MEMPHIS APPEAL

SUNDAY, : : : OCTOBER 31, 1875.

THE FATE OF MISSISSIPPI.

The gravity of the issues that now confront the people of Mississippi, and the political importance of their proper determination, have aroused a spirit of energy and determination which we regard as the harbinger of victory. This is the last number of the APPEAL that will reach our numerous subscribers in Mississippi before the election. We have given much of space for the purpose of advancing the interests of the tax-paying people, struggling for deliverance, and on the present occasion we can only invoke them to energetic work in the day of the election, and a vigilant watchfulness of the ballot-box after the election. In the effort to attain good government, to dethrone wrong and corruption, and to enthrone right, honesty and reform, thousands of colored men who are weary of strife, the ceaseless round of riots and a foolish expenditure of the tax-payers' money, will vote with the whites. Every man in Mississippi feels the baleful influence of a profligate government, of the riots and discords between the races, and good men of both colors have entered upon the approaching contest with all their courage, with all their energy, and a fixed determination that nothing shall be left undone which the emergency requires at their hands. They cannot afford confiscation; to see the hard-earnings of an industrious life exposed to the rapacity of the tax-gatherer. They go into the election on Tuesday under the broad banner of peace between the whites and blacks, and of reform. They have merged every personal consideration, and look only to the common good, to the relief of a long suffering and distressed people. They are battling to preserve their homes from the continued robbery of the "merciary knaves who have so long ruled and ruined one of the richest States of the south. Ames is working for an election to the United States senate. Shall the tax-paying people be destroyed simply to promote the aspirations of such a creature? It would be a just retribution for his scandalous and dangerous course if the next legislature, instead of making him senator, should impeach and remove him. He certainly deserves such a fate, for he has tried by false information to mislead the President into what would, as now appears, have been a dangerous and needless act of interference. There is no doubt of his motive in this. He aimed to coerce to his will not only the Democrats but also the Republicans of the State. By showing the negroes that he could command Federal intervention at his will he meant to impose himself upon them as "General Grant's man."

BAD WORDS. THE POLICY OF CHARITY.

The columns of the APPEAL are open to a decent discussion of every subject that concerns the public interest. The widest liberty is given to correspondents, even to the severest criticisms of the utterances of the APPEAL. This policy we propose to continue, but we must confess it is with great reluctance and much misgivings that we give place to the communication of our young friend, A. C. Lake, which appears in another column. It will be seen that he tackles the APPEAL, that his usually amiable and serene disposition has become irascible, broken out into an eruption, but we trust the hurt will soon be healed. The language of our friend Lake smacks of the fanaticism of the Winnebago lunatics who have made themselves the laughing-stock of the American people. Mr. Lake is too young to waste his clever abilities in groping about in the shadows of the past. When a juvenile mind is seized with a hallucination and becomes clouded with hypochondria, it finally settles down into a melancholy monomania or the wandering reveries of a gloom that is hazardous to the strongest mind. The amiable and highly gifted children of genius are subject to aberrations. Pope in the prime of life courted notoriety by playing the fictitious part of a misanthrope before it became him, and Swift told him he had not yet suffered enough in the world to become a cynical scold, and we sincerely hope that the morbid depression which seems to prey upon our cheerless correspondent proceeds more from a disordered stomach than any delirium of the brain. It will be seen that Mr. Lake is riled because, forsooth, the APPEAL noticed Thomas A. Hamilton. This gentleman is not now a citizen of Memphis, but resides in St. Louis, where he is quietly laboring for the support of his family, and it is highly probable, as a matter of news, we announced his arrival in Memphis in courteous and decorous language. Dr. Beecher is a retired citizen, seeking no office, often voting with the Democratic party, and we do not see the necessity of dragging his name before the public. The name of General W. J. Smith appears in the APPEAL only in reporting his action in the discharge of the duties which have been intrusted to him by the people of Memphis. We have assailed these men who candidates, and while the mad passions born in war made a pandemonium of Memphis. But, thank God, those dark days have passed. The work of reconciliation is gloriously onward, and the Winnebago fanatics, and such southern extremists as A. C. Lake, can no more stop it than the brightness of the moon can be dimmed by the wolves that howl at it. We don't propose to abuse Hamilton, Smith or Beecher, and we ask the Radicals to cease their traduction of Jefferson Davis, General Forrest and other cherished leaders of the south. This is the sentiment of every man who is anxious for an undivided country; who hates sectionalism; who wants to bury out of sight forever the sad memories of an unfortunate war, and who regards sectional hate as treason to the great interests of the country, whether existing in Rockford, Illinois, or Memphis, Tennessee. We must inculcate that patriotism which will cause peace to grow between the sections, peace to grow between the races, peace between the States, and fraternal peace to grow between all. Just as the spring comes to coax the meadows or the early warm days persuades all things to grow. Morbid rhetoric and frothy ravings about the things of memory on either side will not restore peace and fraternity between million foes. The strifes and passions of the past cannot be buried and actual reconciliation secured by warring upon men on either side. Such a policy leads to the defense of the assailed and to crimination and recriminations. The "sarcasm of the poor south" must not get on a par with the flaunting of the "bloody shirt" in the north. If these are forever to be the legends of our party banners it is time to despair of securing a homogeneous people. We say to our friend Lake, let Hamilton, and Smith and Beecher alone; and give us something about the future and its glorious possibilities—that is what the youth of the nation now needs. The books of the war are now closed. Let us remember nothing connected with it, save those robust qualities common to the whole land and indispensable to the development of national greatness.

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION.

In England the question of university extension is being advocated with a view to aiding the public school scholars who are ambitious of a higher education, and who, by examination, prove themselves fitted for it. Professor Seeley is one of the ablest advocates of this reform which, he thinks, when once established, will not only meet the wants of students, by supplying courses of lectures, but also supply to "children of an elder growth" the higher instruction so necessary to growth in culture. The professor says that young but able lecturers visiting the towns and cities of the three kingdoms, sent out by Cambridge, Oxford, Trinity or other of the universities able to devote a great deal of time to the work—probably the most successful of them will be induced to devote their lives to this pursuit—will accomplish much more than has been accomplished hitherto by the flying visits of the most distinguished men. The utmost that occasional lectures without teaching can do is to stimulate the desire for knowledge. Such course of lectures as it is now proposed to institute differs in nothing but name from the courses of a university professor. This scheme, if it succeeds, may lead in time to greater things. As it is now, the eminent, scholarly ability of Great Britain and Ireland is monopolized by two or three great centers—London and the universities absorbing it all. This, as is centralization in politics, money or trade, is found to work disastrously to other portions of the country. The scheme of university extension will break up this pernicious system. It will bring the professor to every man's door, and enable pupils in the most distant and obscure towns to avail themselves of that which now can only be had at the places named. In the words of Professor Seeley, "It returns into the provinces from the university a certain proportion of the ability which came from the provinces originally, but which hitherto has had no channel by which it could find its way back," and so will disseminate the purest light of learning to the remotest corners of the empire. This is unquestionably a good move—one worthy of imitation in the United States, cursed as they are by a horde of mountebank lecturers whose greed of gain puts all things else out of view.

GOSPEL HYMNS—SANKEY AND MOODY.

Whatever the differences of faith—nay, whether we have faith or no—we must concede the great, good work of Moody and Sankey, just now engaged in the evangelization of New York. With them, as with Whittle and Bliss, who did so much good here in Memphis a few months ago, they labor through the effective power of earnest prayer, and appeal to the inner consciousness of their hearers. The church at large, as we showed on Thursday by the testimony of certain New York Methodist ministers, has fallen away so far from the means used and the plans laid down by Christ, that the people hail with the eagerness always characteristic of them any movement that looks to a return by the church to pure and simple gospel ways. Mr. Moody, like Mr. Whittle, devotes himself to a straight-forward statement and picture of the effects of evil doing, and next draws in equally fadeless colors the peace passing all show which follows upon an exemplary christian life. Using plain, vigorous, homely language, he is able to reach the heart of the masses, and to penetrate the moral darkness for which the churches are largely responsible, illuminating for joyful recognition the path which all ought to tread. Thus preaching, he has been and will continue to be successful in making converts to the one system which, above all others, embodies the wisdom of all the ages and sages. He is working wonders because he closely imitates the Christ he serves in earnestness of spirit and simplicity of means to an end. He has no extraneous helps, such as for instance surround a Beecher, and for musical relief relies solely upon the sacred songs which Bliss so beautifully interpreted here and Sankey in England as well as America. We have before us a copy of these *Gospel Hymns*, and must confess they appear to us almost an inspiration. Superior in poetic merit to most hymnals, they are also superior in the taste which has dictated the selections of the airs to which the hymns are wedded. Sung by a superior singer, by a man whose training and culture are equal to any of the concert singers of the hour, these songs reach the people, searching the profoundest depths of their hearts, softening and preparing them for the powerful appeals of the great revivalist. The power of music was never better exemplified than by Bliss and Sankey, nor, in our opinion, can it be put to better service than that to which they have in the volume before us applied it. Readers of the APPEAL who can recall the wonderful effects produced by any of the ballad-singers who have visited Memphis the past twenty years—or, better, remember Nilsson's rendering of the *Old Folks at Home*—will be able to appreciate the power of these gospel hymns as they are sung by Mr. Bliss, with his clear articulation and forceful accentuation of those passages which with a skillful declaimer would be the most marked. Song thus delivered becomes the most moving of all causes, but gospel song especially so. We are not surprised, then, at the success of Moody and Sankey in New York, combining, as they do, simplicity in song service with simplicity in appeal and illustration. Working with such weapons they deserve success, and I have it.

JACKSON'S STATUE.

The great event of last week was the dedication of the bronze statue of Stonewall Jackson—the gift of admiring English gentlemen, first among them being Sir J. Beresford Hope. The last work of Foley, the Irish sculptor, it is considered to be among his best, as well in the likeness as in artistic conception and design. The story of the origin of the famous *soubriquet* "Stonewall" is told by the figure, which in the dignity of self-contained repose bespeaks the iron-like characteristics that secured for Jackson pre-eminence as a commander of men. The artist seems to have divined the man, or borrowing a suggestion of the modern spiritualists, may have been impressed by the hero, may have become overshadowed by him beyond the power to otherwise than convey his impress so realistically and truthfully as he has. But be that as it may, it is certain he has left a legacy to Virginia of his genius as an artist that is not second to Houdon's Washington nor Crawford's masterpiece, one that by general accord ranks with the finest efforts of latter-day art. Richmond is proud of it, and Virginia, as well they may be. Considering the march and movement of art in the United States within the past fifteen years, and how much of spurious sculptor has found conspicuous place even in New York and Washington, the capital of the great commonwealth, whose greatness is attested on every page of the history of the Republic, is to be congratulated that she has become conspicuous for the possession of the best specimens of the sculptor's art to be found in the Union. And if, as the St. Louis *Republican* says, she is to add to Foley's "Jackson," Houdon's Washington and Crawford's masterpiece "statues of Lee and Stuart, and other worthies, the beautiful capital of a gallant State will become by far the richest depository of the plastic art in America, and as such will amply repay "a pilgrimage." It is to us to be hoped that the example set by Virginia may arouse a spirit of emulation among her sister commonwealths, and thus in time provide the country with a grand gallery of sculpture not inferior to those which lend so powerful attraction to lands beyond the seas. Our own Tennessee might thus muster a glorious company, than which not even Virginia could surpass it. When will our Jackson be set up in enduring marble?

A brief poetical paraphrase from the book of Genesis:

When Mother Eve the tempting fruit
Plucked for her only kin,
She then and there did institute
A precedent for sin.
She knew the apple tasted sweet,
But thought not of its price,
And said to Adam, "Let us eat;
It's naughty, but it's nice."

The Paris press are having a fit of horrors because English tourists there go to the grand opera in check shooting-suits, knickerbocker trousers and soft felt hats, while their countrywomen appear in brown stuff traveling costumes, flat, wide-brimmed straw hats, large veils and thread gloves. My gracious!

Good Words.

TWO CHRISTIANS.

Two christians traveled down a road,
Who viewed the world with different eyes;
The one was pleased with earth's abode,
The other longing for the skies.
For one, the heavens were so blue,
They filled his mind with fancies fond;
The other's eyes kept piercing through
Only for that which lies beyond.

For once enchanting were the trees,
The distance was divinely dim,
The birds that fluttered on the breeze
Nodded their pretty heads for him.
The other scarcely saw the flower,
And never knew the tree were grand,
He did not count the days and hours,
Till he might reach the promised land.

And one a little kind caress
Would win to tender rapture move;
He only opened his lips to bless
The God who gave him things to love.
The other journeyed on his way,
Afraid to handle or to touch;
He only opened his lips to pray
He might not love a thing too much.

Which was the best? Decide, who can,
Yet why should we divide Twixt them?
We may approve the mournful man,
Nor yet the joyful man condemn.
He is a christian who has found
The truth, as well as heaven, is sweet;
Nor less is he who, heaven bound
Has pressed the earth beneath his feet.

Some Beautiful and New Works of Art

Paris Correspondence New York Tribune.]

I have to day seen two masterpieces of our time "La Source," of M. Ingres, and the "Huntress Diana," of M. Clesinger, which will occupy two of the finest pages in the contemporaneous history of art. I had seen at Rome the "Diana" of Clesinger, and in 1856 I had seen the "Source" on the easel of M. Ingres. Beautiful works have this advantage, that the more you see them the finer they appear. Art itself is a goddess which can bestow the gift of eternal youth. A hundred years, a thousand years hence, these two adorable figures, living in marble and on canvas, will not be a day older, like those masterpieces of antiquity which of themselves give their only immortality to the gods of Olympus. Olympus is always the fatherland dreamed of by artists, because it is the native country of the beautiful. It was through the half-open door of antiquity that M. Ingres and M. Clesinger saw their "Diana" and the "Source," which cause us to forget that we belong to a century where the forests are no longer inhabited except by peasants and guards in uniform.

"La Source," is premature beauty. She is only sixteen, and she smiles at life from her violet blue eyes. She is entirely nude, with that chaste nudity which forms the first raiment of childhood. She is blonde, as if the sun had powdered her hair through the glimmering foliage. The painter has caressed, melted, chiseled the ideal lines of her beautiful form in the finest rhythm of contour and with a virginity of touch which charms every eye. Felicien David and Gounod came together at the same time with me to see "La Source."

"What a musician is M. Ingres!" said M. David.

"Yes" said Gounod, "that picture sings like the sweetest symphony."

"You are right," I said to Gounod, "there are symphonies also for the eyes."

"I would hazard one criticism," I added; "that sun which she bears with such divine grace appears to me an ill-chosen symbol. I would prefer to see the water trickling from her hands and her hair, like the naiads of the ancient frescoes."

"True," said Felicien David. "The spring ought not to seem to be filling the urn at the fountain."

"What does it matter," said Gounod, "provided that I can drink at this source the poetry of Homer and of Zeuxis?"

The "Diana" of M. Clesinger came out in pure whiteness from the Mountains of Carrara, with her bow in her hand and her hound at her feet. It is Clesinger's masterpiece. M. Paul de St. Victor says he prefers the dog to the goddess. I prefer the goddess to the dog. The sculptor was inspired by his master, Pradier, and especially by the beauty of a young princess of the Bonaparte family. There exists not in nature nor in art a finer symbol of the chaste pride of the haughty daughter of Latona. The goddess is sitting in an attitude of repose. Her moist eyes seem to indicate that she has just come from the bath, or rather that she has just traversed the luxuriant thickets wet with morning dews. Never has a sculptor better succeeded in spreading over the marble that bloom of life which was the soul of Greek art. At the sight of that adorable Diana you recognize at once the sister of Apollo, and long to thread with her the shadowy forests peopled with those fresh visions of antiquity beloved of poets. The dog is also a portrait. It is that of Clesinger's hound, driven to death by the fatigues and attitudes. It is perhaps Endymion transformed.

Mother's Baby.

Rebecca Hending Davis writes: At every resort this summer, from the crowded mountain hotel to the tent on the beach, whatever else was wanting, there was always to be found the invitable baby, with its retainers, the mother in the chief place of servitude. It was not by any means, as she supposed, regarded by the rest of the boarders as a boon, a something dropped from heavenly places. There were growling and swearing enough in other rooms when it shrieked all night with colic, and the interest of the old bachelors in its teething or pink boils, when its