journal:

Every body knows how the self denying Irish people of our country deny themselves almost every luxury to send home a little money to Ireland to help a sister, brother, parent or friend to come out to America; but it will surprise many to know that in 1870 the amount so sent was $3,600,000 in gold, of which $1,668,100 was for prepared messages. During the last twenty-three years the sum of $16,700,000 has been so disposed of, besides what was sent though private channels. When we reflect that nearly all this vast sum of money was earned by the hardest and most menial drudgery; that it was the real heart's blood of the servants of our happy land, who will gainsay the statement that no nation, or fragment of a nation, on the page of history, has ever excelled the Irish in surmounting the evils of poverty, ignorance and stupid legislation, or more patiently worked to obtain a more sublime result—the bettering of their social and physical condition? All honor to the race that has won a renown in peace second to none ever acquired in war."

SCOTTISH SONGS.

Persons are apt to take it for granted that all of our best-known Scottish songs are the production of Scottish writers. But this is far from being a fact. The famous Scotch ballad, "Roy's Wife," was written by Mrs. Grant, an Irish lady of Carron. Everybody is familiar with its perfect rhythm and its peculiar musical accent:

"Roy's wife of Aldivalloch!
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch!
Wot ye, how she cheated me,
As I came o'er the braes of Balloch?

"Oh! she was a canty quean,
And weel could dance the Highland walloch;
How happy I, had she been mine,
Or I been Roy of Aldivalloch!"

Miss Blamire, who wrote, "An' Ye Shall Walk in Silk Attire," was a Cumberland girl; Mrs. Hamilton, who wrote "My Ain Fireside," was a native of Ireland, and Mrs. John Hunter, the author of "My Mother Bids Me," was a Yorkshire woman.

"There's Nae Luck about the House" is often ascribed to Burns; but it was written by Meikle, the translator of Camoens. Burns says of it: "This is one of the most beautiful songs in the Scots or any other language."

A bat that frequently flies in daytime—a brickbat.

MATTHEW LYON.

Kentucky and the Alien and Sedition Laws.

BY M. W. CLUSKEY.

An Irishman named Matthew Lyon figured in congress at the beginning of the century. He had been a member of the legislature of Vermont, and had employed himself in several manufactories or mills, the character of which gave him a local fame. He had even been an editor; a bold, violent, contentious and desperate man. He never moved the previous question on his mouth, and was as fierce a man, either in the lobby or on the floor, as was ever seen. He brooked no insult, but fought his battles without regard to conventional forms whenever passion gave to itself the primary esteem. His local honors were great, far more than I have related, and finally he was discovered as a member of congress, upon the floor of the house of representatives. He made Jefferson president by his vote, when the election devolved upon the house.

It is in the view that he was one of the first victims of the odious alien and sedition laws that I desire to present his character, and also the connection which Kentucky had with his vindication.

His fierce opposition to the power which had assumed to engraft upon republican statutes such odious provisions of everything that signified tyrannydom, had made him the victim to all of their pains and penalties. A fine which, with the costs, amounted to over one thousand dollars, under these two odious laws of the elder Adams' administration, was imposed upon this enterprising, but violent man. Congress, in 1840, remitted this fine for the benefit of his heirs, and gave them interest from 1799. He was even imprisoned, but the popular impulse which rebuked the conviction, even though it was in Vermont, sent him to the national house. There he was the constant participant in scenes of turbid violence, and twice engaged in personal contests of physical force.

The excesses of the general government, under the powers conferred by the alien and sedition laws, were even as great as those which it pleases the government of Grant to munificently bestow upon the American people at this later time. Indeed, so great was the insanity of the time, that after the election of Mr. Lyon to congress, Mr. Bayard, of Delaware, sought to add to his judicial persecution, one of legislative force. Mr. Bayard was one of the greatest men of the day—the father of the late distinguished senator, and grand-father of the present senator of the same from that State. He introduced a resolution:

"That Mathew Lyon, a member of this house, having been convicted of being a notorious and seditious person, and of a depraved mind, and of wickedly, deceitfully and maliciously contriving to defame the government of the United States, and to bring the said government and president into disrepute, etc., be, therefore, expelled this house."

The article which had provoked the trial, and this resolution, though not an unmeaning one, was temperate for the provocation, though the indifferent writer had boldness at the time. Mathew Lyon was a bold man, and he wrote it.

The letter was one of what was called Barlow's letters, and reads as follows:

"Had this truth been understood with you before the recall of Monroe, before the coming and second coming of Pinckney; had it guided the pens that wrote the bullying speech of your president, and stupid answer of your senate, at the opening of congress in November last, I should not have two years occasion to address you this letter. But we found him borrowing the language of Great Britain and telling the world that, although he should succeed in treating with the French, there was no dependence to be placed on any of their engagements; that with them religion and morality were at an end; that they had turned pirate plunderers; and it would be necessary to be perpetually armed against them, though they are at peace. We wonder that the answer of both houses had not been an order to send him to a mad-house. Instead of this the senate have echoed the speech with more servility than ever George III. experienced from either house of parliament."

He must have possessed some strange influence in the congress, or perhaps the antagonism of the element of freedom to the terms of those laws gave to him a power. He closed the debate on the continuation of the act, in a description of his confinement, which possessed all the quality of indignant feeling. It would seem from it, as if the maxim of history repeated itself, were now being verified in all its details, and it gives hope that if the great men of that time so soon after the achievement of American liberty, assented to the enactment of laws, which placed the liberty of the citizen so much at the mercy and caprice of an ordinary felon so far out of the reach of a respectable man who was in prison, merely because he chose to speak and write his sentiments, that there is some hope for the relief of one section of the nation from the proscription which now controls it.

Mr. Lyon said to the friends of the alien and sedition law on the floor:

"Let these gentlemen defend the marshal in carrying me in the most contumelious and degrading manner upwards of forty miles from the door of the jail in the county where I lived, which is a jail of the United States. Let them defend that marshal for throwing me into a stinking cell of about ten feet by sixteen—the common receptacle of thieves, murderers and runaway negroes, without anything to keep the cold out where the light came in, and keeping me there four months, nearly one month of which without fire, not having the liberty to procure myself a stove, although in a cold, inclement season, whilst the house contained comfortable rooms in plenty, which I could have hired had I been allowed to do it, but he refused, notwithstanding my application to him, and the entreaties of several of my friends offering a security of $100,000 for my continuation in the appointed room during the term of my confinement."

He committed an assault upon Mr. Griswold, of Connecticut, at the time that the debate was proceeding upon the resolutions preferring articles of impeachment against William Blount, a senator from Tennessee, for conspiracy, which resulted in his expulsion from the senate. It was also when Thomas Blount, a member from North Carolina, and a brother of the proposed victim of an impeachment, asked the house to excuse him from voting upon the articles, as it was also the time when he surrendered his brother for trial, and had a motion made to remove the bull bond upon which he was a security.

Mr. Griswold, not satisfied, precipitated an attack upon Mr. Lyon with a big stick, that had the appearance of a cord of wood. This was done, as the annals say, before Mr. Lyon was enabled to resist, and which subjected him to several severe blows. Mr. Lyon seized a pair of tongs during the melee and redisted Griswold; all this upon the floor of congress. Mr. Griswold, in the contest, got uppermost. The annals say, "the members who until now looked on with amazement at the scene, without an attempt to put an end to it, got around the parties and separated them." They met again without the bar, and, but for the doorkeeper, would have renewed the combat. This was one of the most exciting scenes that ever occurred upon the floor of the house of representatives, unless we except that of Keitt and Grow in 1858. This later contest involved many members. The present minister to France, Mr. Washburn, taking a part in it, which connected him with General Barksdale who was killed at Gettysburg. This was only in the view that it was said, he knocked General Barksdale down, which was published in the Republican press, but which Mr. Washburn repudiated when it was called to his attention.

The return to our subject, Mr. Lyon had been cashiered from the army in the revolution, in which he was a paymaster; but it does not seem for anything venal or corrupt. He was unfortunately calculated to get into trouble. Mr. Lyon during his incumbency was guilty of a vulgar excess, which again entitled him to a motion for expulsion. It was not the result of natural blackguardism, but of that extravagance of passion which made him say things which he did not intend. Mr. Harper, of South Carolina, brought the question to the view of the house, but it went no further than a mere resolution, which the house did not pass.

Mr. Lyon went everywhere in Washington, boldly and freely speaking his sentiments in the capital, without fear of his persecutors, and it is the best encomium upon his own discharge of public duty, that he did not surrender to the prejudices of the time the prerogatives of a bold and fearless legislator.

Mr. Chipman, of Vermont, a United States senator, was said, by Mr. Lyon, upon the floor of the house, to have been whipped by him. In the debate upon the breach of privilege growing out of the first difficulty between Messrs. Lyon and Griswold, the former stated it to have been a fact that he had whipped Senator Chipman at one time. Mr. Chipman addressed a letter to the h use, which exhibited his personal relation of the affair in which he stated that it was a mere trivial assault, not rising to the dignity of a fight. It is probable, however, that Lyon did whip Chipman when the former was a member of the legislature, in 1780, and the latter of the lobby. Mr. Chipman in his communication says that Lyon called on him and offered him some indignity, because of his (Chipman's) work in the lobby, where he denounced him as an "ignorant Irish puppy." He had, he said, his knife in hand, but he concluded to turn it into a pulling of hair, when Lyon turned himself into the arms of A. Mr. Bradley, with his back towards him and indulged in a kicking with two feet; while he (Chipman) turned the thing into laugh by seizing Mr. Lyon's feet, and with the aid of Bradley, laid him on the floor; when Lyon arose and forced a laugh by saying, "Damn it, I will not be mad," and left the room.

There must have been whisky in all this. It certainly demonstrates that of the men of those days history has rather taught school children to believe too much of their saintly qualities. The fact that a senator of the United States was indicted to the house of representatives that in 1785 he had participated in such a scene because of his action in the lobby, proves they possessed all the passions and weaknesses of other men.

Washington himself was not free from them. But upon this point I will say no more.

During the debate upon the continuation of the sedition act, which was about to expire by its own limitation, Mr. Lyon spoke, in which he said, "Had I a wish for revenge, I would vote for it. I now reside in a country," referring to Kentucky, "where there is no danger of political persecution." Strange as it may appear, though he had moved to Kentucky, he still represented a district in Vermont, a district which after it had honored him as its representative boldly hurled his execution as a freeman. Stranger still that the host of enemies his opposition to the alein and sedition laws had engendered on the floors of congress, an inhabitancy of the State which he represented—required by the constitution—was not found to be a bar against him. In view that they had previously tried to expel him, it is a wonder that they had not availed themselves of that constitutional justification.

At the close of his speech, after a tie vote, the speaker gave the casting vote in its favor, and the continuation of the sedition act was passed in the house, but failed in the senate, and one of the most infamous laws that was ever conceived, even if we view it in comparison with the legislation of the present day, was permitted to die.

On the 31 of March, 1801, he voted on the last vote delivered in that congress as a member of congress from Vermont, and returned to his new home in Kentucky.

Kentucky was quick to adopt this vigorous son of the Emerald Isle, and honor him for his persecution. She had but recently thundered against the laws the penalties of which she suffered, in her celebrated resolutions of '99, and she caressed this representative of the protest, and elected him to her legislature. In 1803 she sent him to congress, and vindicated the integrity of her own resolutions by chosing the man who was a victim to those legislative infamies against which she had protested. She sent him to congress, and during the time which he exhibited a great deal of force as a debator, and developed a taste for the general business of the house, which made him an efficient legislator. After his return from the representation in Kentucky, he engaged in building gunboats for the war of 1812, at which he failed. He then went to trade with the Cherokee Indians, and was elected a delegate to congress from the territory of Arkansas, which was then for the first time organized. His competitor, however, claimed the crown of the Indian family, received the *prima facie* certificate and the seat. Mr. Lyon sent on to the house of representatives a written protest, intending to follow it in person. With that view he reached a town in Arkansas, where he was taken sick. That was the last of Matthew Lyon. He died in August, 1822, and the fierce antagonist of the alien and sedition laws was consigned to the shadows of a wild frontier grave.

THE COMING WOMAN.

The main object in life for the coming woman will be not so much the mating as the making of herself. She will aim possibly at position, possibly at wealth—surely at independence. One thing she will never be content to remain, and that is the mere marital appendage of a man.

If progressiveness masculine as to ability, talent, and influence shine, progressiveness feminine will aspire to light as brilliant a candle in her walk of life. She will repudiate shine altogether by reflected brilliancy.

The coming woman will protect herself. The "big brother" will be rid of his responsibility; he may go about his business. She is to be a marksmanness; she will send the ball to its mark with the same unerring precision as she now does the end of a thread through the eye of a fine cambric needle. She will alone in the darkness safely traverse the highways and byways of the city. Bloody corpses of imprudently forward men, young and old, will occasionally be found in her track. The coming woman will be dangerous by night. It is time. Man to the single woman has been dangerous long enough. Not that we admire or endorse the female desperado, or "Girl of the Period." If there is anything that our masculine natures only to be coerced into a proper respect for female honor and purity by fear of personal consequences.

She will not be deficient in nerve or weak in muscle. She will be a skilled driver, a daring rider, a hardy walker. Four miles per hour, up hill and down, will be her pace. Male adoration weak in the knees will do penance. The idea of woman as the weaker sex will become old-fashioned, and finally obsolete. Physical strength in the matter of agility and endurance is not for men alone. The South Sea Island woman are better swimmers than the men. What woman ever tired of dancing? A washerwoman's daily toil might lay up a dry goods clerk for a week, and perhaps tire a ploughman. Man is muscle; may lift more pounds, but put that of the female in training, and it runs, leaps, and climbs, as the female mind jumps at conclusions, as quickly as, if not quicker than, that of the male.

She will not spend her days cooped up in any house. At forty she intends being fair, healthy, vigorous, symmetrically adipose, and at the climax of life's attractiveness and enjoyment. At twenty she will be beautifully unfolding; at thirty, charming; at forty, magnificent. This because she puts sun, pure air and exercise in legitimate, plentiful, and frequent use. No pent-up, hermetically-sealed, lathed-and-plastered, stove-heated cavern, its walls, its floors, its atmosphere permeated by the emanations of past generations, will be her den of like imprisonment.—*Lippincott's.*

WATER-PROOF STARCH

A patent has been recently taken out in France for the preparation of a finish or starch for vegetable tissues, yarns, cloths, etc., which is not soluble in water, and which, therefore, when once applied, will remain throughout several successive washings. In this case, the articles in question are properly starched, and then passed, at a temperature of about sixty degrees Fahrenheit, through a bath of chloride of zinc, by means of which such a change is produced in the fibre and the starch, that the latter resists the action of the water in the most thorough manner. A bath of three parts of sulphuric acid and one of water may, it is said, be used instead of that of chloride of zinc. The liquid is to be placed in a trough, in which a revolving barrel is immersed, almost to its axis, and above which is a roller that is moved in the opposite direction by the turning of the lower one. Between the two the material to be impregnated is passed, being moistened from below by the bath, and, in passing between the two, receiving the necessary pressure. If the material be heavy, the barrel lies entirely in the bath, and a pair of rollers fixed above it is used to press out the superfluous liquid. The articles are carried directly from the trough into running water, from which they are to be removed, pressed out, and dried.

A certain major at a western fort has very long feet, and also a horse that threw every one but the major. One evening the major's servant was out on the parade ground when one of the boys spoke up and said: "I know why the horse don't throw the major!" "Why?" was asked by a dozen or more. "Well, you see that the major's got such long feet that the horse thinks he is in shafts!"

THE LAST FAIRIES.

Thomas Hood, in some of his more serious poems—in which he showed his rarest gifts—has at greater length, but with no more finished grace, treated of the subject of the following lines, which we take from All the Year Round:

All in the gloaming of a go den day,
All in a sunny autumn long since gone,
A small voice wandered outacross the mountains,
And the moon listened, and the stars grew pale,
The thin brooks hushed themselves, and everywhere
A tender trouble grew in leafy places.

And little eyes among the ferns were wet
With tears, not dew, and folding small, thin hands,
They gathered with no shadows in the moonlight.

For the voice cried, "The feet of men come nearer,
The pest-smoke curls where ye have lived so long
And it is time to seek another dwelling."

Saying, moreover, "Whither man's foot comes
The fairy ring upon the grass must vanish,
The tree must fall, the dreamy greenness perish.

"His breath is vaporous in the air around
His heel is on your dwellings, his sharp knife
Stains with blood the running brook ye drink of.

"How shall ye dwell where men and women gather?
How shall pale things linger in their shadow?
Each shadow is a sorrow and a sleep."

Then small folk look'd in one another's faces,
And little mothers cried above their babes,
And all the things of elfland learnt the trouble.

For unto them the th