MEMPHIS APPEAL

SUNDAY MORNING, : JUNE 23, 1872.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET

FOR SHELBY COUNTY.

For Sheriff,

W. J. P. DOYLE.

For Chancellor,

SAMUEL P. WALKER.

For County Trustee,

A. WOODWARD.

For State and County Tax-Collector,

GEORGE R. POWELL.

For Tax-Collector on Privileges,

J. HARVEY MATHES.

A. P. CURRY IN A NEW ROLE.

Colonel A. P. Curry, the Radical candidate for Sheriff in this county, has, all of a sudden, become a gushing no-partisan. He is wooing the Democracy in tones as soft and sweet as the cooing of a sucking dove. He has coiled himself up like a huge rattlesnake, and, with glistening eyes, is trying to weave a spell around Democrats, just as the serpent charms a silly bird. While talking Radicalism to the negroes, Colonel Curry is circulating among Democrats the following card, printed with big black type:

NO POLITICS IN LOCAL OFFICES.

I am an independent candidate for Sheriff of Shelby county. If elected, shall appoint the best men I can get as deputies. Will strive to do my duty to the people of this county. The office shall never be used as a political machine while I am Sheriff. If consistent with your views, will be glad to have your support. Yours with respect,

A. P. CURRY.

How sweet, how specious! Can the Democratic tax-paying people of Shelby county, who are groaning under the mountain load of taxes, piled upon them by the infamous party which A. P. Curry aided in foisting into power, be seduced, misled and entrapped by such contemptible stuff as the above? "No politics?" Is there a Democrat in Shelby county weak enough to be allured and decoyed into the support of a Radical by such device and trickery? "No politics in local offices" says the sweet-scented and immaculate Curry. Why did he not raise the cry of "no politics in local offices" when he was a candidate four years ago for a "local office?" A. P. Curry, once the nominee of the negro Loyal Leagues as the Radical candidate for Sheriff, talking about "no politics in local offices," is like Satan rebuking sin. Four years ago, aye two years ago last March, the name of A. P. Curry floated at the mast-head of the defunct *Post* as the nominee of the Radical party; but now he comes forward as an Independent candidate, with the deceitful cry of "no politics in local offices." Has impudence ever gone further? Colonel Curry must presume largely upon the ignorance or the gullibility of the people, or he would not attempt to delude them by such thin balderdash. When Radicalism was in the hey-dey of its power, he was such a venomous partisan that had he been chopped up into mince-meat, each particle of flesh could have been rolled out into hissing snakes, biting adders and stinging asps. But now that Radicalism, by its own crimes in Shelby county, has become a stench, Curry bottles his venomous poison and seeks to win support from Jack Doyle by spewing upon the people the filthy stuff contained in the above card! Colonel A. P. Curry sustained Brownlow in all his atrocious usurpations. He voted for him over Etheridge; but now it suits his purposes to twaddle about "No politics." When, by the aid of Colonel A. P. Curry, and the disfranchisement of such men as Jack Doyle, Brownlow swept the State of Tennessee like a besom of destruction, despair sat like a sceptered fiend upon the souls of the people. Hope seemed to have fled. Business languished. Many of our citizens left for other States to seek for that repose which had been denied them upon the soil on which they were born, but then usurped by carpetbaggers. Capital, like the sensitive plant, sought to secrete itself. In hunting new homes immigrants declined locating in the midst of anarchy, hate and bitterness. In this dark hour the people turned their eyes to the National Democracy as a forlorn hope. A State Convention was held and delegates sent to New York. The Presidential election came on. Again the friends of peace and constitutional liberty were borne down by thirty thousand majority, and again were the people despondent. In that contest A. P. Curry "hugger-muggered" with the negroes, shouted for Grant, whose despotism he sustains, while prattling "no politics!" There was a contest for Governor in 1869. The Democratic party was powerless. It proposed to make no further struggle in Tennessee with the Radicals who had disfranchised a majority of the people. It was thought that deliverance would not come for years. But the finger of Providence sometimes points out the path which the people should tread. To the surprise, the delight and joy of the disfranchised, D. W. C. Senter lifted himself above the passions of the hour and spoke peace to the troubled waters. He issued an able and eloquent address, in which he proposed to lead the people out of the long dark night of bondage into the beaming light of liberty. In no stinted words did the people pour out their grateful hearts. He was the recipient of eloquent panegyric. He came to the rescue at the very nick of time—when despair hung over the State like a pall of gloom, and he was greeted with that glowing admiration with which the sun is greeted by its worshipers. He made a long list of appointments, extending to nearly every county in the State. At the hustings, on the rostrum, and along the public highways, he preached peace through the instrumentality of—Universal Suffrage. On this single issue he was elected by seventy thousand majority. This result, so sudden, so unexpected, caused the great public heart to beat freer and deeper. Every man seemed to feel that a load was taken from his shoulders, and that the chains which had so long chafed the flesh had been stricken from the ankles. A smile lit up sad countenances, and there was a general jubilee. Every one commenced contemplating the future greatness of the State; to congratulate each other that the way to reconciliation had at last been discovered. By this magnanimity on the part of Senter, Jack Doyle and the class he represents were enfranchised. But no thanks to A. P. Curry. He voted for the infamous Stokes, and now has the impudence to come forward and ask the suffrages of the very people he sought, three years ago, to exclude from the ballot-box while leading to his support the stupid negro. Again, the people are engaged in a national struggle for the Presidency. The contest is between Grant and Greeley. The former has oppressed the South, and would keep alive the fires of hate. The latter despises corruption and oppression, clamors for amnesty and peace, and would have the "bloody chasm" made by the war effaced from the land. But true to those cruel and revengeful instincts which prompted him to support Brownlow and Stokes, Colonel A. P. Curry repudiates Greeley, the pacificator and honest man, and again hugs to his congenial bosom Grant, the corrupt despot, who seeks to perpetuate his re-election by putting his iron hoofs upon the necks of the Southern people. God forbid that the people of Shelby county should sink so low as to elevate such a man over Jack Doyle; because, forsooth, now that it suits his purposes, he would turn patriot by invoking "no politics in local elections."

COLONEL W. L. DUFF.

Under the appropriate heading, the name of this gentleman will be found this morning, announced as a candidate for Congress. Colonel Duff has recently canvassed the district, and we understand has made a favorable impression among the people. Judging from the *Falcon* he was most cordially received at Somerville a few days since, where he made a speech which is highly complimented. In a recent interview with Colonel Duff, we were gratified by his concurrence in our views of the political situation. If nominated as the Democratic candidate for Congress, he will lift high the banner of his party in its crusade for the rescue of the desecrated temple of our political faith. Colonel Duff seems to have caught the lofty spirit of self-sacrifice necessary to success in the Presidential election, and is ready to immolate all minor differences, personal passions, and old party prejudices, on the altar of our common country. Colonel Duff would obliterate the past and strike hands with patriots of all parties and sections in a noble effort to contribute to the peace, prosperity, glory and honor of the Republic. He most cordially approves of the Liberal movement, indorses the Cincinnati platform, and is the earnest advocate of the nomination of Greeley by the Baltimore Convention, believing, as he does, that such is the road to victory and the deliverance of the Southern people. Colonel Duff is sanguine as to the success of the new movement; believes that if the republic is to continue to exist there must be a union of all honest men to crush the present administration with all its dishonesty; that the Cincinnati platform, with an honest statesman like Horace Greeley to carry it out, will do all this, and therefore the Democrats, if they love their country, must sustain it. If the government is to last, corruption in high places must be wiped out, and none but good and honest men placed in office; that the American people had full confidence in the honesty and integrity of the Cincinnati candidates, and all good Democrats should unite heart and hand in their election. With regular Democratic candidates in the field the country would be bound to suffer the curse of four years more of Radical rule. The Liberal Republicans, aided by the Democrats, were endeavoring to get rid of the misrule that had cursed the country during the last four years; to put a final close to the war of sections and to establish a real peace; to bring together as friends men who had been estranged for years; to right the Southern States, which were now in a worse condition than at the end of the war, and in which all vestiges of liberty were wrested from the people. If we understand Colonel Duff correctly, during our brief conversation, such are the views he entertains and is disseminating among the people. With such sentiments the Ninth Congressional district would be faithfully represented in Congress should Colonel Duff be our nominee, for they are emphatically the views of our people.

In announcing Colonel Duff as an aspirant for the nomination, we have but little to add to what we have already said of him. On the great questions of the day he is eminently sound, and has the ability to make a useful member of Congress. Integrity, public and private, reigns in his heart. He is wholly above intrigue, trick or deception, and will act with an eye single to his country's good. The mind of Colonel Duff is clear and vigorous. He is a cultivated, accomplished, educated gentleman; has a *personnel* of the finest and most perfect mould, and being a warm, pleasant friend and companion, and possessing very agreeable conversational powers, he may be considered as one of the foremost young men of West Tennessee.

ARKANSAS.

The action of the Democratic State Convention, which adjourned Friday last at Little Rock, Arkansas, was in the highest degree favorable to the Liberal Reform movement in that State. The convention was the largest ever held in the State, was composed of the best citizens of the State, and its deliberations having been marked with the most earnest and honest purpose to relieve Arkansas from the oppression of its present administration, its action goes to the world as the strongest proof of the will and wishes of the people of the State in the premises. It is true there was conflict of opinion and division of sentiment as to the ways and means of accomplishing the common object for which the convention was called—to-wit, the redemption of the State—but that was the great object, the central thought round which every individual opinion in the convention revolved. This being the case, and a very large majority of the convention—fully eight-tenths of that body—having adopted a certain course of action, it follows that every member of the convention, whatever may have been his individual views, or whatever may be his opinion of the wisdom or expediency of the course adopted, should give a most hearty support to the policy marked out by the convention, and leave nothing undone to make that policy successful. The convention adopted as a whole the platform, and virtually indorsed the ticket of the Brooks, or Brindle, Liberal Republicans of Arkansas. This platform has nothing in it that the most ardent Democrat cannot wisely accept, while the men on its ticket, whatever their respective merits, are battling for precisely the same object and have in view the accomplishment of the same ends for which the Conservative Democratic party of Arkansas have been working and praying since the reconstruction laws were forced upon the State, namely, the overthrow of the Clayton faction and of the infamous rings that have plundered the State and made her for the last four years the common quarry of Radical birds of prey. This should be enough to silence any objection to the action of the convention, enough to enlist co-operation, united and determined, of all classes, to the end that this great purpose be accomplished.

STAND BY THE TICKET.

The canvass for county officers has now opened in good earnest. Never were nominations made under circumstances more auspicious and more encouraging. With a few exceptions the nominations are hailed throughout the county with a cordiality and enthusiasm which augur the most triumphant success in the approaching election. Hardly a word of discontent, and scarcely a word of discord, are heard amid the general joy and exultation with which the nominations have been received. In the convention, the friends of the various candidates, whose high characters and great popularity placed them in the category of candidates for the honor of nominations, struggled with commendable zeal for their respective favorites. But after the choice was fairly made, according to the usages of the party and the rules of the convention, all yielded up their particular preferences, and hastened to rally under the banner of the successful candidates. In every part of the country there seems to be a determination to consolidate and harmonize on the ticket. The honest tax-payer and the horny-handed laborer cordially unite on the nominees. Such a spirit of union, such a disposition to conciliate and harmonize, and such enthusiasm and determination, exhibited at the very threshold of the contest, inspires us with the most confident belief in a triumphant campaign and a crowning victory. But let no man be lukewarm or indifferent—we have no ordinary battle to fight. The Radical candidates, who oppose the Democratic nominees, will make one more desperate effort to get possession of power in Shelby county. They will be baffled, routed, if the Democrats do their *duty*, and that duty consists in organizing, acting and giving a zealous and ungrudging support to the nominations made in conformity to the usages of the party. In a few days more the Democratic hosts of Shelby county will be organized, and organized for victory. The blightning curse of Radicalism must not be permitted to scourge our community again.

COLONEL JESSE A. FORREST.

The card published elsewhere from Colonel Forrest is creditable alike to his head and heart. It sounds like the blast of a bugle summoning warriors to arms. We trust his appeal to his friends and to the Democracy of Shelby county will be answered with alacrity and enthusiasm. So far as we can learn, every aspirant before the late convention supports the nominees, and expresses a determination to enter the contest with the spirit of a Spartan. The card of Colonel Forrest has the ring of genuine metal. With him there are no murmers of mutiny in the camp, no dogged disaffection or indifference to duty. Like a true soldier, marshaled in the great interest of the people, and proud of the standard-bearer who won the prize for which he struggled, Colonel Forrest has buckled on his armor. Like a true Trojan, when the Greeks are at the gates, he goes into the battle with Roman resolution. Colonel Forrest lost the nomination, but in writing and publishing his card he has won more honor than a nomination could have conferred upon him.

IF VAUGHAN remain in Congress he will have this whole valley striated with canals as substitutes for railways, giving this people the richest farms and means of cheapest transportation known to civilized States. His Memphis Custom-house bill failed because we have no representative in the Senate, and because it has failed, Vaughan intends to have the Mississippi tunneled. To test the feeling of Congress on the subject, he presented a bill which was enacted, appropriating five thousand dollars for the purpose of prosecuting the search for the sources of the Forky-deer river, a matter involving as much interest among savants as the search for the sources of the Nile. In any event Mr. Vaughan, as no other living man could have done, secured the appropriation. This is the first dollar of Federal money expended in West Tennessee since the days of Davy Crockett and Fred Stanton. Vaughan meant business when he went to Washington. He was no gas-bag, and never once, happily for his constituents, indulged in a windy harangue.

SIDNEY B. JONES writes us from Cincinnati that the Ohio and Mississippi railway having made arrangements to cross the Ohio river on the great iron railway bridge at Louisville, on and after July 1st, proximo, the Baltimore and Ohio railroad will run new Pullman palace-coaches between Louisville and Baltimore, without change. With the privilege offered all passengers of visiting Washington city free, and being seventy-seven miles the shortest line from Louisville to Baltimore and Washington, we look forward for a large increase of through business.

SPEAKING of Mr. Greeley's popularity among the Irish, *The Irish People* says: "From the expressions of opinion that appear in the columns of the newspapers which reach us from every part of the Union—from the four points of the compass—it would appear that, in view of the coming Presidential campaign, the almost universal voice of Irish citizenship is in favor of Horace Greeley. He may now be said to be emphatically the favorite candidate of most Irish citizens."

THE reason for the suspension by the President of Logan H. Roots, Marshal of Western Arkansas, was that during one year he expended nearly two hundred and forty thousand dollars for costs of court, or more than the entire amount of expenses for courts in the State of New York.

AN exchange having asserted that Greeley, though a Unitarian, believes in the doctrine of election, the Boston *Post* says the Philosopher is not a Unitarian, but a Universalist, and believes in "universal amnesty."

THE Baltimore *Sun* (independent) judges from intelligence from all quarters that even the semblance of organized Democratic opposition against the Cincinnati Liberal movement no longer exists.

THE New York *Sun* has put the following prose-poem: "The red, white and blue"—Gratz Brown's hair, Greeley's hat and the countenances of the office-holders next November.

R. P. CALDWELL, one of the sturdiest, truest representatives of Tennessee in the Congress of the United States, is the preferred candidate of the Troy *Times* for re-election.

THE excellent West Point (Mississippi) *Citizen* reappears reinvigorated and refreshed by the baptism of fire.

AN Alabama alligator very gracefully masticated a valuable stag hound belonging to a gentleman in Eutaw, the other day. As the owner had already lost one dog in the same manner, he determined to bring to punishment the fell destroyer, and baited six large hooks with hog liver. But the amusing creature gulped down the hog liver, hooks and all, broke the line and leisurely swam away. The desperate dog owner is now lying in wait on the riverside armed with a harpoon big enough to catch a whale, and proposes to go for that alligator as Bill Nye went for the heathen Chinee—in a way he'll despise.

From the Savannah *Republican*: "An Altona youth, to conceal it from his mother, put a lighted cigar in his pocket, which contained some loose gunpowder. His clothes needed considerable patching, but he has no more appetite for cigars."

JOHN VAN BUREN AND CHIEF JUSTICE TANEY.

Nearly a quarter of a century ago, the Legislature of New York enacted a law imposing a capitation tax upon immigrants arriving from Europe and landing at quarantine. A question was raised in respect to the constitutionality of this law, and the case was immediately taken to the Supreme Court of the United States. Mr. Seward made the argument on one side, and John Van Buren on the other. The trial attracted considerable interest, not so much from the importance of the question involved as from the reputation and political position of the opposing counsel. Mr. Seward was a Senator in Congress, and the great Whig leader of the State; while Van Buren was the most brilliant orator and most popular man on the Democratic side. They were rivals at the bar, having then recently been engaged in the trial of the negro murderer Freeman, at Auburn, during which there had been much sharp altercation between them. The Whigs in Congress warmly sympathized with Seward, while the De..ocrats were equally active and zealous in encouraging Van Buren. The arguments were elaborate and able, the resulting impression being that the Senator was more of a statesman than a lawyer, but that Van Buren was one of the most entertaining, impressive, and effective advocates that had ever been heard in the court.

Judge Taney presided—one of the purest, most learned and able judges that ever sat on the bench. He was the impersonation of one's ideas of the genius of jurisprudence. He was shy, reserved in manner, ascetic in his habits, a gloomy, forbidding-looking man, resembling a monk for the middle ages; but under this cold and repulsive exterior there beat a warm, sympathetic heart. He was a literal man, with no idea of a joke; was never satirical or ironical, and detested a pun or a quip as much as Dr. Johnson.

The day the argument was closed, Van Buren contrived to fall in company with the Chief-Justice in coming down the avenue from the Capitol. John had a degree of coolness and self-possession under all circumstances that nothing ever disturbed. With an airy, jaunty manner, that would have been offensive in anybody else, but which he made winning and attractive, he addressed the aged jurist:

"I was much flattered, Mr. Chief-Justice, at the attention with which you listened to my poor effort in behalf of the suffering immigrants at quarantine." Mr. Taney made a fitting res, onse, and Van Buren coolly proceeded: "Far be it from me to say anything respecting the decision of the court." The Judge started with a gesture of deprecation, as if he apprehended an indiscretion on the part of the lawyer. "I am quite aware of the apparent indelicacy of saying anything that should look like an attempt to influence the action of the court." Here the Chief-Justice gave a dissatisfied shrug of the shoulders, intended as a rebuke of what he regarded as an impertinence. But John was wholly unmoved, and went on with his remarks as though he was saying the most natural and appropriate thing imaginable. "Nor would I presume to intimate that an early decision of the case is desirable." The Judge opened his eyes in amazement, but remained silent. "But the truth is, your honor," continued John, "the poor devils at quarantine are perishing daily, and it is of the utmost importance that they should learn whether they are dying constitutionally."

Appreciating John's waggery at last, the Chief Justice, much relieved, gave way to a hearty laugh, and the conversation came to an end.

John Van Buren had in him the making of a great lawyer and a statesman of commanding power. He lacked nothing but industry and steadiness of purpose. Quick of perception, with fine faculties, uncommon logical powers, and abundant imagination, he never failed to command the admiring attention of his auditory.—"*Anecdotes of Public Men*," *in July Galaxy.*

HOW THE WORLD WILL END.

Lecture of Prof. Fiske before the American Geographical Society.]

Planets are continually integrating diffused materials which they encounter in their progress through space, and it has been estimated that the earth adds to itself nearly one hundred and fifty billions of such meteoric particles every year. Secondly, it has been proved that every planet must be slowly losing a part of its molar motion of rotation. The effect of tidal waves, which are caused by the gravitation of liquid toward other planetary bodies, is to retard diurnal rotation; and, in fact, the terrestrial day is lengthened by reason of the friction of the tides, and it is destined in the remote future to give about four hundred and eighty hours between sunrise and sunset. The earth is also losing molar motion by radiation, and even some terrestrial heat is lost without compensation—and very slowly, of course—can hardly be doubted, and for the state of things thus ultimately to be produced, we may find a parallel in the present condition of the moon. That appears to afford an example of the universal death to which, in inconceivably distant future, awaits the entire solar system. If, along with the dissipation of the molar and molecular motions, the planets are also losing angular velocity, this loss of motion will ultimately result in their integration with the sun. Of two facts which bear upon the subject, one is familiar to all students of science; is the observed retardation of Encke's comet by the resistance of the medium through which it moves. The other, which, so far as I know, has not hitherto been mentioned, is that all the planets are nearer the sun than they ought to be, according to Bode's law, the variations being most conspicuous, as might be expected, in the case of Neptune. It is at least worthy of notice that the discrepancy is such as might have been caused by a slow diminution of the angular velocities of the planets. Another fact, that the interplanetary spaces are filled with matter, and that, consequently, all planetary bodies rushing through them must meet with resistance and lose momentum, proves that immense momentum will be taken up by this resistance force. This loss of tangential momentum must bring all the planets into the sun. As the planet slowly draws near the sun, its lost tangential momentum is replaced, and somewhat more than replaced, by the added velocity due to the increased gravitative force exerted by the sun at the shorter distance. At the last the planet must strike the sun with tremendous force. The heat generated by the earth and the sun alone in such a collision would suffice to produce a temperature of nearly five million degrees centigrade. Of course, disintegration would immediately follow, and the next stage is the dissipation of the whole into a nebula.

AMERICAN CANOE TRAVELING.

A young New York journalist, Julius Chambers, desirous of emulating the famous "Rob Roy Canoe" traveler, is trying to introduce canoe traveling in the United States, and in order to further insure the success of his enterprise he has christened his craft with the all-prevailing name of Dolly Varden. The canoe was built to order in May, 1872, by Waters, Balch & Co., of Troy, New York, and is of one-tenth ton burden. The weight of the boat and rigging is sixty-six and a quarter pounds; baggage, sixteen and three-quarters, and gallery, four and a half. The weight of the crew is one hundred and twenty-eight and a quarter pounds. The hull is of paper, with cedar deck; length, fourteen feet; breadth, twenty-eight inches; and draught, four inches. She has a strong sheer, raising from a depth of ten and a half inches amidships to twenty and a half inches at the stem and seventeen and a half at stern post; rigged to carry a spreet sail, jib and mizzen, and fitted with ample accommodations for cooking and sleeping on board.

The Dolly Varden is the pioneer cruizing canoe in America. She left New York on the twenty-first of May, sailing westward *via* the lakes, and left St. Paul, Minnesota, for Lake Itasca on the twenty-ninth. She is now near St. Louis, on her way to New Orleans, having already traveled a distance of three thousand six hundred miles.

A medical authority in London affirms that eight men to three women are afflicted with enlargement of the heart, and the reason is that the men have more work and more anxiety to undergo. It has been supposed heretofore that women have nearly a monopoly of the heart difficulty, but the London authority gives statistics to show that the estimate is correct.

HER RING.

BY QUILP, JR.

Written for the Sunday Appeal.]

It is here upon my finger—
Her little golden ring,
And dreams most pleasing linger
Around the cherished thing.
I'm dreaming of her lily hand
I often gently press—
Of her transcendent beauty, and
Her witching loveliness.

I am dreaming of the splendor,
Of the whiteness of her soul;
Of her heart so kind and tender,
Of her virtue's strong control.
I'm dreaming of the sunny light
That sparkles in her eye;
Her soft, sweet blush, her young delight,
And her bright purity.

I am dreaming of the meaning
Of her saucy, up turned lip,
Of her rosy mouth's sweet nectar,
That the gods would love to sip.
I'm dreaming of her fairy form,
Her voice's dulcet strain;
I'm dreaming, till her beauties swarm
Like magic through my brain.

Oh! how well I see that ponting,
Hear those notes of sadness tone;
I'm dreaming, till I'm doubting
That I'm *long alone*.
I feel the spell her presence lends,
I feel the mystic power,
That woman's holy influence blends
With evening's pensive hour.

This ring, why did she lend it—
The mystic charm—to me?
Was it to set me dreaming
Of what can never be?
I'll send it back this moment!
No, I will not send it yet;
I'll wear it as a talisman,
That I may never forget.

THE LADIES.

A Few Notes on the Fashions.

The corselet and the corselet tunic are the prettiest novelties of the season. Some are made with shoulder-straps and some have short sleeves, but the most fashionable reach only to the arms, sharply defining the waist and bust. Corselet tunics of silk over muslin dresses, or even over silk of a different color, are very elegant and becoming.

It is a melancholy fact, says *Scribner's Monthly* for July, that street dresses are worn very much longer. As a result, rich black silks come home heavy with dust from even the shortest promenade.

A buff *batiste* trimmed with lace the same color, or with white clumy, makes a charming morning dress, and can be worn with propriety in the street. A very pretty suit complete, with parasol to match, can be purchased for a few dollars, which is, perhaps, the cheapest costume possible.

For *robes de chambre*, the "Watteau" and "Princess" are most charming. The "Princess" is cut to the figure with side pieces at the back and plaits in front, and is left open at the throat; one made of pink Danish alpaca, and trimmed with black velvet and lace is quite pretty. The Watteau is made with a large plait in the back, which flows into the skirt.

White dresses, richly embroidered and trimmed with Valenciennes, are much in vogue. They are made with basques, sacques, polonaises, and round waists. A plain white muslin dress, with a blue or pink sash, is thought by some to be the most charming dress for summer. But it is not expensive, and that, with some, is a terrible fault!

The latest steamers have brought over from Worth some Dolly Vardens made of Black Satin Foulard, and ornamented with bright figures of roses and lilies. They are very stylish when trimmed with black velvet and lace.

Bodices are worn more open at the neck, and the throat is outlined and relieved by a muslin ruffle instead of the trying linen collar. In fact, the whole tendency of dress is toward softening and refining effects.

For morning, the best dressers always prefer a dark habit—yet mouse-color is very proper and becoming to the sight. The small low-crowned Englishman's hat is the most appropriate headgear.

Bonnets are crowned and laden with flowers, long streamers of them falling down the back, and bits of lace and ribbons hide the spot from which the chignon is gracefully retiring. The chignon shrinks from month to month. Let us hope that by fall a graceful Grecian knot, or a bunch of curls, will entirely replace the monstrous burden.

Silk stockings of beautiful tints to match dresses, with highly ornamental clocks at the ankles, and high-heeled slippers trimmed with immense rosettes are very fashionable. But they are ruinous in price—a single pair costing eight dollars. Ladies' boots cost as high as eighteen dollars a pair very frequently; slippers from three to ten; and rosettes—anything. We pay for boots and shoes exactly what we did during the war, when gold was two dollars and fifty cents.

The fashion of wearing watches, chatelaines and chains at the belt is growing. Tiffany has pretty smelling bottles, purses, and watches adapted to this fashion. The Nuremburg ladies in the time of Albert Durer wore their scissors, thimbles, and other implements at the side in this way, and the goldsmiths and artisans of the day displayed much ingenuity in these chatelaines. These of modern make are scarcely as ornate and picturesque as were those of olden times. The fashion is a pretty and convenient one, and it seems a pity that it is not followed more generally.

For note-paper, the prettiest shade is a sort of sage green with the monogram in colors. The street and number, or, if residing in the country, the name of your place, and the town and State, should be neatly printed in the right-hand corner of the first page. A suggestion we make for the benefit of printers, and for girls who write an ugly fist.

POLITICAL

Gerritt Smith has a son and nephew who are both out for Greeley.

General Jos. E. Johnston opposes a Democratic nomination at Baltimore.

There are six German newspapers in Michigan, and five of them are for Greeley and Brown.

Colfax may yet be President. Grant may break his neck at Long Branch behind a couple of fast horses.

"Now, I'll tell you about Ireland," said Henry Wilson (*alias*, etc.) less than a year ago: "Those who are not beggars are natural thieves."

Otsego county, New York, gave one thousand Radical majority in 1870. If Greeley is nominated at Baltimore it is counted on as certain for fifteen hundred the other way.

By the reapportionment of New York, for Congressmen, Messrs. S. S. Cox and James Brooks become residents of the same district; and Cox will be re-elected as representative at large.

The man who does not now see that all roads which lead from Greeley go to Grant, could not tell a mile-post from a hand-organ, nor distinguish between a mud-cart and a coach-and-six.

A new German daily was issued at Newark, New Jersey, on Monday. It is called the *Staats-Zeitung*, and will support the Cincinnati ticket, under the editorial direction of Dr. Lehlbach.

The election of Greeley will break up the military ring, purify the whole administration, elevate the judiciary, reduce expenditures and taxation, and give freedom to the South. That's what's the matter.

That staunch Conservative journal, the *Hinds County Gazette*, hoists the Greeley and Brown ticket, "subject to the ratification of the people at the ballot-box." This makes fourteen Conservative and Democratic papers in Mississippi that now fly the Cincinnati ticket.

Hon. C. M. Conrad, a distinguished politician of Louisiana, in a letter to the New Orleans *Times*, advocates the election of Greeley and Brown. General Kilpatrick and Joe Hooker, Generals of distinction in the Federal army, are also strong friends of the Cincinnati ticket.

A poll was taken of the editors in attendance upon the Mississippi Press Association, which met at Columbus the other day. Of the fifty-five present, it was found that forty-nine were opposed to a straight-out nomination at Baltimore.

The Cincinnati *Enquirer* claims that at least nine-tenths of the Democratic papers of the United States are now for the indorsement of Greeley and Brown by the Baltimore Convention. The *Enquirer* adds that most of the other tenth will say likewise before the ninth of July.

Pennsylvania, it is claimed, is to be one of the battle-fields of the great political revolution now progressing in this country; and as a straw, indicating the disaffection in the ranks of the so-called Republican party, it is stated by those who profess to know, that thirty hitherto staunch Republican journals in that State refuse to indorse the nomination of General Hartsauff, lately made by the Radical party in State Convention.

DR. HOLLAND AND SUNDAY.

Of the importance of the observance of the Sabbath, in the vital economy of the American people, there is no longer any doubt. With all the periodical rest it brings us, we still find ourselves overworked; and the wrecks of paralysis are strewn around us on every hand. Without it, we should find ourselves despoiled of our efficient and reliable safeguard in the dangers which beset the paths of business enterprise. As a matter of economy, therefore—as a conservator of health and life and the power to work—the Sabbath, observed strictly as a day of rest from secular labor, is of the utmost importance. We cannot afford to-day, and we shall never be able to afford, to give it up to labor, either in city or country. Experience has settled this point, and yielded upon every hand its testimonies to the wisdom of the divine institution. But a measure of social, moral, and physical health—as a measure of industrial economy—the ordination of a day of periodical rest like that which the Sabbath brings us, would come legitimately within the scope of legislation. If we had no Sabbath, it would be the duty of the State to ordain one; and as we have it, it is equally the duty of the State to protect it, and confirm to the people the material and vital benefits which it is so well calculated to secure.

There are certain other facts connected with the observance of the Sabbath in America which are quite as well established as the one to which we have alluded, the most prominent of which is, that the high morality and spirituality of any community depends uniformly on its observance of the Sabbath. We do not believe there is a deeply religious community in America, of any name, that does not observe one day in seven as a day specially devoted to religion. The earnest Christian or Jewish workers everywhere are Sabbath-keepers, in their separate ways and days. It is very well to talk about an "every-day Christianity," and better to possess and practice it; but there certainly is precious little of it where the Sabbath is not observed. The religious faculties, sentiments and susceptibilities, under all schemes and systems of religion, are the subjects of culture, and imperatively need the periodical food and stimulus which come with Sabbath institutions and worship. The previous and permanence of a pure Christianity in this country depend mainly on what can be done for them on Sunday. If the enemies of Christianity could wipe out the Sabbath, they would do more to destroy the power of the religion they contemn than all the Renans and Strausses have ever done or can do. They understand this, and their efforts will be directed to this end, through every specious protest, plea, or plan.

The most religious and earnest of the Catholic clergy of Europe lament the fact that the Sunday of their church and their several countries is a day of amusement. They see, and they publicly acknowledge, that without the English and American Sabbath they work for the spiritual benefit of their people is a hopeless labor. The European Sabbath, or Sunday, which we are told is to come to America at last through her foreign population. We hope not. We would like to ask those who would rejoice in its advent, how much it has done for the countries where it exists. Go to Italy, France, Spain, and Austria—to every part of Christendom Catholic or Infidel, and find if possible any people so temperate, pure, chaste, truthful and benevolent as the Sabbath-keeping communities of America. It cannot be done. The theater, the horse-race, the ball, the cricket-ground, the lager-beer saloon, have nothing in them that can take the place of the institutions of religion. They are established and practiced in the interest of the animal, and not at all in the interest of the moral and intellectual side of humanity. They can neither build up nor purify. They minister only to thoughtlessness and brutality. So much, then, seems obvious: first, that a day of rest from work without Sunday as a day of physical and mental rest; second, that either as a consequence or a concomitant, moral and spiritual improvement goes always with the observance of Sunday as a religious day; and, third, that Sunday, as a day of amusement simply, is productive of the lower and more molder side of human nature and human life.

Now the question relating to the opening of parks, libraries, reading-rooms, etc., in great cities on Sunday, are not moral or religious questions at all—they are prudential, and are to be settled by experiment. It is to be remembered that there are large numbers of the young in all great cities who have no home. They sleep in little rooms, in which in winter they have no fire, and can never sit with comfort. They are without congenial society. They have not the *entree* of other homes; and they must go somewhere, and will need to go somewhere. No Christian courtesy does much to bring them into Christian association, and ought to do a thousand times more. The least it can do is to open all those doors which lead to pure influences and to the entertainment of the better side of human nature. A man who seeks the society of good books, of the society of those who love good books, or choose to wander out for the one look at nature and the one feast of pure air which the week can give him, is not to be met by bar or ban. Whatever feeds the man and ignores or starves the brute, is to be fostered as a Christian agency. The Sabbath was given for man, and not man for the Sabbath. That is not religion, but pagan slavery, which makes of Sunday a penance and a sacrifice. It is better that a man be in a library than alone all the time. It is better that he wander in the park than even feel the temptation to enter a drinking saloon or a brothel. The Sunday horse-car is justified in that it takes thousands to church who could hardly go otherwise. The open library is justified in that it is a road which leads in a good direction. The roads devoted to Sunday amusement lead directly away from the Christian church. All pure ways are ways that tend upward, toward God and heaven.—*Scribner's for July.*

BEECHER ON DAMNATORY PRAYERS.

Henry Ward Beecher has received the following note:

DEAR SIR—A short time ago I heard a minister, while exhorting, relate the following story to the congregation: He said that in one of the Eastern States a certain minister had commenced a revival in a neighborhood which was controlled by infidels—that is, that all the influential men in the neighborhood were infidels, who would not attend church, and influenced others to stay away. After he had tried in vain to convert them, he prayed fervently that they might be removed. He said there were five of them, and that in a few days four were removed by death, and the other was "terribly shaken," as he expressed it. Now I wish to know if you think the story true, whether it was right for him to pray for such a thing? Is there anything in the Bible in favor of such a course?"

Mr. Beecher writes to the *Ledger* that this story is "very suspicious," but he gives his opinion on the general subject thus:

"What a time there would be if every unsuccessful preacher should be justified in denouncing those who did not feel moved by his sermons! Broad as is the road that leads to destruction, it would have to be widened still more to take in all that would swarm it, if everybody was to be damned that poor preachers and unwise sermons did not convert.

"We are not without a striking case bearing upon this subject in the history of our Lord. As he was approaching a village of the Samaritans, the villagers refused to receive him, inasmuch as he was on his way to Jerusalem. James and John, fiercely jealous of their Master's honor, asked, 'Lord, wilt thou that we command fire to come down from heaven and consume them?' The Lord rebuked them, saying, 'Ye know not what spirit ye are of; for the Son of Man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them. This was the very John whose name is a synonym of all gentleness and loveableness! That he was early subject to such bursts of cruel passion, all the more shows the nobleness of that growth which afterward took place in him.

"Closely allied to this subject is the occasional instances which occur of weak men, called good, praying for the immediate interposition of God against those whom they regard as false teachers. Theodore Parker seems never to have gotten over the fact that a poor ignorant fellow in one of the Boston morning prayer-meetings, prayed that God would convert him, or else remove him. Again and again Mr. Parker alluded to it, as if it were a fair exponent of the spirit of those who disliked his teachings, whereas it was one of those foolish utterances that occur in all free meetings, and it shocked the people present full as much as it could have done the gentleman concerned."

THE VICTIM.

With lips all bloodless and white,
With clothes all spotless and clean,
A maiden died, far into the night,
Tending a sewing-machine.
Click, click, click, click, click, click!
The flitting needle flies;
Its point as sharp as a serpent's fangs,
Its eye as a serpent's eyes.
She thought upon the rack,
Her body bowed and lean,
She moaned with an aching heart and back,
This moan of the sewing-machine.

A CLEAN SHIRT.

What Befell a Young Man in the Sunol Tunnel—The Peril of Changing Linen in the Cars.

From the San Francisco Chronicle, 7th inst.]

A good story came in with the overland train on Monday night. Among the passengers was a young man possessed of a judicious spirit of economy and a pardonable share of vanity. The judicious economy was made manifest to the other occupants of the car by the fact that the young man wore plain clothing and a single Cheviot shirt all the way from Chicago; and for the pardonable vanity—well, how that became apparent is where the joke comes in. He had only been to the East on a visit, and the girl he left behind him had been notified in advance of his approach, and, in company with a few other friends, was to meet him at Niles' station.

Visions of rapture floated through his brain, and seating himself in a secluded corner of the car, he poured forth his spirit's of gladness in a gush of melody, somewhat as thus:

"Home again, home again,
From a foh-hoh-reign shore;
And oh, I'll file my ow-e-soul with joy
To me-he-eet my friends once more."

Suddenly he hushed his notes of joy and reached for his carpet-bag.

The appalling idea flashed across his mind that the shirt which had done him so much good service—which had clung to him during the toilsome journey across two thousand miles of mountain, plain and desert—was not exactly the thing to appear in when one wished to intensify an already good impression. It certainly wouldn't be the clean thing, he said to himself—it wouldn't be justice to the spirit. So he resolved to change it. But how? The car contained several lady passengers, and they watched everything that was going on around them with an assiduity that did honor to the sex. "Ah, ha! str-r-ategy, my boy!" said this resolute young man unto himself. "The tunnel—we are approaching a tunnel. With good management I can do the deed in the long tunnel just beyond Sunol;" and with a heavenly smile on his manly features he gracefully lifted his carpet-bag from the floor, unlocked it, and drew forth a snowy shirt, with nice frilled bosom. Then from another recess drew he a little packet, containing a pair of handsome sleeve-butt