RAILROAD TIME TABLE

MEMPHIS AND LOUISVILLE ARRIVES:
Express (except Sundays), at 4 p.m. (every day), at 4:20 a.m. Freight and accommodation (except Sundays), at 10:30. Brownsville Accommodation, at 8:30 a.m.

REMEMBER THE DAY.

Yesterday the surviving soldiers of the Confederate armies, with their wives, daughters, sisters, and friends of all political complexions, assembled at Elmwood cemetery for the purpose of laying an annual floral tribute upon the graves of their dead comrades. An appropriate and eloquent oration was delivered by General Gordon, and the religious services were conducted by Rev. Mr. Boggs, pastor of the Second Presbyterian church. We need not say to the readers of the APPEAL, nor to the people of Memphis, that this was an occasion when every man and every woman of those present did everything necessary to foster and perpetuate the love we all feel for those who laid down their lives for our political integrity and personal freedom. Every year since the war this custom has been appropriately observed in all the leading cities of the south; and those of the north, emulating an example founded upon the purest and most patriotic impulses, have decorated the graves of their fallen brave ones who died to perpetuate the Union. Recently, too, the Union men of the south have exhibited the most kindly feeling in this regard, and, as in Mobile a few weeks since, have either attended in person to do honor to the brave and chivalrous sons of the south, or sent their floral tributes to express a sentiment at once elevated and beautiful and far removed from the taint of sectional prejudice or party bias. In this spirit the surviving soldiers of the Confederate armies resident in Memphis yesterday celebrated the recurring anniversary, and entered upon the sacred duty of decorating the graves of their comrades. They threw down the barriers of section and party, and invited all, without regard to federal or Confederate affiliation, to participate in the interesting occasion and unite in a demonstration that was altogether filial, that had not and could not have any political significance, and that is worthy of perpetuation, as it is worthy of the countenance and support of every large-hearted man and woman, no matter where born, and no matter how they felt or acted during the war. This is as it should be. We have reached at last the period when we can look each other in the face and shake hands over a restored and united country, and when we can say in truth, and with heart-felt gratitude, "Let there be peace." We have reached a time when we can calmly survey the past, and give fullest credit where it is due, regardless of places, positions or persons, when we can see the mistakes, follies and blunders of both sides, and realize the strength and weakness of either. In a country like ours, days are as months are in Europe, and months as years, so rapidly do we move to the consummation of our purposes; hence we have been able, in nine years, to weave a well of oblivion over the years of civil war, and working in the living present, to think only of the glorious future that remains for us and our children. In this temper we went forth yesterday to Elmwood to lay our tributes of "flowers, sweet flowers," on the graves of those who died, as they believed, contending for constitutional principles, to do honor to ourselves in honoring the dead representatives of the thousands who rest on countless battlefields, whose memories are to be cherished forever as those of our dead kindred, our comrades in battle, our fellow-soldiers in a great cause, our fellow-countrymen who lived and labored and died actuated solely by love of country and the purest patriotism.

PROSPECTS OF MEMPHIS.

There is no prosperity for Memphis visible in the near future, unless we may succeed in building the narrow-gauge road to Bolivar and Pulaski. Railway freight charges will be lessened one-half, and the whole commercial force of each road that now exists will be necessarily directed to the accumulation of wealth in Memphis, as now each road, in order that freights may follow their lines the greatest possible distance, give preferred rates to freights going the greatest possible distances. In other words, the whole wealth and trade of the whole country west of the Tennessee river will be forced into Memphis by cheap rates of freight if this narrow-gauge road be built. In behalf of this narrow-gauge road, Major Sykes made an admirable speech a few days ago at Pulaski. The Citizen gave a glowing account of this speech, and declares that its effectiveness was never equalled by any similar address ever delivered before the people of Giles county. Major Sykes did not fail to tell of assurances given by leading merchants and others of Memphis, and by the chamber of commerce and city press, that this county and city would assure the completion of this narrow-gauge road to Somerville. This assurance secures beyond question the subscription proposed to be made by Giles county, and it is time that Memphis had redeemed its pledges. He said "We are sometimes told that Memphis is burdened with debt and taxation; whilst this is true, it cannot be ascribed to railroads, but to bad government. The whole amount the city has subscribed to railroads is one million three hundred thousand dollars, whilst her debt is four million five hundred thousand dollars, for much of which she has no improvements to show. It was her railroad subscription that caused her to gain the wealth she has, and which has enabled her to bear the burdens of a most wretched financial policy, besides other calamities unparalleled in the history of other cities. Despite all these calamities, she will rise from her misfortunes with renewed energy, and, as Colonel Clapp says in the able speech from which I have quoted, 'croakers may retard her growth, but cannot destroy her.' At the time Memphis made her first subscription to a railroad—five hundred thousand dollars to the Memphis and Charleston road—she had only three million dollars of property, including slaves. She now has twenty-eight millions, without slaves. Greater it is road to enable her to get your products at fair rates—your corn, your grain, live stock coal and iron—and she will yet become a great manufacturing as well as commercial city. And as Samson broke the things with which he was bound, she will break her fetters and rise superior to all her difficulties and all her misfortunes, and become a city of which, as Tennessean, you will be proud."

SHUCKLES OF VILLAINOUS LUCK.

J. T. Shanks, of Norfolk, Virginia, tells that New Orleans received up to the eleventh instant, one million one hundred and thirty-one thousand five hundred and sixty-two cotton bales; Savannah, six hundred and nineteen thousand and ninety-one; Norfolk, four hundred and thirty-four thousand two hundred. Norfolk thus becomes the third highest cotton port of the south. Next year, because of the desolation of the lowlands by floods, Savannah will stand first, and the second place will be either New Orleans, Norfolk or Memphis. Since Memphis, unless we build the Bolivar narrow-gauge, and thus compel all roads to force freights toward Memphis because the Bolivar road will put down rates toward the city—since Memphis must lose heavily by the overflow and by political disturbances in Arkansas, we cannot contest the palm next year with Norfolk or Savannah. If we build a narrow-gauge road to Holly Springs and Grenada and thus force the Mobile and Ohio to send freights toward Memphis as cheaply as toward Mobile or Cairo, then Memphis will receive and ship more cotton than Norfolk or New Orleans. By next November McComb will complete the Pulaski road. This, and the road to Bolivar and to Holly Springs, and that other across the river to Jacksonport, will soon give us cheap food, cheap fuel and cheap iron. Within the decade there is no reason, if Mayor Logan persist in reducing public burdens and thus in reducing the cost of living among the poor, why Memphis may not prosper as in the olden time before the treasury was remorselessly robbed of its stupendous revenues, like Mem-

phis, greatly needs railway consolidation. Mahone and Wilson, and Jagues and President Rather and Major Ross, should co-operate. A consolidated mortgage should absorb existing debts on each road from Norfolk to Memphis and Little Rock, and then the wealth of the whole be devoted to the immediate extension of an independent line from Pine Bluff, through Camden, into Texas. The boundless wealth of Texas would be borne eastwardly through this city to the sea at Norfolk. Why do not Norfolk newspapers point to this imperative necessity? Mahone, Wilson and Jaques must make terms. If merchants of Memphis, on this day of rest, would think over facts here recited and reflect that by combined efforts they themselves each great purpose here defined may be readily effected, there would soon be none to deplore poverty or wretched strokes of villainous luck. Let the chamber of commerce undertake these tasks and organize these results.

GRANT'S SUDDEN KINDNESS.

It would have been infinitely better for Arkansas and the south if Grant had recognized Baxter when first appealed to in behalf of order and peace. He has now violated his traditional policy in dealing with southern States and people, and absolutely acted as the more intelligent citizens of Arkansas desired. Adventurers, carpetbaggers and blacks constituted the great body of Brooks' adherents, and no event in Grant's administration is more extraordinary or inexplicable than his co-operation, in policy affecting the south, with the more decent and intelligent people of the south. Have Clayton and Dorsey lost, and McDonald won power at the back stairs of the White House? Perhaps, since Morton has quarreled with the President, and would win favor in the west and south by favoring currency expansion, Grant proposes to get even by conciliating the nine southern provinces, which felt so keenly the wrongs done Arkansas by reckless adventurers. For the first time since Grant went into office the south, with one voice, approves his approval of men. He has almost uniformly sent hither men wholly unworthy of any office; and while excellent northern gentlemen, recently domiciliated in the south, complain of social neglect, they should not forget that at first they are supposed to be of that class of political and office-seeking desperadoes who have recently subjected Arkansas to measureless calamities. While it is true that in the north and south the number of decent, honest, upright men and women is perhaps the same, every worthy northener confesses that the land of his nativity has often been most unworthily represented in these victimized States. To these villains the war between Brooks and Baxter is to be ascribed; and of these, Brinkstone Brooks is the worthiest impersonation.

HOW TO REDUCE TAXES.

The Rural Sun, published at Nashville, the organ of the farmers of Middle Tennessee, is edited with great ability and has sound views not only in regard to practical agriculture, but discusses in a calm philosophic spirit all the great questions which affect our material, intellectual and social well being. Its issue of May 14th contains some most valuable articles on various subjects of general interest. Three of them are of special interest and importance on the "*Colored Convention at Nashville*," "*Cheap Transportation*," and on "*How to Diminish Taxes*." The one on "How to Diminish Taxes" should be read by every intelligent farmer in the State because it contains so many wise practical suggestions. It says: "This is now the leading question among the people of the State, and any suggestions tending to even temporary relief are read with interest. If our people sincerely desire to lessen their burdens, the best way to do it and at the same time preserve our self-esteem, is by stimulating production, improving our method of farming, and practicing economy. We pay ten times more taxes by idleness and apathy and inattention to our duties, than we do to keep up the credit of the State. We complain of taxation, yet will take no steps to relieve ourselves from it. We suffer our coal and iron and timber to go unused, when they could multiply our wealth and increase our powers indefinitely. We pay profits to northern manufacturers, instead of retaining them to meet our obligations. We are, in a measure, inert, inactive, apathetic, unprogressive and unenterprising, and complain of the results. We stand upon the bank of the great river of industrial progress and development, and wring our hands, because we are not as other States are, when the truth is, we are afraid of the toil and trouble necessary to launch our barks in the stream that would waft us to ports of plenty and affluence."

THE DEADLIEST ENEMY OF HIS RACE.

In the next contest, in local and State elections, it is palpable that each race will vote as an unit. The social equality bill has been made a test question of partisan fidelity, and colored people have injected it as an issue, most needlessly, into Tennessee politics. The result will be, in districts and counties in which negroes are formidable as voters, the organization of parties distinguished solely by race-features. In Tennessee nothing could be more unfortunate for the negroes. Even if they acquire a few offices in a few counties, they have only succeeded in separating themselves wholly from the white race; and since federal authority cannot intervene further, after enacting the civil rights bill, in behalf of the blacks, and this civil rights bill destroys the free-school system in Tennessee root and branch, we cannot see very clearly in what Wharncliffe Master Shaw serves his people. Is he not the colored man's greatest enemy? The APPEAL has never sought to wheedle the negro into the support of its favored candidates. It has uniformly spoken the truth of each negro movement in politics; and since none may question these plain, palpable results of the policy defined by Mr. Shaw, may we not inquire whether the colored people prefer an empty right, to do that which they can never do, even under Sumner's bill, or whether they would have the extinction of the common-school system of Tennessee. In Memphis, the negroes, we are told, accept Shaw's philosophy, demanding social and personal equality, fixed by federal law; and whatever Mr. Shaw's affection for his race, he is surely and practically the negro's deadliest enemy.

JOHN S. KERR.

The Springfield *Record*, an influential Middle Tennessee journal, in a highly complimentary article on Hon. John S. Kerr as a candidate for governor, says: "We saw Colonel Kerr frequently during the last session of the legislature, and was struck with his devotion to and firmness in whatever he undertook. If we mistake not, he is the self-same gentleman who did all in his power to obliterate those odious clauses in our statute in relation to legal advertising. While we are not to be considered as espousing the cause of anyone, we will be pardoned for saying to the craft, take notice, and govern yourselves accordingly." The *Record* is correct. It was our able and vigilant federal representative who introduced the measure of justice referred to, and made the gallant fight in defense of the rights of the press, and the craft will "take notice and govern themselves accordingly." Should he be elected governor—a popular idea now in West Tennessee—the enlightened legislation alluded to as advocated by Colonel Kerr in the last general assembly, may reasonably be expected to be pushed to completion in the next.

We are in receipt of a circular from A. M. Kenaday, secretary of the national association of veterans of the Mexican war, asking members of local associations to send the names and post-office address of every survivor, or widow of a veteran of Mexico, his rank, the company, regiment, commanding officer of each; term of service, when and where enlisted and discharged, and for-

ward the same to the first secretary of the national association of veterans of the Mexican war (address, A. M. Kenaday, lock-box No. 37, Washington, District of Columbia), to enable him to prepare the rolls for the inspection of the honorable committees of congress before the close of the present session, if possible. "In this way only," says Mr. Kenaday, "can a reliable estimate be arrived at for an appropriation; and it is confidently hoped, if our case is to be fairly considered and public sentiment regarded, that congress will promptly vote an amount sufficient to cover the applications thus presented. This plan has been submitted to General James S. Negley, who has charge of our bill in the house, and to General John A. Logan, in the senate, both of whom approve and commend to prompt and energetic action an honest and complete enrollment of every survivor not already on the pension rolls (of whom six thousand five hundred and twenty-five were admitted to the pension rolls prior to 1861), and the widows of our deceased comrades, where known, as the only feasible method of testing the accuracy of the commissioner's calculations."

COLONEL JOHN ROSSER, of this city, has a valuable old parchment—a ship's license—signed by Andrew Jackson, president; John Forsyth secretary of state, and Samuel Swartwout, collector at New York, of immortal fame. He was the great exemplar for modern federal office-holders, the first great defaulter. Poor Swartwout; he was the first to appear to be a thief, and was so scared and mortified and became so infamous and was so frightfully cursed by newspapers, politicians and people, that he fled the country. It finally appeared that Swartwout was an honest man, and the world forgot and forgave. In fact, it forgot the deed so thoroughly that almost everybody, it seems, has now perfect license to steal. It is only a question of quantity. From Swartwout's time to this good hour one need only steal a million or two to be pronounced a "defaulter" instead of a "thief," and defaulters cannot get access to the penitentiary.

THE *Banner* says Senator Clayton's resolution in the senate on Tuesday, looking to a prolonged investigation of the Arkansas troubles, was the work of a crafty demagogue and marplot; that "it is hardly possible that it can be seriously entertained, especially in view of the probable early adjustment of the muddle by the Arkansas legislature. Of course Clayton's programme was that he, the mover of the resolution, should be at the head of the committee, a funny proceeding, forsooth, considering that he (Clayton) is at the bottom of the whole disturbance with reference to the senatorial succession." What will Clayton and his gang say now? All their moves have been checkmated, and they must confess that power in Arkansas has passed from them forever.

OLD HICKORY.

The Baltimore *Gazette*, in an article alluding to the treatment by General Grant of the New York and Boston money-bags, had occasion to refer to General Andrew Jackson's reception of a similar deputation in the latter's contest with national bank forty years ago. It says:

"Andrew Jackson was a rugged frontiersman, with no professional military training and not much education of any kind; a self-willed, impetuous, fearless man, of violent temper and *no outer ten ameniety of manner*, but of perfectly irreproachable personal character and entire disinterestedness."

The *Gazette* is mistaken in believing that General Jackson "had no cultivated amenity of manner." On the contrary, we never had a President whose manners were finer, more elegant and dignified than the hero of New Orleans. In his costume, in his appearance, in his manners, he was one of the best representatives of the real old-school gentleman that this country has ever produced. Who have had no President who has received as many testimonials in regard to his superior deportment as Andrew Jackson. For this he was complimented by the celebrated French philosopher, De Tocqueville, who visited this country while Jackson was President, and was presented to him. A distinguished foreigner who was present at the party given by John Quincy Adams just after the election by the house of representatives, but before his inauguration as President, drew a favorable contrast between the splendid manners of Jackson, who was there as a defeated candidate, over Mr. Adams, his successful competitor. Yet Mr. Adams had been from his earliest youth educated and brought up in the best schools and best society of Europe and America. For a quarter of a century he had been our European minister at the greatest of the European courts. But after all he was not the polished gentleman that General Jackson was, and could not begin to make so decided a sensation in that respect. It is true that Jackson had had few opportunities, but he had an amenity of manner which seemed to be inborn with his disposition and character. It is true that "he had not much education of any kind." On the contrary, he had that practical education derived from extensive association with men, that is more valuable than the mere scholastic education of the books. Nor was Jackson altogether unread. He was a lawyer by profession. He made a very good judge of the court of Tennessee. He had had a large political experience before he was chosen President. He had twice been elected United States senator. He had been military governor of Florida. He was offered a position in the cabinet of President Monroe, and that no man was more consulted by that distinguished statesman than Andrew Jackson. Some of the best State papers ever sent to congress or made to the American people were Jackson's. They may, and probably did, receive some rhetorical polish from others, but their ideas were his, as well as the points involved, were his own. There is not a line that he ever wrote that has not a Jacksonian ring so peculiar that it could not be counterfeited. The style was never mistaken, and it demonstrated beyond all doubt that he was the author of the messages and proclamations which bear his name, and which were so consistent with all his former and latter communications.

AN ORIGINAL LETTER.

The following letter from the old hero, for which we are indebted to Colonel John Rosser, of this city, and which was never before published, furnishes historical information of not a little value to those who love the memories and fame that cluster about the deeds and name of Andrew Jackson. There are more men in Tennessee bearing the name of the hero of the hermitage than elsewhere in the world; and here, in West Tennessee, his memory is consecrated in the hearts of the people. He writes as follows:

WASHINGTON, April 18, 1843.

MY DEAR SAMUEL—I have waited with some anxiety to hear from you after your arrival home, but as yet I have been disappointed, and I cannot account for your silence. Congress having adjourned, and nullification put down, and having recovered from a severe cold, which fell upon my lungs and produced a severe cough, I have found a leisure moment (but few I experience) to take up my pen to inquire how you and your dear princesses, and the sweet little ones are. I have been somewhat afraid lest there was some indisposition which has caused your silence. You have seen from the papers the farce played off between Clay and Calhoun. You have ere this evidence, of what I always told you, that the tariff was not the real but the ostensible grounds of the complaint of oppression by the demagogues of South Carolina, to delude the good people to mask their real wicked design (a separation of the Union) from the people. The complaint of the south was against the oppression of the heavy and exorbitant duty on coarse woolens which they were obliged to buy for clothing for their slaves. This was removed by the tariff of 1832, and reduced to five per cent. *ad valorem*. Mr. Clay, in his bill, classes the coarse woolens with the fine, and raises the whole to fifty per cent, and then graduates the whole until they reach twenty per cent., then commences the home valuation and cash duties, which will be equal to thirty-five per cent. at least, and this to continue a permanent duty so long as the wants of the treasury will require it. To this Mr. Calhoun agrees, and the whole nullifiers assent to take Mr. Clay's bill, which heaps upon them an additional tax of at least one million of dollars a year. Here we have conclusive proof that the burthens of the tariff, or the principles of protection contained in the bill of 1832, was not the cause of their dissatisfaction, but it was really a Southern Confederacy that those disappointed, ambitious demagogues and unprincipled men wanted that they might rule, as they had failed in obtaining the hight of their ambition in *this Union*. Thank God, the farce has ended without blood—nullification and secession dead—having injured none but the promoters, who are really nullified, and will be held in greater contempt than the eastern blockheads and Hartford conventionists. The speech of Calhoun and his associates in the senate in 1833, was

wise men through a star. Unto those who will use the light they have, God will give more."

A Chicago gentleman who recently traveled through Ohio says that everybody he met called potatoes "taters," except one young lady, who called him an "small pertater."

An exchange asks: "Is there anything that man cannot do?" To which Dr. Wood, of the Glasgow (Ky.) *Times*, replies: "Yes, sir; we have never known one suckle a baby."

Inscription on a tombstone in Columbia, Tennessee: "Escaped the bullets of the enemy to be assassinated by a cowardly pup—a kind husband, an affectionate father."

A Milwaukee orator asked his auditors to go back with him eighteen hundred years. He didn't tell the route he proposed to take nor whether Pullman palace-cars run over the track.

Sixteen years ago Tom Kenyon went to Kansas City with a tent, and the other day he signed a check for sixteen thousand dollars. He signed with another man's name, however.

The Chicago *Tribune* prints a poem in which the writer wishes that she had "a heart full of sweet yearnings." How the presumptuous author must have yearned to fumble among that compositor's type.

An alarm of fire was the other day given in a New York hotel. "Landlord," said a guest, "is this house on fire?" "Yes, sir." "Well give us one more drink, if you please, and we'll get."

Kansas judges are either very generous or else they have little dignity. One of them was called "Old Skillet-legs" by a lawyer, and he only imposed a fine of seven shillings for the contempt of court.

Twenty-one freshmen were lately suspended from an English college because a professor couldn't find out who placed a cent-ounce tack in his chair. He, however, knew all about who sat down on it.

The triumph of woman lies not in the admiration of her lover, but in the respect of her husband; and that can only be gained by a quiet cultivation of those qualities which she knows he most values.

A little boy, carrying home some eggs from the grocery, dropped them. "Did you break any?" asked his mother, when he told her of it. "No," said the little fellow," but the shells came off some of 'em."

Victor Hugo is deeply in love with the United States, and one minute out of every hour, when he is awake, is devoted to talking about this country, the other fifty-nine minutes being devoted to talk about himself.

A gentleman was complimenting a pretty young lady in the presence of his wife. "Why, I did not meet Miss Hopkins before I married you, my dear." "Well, yes, it is extremely—for her," was the dry rejoinder.

In Charlotte, North Carolina, there are, it is said, twenty-four white children apprenticed to negro masters. Strange as it may seem, we may yet hear of a proposition to emancipate the poor white trash of the south.

He who can look up to his God with the most believing confidence is sure to look most gently on his fellow-men; while he who shudders to lift his eyes to heaven can only cast hauglitest glances on the things of earth.

Philosophy is a proud, stillen detector of the poverty and misery of man. It may turn him from the world with a proud, sturdy contempt, but it cannot come forward and say: "Here are rest, grace, heavenly strength, consolation!"

The quickest way we know of to make a man believe that there's nothing in the world worth living for is to excite him into chasing a cat across a yard where two or three clothelines are innocently swaying in the evening breeze.

Grundy county, Iowa, has five hundred more males than females. In such a state of things poor Mrs. Grundy must find her occupation gone. But that county would be a nice place for five hundred women to emigrate to this spring.

"As wise, as great, and as learned as Mr. Dana himself," "the accomplished and miscellaneous" editor of the *Sun*. That is very well for a young man to begin with, and much pleasanter than with Cincinnati phrases as "liar" and "villain."

Ohio has been counting up her literary jewels. She claims to be responsible for the Gary sisters, Thomas Buchanan Read, W. D. Howells, General Lew. Wallace and a score of lesser lights that entitle her to be placed a long distance from the rear rank.

The ruling passion will show itself even in wit, as in the case of the Boston wag who, when he heard that an English lady had offered twenty-five thousand dollars to supply Jerusalem with water, exclaimed: "And who will provide the lemons and the whisky?"

"Nothing," said an impartial husband, "reminds me so much of Balaam and his ass as two women stopping in church and obstructing the way to indulge in their everlasting talk, "that it makes me almost stopped the way, and Balaam and his ass who complained of it."

Type-setters should be careful to dip their fingers into the right boxes. Out west an editor has been sued for libel, in having published that a certain Mr. Harrison was a well known horse-thief. The defense of the editor is that he wrote horse-theater, which the plaintiff is by occupation.

A new play described as a "society comedy" was produced at *Chicago Inst* Tuesday. It is entitled *Infanticide*, and is probably the work of a Massachusetts matron. We may next expect to hear of a society comedy entitled "Wife-Beating," "Bigamy," or "Horrible Butchery."

In the will of the late countess of London, just proved, her ladyship, after desiring that her funeral may be as quiet as possible, goes on to say: "I further wish my right hand to be cut off and buried in the park at Castle Donington, at the back of the hill to the Trent, and a stone erected to the memory of father of waters—nam the Mississippi.

Although one swallow does not make a summer, it will be noticed on careful observation that a robin makes a spring.

What relationship should never be mentioned, Jones asks, at the first of the month? The pay-rental, of course.

A man writing poetically of the weather says: "The backbone of winter is broken, but its tail wags yet occasionally."

Some ambitious Cincinnatian wants that city to be known as the modern Athens, probably because of her much Greece.

Believers in cremation point triumphantly to the destruction by fire of the machinery of a burial case company out west.

Stuart is the only merchant who has no sign on his stores. The fact is, he's so rich now he thinks it is no use sign'n for more.

In the spring, says an accomplished fashion writer, "young men's fancy should lightly turn to thoughts of glove-pead-gray."

The New Orleans crusaders announce that "the horn of the ungodly shall be put down." That is where horns are generally put.

When Johnson heard that Boucicault had sailed he said: "What's sauce for the goose, etc—the translation of Boucicault is last!"

A bootblack painted in rude letters upon his box "Centennial Shine." That boy is both patriotic and shrewd, and he sets an example.

The Danbury *News* man says: "There is nothing that will change a man so much as great grief, unless it is shaving off his mustache."

A customhouse man writes that he has heard ladies of refinement, wealth, position and education lie a customs office out of countenance.

The flanging committee of the academy of design, having got the pictures in place, should now turn their attention to some of the artists.

Somebody makes the original remark that Washington was a man of acts. It doubtless grew out of the fact that he was a boy with a hatchet.

The Ohio legislature has introduced a bill fixing a fine from five to fifty dollars for pointing any kind of firearms at a person loaded or unloaded.

A good immagination bait is presented in the statement that Michigan has so large a balance in her treasury that no taxes will be levied this year.

If we look closely at this earth, where God seems so utterly forgotten, we shall find that it is he, after all, who commands the most fidelity and the most love.

"You must be a quarrelsome fellow," said a phrenologist to a man whose bumps he was examining. "Say that again and I'll knock you down," was the reply.

Butler will be fifty-six years old next November. The proposal to make the anniversary of his birth a day of national fasting and prayer excites much enthusiasm.

You can get a good bonnet in Paris for from twenty-five to thirty-five dollars.—*Boston Post*. What does a nightcap cost?—*Miners' Journal*. About a franc a glass.

Are blacksmiths, who are making a living by forging, or carpenters, who do a little counter-fitting, any worse than men who sell iron and steel for a living?

If the cause of the redness of a certain Chicago deacon's nose were only discovered, a very important theological question in that city would be at once disposed of.

An English judge, Baron Alderson, on being asked to give his opinion as to the proper length of a sermon, replied, "Twenty minutes, with a leaning to the side of mercy."

God directs men in various ways to Jesus; the shepherds [illegible] as the wise men.

HEAVEN IN THE PRESENCE OF GOD.

EDITORS APPEAL—I yesterday met with a young woman on Main street that I had not seen since death held his high carnival in Memphis, a few months since. The maid me promised me that I would furnish you with a copy of the following poem. Lewis R. Richards and myself frequently met with this lady, and on one occasion he asked me to repeat the lines to him, for they were his great favorite. After my having done so, he turned to the lady and said: "They touch a chord within me that vibrates in heaven." I may not be a judge of poetry, but I look upon these lines as beautiful and instructive. They are from the pen of Sir Robert Grant, governor-general of India, who long since went to that "rest which dwells in the presence of God." I have kept my promise with this noble woman, who is one among the few that survived the sullen desolation with which we were surrounded. These lines are from memory, and I trust to that alone for the transcript:

T. B. FOLGER.

O, Saviour, whose mercy severe in its kindness,
Has chastened my wanderings and guided my way,
Adored be the power which illumined my blindness,
And wearied me from phantoms that sought to betray.

Enchanted with all that was dazzling and fair,
I followed the rainbow; I caught at the toy;
And still in displeasure, thy goodness was there
Disappointing the hope, and defeating the joy.

The blossom blushed bright, but a worm was below;
The moonlight shone fair, there was blight in the beam;
Sweet whispered the breeze, but it whispered of woe
And bitterness mixed with the soft flowing stream.

So cured of my folly, yet cured but in part,
I turned to the refuge thy pity displayed;
And still did this world in a different direction hear
Weave visions of promise that bloomed but to fade.

I thought that the course of the pilgrim to Heaven
Would be bright as the summer, and glad as the spring;
Thou show'st me the path; it was dark and uneven,
And rugged with rock, and all tangled with thorn.

I dreamed of celestial reward and renown;
I grasped at the triumph which blesses the brave;
I asked for the palm branch, the robe, and the crown;
I asked—and thou show'st me a cross and a grave.

Subdued and instructed, at length, to thy will,
My hopes and my longings I gain would resign;
O give me the heart that can wait and be still,
Nor know of a wish or a pleasure but thine.

There are mansions exempted from sin and from woe,
But they stand in a region by mortals untrod,
There are rivers of joy—but they roll not below;
There is rest—but it dwells in the presence of God.

HOW HIS SHIP CAME IN.

From the Capitol.]

This sketch from the pen of Don Piatt, is equal to some of Mr. Dickens's finest: I ran across what first struck me as a very singular genius on my road from Springfield to Boston. This was a stout, black whiskered man, who sat immediately in front of me, and who indulged, from time to time, in the most strange and incomprehensible grimacers. Every now and then he would get up and hurry away to the narrow passage which leads to the door in drawing room cars, and when he thought himself secure from observation, would fall to laughing in the most violent manner, and continue the healthful exercise until he was as red in the face as a lobster. As we neared Boston these demonstrations increased in violence, save that the stranger no longer ran away to laugh, but kept his seat and chuckled to himself, with his chin deep, down in his shirt-collar. But the change is that these portmanteaus underwent! It moved from here, there, everywhere; he put them under him, in front of him, on each side of him. He was evidently getting ready to leave; but as we were yet twenty-five miles from Boston, the idea of such early preparation was ridiculous. At last we entered the city, then the mystery would have remained unsolved; but the stranger at last became so excited that he could keep his secret no longer. Some one must help him, and as I was the nearest he selected me. Suddenly turning, as if I had asked a question, he said, rocking himself to and fro in his chair the meantime, and slapping his legs and breathing hard: "Been gone five years!" "Why?" "Yes, been in Europe. Folks don't expect me for two months yet, but I got through and started. I telegraphed them at the last station; they've got it by this time." As he said this he rubbed his hands, and jumped his portmanteaus from left to his right, and the one on the right to the left again. "Got a wife?" said I. "Yes, and three children," he returned, and he got up and folded his overcoat anew, and hung it over the back of the chair. "You are pretty nervous, what's matter, ain't you?" I said, watching his fidgety movements. "Well, I should think so," he replied; "I haven't slept soundly for a week. And, do you know, I'm so nervous, jumping round at the passengers, and speaking in a low tone, "I am certain that this train will run off the track and break my neck before I get to Boston? Well, the fact is, I have had too much good luck in this same man, lately. The more I feel, lad, 'taint natural that it should, you know. I've watched it. First it rains, then it shines, then it rains again. It rains so hard you think it's never going to stop; then it shines so bright you think it's always going to shine, and just as you are settled in either belief, you are knocked over by a change, to show that you know nothing about it." "Well, according to that philosophy," said I, "you will certainly get the sunshine, because you are expecting a storm." "It's curious," he returned; but the only thing which makes me think that I will get through safe is, because I think I won't. "Well, that is curious," said I. "Yes," he replied, "I'm a machinest—made a discovery—nobody believed in it; spent all my money trying to bring it out—mortgaged my house—all went. Everybody laughed at me—everybody but my wife—spunky little woman—said she would work her fingers off before I should give it up. Went to England—no better there; came within an ace of jumping off London bridge. Went into a shop to borrow money enough to come home with; there I met the man I wanted. To make a long story short, I've brought thirty thousand pounds home with me, and here I am." "Good for you!" I exclaimed. "Yes," said he, "thirty thousand pounds; and the best of it is, she don't know anything about it. I've fooled her so much that I just concluded I would say nothing about it. When I got my money, though, you better believe I struck a bee-line for home." "And now you will make her happy," said I. "Happy!" he replied, "why, you don't know anything about it. She worked like a dog while I have been gone, trying to support herself and children decently. They paid her thirteen cents apiece for making coarse shirts; and that's the way she'd live half the time. She'll come down there to the depot to meet me in a gingham dress, and a shawl a hundred years old, and she'll think she is dressed up. O she won't have any clothes after this—O no, I guess not!" and with these words, which implied that his wife's wardrobe would soon rival Queen Victoria's, the stranger tore down the passage way again, and getting in his old corner, looked as he thought himself out of sight, went through the strangest pantomime—laughing, putting his mouth in the droliest shapes, and then swinging himself back and forth in the limited space, as he was walking in a twenty-feet way, in a full-rigged metropolitan belle, and so on till we rolled into the depot, and I placed myself on the other car, opposite the stranger, who, with a portmanteau in each hand, had descended, and was standing on the platform, ready to jump to the platform. I looked from his face to the faces of the people before us, but saw no signs of recognition. Suddenly he cried, "There they are!" and laughed outright, but in a hysterical sort of way, as he looked over the crowd. I followed his eyes, and saw, some distance back, as if crowded out and shouldered away by the well-dressed and elbowing throng, a little woman in faded green bonnet, well-worn hat, with a face almost painful in its earnest but hopeful expressions, glancing rapidly from window to window, as the coaches glided in. She had not yet seen the stranger; but a moment after she caught his eye, and the instant the stant he had jumped to the platform with his two portmanteaus; and making a hole in the crowd, pushing out here and there, and running one of his bundles plump into the well developed stomach of a powerful old gentleman in spectacles, he rushed toward the place where she was standing. I think I never saw a face assume so many different expressions in so short a time as did that of the little woman while her husband was on his way to her. She didn't look pretty. On the contrary she looked very plain; but some way I felt a big lump rise in my throat as I watched her. She was trying to laugh; she was trying to assume complacently her features, but it failed in the attempt! Her mouth got into the position, but it never moved after that, save to draw down the corners and quiver, while she blinked her eyes as if she had been crying. Only occasional glimpses of the broad shoulder fellow who elbowed his way so rapidly toward her. And then, as he drew near, and dropped those overlasting portmanteaus, she just turned completely round, with her back toward him, and covered her face with her hands. And thus she] was when the strong man gathered her up in his arms as if she had been a baby, and held her sobbing to his breast. There were tough giggles at them, heaven knows; and I turned my eyes away a moment, and then I saw two boys in threadbare roundabouts standing near, wiping their eyes and noses on their little coatsleeves, and bursting out anew at every fresh demonstration on the part of the mother. [illegible] ok at the stranger again, he had his hat drawn down over his eyes; but his wife was looking up at him, and it seemed as if the pent up tears of those weary months of waiting were streaming through her eyelids.

AGASSIZ ON MESMERISM.

From the Washington Capital.]

In a late article on the strange power now being so strongly manifested, we expressed a regret that the dispassionate, learned men who rule the world of science do not take up and investigate the phenomena. Since then our friend Colonel Lamar, member of congress from Mississippi, has called our attention to a communication made by the learned Agassiz on February 23d, 1859, to be found in a work entitled "Facts in Mesmerism," by Rev. C. H. Townshend, A. M., of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, and published in 1840, by Longman, Orme, Brown, Green & Longmans, London." We reproduce it herewith.

SONG REGARDING TO MESMERISM, THE MORNING OF THE TWENTY-SECOND OF FEBRUARY, 1859.

Desirous of knowing what to think of mesmerism, I for a long time sought for an opportunity of making some experiment in regard to it myself, so as to avoid the doubts which might arise on the nature of the sensations which we have heard described by mesmerized persons. M. Desor, yesterday, in a visit which he made to Berne, invited Mr. Tourney and myself to come and mesmerized him, to accompany him to Neufchatel, and try to mesmerize me. These gentlemen arrived here with the evening courier, and informed me of their arrival. At eight o'clock I went to them. We continued at supper till half-past nine o'clock, and about ten o'clock Mr. Townshend commenced operating on me. While we sat opposite to one another, he, in the first place, only took hold of my hand and looked at me fixedly. I was firmly resolved to arrive at a knowledge of the truth, whatever it might be; and, therefore, the moment I saw him endeavoring to exert an action upon me, I silently addressed the author of all things, beseeching him to give me power to resist the influence, and to be conscientious in regard to myself as well as in regard to the facts. I then fixed my eyes upon Mr. Townshend, attentive to whatever passed. I was in very suitable circumstances; the hour being early, and one at which I was in the habit of studying, was far from disposing me to sleep. I was sufficiently master of myself to experience the emotions, the sensations, all flights of imagination, even if I had been less calm; accordingly it was a long time before I felt any effect from the presence of Mr. Townshend opposite me. However, after at least a quarter of an hour, I felt a sensation like a shock through all my limbs, and from that moment my eyelids grew heavy. I then saw Mr. Townshend extend his hands before my eyes, as if he were about to plunge his fingers into them, and then make different circular movements around my eyes, which caused my eyelids to become still heavier. I had the idea that he was endeavoring to make me close my eyes, and yet it was not as if some one had threatened my eyes, and, in the waking state, I had exerted myself to prevent him; it was an irresistible heaviness of the lids which compelled me to shut them; and, by degrees, I found that I had no longer the power of keeping them open, but did not the less retain my consciousness of what was going on around me, so that I heard M. Desor speak to Mr. Townshend, understood what they said, and heard what questions they asked me, just as if I had been awake, but I had not the power of answering. I felt overcored in vain several times to do so, and when I succeeded I perceived that I was passing out of the state of torpor in which I had been, and which was rather agreeable than painful, and I felt myself, so as the watchman cry ten o'clock; then I heard it strike a quarter past; but afterward I fell into a deeper sleep, although I never entirely lost my consciousness. It appeared to me that Mr. Townshend was endeavoring to put me into a sound sleep; my movements seemed under his control, for I wished several times to change the position of my arms, but had not sufficient power to do it, or even really to will it, while I felt my head carried to the right or left shoulder, and backward or forward, without wishing it, and, indeed, in spite of the resistance which I endeavored to oppose, and this happened several times. I experienced at the same time a feeling of great pleasure in giving way to the attraction which dragged me sometimes to one side, sometimes to the other, then a kind of surprise on feeling my head fall into Mr. Townshend's hand, who appeared to me from that time to be the cause of the attraction. To his inquiry if I were well and what I felt, I found I could not answer, but I smiled; I felt that my features expanded in spite of my resistance; I was invariably confined at experiencing pleasure from an influence which was mysterious to me. From this moment I wished to wake, and was less at my ease; and yet when Mr.