MEMPHIS APPEAL

—BY—

GALLAWAY & KEATING.

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GALLAWAY & KEATING,
M. C. GALLAWAY, J. M. KEATING. } Memphis, Tenn.

MEMPHIS APPEAL

SUNDAY, : : : JANUARY 9, 1876.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

FOR MAYOR:

HON. JOHN R. FLIPPIN.

THE COLOR-LINE.

In nearly all the southern States the color-line has been obliterated. In the recent election in Mississippi, the result shows that blacks and whites voted for the best interests of the State without reference to race or nationalities. In South Carolina the blacks largely outnumber the whites, and of course the blacks controlled every election. For nearly ten years they have combined together and buried themselves against the whites and elected thieves to office who have robbed and plundered until taxation amounts to confiscation. The blacks have discovered their folly, that they are the sufferers by the ruin which they have entailed upon the whites. The evils resulting from the color-line was demonstrated in South Carolina a few days since. The negro legislature drew the color-line. Whipper was elected to the highest judgeship in the State on the pure and simple ground that he was a black man. Whipper is illiterate, ignorant of the science of the law, has no standing in the community, was idle and dishonest, and could not read the law he was elected to expound. The same color-line policy elected as judges Whipper and Moses. The latter is a man steeped in iniquity, and known over the whole country as the robber-governor. With these men on the bench, elected on the color-line, the South Carolina courts would have degenerated into bargain and sale shops. The sales of justice would have inclined to the highest bidder. The election of such men was so monstrous that Governor Chamberlain refused to sign their commissions upon mere technical grounds, something he would not have thought of doing, as he says himself, had these judges elect been competent or decent men. The ruin of the color-line policy, as developed by the election of these ignorant knaves, has aroused the tax-paying blacks of South Carolina and they propose to obliterate the color-line and join the whites in electing honest, competent men to office. In the election for mayor of Memphis we trust the blacks will meet together, compare notes and vote for the best interests of the city without regard to the color-line. Hezekiah Henley, in the APPEAL this morning, gives some advice to his race. He seeks no office, could not be induced to accept any position, and is not in the pay of any party. But he feels a deep interest in the prosperity and happiness of his people, and he would not have them to array themselves against the whites at the beck and call of the Radical overseers, whose orders they have so long obeyed to the injury of both races. The whites of Memphis have abjured the color line, and it has been broken in other States, and why should it be perpetuated in Memphis? The whites in the election for mayor have not drawn the color-line, nor do they intend to draw it. They have a candidate that should command the confidence of all; a candidate whom the colored people, as well as the whites, can trust. They invite the blacks to aid them and work with them in securing a just, capable and trustworthy city government. And we believe that hundreds of colored voters will be found on Thursday next marching, not as Democrats, but as honest Republicans, to the support of Judge Flippin, who, as mayor of Memphis, would inaugurate that reform and economy which would promote the prosperity of both races alike.

LAMAR IN THE SENATE.

There is one universal burst of joy at the nomination of Lamar for Mississippi United States senator. The Democratic party is strong in the house of representatives, but its Gordons, and Ransoms, and Thurmans, and Bayards are few in the senate. Lamar is needed there, and Mississippi has consulted her own interests and her duty to the country in selecting for senator her first and most useful man. Lamar will make a brilliant record in the senate. He is strong in debate. His perceptions are as quick as lightning. He has bull-dog courage. His tenacity is unconquerable. He is generous, genial, and persuasive. Before and since the war he has triumphantly shown in the house of representatives his ability to maintain his position and to lead that difficult body. Lamar's career in congress has uniformly evinced a practical statesmanship. With feelings naturally warm and impulsive, he yet holds them ever subordinate to a cool and calm judgment, which has made him pre-eminently the leader of his party. His speeches are of unparalleled splendor and power. The country expects much of Lamar, and we predict he will be equal to his opportunities.

ALABAMA SENATORSHIP.

The legislature of Alabama will elect a United States senator on Tuesday next. Governor Houston and L. P. Walker seem to be the most prominent candidates. A correspondent of the Montgomery *Advertiser* brings forward the name of John Forsythe, editor of the Mobile *Register*, and says: "The people can never fully and effectually repay the debt they owe a party leader without a peer—nay, politically and personally, *sans peur et sans reproche*. If the people of this State verily owe him anything for a lifetime of unflinching service, exclusively devoted to the public weal, now is the time to pay it. The people are ready. I believe from obvious manifestations that the people's representatives are ready. Then let the press of Alabama, and of the south, rally to this standard, and to their merited champion in the possible contingency. If party service, party fealty and party triumph ever claimed anything as the just meed of victory, let them claim it now. It is through the press, and from the press, that this should come, and it is to me, verily, raising strange, that the press of Alabama, so unlike all other class, trade or profession, has been so slow even thus far to proclaim and assert its own *esprit de corps* in an hour so opportune—in a cause so just—in a triumph so well earned—in a meed so well bestowed as would be the voice of the people speaking through their representatives of the general assembly in sending to the United States senate, John Forsythe, of Mobile." This is a just tribute to M. Forsythe. For nearly forty years he has fought the battle of the Democratic party in Alabama. He has been in the front of every engagement, but Mr. Forsythe will not be elected United States senator. The aspirants want him as a ladder to climb into office. The idea of electing a party dray-horse to office is an absurdity. Forsythe is the Warwick to put men in the senate, but he cannot put himself there. If a politician serves on his party executive committees for one canvass, he puts in his "claims" for office as a reward for his huge labors. But an editor may perform the same labor in every canvass for forty years without reward save the curses of those he has offended in zealously supporting and electing a triumphant ingrate. It frequently happens that the ward politicians oppose the election of an editor as a delegate to a convention because he is too much of a politician. But after the nomination has been made, the same men rush to the sanctum, patronizingly pat the editor on the head and tells him to go it for the man we have nominated for you to elect.

AT a public dinner recently given in St. Paul, in honor of the newly-elected governor of Minnesota—Pillsbury—the speakers, all of whom are prominent in the politics of the State, indulged in so much free-and-easy allusion to theft and malfeasance as would lead a stranger to believe that it was even more common than it is, and was approved of by the people. Mr. S. C. Gale, in response to the toast, "The Minneapolis Board of Trade," said:

"I did once serve as alderman for one year, but the committees were mostly made up before I took my seat, and therefore I stole nothing whatever." Mr. O. C. Merriman said: "Unfortunately, I am an editor, but I am the mayor of Minneapolis—but I never stole anything." Mayor Ames, of St. Paul, said: "Mayors seemed to be looked upon as thieves, and any man who would serve as mayor of St. Paul for the salary he received must necessarily be a thief." General Sibley, responding to the toast to the ex-governors, rejoiced "that no man called to fill the high position of chief magistrate of the State has trailed his office robes in the dust by prostituting the authority conferred on him to purposes of private gain."

One of the regular toasts was:

"Our Delegation in Congress"—In order that the giant will which is being constructed to confine the waters of the Mississippi at Minneapolis may be a *big dam*, the appropriation must be *dam big*.

The New York *Tribune*, editorially reviewing these proceedings, says that they "carry their own comment. But suppose any person to read the account of them who believes that a man's integrity and honor should no more be made a jest than a woman's virtue; or suppose some stranger studying our institutions should read Hon. Mr. King's toast and speech, and be told that this was part of the regular programme of an entertainment in honor of the governor of a great State, and that the festivities were participated in and apparently enjoyed by the representative men of the State, who had held its highest offices—what would be his impression concerning the tone and character of our public men, and the influence of our institutions? We offer no criticism—only ask the question."

THE Knoxville *Age*, the organ of the Grangers in this State, is in trouble because the business system of the order went work, and the national organization, while sitting at Louisville recently, abandoned the solution of the difficulties it presents in despair; and our contemporary asks "what will the Tennessee State grange do? It will soon assemble in Jackson, West Tennessee. It will be called upon to shoulder this question and to put it in a shape to satisfy our people from one end of the State to the other. We are inclined to believe that we have been trying too hard to build up a system of business inside of an old established system which has been in vogue from time immemorial. Whether you can do this successfully, is the question, and it is one we are compelled to investigate. It is apparent to every careful observer that in every attempt we have made to establish a business of our own, we have been confronted with [illegible] and forced to come down accordingly."

IT is said that the supporters of Mr. Longue who are detailed on duty to "work up" the white vote, assert that Longue is a sound Democrat, and they point with pride to his published statement in the APPEAL of last year that he was a Democrat. But Judge Barbour Lewis, who is on the squad detailed to handle the Republicans, tells his colored hearers that Longue is "our candidate," and his election will be a victory of the Republican party. It is probable that Longue was in earnest when he said last summer he was a Democrat, but we fear, politically, he is in a collapsed state, and ever after this may be looked upon as confirmed Radical. He has made his political bed, and we propose to stir him and his bedfellows up a little until next Thursday, and then we will *sequiescat* in pace.

THE New York *Bulletin*, reviewing the present aspect of commercial affairs in Russia, concludes: "It will thus be seen that the identical causes which have produced so much disaster in the United States, viz: over-construction of railroads and speculations collateral to it, extravagant increase of government expenditures and a depreciated currency, have been at work to a similar extent in Russia, and it seems reasonable to conclude that the present crisis in that country is to be attributable mainly to those influences. Upon the whole, the present condition of Russia suggests to its government duties nearer home than planning the acquisition of vast remote territories which it neither knows how to govern nor how to utilize for the purposes of international commerce."

"B. D.," a correspondent of the Nashville *American*, in an article headed "One Way Out of Repudiation," suggests a reduction of the principal of our State debt rather than of the interest, and concludes: "To stand and do nothing, "as we are now doing, and have done "for a long time, and allow debtors to "the State to remain such, and collectors to withhold the means from "the State treasury, or to remain in "bank, instead of being paid to those "we owe, is the meanest *sort of repudiation*. It is the repudiation that will bring ruin and disgrace a hundred times worse than offers of payment, "whether accepted or rejected, by the "injured debtors and creditors of Tennessee." What do our creditors say?

THE Santa Cruz *Sentinel* thinks that in time, if no measures are used to check his ravages, the squirrel will soon be as fatal to California as the grasshopper has been to Kansas. Spasmodic and unsystematic efforts to abate him have been made, but without much success, except in a few places. Therefore, the *Sentinel* suggests that the law relating to the destruction of squirrels should be made applicable to all the counties of the State, and that every landowner should be compelled, at stated periods during the year to devote a given number of days to its destruction of the pests; and for refusal or neglect to do so, be subject to a penalty. Compulsory squirrel hunting is good.

JOSEPH E. REED and Colonel Scammon, the proprietor of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, the bloodyshirt organ of the northwest, are under indictment, charged with the misappropriation of two hundred and fifty-seven thousand dollars of the money of the Mechanics national bank while they were respectively president and cashier of that bank, and applying it to the use of the Marine company in January, 1874. The second indictment charges them with embezzling forty-seven thousand dollars from the Mechanics national bank and applying it to personal debts due the Metropolitan national bank of New York, with intent to defraud the Mechanics bank.

THE *Methodist* urges the clergy again to preach against stealing, asserting, forcibly and justly, that "Thou shalt not steal" seems to be the troublesome part of the decalogue for a large portion of our people, and that the offenses against this commandment seem to be acquiring that semi-tolerant reception which, in a more early day, attends unchastity in the Latin nations. This is a tendency, only a tendency, to be resisted, resistance to which is one of the important duties of the American pulpit.

JUDGE BARBOUR LEWIS made a speech to a large audience of colored people at Zion hall, on Beale street, last Thursday night. He is reported as saying on that occasion, that he hoped the Republicans would all support John Longue for the election to the mayoralty, as he wanted to be able to repeat the telegram he sent to President Grant two years ago, which was that Memphis was saved and secured to the Republican party. From this it would seem there is no doubt but that Longue is recognized as the Republican candidate.

THOSE who are now rejoicing in cheap coal will remember that for the last two years through our editorial columns, and the letters of our correspondents, we have been calling attention to this subject, and showing how much more Memphis was paying each year for coal than other cities of the same population. We now rejoice to be able to say that in no city in the west is Pittsburg coal sold lower than it is in Memphis.

LONGUE'S friends are bragging high, and claim that he will carry more than half of the Irish votes in this city over to the Radical party in the coming city election. We have heard that kind of talk in former elections, but in the wards where that nationality mostly reside the Radicals almost invariably get defeated. We have confidence in the integrity of the Irish Democrats, and take occasion to stamp the assertion as a piece of braggadocio.

IF our citizens wish to preserve their own health and maintain a good reputation for the city, let them now have their premises thoroughly cleansed, and if there are any impurities, let them be removed before the summer arrives. If each person will keep their own premises in good order, there will be very little for the sanitary police to do. The streets and alleys should be kept clean by the city force.

THE colored people have no doubt become well acquainted with Mr. Longue, and can determine for themselves whether they will permit Barbour Lewis and his ring to drive them blindly to the polls and make them vote for him for mayor. Let them ask themselves before voting how much of the work for the city, since Longue has been mayor, has been given to colored men?

MR. LONGUE says, in his card announcing himself a candidate for mayor: "I appear as the candidate, not of parties or conventions, but of the people." Barbour Lewis calls Longue "our candidate," and if Longue is elected he (Lewis) will no doubt telegraph to President Grant, as he did once before, that Memphis is "saved to the Republican party."

AT a recent municipal election in Paris, in this State, our former townsman, Major Wm. A. Dunlap, received nearly twice as many votes as any other person for alderman. In fact, he received nearly every vote polled. This shows the estimation in which he is held by those who have known him longest and best.

For the Sunday Appeal.

LOVE.

TO A LADY—AN ANSWER.—BY J. W. M.

I fear my heart has never known
The passion you so sweetly sing.
Yet we'd it wedded to your song,
I'm sure 'twould be a suitable thing.

You say that love and friendship breathe
Of the same breath, and are akin—
That virtuous bosoms underneath
Their surfaces keep them sacred in.

Then, though I am not vain enough
To mask myself with virtuous art,
I know sir, though my surface's rough,
I feel fresh kindling in my heart.

Yet well I know that he who loves
Must unto love ambition give,
And he who lives the longest proves
Love's lofty lesson best to live.

MEMPHIS, January 8, 1876.

EDUCATIONAL.

Mr. Joseph Van Holt Nash, of Petersburg, Virginia, has issued a circular stating that he proposes to publish shortly a complete record of the professors, officers, visitors and students of the University of Virginia, from 1825 to the present time, the compilation of which has been entrusted to Prof. M. Scott Bryan, of the U. J. U. D., of the chair of modern languages of the institution, for the past two years.

St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*: Father Ryan, of Dubuque, Iowa, gave notice from his pulpit on Sunday last that he would withhold the sacraments of the church from all who sent their children to the public schools. If the church can stand this we guess the schools can; but, in the interest of true religion, we beg the reverend clergy not to drive this issue upon the people at this country. It will astonish them to find out how many there are who will dispense with the sacraments rather than give up the schools.

Under the old constitution of Alabama one-fifth of the revenues of the State were appropriated to the public school fund. But owing to the delay of the auditor of the State in issuing his warrants for the collection of the school tax until after the adoption of the new constitution, there are only seventy-five thousand seven hundred and fifteen dollars and forty-three cents in available funds for the support of public schools in that State during the present year. Unless further means are provided by the general assembly, most of the schools will have to close.

The common school, the Boston *News* thinks, is getting to be a very uncommon institution, and it adds: "Formerly it was thought that the design of these schools was to furnish the groundwork for further education, and it was never anything for the elaborate and ornamental. A few simple studies were all that was attempted, and we doubt if the schools of that day would compare favorably with a modern school, with patent attachments on a dilapidated day. It was thought necessary to learn to read and write. Spelling was also included among the useful things to learn, and arithmetic, geography and grammar." The *News* characterizes the product of the modern system as "jig-saw" education.

Murfreesboro *News*, January 7: In the county court last Monday Justice John J. Neely made a short but vigorous speech in favor of an increased tax for school purposes, in which he stated that the cost to the county for the past year, of criminal prosecutions in the courts, amounted to over four-teen hundred dollars, and argued that it would be the wisest economy to make a liberal provision for the education of the children, and thereby lessen crime, with its subsequent expense. The court levied a tax for the coming year of ten cents on the hundred dollars, which is double the last assessment; but whether this will meet the demands of popular education is doubtful in the extreme. It may serve, however, to encourage the system until a more prosperous year has dawned upon us, when the county court, which deserves credit for conducting the finances of the county with marked prudence and economy, may feel justified in making a more liberal appropriation for the purpose.

The first quarterly examination of the preparatory class of the Union Hebrew college took place at the Mound street temple on Sunday afternoon, January 2, 1876, before the board of governors and others. The students, fourteen in number, ranging from twelve to seventeen years of age, were examined rigidly and critically by Prof. Eppinger, Rev. Drs. Wise, Lilienthal and Tintner, in Hebrew grammar, translations, derivations of words, bible and commentaries, history, etc. The result of the examination proved highly creditable to the students and their preceptor. All present were gratified at the marked success attained. During the examination several English sentences were promiscuously selected by gentlemen present, which the students unhesitatingly rendered into Hebrew, and *vice versa*. While such material exists as now constitutes the present preparatory class of the college, no fear need be entertained that the Hebrew will remain a dead language; many bright jewels may have probably been lost on account of not having such a seat of learning heretofore. We have now every reason to congratulate ourselves in being able to retain the Union Hebrew college in our midst, and contributions for its support are flowing in from all quarters. It may not be generally known that there is no discrimination of sect or creed made in this college. It is open and free to students of every denomination who may wish to enter and receive instructions in all the higher branches of the Hebrew language and literature gratis.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Moody and Sankey continue to be well-supported in Philadelphia.

NEW YEAR'S NIGHT IN THE OLD HOUSE.

MRS. FELICITA ROSS JOHNSON.

The mistress mused by the glowing fire
Where the year was in its wane
And the frozen boughs, as the wind blew higher,
Knocked at the window pane,
Like a ghost moaning and long delayed,
Who stands upon the threshold and knocks long, sighed,
A tender chromatic strain.

The firelight glimmered on book and bust,
And the curious fern-wrought sweep
Swelled and expanded in a sudden gust
As the door unclosed; and like one asleep
She saw how a long procession came—
Man, and maiden, and stately dame—
As if each had a trysting to keep.

A tryst, with the house that was once their own,
A tryst, one night in the year,
Where their sweetest hopes had budded and grown,
Where the Lord had drawn so near
In birth and in death, in gain and in loss,
And filled them with manna that dropped from the cross,
When the days were empty and drear.

Tenants of by-gone years were they,
Holding life's tenures one hour again;
Living their lives in the old-time way—
Barging, wooing, toiling as then;
Greeting the flowers of their morning kind,
Eating life's apple all clean from the rind,
Then calling it bitter, like men.

The bride, in her veil like a blossomy mist,
Came silently up the stair,
The bridegroom beside, but they shuddered, I wist,
At the sound of beseeching prayer;
At the sobbing wail of a funeral hymn,
And their fair young faces looked pale and dim
By the funeral torches' glare.

Softly the dirge died away on the ear,
The rooms were all lit and ashine
With jewels and satin and woman's gear
Fashioned in quaint design;
And the velvet viols rang round over all,
While the feet of the dancers were swift to their call,
And the goblets brimmed over with wine.

Ah, the lights were soon quenched, the viols all mute,
The red wines all spilled on the floor,
The garlands all withered and dead underfoot,
The guests flown away—as a breeze
Wields the ghost of a thistle away out of sight—
When the chimes of the new year rang out on the night
With a master hand touching the keys!

The mistress mused by the waning fire,
While the bells kept ringing on,
Saying, in sobbing, "O all ye spirits
From the place of the year that is gone;
The dust of old years shake off at its bier,
Bind thyself for the new one, and so then will rest
The voice of the Lord in the dawn!"

New Year's Day—1776.

Correspondence Boston Daily Advertiser.]

A search in dusty boxes of old papers for records of the past has brought to light the following letter, and as it describes events which happened in a neighboring town just a century ago, it will have, I think, a peculiar interest to your readers of to-day. I made some inquiries about Dr. Morgan, and find that he was an intimate friend of Dr. Biddle, of Philadelphia; it may be that Lydia was his daughter or niece. It would seem from the letter Mifflin refers to, that there had been some love passages between the writer and Governor M'Funn, of Antigua. Mrs. Mifflin was a lovely woman, in delicate health, belonging to a Quaker family, the daughter of Morris, and her own cousin to her husband, Thomas Mifflin. Dr. and Mrs. Morgan lived in the Brattle house in Cambridge at the date of this letter, and Major Mifflin also. In copying I have modernized the spelling, but have retained the quaint phraseology that was almost universally by Philadelphians at that date:

CAMBRIDGE, New Year's Day, 1776.

To Mrs. Sarah Morris Mifflin, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania:

MY DEAR SARAH—I wish thee was here this bright New Year's morning instead of moping in Philadelphia, for though thy husband is gay and much admired by the fair sex, yet I see his thoughts turn fondly to thee. He asked me this morning if I found the journey so terrible as I expected, and if thee, too, could not make it under the care of thy sister Sussanah; but I fear, dear child, it would be more than thy delicate frame could endure. The major has been joking me about that gallant son of Mars, Captain M'Funn, who made him acquainted with Colonel John Vassall fourteen or fifteen years ago, which led to thy husband coming the second hero of yesterday's doings in camp. An account of the affair he says I must write to thee at once. The Vassall family held, and still hold, I believe, large estates in Antigua, and Captain M'Funn, as governor of that island, knew several of the family. General Washington now occupies the stately house Colonel John Vassall built, and some of the medical officers that of his uncle, Henry Vassall. Mr. Morgan has a model, Rosalie, the daughter of old Thomas Sherwin, once sexton and clerk of Christ church, and when she is waiting upon me she amuses me with relating the grand doings of this family—their slaves, their chariots and four black horses, their navy plate and stiff brocades, their grand manners to the college and village people, and, above and beyond all, the English church where they met on Sundays, and of which her father was one of the officers; she told me last week that Mrs. Washington was to have the church cleaned, ready for service, and lined with green baize. Joseph Welch, who was sexton when the tories left, and has the linen and prayer-books in his possession, has orders from the general to direct a squad of soldiers to clean it up. Rosalie is in high glee that her brother-in-law has got his own again, as it were, and can make the dirty soldiers repair all they have defaced. I hear that the only churchmen of importance left are Mr. Joseph Lee, a leading man in politics, and Mr. John Pigeon, who were both vestrymen at the beginning of the war. The latter is a patriot, but one of the grand old family—rather a new-comer, I think. These two gentlemen waited upon Major Mifflin to request him to expect him to enter the church next in order to the commander-in-chief, because in 1762, the year after the church was opened, thy husband gave the sum of thirteen pounds sterling toward the building. Lee was very courteous and complimentary to the major, and said he often heard his cousin Vassal speak of the hospitalities he had received in Philadelphia from the Mifflin family, and he should be glad now to return to them. There was no question of his paying the money he never expected to see the church, and it reminded him of the words of holy writ, 'cast thy bread upon the waters, and after many days it shall return to thee again.' This is not really a church woman. Thy Quaker training and martyr ancestors are against it, but Friend Thomas Mifflin's zeal for the church in Philadelphia I have heard strongly spoken against by plain friends. He writes thee to join, sweetene, makes me ramble on without meaning to the point. Sunday dawned bright and cold, as New Year's eve should, and dear Mrs. Morgan, who is kindness itself, said, as the back of the church is almost in our back yard, that we might walk over the frozen snow across the island, and enter the vestry-room door and see the procession come in. The bell rang at an early hour to give notice of the opening. We put on some warm wraps and moccasins over our shoes, and sallied forth. The officers had gone on to headquarters to escort General Washington. We opened the vestry-room door and entered softly. I was taken to a large pew or alcove, and I, being there, for my life could not hold from the frosty air. Joseph Welch was attending to it and gave us a pleasant word of welcome. He was in ecstacies of delight that Mrs. Washington had ordered the church to be opened, and told us that he considered it as a sacred duty to guard its walls in the absence of its proprietary, and had wept over its desecration by our soldiers. The church is small, with four rows of square pews in the body and a row of wall pews on either side. These latter raised a foot from the floor, were reserved for the officers, the middle aisles for children and ladies, and the pews, entered from the side aisles, for the soldiers. There are no galleries, but a handsome organ-loft, supported by pillars, divides the nave from the aisles, out of sight of the pews reserved. Welch said that when the wardrobe out money was raising to have the wood handsomely carved; the church will then be vastly pretty. Now it reminds one of some building in rural England, as it has a good site opposite the common—square, we should call it. The sexton took us to Mr. Henry Vassall's pew, No. 3, he said, but I could see no number. All have perhaps been taken off by the soldiers, who used the place as barracks. Soon after Mrs. Washington, Mrs. Gates and Mrs. Curtis entered together, and were shown to a seat in front of us, the royal pew, Welch called it. Do you think the name prophetic? Our queen looked very well in green colored satin, which is worn on all state occasions, and she glanced most kindly upon us, wishing us "the compliments of the season" in quite an audible tone. Soon we heard the sound of fife and drum, and knew that the commander-in-chief was approaching. The two vestrymen, or wardens, whom I have mentioned before, stood facing the middle door with long wands of office in hand, crossed, ready to escort General Washington to his place; as he entered they each made a most lovely bow, which was returned with his usual courtesy. They preceded him up the east aisle to a pew within two of the vestry door. Major Mifflin walked by my side, as had been arranged, and took the seat of honor next him; then followed a long row of officers in full dress, forming for every one who could be spared from duty had been requested to be present. The body-guard of our chief stood around him, and threw their shakoes, rather irreverently, we thought, on the window sill. The soldiers, to a company of twenty, present, grounded their arms, and nothing was heard save the shuffling feet of the negroes in the background, the former slaves of the tories, who had often come here with their masters in days gone by. The clerk brought out the huge prayer books, given by Hon. Thos. Lechmere, and found the places, putting in long purple and gold markers, and Mr. Palfrey, the chaplain, read service, he had composed a prayer instead of that in use for the king, and, we thought it very good; the townspeople had wondered if King George would be prayed for as usual. Unfortunately the organ could not be used, some of the leaden pipes had been taken out to furnish ammunition for our men at the fight in Charleston last June, and it was quite out of order, but a bass viol and clarionet, played by some musical soldiers, led the singing, which was very good, the strong voices of the many men who thronged the church making fine music to my ear; and when part of psalm cxviii. and a verse from the cxix. was rolled out I saw some tearful eyes, but you are not familiar with our English version in meter, and I will copy it from my prayer-book:

The proud and wicked men have forged
Against me many a lie,
Yet Thy commandments still observe
With all my heart will I.

Their hearts are swollen with worldly wealth
As grease so are they fat;
But in Thy law I take delight,
And nothing seek but that.

Better it is to trust in God
Than in man's mortal seed,
Or to put confidence in kings
Or princes in our need.

All nations have inclosed me
And compassed me 'round,
But in the name of God shall I
Mine enemies confound.

The service was long, but it was delightful to me, and as I sat in the square pew, with my back to the chancel, I could just peep over the top, as I used to do at St. Peter's, in your dear town, when I was visiting Uncle Biddle last year. I could not keep from watching General Washington's serious face and the two stiff wardens, who ever and anon took out their wands to tapa noisy urchin standing under the organ loft or a colored boy who was inattentive. Mr. Lee looked as if better days were dawning. We stole out as we came, through the vestry-room, to avoid the crowd and officers. You know where my heart is fixed, and yesterday, seeing the empty place of his friends, I am half inclined to go over to the enemy and leave these thirteen colonies forever. But, dear Sallie, you will not blame me or call it treason in your faithful friend,

LYDIA BIDDLE.

Apprenticeship.

New York Tribune.]

We referred the other day to an account by an eminent physician of the manner in which doctors are manufactured by the medical colleges at the rate of thousands per annum, turned out to prey upon society, with neither knowledge, experience, nor even honest purpose. We might have enlarged the statement to include young men and women who have not even been manufactured by any such training mill for any such purposes whatever, but who rush into the professions, the arts, the trades, resolved to win not only a living out of them, but distinction, success and public respect. New York and Philadelphia swarm with half-grown boys from country and inland towns, each of which means to die as rich a man as Astor or Girard, and whose sole skill or knowledge appears to be an aptitude in copying the dress and manner of the Bowery "gent," while the bar here and elsewhere is crowded with young men shuffled through examination by the grace of an influential friend, and who mean to use their profession to pass them as ward politicians. The go to succeed in competing trades is the most popular and attacked with the most sanguine ambition, however, is that of literature. The editor of a magazine or newspaper must have nerves of steel if he be not worked out with the importunity of "college graduates of fine literary taste," who feel themselves competent to fill any position in his office at a moment's warning, from that of proof-reader to his own. Back of these come a pressing crowd of women—widows who must feed their children or see them starve, young girls, wives with invalid or drunken husbands, downright adventurers—none of whom can earn money by teaching, sewing, or any other head or hand craft, and therefore take to the pen as "the one business which requires no training." Nothing can be more pitiable than the appeals of these people, nothing more sanguine than their hopes. Their need is desperate; their talent, they have been assured by fond admirers. After a year or two of disappointment they clutch eagerly at the lowest of basest success—paint daubs for auctions, write unsayory ill-paid matter for cash publications. Easy as is the descent into that hell, to come out of it is impossible, and there is no remedy for this miserable condition of affairs. Let boys and girls—especially girls—be thoroughly taught one means of earning their bread while they are at home. When they are launched out on the world is no time to begin to learn their trade. No matter what their social rank or expectations, give them this one weapon whose use they thoroughly understand, with which to keep the wolf from the door. Make them teachers, artisans, seamstresses, musicians, painters of china, typesetters, engravers—what you choose. But make them real skilled workers, and not sham pretenders hopeful, unable, and good for nothing.

More Heresy.

New York Christian Union.]

The Presbyterians of Canada are likely to have their "Swing case." Rev. Mr. Macdonell, the most distinguished of the Presbyterian ministers of Toronto, lately preached a sermon on "The Heretics," in which he collected and compared the various passages of scripture for and against the doctrine of eternal punishment, and avowed his embarrassment at finding a conclusion on the one side or the other. He plainly indicated, however, his strong moral repugnance to the doctrine, and quoted with much feeling the famous passage from the *In Memoriam*, leaving the impression that he sympathized with Tennyson, who "trusts the larger hope." The immediate result has been an investigation before the Presbytery, though not a formal trial. In the Presbytery Mr. Macdonell spoke with great frankness, but with moderation and humility. He states that he came to the subject in the ordinary course of scriptural exposition, and not knowing exactly what to say, he first postponed the matter, and then, after further consideration, decided to best to express himself just as he felt, with all his perplexities and indecision. He pleads further that his views were known when nominated as a pastor of the congregation, and that he was allowed to subscribe to the confession of faith, with certain qualifications, then and there recorded. The professors of the Presbyterian theological school at Toronto were prominent on the other side, and contended that Mr. Macdonell should have kept his misgivings to himself, or, at any rate, have made them known not to his congregation but to "the brethren"—meaning, I suppose, the ministerial brethren. These professors hold that the confession, though only a subordinate authority, "is nevertheless to be taken without appeal. The investigation was conducted in a mild and careful manner, almost in a spirit of fluttering and foreboding, as if an awful chasm of disruption and disaster were just about to open in front of the influential denomination. The proceedings ended in some expressions of regret on the part of Mr. Macdonell for any want of prudence in making a premature disclosure of his doubts, and a resolution of the Presbytery requiring him to report his entire adhesion to the Westminster confession not later than the next meeting of assembly. The Toronto papers have since been filled with the discussion of the topic, and among other utterances have been some notable ones of the Toronto *Nation*, a very able weekly, for which Mr. Goldwin Smith is the chief writer. In the last number we have these sentences: "Theoretically the confession may be subordinate to scripture; practically it is not subordinate but paramount." "In internal nature, whatever may be preached from the public, the mass of mankind, we apprehend, will believe no more." I may mention that the old kirk and the free church of Canada have become one body, and the ministers of the old kirk (to which Mr. Macdonell belongs) are like Principal Tullock and others of the old kirk in Scotland, more inclined to broad churchism than those of the Canadian free church. This was conspicuous lately at the opening of Knox college, when a pretty sharp collision took place between the free church professors and Mr. Macdonell and others of the kirk, Mr. Macdonell making a speech in favor of breadth and variety of teaching, and speaking of the confession as a "fetter;" the professors on the other hand defending the old standard as a "finality," but not a "fetter"—"like the multiplication table!" This dispute gives rather more significance to the subsequent action of the Presbytery, for which it prepared the way. It is to be noted that Mr. Macdonell does not deny the authority of scripture, but rather maintains that authority against the authority of merely human expositions. He is for careful and reverent handling of the word of God, but for "free handling" of the word of man, and for the revision of old symbols in the light of modern research. The professors are against such freedom, and for holding all ministers to the letter of the confession. Mr. Macdonell having been inducted on a different footing, and his large and wealthy congregation being much attached to him, the propriety of seceding before further jeopardy of their new and costly church is already mooted. Thus far want of revision we see was to be in a direction, from too much tightening there comes a split.

A Noted Divorce Case.

Count Joannes in the New York Sun.]

I was in London at the time of the celebrated trial for alleged crim. con., George C. Norton against Lord Melbourne. I had the honor of the lady's acquaintance before that time, having been introduced to her by Hon. Mrs. Colonel Stanhope at an evening party at her residence in Hanover square. Colonel Leicester Stanhope, afterward Earl of Harrington, was the intimate and literary friend of Lord Byron when at Missolonghi, and was the guardian of the poet's dead body to England. Lord Harrington was my fervent friend, and for years, and while the great trial was in progress, we were in constant communication. After the initiation of the action, the husband took away from his wife their children, thus adding to her marital wrongs severe maternal affliction. At this time I received a complimentary letter from her containing these words: "Though afflicted with princes whatever, but with misery, and excessive maternal grief, because my two children are cruelly taken from me, and I not permitted even to see them, yet I have twice read to my dear mother your beautiful and eloquent public "Oration upon Shakespeare," which you kindly presented to me," etc. No crim. con. trial in England ever produced such general excitement, except the proceedings against Queen Caroline. Lord Melbourne was prime minister of Great Britain, the literal political tutor of the queen, Victoria, when princess, and who regarded him, from his kindness of heart, his wisdom and his age, almost with filial respect. The lady was young and in the same light was he regarded by Hon. Mrs. Norton. Like the Marquis Landsdowne, who was the friend of the Kemble family, so Lord Melbourne was equally the friend of the Sheridan family, and was conversant with great admirers of dramatic and poetic talents. The prime minister had given to Mr. Norton the office of magistrate in the city of London, salary one thousand pounds, i.e. five thousand dollars, and which office he held at the time of his trial. Viscount Melbourne being a peer of the realm, could have demanded his trial, literally by his peers, but being the people's prime minister as well as the queen's, he nobly resolved to waive his peerage right to be tried by a jury, as if one of the humblest of her majesty's subjects. In this matter was mixed up political animosities against the premier by men anxious to have office under a change of ministry. The trial took place in Westminster hall, the then Sir John Campbell (afterward lord chief justice), appearing for the defendant as his chief of counsel, and in his memorable cross-examination of plaintiff's witnesses he literally astonished them, and rendered them useful only for the defendant. One of the vilest attempts to blacken this lady's character was infamously resorted to just before the trial. I have shown in her letter to me her maternal grief in reference to her children being taken from her. One evening there suddenly appeared before her in her drawing-room a friend of the family, who said, and with earnest anxiety, "Madame, if you will come with me, I can use you instantly to see and embrace your children." She quickly attired herself in a shawl and bonnet and went into a public carriage at the door with this believed family friend. The coachman had his special orders, and drove to a by-street and stopped at a certain house. He handed her out of the carriage, and she was led into the house, and to her joy she believed, her beloved children, when she met a true friend. She shook hands with him, while he, in amazement, inquired what mischief had brought her to that house. She innocently replied, "To see my children." At an instant the true friend saw the position of affairs, quickly handed her into the carriage, himself mounting the box with the coachman, took the reins and drove back to the residence of the intended victim. In the mean time, she had returned by land to St. Petersburg, while the rest took the vessel back to a Swedish port. In letters addressed to the French geographical society, Professor Nordenskjold expresses surprise at finding such fine forests in a region believed to be barren.

An English physician (Dr. Thursfield) has been engaged in investigating a remarkable outbreak of typhoid fever, in which four out of a shooting party of seven, consisting of three gentlemen and two gamekeepers, were seized with typhoid fever, while of the remaining three two suffered from diarrhea, only one escaping entirely. The attacks were clearly traceable to some influences at work during the day the party was shooting together, as the gentlemen composing the party all resided in different houses, widely apart from one another, and having absolutely no conditions in common. After the most minute and careful investigation, Dr. Thursfield has arrived at the conclusion that the typhoid germs must have been introduced into some bottled used to hold peppermint perry, of which the party partook at luncheon, by the water used for the purpose of washing.

It is generally well known that, chemically, oxygen and sulphur may be considered as very closely resemble each other. The sulphide of carbon,