MEMPHIS APPEAL

SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 27, 1873

ADAMS'S EULOGY ON SEWARD.

In every age there has existed a class of truckling hangers-on and sycophants, who are never happy unless playing the despicable part of the lick-spittle. The bestowal of alms blesses the giver as well as the receiver, and blandiloquence gives supreme happiness to a couple of dunderheads, to-wit: the pick-thank who uses the soft-sawder, and the self-complacent egotist who receives it. The flunkeys are ever ready with their bergamot and scent-bags, and the recipients are always on hand, with pug-noses, Roman-noses, Grecian-noses, nozzles and nostrils of every shape, to inhale the aroma. Charles Francis Adams has no more sympathy with the masses, with meritorious obscurity, than an iceberg has of the ardor of the tropics. Cold, repulsive and isolated to the approach of an equal companionship and an agreeable intercourse, he would scorn to praise any man living. But when he undertakes to eulogise the dead—grandees, who are not in his way, and the praise of whom detracts nothing from his importance, his obsequious flattery is as smooth and oily as it is fulsome and disgusting. Mr. Adams was recently invited by the New York legislature to pronounce an oration upon the late William H. Seward. We admire that amiable maxim which requires nothing evil to be spoken concerning the dead. When the shaft of death strikes down an individual, humanity almost instinctively and exclusively remember those qualities of head and heart which give life and vigor and beauty to friendship. But when unmerited praise of one dead man does injustice to another, the truth of history should be vindicated. In response to the request of the New York legislature, Mr. Adams comes forward and undertakes to emblam the memory of his hero in the form of a long romance, full of intensely reverent adulation. Judging from his address, one would suppose that he is capable of friendships, and that he is one of those enthusiastic and subservient admirers who can see no spot on the disc of the great sun he worships. In his picture of Seward we behold a magnificent creature of the imagination, without a flaw or blemish, who might have been drilled in military tactics by Mars, instructed in statesmanship by the seven wise men of Greece, and sent forth into the world in the maturity of his powers, conquering and to conquer, armed with the club of Hercules. If Mr. Adams is to be believed, Mr. Seward was a profound scholar and independent thinker of whom his age and country were not worthy. He represents his hero as one of those tall and commanding intellects of which Macaulay speaks as being the first to catch and reflect a light which, to the mass of mankind, is yet below the horizon, just as the sun illuminates the hills before it lightens up the level plain and sunken valley. It is evident that the Massachusetts orator considers the dead politician of New York at least a century ahead of his contemporaries, and that he endeavors to give him a place among the Jeffersons and Jacksons, the Clays, the Websters and the Calhouns. In blending the names of Lincoln and Seward, it is evident Mr. Adams believes that Seward was the controlling spirit of Lincoln's administration. This is unjust to the memory of Lincoln, for he was honest, knew no guile, was direct and easily understood, while Seward was subtle, and as much a mystery to himself as to the world. He was as gorgeous and as sophomorical as a youth of sixteen, and as a politician superficial, and meretricious as the flaunting nymph upon the pave. The lamented Lincoln was a joker, of no mean gifts in his way, and in one department of humor he was perhaps unrivalled among men. He could tread the perilous edge between the devout and the dirty with a sureness and steadiness of foot. There was nothing so sacred, so awful or so sad, but that he could see and welcome a bawdy spot in it; there was no crisis of statesmanship or complication of war that did not flesh out "a story" from the treasured ordure of his memory. Mr. Seward had no such fertility, nor such resources. His humor had not the grace of honest mastiness. He had no original genius for it, nor for anything else downright or genuine. There was a rough freshness and force now and then in Lincoln's homeliest utterances, which attracted men's sympathy and kindled their enthusiasm. There was a world of vigorous illustrative power in his very coarsest jokes sometimes, which betokened a rare union of wonderful common-sense with humor the most vivid and grotesque. Mr. Seward, on the contrary, never impressed any one with the idea that he was either vigorous or in earnest. If he had ventured on a jest, everybody would have known at once that he had read it somewhere in a newspaper, and had mistaken its point, or otherwise imposed on it. Had he been able to tell one of Mr. Lincoln's stories, it would have been simply and gratuitously filthy. He had, in fact, no real fun in him, for fun requires a trace or so of heart. And yet he was comic, after his fashion—more comic even than Lincoln. He seemed to have been born in order to develop and illustrate all the possible meanings of the word "humbug"—a word the infinite wealth of whose signification was imperfectly understood until his time. He had no literary culture or scholarly attainment of any sort, and yet he made greater ostentation of literature—especially where it would have been most out of place if he had in any manner possessed it—than any pedant who ever poured out official slip-slop. There was a maudlin fluidity about his style, which he intended should convey the impression of frankness, fervor, and gushing spontaneity. He seemed to have made a model of Lord Castelreagh, whom the wits of his day were fond of likening to a Dutch pump, of which you had but to lift the handle to be deluged with

"One weak, washy, everlasting flood."

He really cared for nothing and nobody, in this world or the other, except himself and his appurtenances, and yet there was no end to the wordy gurgle of his sympathy for everything and everybody—except his white fellow-countrymen south of the line. He never had one real conviction on any subject, and yet he was the paragon and patron of the class whom we call "our earnest men"—that is to say, the gentlemen who peddle the wooden nutmegs of humanitarian and philanthropic truth. Though his best friend, if he ever had a friend, could not rely on his word or promise, for half an hour his promisary elocution, notwithstanding, was the most copious praise to our mother tongue. He had the gift of prophesy besides, but as it lay in prophesying what never happened, he always issued his engagements at thirty or sixty days, in order to give them the air of securities negotiable in the market. Though he knew but little except the trash and corruption of New York politics and Washington intrigue, he was apparently always trying to teach something to some one or other. Every dispatch that he wrote was either a lecture or a disquisition, and the less he understood of the subject the more didactic he was, and the more impressive. When the frenzy of the civil war gave him the license of irresponsible power, coward as he was, he dared, in the way of grinding and tyrannous oppression, what a hundred heroes would have shrunk from doing. In fine, his whole fort in life was to make himself out and be taken for what he was not. He wished to go down to posterity as a wise, courageous, far-seeing, philosophic, self-sacrificing statesman and patriot, and while he was in place he managed to have himself pretty successfully advertised, as what we call in this country, a "sage," and an "old man eloquent." He knew all the time, as did everybody who knew him well, that he was simply a false, malignant, shallow, tricky, wordy New York politician and place-hunter. Possibly he may have deceived himself a little, but he deceived no one else who knew a hawk from a handsaw; and so, after a life of insincerity, conspiracy, intrigue and shame at Washington, he was sent away in his old age, a hissed and disappointed demagogue, leaving other birds in the nests built by his craft, and other bees deep in the honey he had gathered to sweeten his decline.

THE PROPOSED DESECRATION OF ELMWOOD.

It is with feelings of pain, not unmingled with horror, that we hear there is a strong desire on the part of certain lot-owners of Elmwood cemetery, the loveliest and most sacred of places, to have the grand old trees, whose presence fills the place with solemn beauty, uprooted and cast out of sight. A moment's reflection presents the proposition in so repulsive an aspect that we feel quite sure it will never be carried into effect, and we rejoice greatly that the managers are gentlemen of too much good taste and feeling to yield to this inconsiderate demand. If persons are so peculiar as to object to trees, let them purchase lots on which no tree ever grew, and there are many acres of bare land within the inclosure. If they already own lots on which trees grow, the managers will willingly exchange for any they may desire where no waving branches will ever cast their cool, refreshing shadows on the parched, bare ground, or forest birds sing nature's hymns of praise over the sleepers beneath the sod. Every human heart instinctively loves beautiful and graceful trees, and poets have unceasingly pointed out the close analogy between the forest and the human family. In the woods, as among men, stand the hoary ancestors, the mature and vigorous by their side, budding infancy at their feet. There they stand side by side, the beautiful and the ugly, the crooked and straight, wholesome and poisonous, fruitful and barren, living and dead; some dying in ripe old age, others uprooted in the wild tornadoes of youth; the many crushed in infancy; a perfect symbol of the human family. Our feelings deepen into reverence as the mind ponders over the strange revelations of inner truth, these voiceless teachers silently convey to thinking men, and clearer grows the eternal law of analogy between mankind and the trees, both cultivated and uncultivated. There are strange things predicated of trees in Holy Writ, and we marvel to see them spoken of as rational beings, having understandings, wills and muscular powers, so that they walk, talk, laugh and sing, worship and rejoice, and clap their hands, are happy and sometimes miserable, now strong, now weak, one day in an Eden of glory, and the next going down to hell. Our Lord cursed a barren tree while on earth. Surely the tree itself, unconscious and helpless, could not have excited his indignation, but as he only spoke in parables, and often acted parables, it is reasonable to infer that the tree represented some principle of the human mind which was opposed to divine goodness or wisdom, and was a lesson in symbols for his hearers. The world is his *kindergarten* for his children, and through natural objects he teaches spiritual truths, and by the light of a divine science we learn how every shade and tint of man's affections will be found in the beasts, all his thoughts in the birds of the air, all his intellectual principles in the trees in whose branches the birds build nests, and he who runs may read the lesson on every page of nature, and prove it by the Word of God. We plead earnestly with these painfully practical people for our beloved trees, with grateful memories of their tireless loving watches over the precious dead when only the stars looked down on the dreariness and silence of the grave, or the storm lashed the brave wide-spread arms that would shield our beloved from its fury. They are as awful as they are beautiful, and we can scarcely express in words our sincere appreciation of the taste and judgment manifested by Captain Lenow in executing such admirable designs in the city of our dead. We trust the desecration will not be permitted, as the discontented can easily find barren ground elsewhere, and the managers of the cemetery should permit any person that chooses to augment, but never lessen, the number of trees in Elmwood.

THE MINERAL WEALTH OF ARKANSAS.

The State of Arkansas is destined to become as rich as Missouri or Pennsylvania from her mineral resources. In almost every direction these crop out in coal, copper, iron, lead, silver, zinc and silver-lead. In some counties the indications and discoveries are more marked than in others, but from one end of the State to the other, running from the northwest to the southeast, making a detour at Little Rock, the State is rich in the ores bearing the highest commercial value. The fact, although long known, through the geological reports of David Dale Owen and his assistants, attracted but little attention on the part of the outside world. Whatever movement was made toward mining was in a rough way, by inhabitants of the favored localities and always contiguous to a navigable stream, like that of the Arkansas river, down which, in years before the war, many a ton of ore found its way to New Orleans, and eventually to England. These efforts ceased in 1860, on account of the political troubles, only to be resumed during the war as the Confederate government needed metals not otherwise to be had. This was the case with the Kellogg silver-lead mine, ten miles from Little Rock, of which so much has already appeared in the APPEAL. It was worked at various times between 1848 and 1859, but always in a rough sort of way, and without any such preliminary survey as usually precedes the work of careful mining. It was also worked in 1862, when a quantity of lead was taken out for use by the Confederate government, but from that time until 1867, it lay idle, when Mr. Chamberlain, now of Little Rock, originally from Ohio, leased the ground, and, in behalf of an Ohio company, commenced working it with fairest prospects of success, when the company collapsed, and he was left in a dilemma which he solved by selling out to the Memphis company that now own it, and who intend to work it profitably. Already two surveys have been made, the last of which we "assisted" at on Wednesday last, and can speak knowingly when we say that the indications on the surface and in the shafts are of a character to encourage the most doubting and sustain the most enthusiastic. In every direction, running east and west and sometimes north and south, shafts have been sunk or been begun, indicating very plainly the belief, as the results in all cases attest, that the whole property of over one thousand acres is one vast deposit of silver-lead, made up of continuous veins, and not of isolated "pockets," as was at one time supposed. One of the party we accompanied is a practical miner, who expressed himself well satisfied with the indications and outcroppings as promising a larger yield of valuable metal than any other mine known to him west of the Mississippi. Nearly every foot of the ground was surveyed, and as closely and carefully as the brief time allowed would permit, and with most satisfying and gratifying results; so much so that the company have determined to enter upon a thorough and complete survey, with the aid of a diamond-drill and the assistance of expert mining engineers. This will be the beginning, we hope, of work in all the mines, around Little Rock, work that will inure to the profit not only of those particularly engaged and directly interested, but to the people of the Arkansas capital and her railroads to St. Louis and Memphis. Capital will be called into requisition from abroad that now is lying idle and seeking investment, the latent labor of the country will be brought into use, and in time manufactories will be established for working this rich metal into something more than the crude "pig" by which it is known in the markets of the world. A few months will determine something in this direction. The eyes of speculators are now resting on this portion of Arkansas as upon a spot whereon or wherein they may find future immense and colossal fortunes, and for such results we soberly incline to the belief they may hope, especially so far as the Kellogg mine is concerned. Every foot of it is valuable, and every pound of the ore so far taken from it bespeaks a mineral whose value is estimated to net over one hundred dollars of silver to the ton, besides eighty per cent. of pure lead. Neither the Emma mine nor the Comstock lead have paid as this will pay when properly worked. Those best informed in mining are the most enthusiastic as to its merits, and the more intimate they become with its yield and the quality of that yield, the more hearty is their indorsement of it. We have more faith than ever in the Kellogg mine, and believe it is destined, in the hands of the Memphis company, to be the means of securing the attention of the people of the Union everywhere, to the vast mineral wealth that one day is to make Arkansas rich beyond any of her neighbors in the Mississippi valley.

ARKANSAS APPORTIONED.

The legislature of Arkansas which has just adjourned, passed an act redistricting the State for congressional purposes as follows:

First District—Mississippi, Poinsett, Jackson, Independence, Cross, Prairie, Lee, St. Francis, Woodruff, Prairie, Monroe, Phillips, Arkansas and Desha. Lee county is to be added also. Population 92,917.

Second District—Lincoln, Jefferson, Drew, Chicot, Ashley, Bradley, Calhoun, Ouachita, Union, Columbia, Nevada, Hempstead, Sevier, Pike, and Little River. To which is to be added Dorsey. Population, 122,646.

Third District—Pulaski, Perry, Saline, Grant Dallas, Hot Spring, Clark, Pike, Sevier, Polk, Montgomery, Yell, Scott, Sarber, Sebastian, Crawford, Franklin, Johnson. To which will be added Garland, Faulkner and Lonoke. Population, 144,832.

Fourth District—Randolph, Greene, Craig Searcy, Lawrence, Sharp, Izard, Fulton, White, Conway, Clayton, Van Buren, Pope, Newton, Searcy, Marion, Boone, Carroll, Madison, Benton and Washington. To which is to be added Stone and Baxter. Population, 129,860.

This apportionment seems to have been made with a view to future partisan success by the Radical party, which, since the ratification of the enfranchising amendment to the constitution, fears the loss of its power. The *Gazette*, reviewing the act, makes this plain. It says the third district has a population of over fifty thousand more than the first; the second district thirty thousand more, and the fourth district thirty-two thousand more. The gerrymandering in this apportionment is nearly or quite as bad as that proposed in the bill of Senator White, of Phillips, at the commencement of the session.

ROAD TO HOLLY SPRINGS.

There is a strong disposition to prefer a narrow-gauge road to Holly Springs. We have three letters on the subject from most intelligent gentlemen and liberal citizens. Since diversities of opinion on this subject may be mischievous in results, would it not be well for a compromise to be effected? The committees securing subscriptions should see *how much* the narrow-gauge is preferred. It is a question of dollars and cents, and not of words, in newspapers. But if General Forrest's company will not build a narrow-gauge, as announced, that's an end of the controversy. If we must have a railroad to Holly Springs, let the narrow-gauge be built as a branch or adjunct of the Selma road, which may extend hereafter to this city, from the south. But the county subscription belongs to the president and directors of the Selma line, and cannot be diverted from their scheme. Without this, even the narrow-gauge is unattainable. There is no help for it. If we are to have a road to the metropolis of Mississippi, we must accept terms defined by the organized Memphis and Selma railroad company. We can't escape the necessity. Whether happy or not in contemplating this state of facts, is another question.

THE *Ledger* of yesterday says: "Attorney-General Heiskell has expressed it as his opinion that in funding the State debt no compounding will be allowed. The coupons will be funded into bonds and then begin to draw interest." We do not see that this very grave opinion of the attorney-general was necessary. Neither the journals nor legislators who supported the funding bill ever intended that interest was to be paid on the coupons, and we believe the bill itself is so plain upon the subject that a wayfaring man, though a fool, might see and know for himself. There is so much said about this funding bill that is unnecessary—so much that is foreign to its spirit and purport that we think it looks to the formation of a new "party," rather than the protection of the interests of the people. It looks as if it were intended to make of this a test question upon which the Conservatives and Democrats of the State are to be divided in order that Governor Brown may be beaten down and Ex-President Johnson rise triumphantly to the surface again. That's all there is in this rumpus about funding.

BROWNSVILLE is in great trouble. The Memphis and Ohio road will not stop trains there, unless suits instituted by farmers for excessive freight charges be dismissed. Brownsville has nothing to do with these suits, and the only remedy is in the extension of the Raleigh narrow-gauge to Brownsville.

The Senatobia *Times* complains of worms. English sparrows should be introduced.

For the Sunday Appeal.]

"GOD'S TEMPLE."

BY LUCIE.

A stone and then a stone again,
Hard from the quarry riven,
One and another closely lain
Deep in the heart-core driven.

Poor human heart! Stone after stone,
Let the base firmly rest
That the great temple built thereon,
Life's elements may breast.

That the God-graven work secure,
The soul its weight forgets,
And learning strongly to endure
Trembles not with regrets.

Sore-sorrowed soul, faint not at sight
Of the first burdens hard,
Nor struggle with youth's rebel night
Till weary, worn and scarred.

But let a home be reared therein
For the dear God's abode,
Where from the carnal cares of sin
His soul may crown thy load.

His temple strong—not built with hands—
Carve upon thy breast,
Until His cross above it stands,
His faith and love confessed.

Then will the youngest angels wing
Within its walls to group,
And smiling there, will sing, and sing,
Till heaven itself will stoop.

A GOOD GRAMMAR.

We advise every little grammarian just entering on the study to commit to memory the following lines, and then they never need make errors in speech. The author—whoever he is—deserves much credit:

Three little words you often see,
Are articles, a, an and the.
A noun's the name of anything,
As school or garden, hoop or swing.
Adjectives tell the kind of noun,
As great, small, pretty, white or brown.
Instead of nouns the pronouns stand:
Her head, his face, your arm, my hand.
Verbs tell something to be done—
To read, count, sing, laugh, jump, run.
How things are done the adverbs tell,
As slowly, quickly, ill or well.
Conjunctions join the words together,
As men and women, wind or weather.
The prepositions stand before
A noun, as of or through a door.
The interjections show surprise,
As oh! how pretty—oh! how wise.

The whole are called nine parts of speech,
Which reading, writing, speaking teach.

DREAMS THAT CAME TRUE.

How sweet the life of my youth with thee!
Though bitter the world of man to me.

We dwelt in an attic lone and bare,
And co'dly the winter stars shone there.

And scant the bread that we had to eat,
And sad our lives, though our love was sweet.

She said—"My love, my poet, my friend,
Hope on, the true hour must win in the end.

"So long as you doubt my prophecies,
How can I trust when you call me wise?

"At last men will hear and understand
A poet's voice that speaks in the land.

"And rich in time we two will go,
To ancient lands you have yearned to know,

"We'll fly like the birds without a care,
O'er purple seas and through cities fair.

"And taste the bloom of a morning breeze,
Blown off piny clefts of the Pyrenees.

"And here in Venice sweet Tasso's song,
By stately gondola borne along.

"We'll sail in Egypt, and rest awhile
In palm-girt palace beside the Nile.

"And watch from our roof Canopus rise,
In silver splendor 'mid opal skies.

"Then dream sweet days in the southern seas,
Till we reach the land of Pericles!

"And see Athene's purple hill,
Whose marble columns gleam golden still;

"And find wherever we chance to go,
That my poet's fame has journeyed too!

"What days to wait for!" and then she smiled,
By such fond fancies from care beguiled.

The years have passed. And passed as she said;
Alas! the seer of my life was dead!

They call me poet and crown my brow,
I heed not fame or its guerdon now.

What praise can alter the past for thee,
Whose love was stronger than death for me?

Ah! could we meet at our attic door,
In tears as often we met before!

How sweet the sorrows we shared as one!
How bitter the joys I taste alone!

—*Good Words.*

"ONLY A BABY."

Only a baby! a helpless little soul who had never yet lived for anything but to be cared for—who had neither words nor thoughts—who must have perished, like a crushed flower, of a few hours' neglect; but it was hers, her baby, and so not like any other thing in all the world. What do you know, who never had one of the touch of the little hands against her breast—of its lips there, soft and warm—of the little nippling nails that hurt so cunningly that the pain was pleasure—of the long talks it used to have with mamma, when it said "da," and "ma," and "no," and "ta-ta," and meant so much? What can you guess of the thrills that went through her when "baby took notice"—when its wonderful good sense taught it to reach out for an orange, and bob it with both hands against its nose, and make vain efforts to swallow it whole? What do you know of the feeling of utter possession which nothing else can give a woman but her baby? It is all her own, and no one else knows it, before any one else knew of it—hers while it was only a dream, a flutter of her own heart, a sob of her own breath—hers when, faint with pain and worn with travail, she took it first to her arms, a downy handful that only a woman dare touch, even then her compensation for all suffering. It looked—it always does look, to a mother's eyes, like papa." It is his, and yet he is hers, but baby is still more her own. A husband may have loved before; a little bit of his heart may have been, or may be somebody else's; he may even once have had another wife—at least there is some one somewhere who has his friendship, or a ship he loves, or a profession he pursues, or a dog he pets, or a horse he is fond of; but baby never had but one mother. Other women have; nothing has any claim upon him, nothing could entice him from her bosom. "Just a little animal," you say. Yes of course; but mothers do not think so, cannot, feel so—ought not, if they could. There are all the wonderful hopes of all the wonderful world hovering about baby's head. Nothing is impossible for his future; to be the best and most beautiful, to be the greatest, to overcome all obstacles, to have friends and no enemies. Why may not this be? The little soul is new and untainted, the little body has all growth before it. Its future is always magnificent. Baby! baby! In the night its little cry waked her from dreams to sweeter thoughts than any dreams could hold. In the morning perhaps it had crept up and put its velvet cheek against hers, thrilling her as the first-born did with its tiny touch. She wondered at the women who long to be no women, that they may struggle fiercely on life's arena by man's right. She could struggle also for baby, but there is no joy like being baby's mother—his baby's mother whom she loves. And her man-child lying on her bosom tells her tale and sings her a song that only mothers never hear; and she knows that God made woman the mother of men, he gave her the highest honor that life holds. And now—now—baby is dead! The sweetness is taken from her soul, the warmth from her heart. For a while it must seem as though there were nothing more for her under the sun. It will never come to pass that she shall see it a boy, and make for it little tunics and soft velvet caps. She shall never pridefully gaze upon the gold school medal he would have been sure to win. Nor shall she look up at him, taller than her by the head, broad-shouldered and stalwart, and be glorified in having him for a son. There is nothing now but a baby image of clay put away under a coffin-lid. Only a baby! Ah, no; more than that. The beautiful mystery over which she dreamed is gone. The veiled hope that flitted down the future has followed it. The downy armful has left her, and the little thing in frocks and redshoes, and the boy with his shrill clear voice and merry ways, and the youth of such rare promise, and the grand perfect man without fault or blemish—so many things that she had in the past, or in the present, or that were to come to her in the future; and you say—you who know nothing of it all—"Only a baby!" M. K. D.

The Pennsylvania Central railroad company announces that the tunnel which it is building under the city of Baltimore will be finished in the next two months. The cost of this magnificent enterprise will be in the neighborhood of three millions of dollars. It will accommodate the various northern and southern trains running through the city, and will enable them to make their trips without breaking their trains, as is now the case. The Baltimore and Ohio railroad company is now engaged in constructing a triple track for the length of seventy-two miles from the eastern terminus of their road. The construction of this extra track has become indispensable, from the continuous increase of the coal trade, and will not only greatly facilitate the tonnage, but will materially aid in the development of the largely increased passenger business of the road. There are now two hundred and twenty-three miles of continuous double-track on the line of this road, and it is proposed at an early day to make the whole line a double track.

THE RETREAT FROM CABUL.

[From the St. Louis Republican.]

The name of Dr. William Brydon—whose death is announced in late telegrams from London—though perhaps unfamiliar to the mass of readers, will recall to students of Anglo-Indian history the story of one of the greatest disasters which has ever overtaken British arms in the far east. A brief narrative of the events with which Dr. Brydon was connected may, therefore, be interesting. In 1793 the throne of Afghanistan was contended for by three brothers—Zemann, Mahmud and Shah Sujah. Mahmud triumphed, but in 1823 was compelled to resign, and the kingdom virtually passed under the control of Dost Mohammed, a man of decided courage and ability. He became involved in difficulties with the East Indian government—the latter undoubtedly being the most in fault. These difficulties, which might have been amicably settled, Lord Auckland, the governor-general of India, decided to submit to the abitrament of the sword. Accordingly, on the first of October, 1838, he decalred war against Afghanistan, giving the following reasons for the step: First, that Dost Mahommed had unlawfully attacked Runjeet Singh, a British ally; second, that the military preparations among the Afghans argued a hostile purpose toward India; third, that the Shah Sujah, the rightful heir to the crown, had placed himself under British protection. The real object of this unnecessary war was to establish British power in Afghanistan. In the early spring of 1839, an army, consisting of some four thousand regular and twelve thousand irregular troops under command of General Elphinstone, advanced through the Bolan Pass to Chandahar, where Shah Sujah formally asserted his claims to the country. In the latter part of July the fortress of Ghiznee was taken after a sharp combat, and on the seventh of August the British forces took possession of Cabul, the capital—which, to all appearances, made the conquest of the country complete. But appearances in this case were deceitful. Though Cabul had capitulated and Dost Mohammed had surrendered himself, his son, Akbar Khan, was still unsubdued, and had the support of the bulk of the people. He secretly instigated a conspiracy which, in November, 1841, culminated in open insurrection at Cabul. Sir Alexander Burnes—a relative of the poet—who was serving as political resident, was murdered, together with a number of British officers. This unexpected outbreak, instead of bringing prompt retaliation, induced the commander to sign terms which can scarcely be regarded as other than disgraceful, and which subsequent events proved to be the very worst that could have been adopted. It was agreed that the British troops should leave Afghanistan as speedily as possible; Akbar Kahn promising to furnish an escort and facilitate the retreat by all the means at his command. Depending on these pledges—in which he should have placed no faith—Elphinstone set out on his homeward march. January 6th, 1842. The army he led was roughly estimated at four thousand five hundred; the camp followers, women and children swelled the number to at least twenty-five thousand. The route chosen led through a badly broken country; the weather was intensely cold, and the ground covered with snow. The first day's march was only five miles, and it is said that the road was tracked with the blood of the unfortunate host whom a ruinous policy had doomed to destruction. They camped in the snow without shelter, many of them without food, and next morning resumed a journey which had now degenerated into the flight of an undisciplined rabble. Soldiers, civilians, women, children and animals were all mixed together; and the native bands, seeing their advantage, hung upon the flanks of the mob and attacked it whenever opportunity offered. It is asserted that Akbar Khan had no controle over his fanatical followers, but the probability is that he urged them on in the crusade against the common enemy. Elphinstone and his officers endeavored to come to an understanding with the hostile chiefs, but their efforts amounted to nothing and only caused delay which, under the circumstances, was fatal. The third day the force entered a long, narrow defile known as the Koord Caubul pass, where it was exposed to the fire of the Afghans from both sides of the precipitous cliffs, and effectual resistence was impossible. Three thousand persons perished in this terrible spot between dawn and sunlight—many frozen to death, and the rest butchered by the guns and knives of the savage foe. On the morning of the fourth day a negotiation was held with Akbar Khan, who agreed to take under his protection the married officers and their wives, whose safety was thereby secured. The day following the remainder struggled onward through a cloud of encompassing enemies, and reached a place called Jugdulluck. Here General Elphinstone and two other officers surrendered themselves to Akbar Khan, as a guaranty that the post of Jellalabad, then held by the British under General Sale, should be abandoned, and on condition that the retreat of the army should be no farther molested. This agreement, as might have been anticipated, was mere talk so far as the Afghans were concerned. Elphinstone and his companions were held as prisoners, but when the remnant of the army proceeded they found themselves exposed to the same attacks, and on arriving at Jugdullock pass were confronted by an impassable barricade. There the whole were massacred, with the exception of twenty officers and forty-five soldiers who managed to make their escape over the mountains. This little band were obliged to fight every foot of the way, and at a point sixteen miles distant from Jellalabad only six officers were left alive. On the morning of January 13, 1842, the sentinel upon the walls of Jellalabad saw far off along the rocky plain a strange figure approaching. It proved to be a ragged, wounded, half starved man, clinging exhausted to the neck of a miserable little pony. This man was Dr. William Brydon, the only one of the army of twenty-five thousand which left Cabul a week before who had escaped to tell the horrible tale! A force was soon afterward sent against the Afghans and secured the release of the prisoners held by Akbar Khan. General Elphinstone was ordered to answer charges of misconduct, but died before the court martial convened. Nothing is left of the ill-fated expedition except a gloomy memory, which has just been revived by the death of Dr. Brydon.

We are not and never can be propagandists, in the Christian sense, because we sincerely believe that it is by the life and not by the creed that men are judged. It is an old saying of our rabbis that the pious of every nation have a share in future bliss. Holding to this belief, we do not regard it as our duty to propagate our creed, even if we had the influence and the numbers to devote ourselves to such a wild scheme. Jews never court proselytes. A good man is no better by becoming a good Jew. It is the goodness, after all, which has the saving power, whether the man be Jew, Christian, or Mohammedan. We have nothing but praise and admiration for Christians who work to lead men to a better life—who are carrying our Bible and theirs throughout the habitable globe, that its light may warn the ignorant and redeem the vicious. In the Christian's labor of self-sacrifice, the Jew, too, may join at no very distant date. Hitherto, we have not had time to grow and flourish. Scarcely have we rested our feet and acquired a little influence, before presumably Christian kings have pounced upon our tressures, and cast us into prison or exile. We do not bear them any ill-will on that account, for they religiously supposed they were fulfilling prophecy by spitting on us and plucking our beards, but it was a little unjust thus to knock us into the mud and blame us for being smeared with dirt. However that day is past. At present, we have work enough to purify ourselves, rather than cleanse the Hottentot. Let us live quietly in America for fifty years more, and if our people are true to themselves, who knows what sublime scheme of propagandism they shall originate?—*Jewish Messenger.*

The death of Peter Gilsey, which occurred at his residence, No. 33 west Twenty-eighth street, Tuesday morning, April 8th, robbed New York of one of her most prominent and enterprising citizens. Mr. Gilsey landed in this city a poor and friendless boy, and, by industry and good business capacity, amassed a large fortune. He erected, among other buildings, the Gilsey House, the St. George Hotel, the Coleman House and Appollo Hall. He was a member of the board of aldermen at the time he died. His son, Peter Gilsey, jr., is well known to all devoted followers of dog and gun.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

Hans Christian Andersen, one of the line of men of genius, and founder of a school of literature for children, is known by his writings throughout Christendom, and by his presence not only in Denmark, his native country, but in the literary, artistic, and court circles of France, Germany, England, and Italy, where his *naiveté* and unaffected simplicity of affection have made him known and honored. He was born in Odense, Denmark, on the second of April, 1805, in the one room which his father and mother occupied, which served alike for house and shoemaker's shop; he left the town when he was fourteen to seek his fortune, and in 1867, he was received in Odense as the guest of the citizens; the houses were all illuminated, a banquet was given in his honor, and he was presented with the freedom of the city. In the sixty-two years that lie between those dates, and in the six years since then, is the story of a life, full of varied lights and shades. His father was a young man of poetic mind, always hungering after a richer life than that spent in making shoes; his mother, a simple, superstitious, and affectionate woman. In their one room began his life, and his earliest recollections furnished him with scenes which afterward he wove into his stories. "Our little room," he says, "which was almost filled with the shoemaker's bench, the bed, and my crib, was the abode of my childhood; the walls, however, were covered with pictures, and over the work-bench was a cupboard containing books and songs; the little kitchen was full of shining plates and metal pans, and, by means of a ladder, it was possible to go out on the roof, where, in the gutters between our house and the neighbors', there stood a great chest filled with soil, my mother's sole garden, where she grew her vegetables. In my story of the 'Snow Queen' the garden still blooms." He grew into a tall, ungainly lad, as shy as a girl, and yet so simple-hearted that he was ready to confide to the utmost in one who smiled on him. At a charity-school he learned just a little, but that little so carelessly that long afterward he suffered for the lack of such common knowledge, even as how to spell. It was now, too, that he began to associate more with others, and, like his companions, to go through the catechism, preparatory to confirmation. He tells a little story here of himself, which shows where "The Red Shoes" came from. "An old female tailor altered my deceased father's great-coat into a confirmation suit for me; never before had I worn so good a coat. I had, also, for the first time in my life, a pair of boots. My delight was extremely great; my only fear was that everybody would not see them, and, therefore, I drew them up over trousers, and thus marched through the church. The boots creaked, and that inwardly pleased me; for thus the congregation would hear that they were new. My devotion was disturbed; I was aware of it, and it caused me a horrible pang of conscience that my thoughts should be as much with my new boots as with God. I prayed him earnestly from my heart to forgive me, and then again I thought of my new boots." When he set out for Copenhagen, he had a little sum of money and his confirmation suit, and unbounded confidence in everyone. He had an innocent way of going right up to people and asking for what he wanted. The theater was to him the most beautiful place in the world, and he was ready to do anything that would be in place there—dance, sing, or act. So he went to the manager, and asked for an engagement. The manager looked at him, and said, "No, you are too thin for the theater." "Oh," replied Andersen, "only engage me, with one hundred rix dollars banco salary, and I shall get fat!" But the manager gravely bade him go away—that only people of education could do anything at the theater. The poor boy lived, one scarcely knew how, but he could not help attracting people's attention, he was so ingenious, and at last, a wise and good man, Councillor Collin, took him as his ward, sent him to school, and began to educate him. Andersen now learned how to use his mind, all the old fancies and make-believes which had kept him busy with mock theaters and puppets and dolls, began to find expression in writing, and before he had finished his schooling, he was writing stories and dramas; and just before he passed his last examination, when he was twenty-four years old, he brought out a collection of poems, and one of his plays was acted at the theater. Denmark is a little country, but an old nation inhabits it; and hence it is, in fact, that society there is something like a great family. Every one knows every one, and personal affairs get talked about, and a new author, or artist, or actor, is at once taken in hand; people not only talk about him, but talk to him, and criticise him, and tell him what he ought to do, and what he ought not to do. Society there is a village teatable of educated people. Andersen, who had come up from poverty, and was, besides, a young man ignorant of worldly wisdom, was badgered a good deal, and in the early days of his authorship, had to struggle hard to maintain a position. But, by degrees, he commanded attention and respect; people began to see that he had gifts of an unusual character, and just the thing for which he was at first blamed—his *naiveté* and childishness—are now what the world recognizes as his good qualities in literature. From that time to this he has been writing stories; novels for older people, such as *The Improvisitore*, which is a picture of Italy, and *The Two Baronesses*, O. T., and *Only a Fiddler*, where the scenes are Danish. He is Danish to the core. The old legends of his ancient country, the wild sand-heaps of Jutland, the beech trees, the bright, quarrelsome city life, the fresh, frank hospitality, all get into his stories. But it is his little stories that have won him renown. They were something so new and so pleasing, that they became at once general favorites with young and old, and in the theaters, instead of poetry the actors would recite "The Constant Tin Soldier," "The Top and Ball," or "The Swineherd." Thorwaldsen, the famous sculptor, was a Dane, and was delighted with Andersen's stories. In his company he wrote *Ole Shut Eye*; and "often," says Andersen, "in the twilight, when the family circle sat in the open garden parlor, Tharwaldsen would come softly behind me, and clapping me on the shoulder, would ask, 'Shall we little ones hear any tales to-night?'" When he began writing his stories, he sought only to tell over again old legends of Denmark, which he had heard as a child; but as his interest increased, he invented his stories, and soon every Christmas brought a new volume from him. I think one reason why he wrote these stories, which he did not publish till after he was established as author of *The Improvisatore*, was, that he was heartily tired of the perpetual criticism which the people were making of him, and wished to do something for those who could enjoy reading without forever explaining what they liked and what they did not like. For the first time, he found himself in a wholly congenial circle; his quaintest fancies pleased and were not jeered at. Andersen has never married, and lives a rambling sort of life, sometimes in Copenhagen, but quite as often traveling in Spain, Switzerland, Germany, France, Holland, England and Italy. He is a great favorite at various courts, and has had many honors from crowned heads, but his true distinction consists in the fact that every home is open to him, and the door as well as the heart know his kindly nature. He himself, in *The Story of My Life*, relates a bright little scene. He was away from home, at Hamburg, we believe, and in company with Otto Speckter, the clever artist who has illustrated his stories, was setting out for the operahouse. "On our way," he says, "we came to an elegant house. 'We must first go in here, dear friend,' said he; 'a wealthy family lives here, friends of mine, and friends of your stories; the children will be happy.' 'But the opera,' said I. 'Only for two minutes,' returned he; and drew me into the house, mentioned my name, and the circle of children collected around me. 'And now tell us a tale,' said he; 'only one.' I told one, and then hastened away to the theater. 'That was an extraordinary visit,' said I. 'An excellent one; one entirely out of the common way!' said he exultingly. 'Only think: the children are full of Andersen and his stories; he suddenly makes his appearance amongst them, tells one of them himself, and then is gone! vanished! That is of itself like a fairy tale to the children, that will remain vividly in their remembrance.' I myself was amused by it." These travels of Andersen's have borne fruit in many ways. They keep the poet's mind fresh and inquisitive, and have furnished him with an inexhaustible fund of material, so that not only has he written sketches and whole volumes of travel, but has used the material as foundation and suggestion for his novels, dramas, and stories. In the collected series of his writings there are volumes on *Spain and Portugal*, *The Poets Bazaar*, which is a narrative of travel chiefly in Italy, Greece, and the Orient, *Pictures of Travel* in Sweden, the Hartz Mountains, and Switzerland. And what a host of eminent men of letters he has seen and known! His autobiography, which ended in the original edition in 1855, was continued for the American edition to 1867, and the translation made and published first in America under the title *The Story of My Life*, is crowded with gossip and bright reminiscences of literature, artists