MEMPHIS APPEAL

—BY—

GALLAWAY & KEATING.

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MEMPHIS APPEAL

SUNDAY, : : : MAY 7, 1876.

THE NEW EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

The new Democratic executive committee, appointed by the mass-meeting on Monday last, will organize for the approaching elections on Saturday next. The contemptible sneers at the committee by the mischief-makers and the inveterate haters of Democracy, has no effect upon the committee. The two gentlemen who were appointed on the committee without their knowledge, and who have been sneered at for the crime of being unknown or young in years, were present yesterday ready to discharge their duties, and we predict by November next they will have a more enviable reputation than those who have sought to belittle them. The new Democratic executive committee has made a good beginning, and we believe their efforts throughout the two elections which they have been appointed to direct, will be untiring, and their vigilance sleepless. We believe the deliberations and the action of the committee will be wise, energetic, and successful. But we assure the committee it will encounter many grave difficulties, but we believe it will do so fearlessly. It will at once be beset by the obtrusive advice of men who are not Democrats, and there has been too great a disposition on the part of former committees to heed the counsels of men who detest the Democratic party and its organization. Politicians who spurn all party allegiance, scornfully repudiate the behests of the Democratic party, have no business in a Democratic convention, and it is brazen impudence for them to advise a Democratic executive committee as to its duty. But this has been done in former elections, and, strange to to-say, have sometimes controlled the committee, actuated by the belief that the reliable Democrats will stand true under any circumstances, and that the guerillas must be conciliated. In other words, they must be allowed to control the Democratic organization or they will work for its destruction. The office-holder who sacrifices his friends and conciliates his enemies is soon overtaken by defeat, and receives the curses of deserted friends and the contempt of old enemies; and the party which ignores the advice of its faithful workers and councils with its enemies will share the same fate. In other communities, individuals, however eminent, who are not heartily associated with a political organization, exercise no influence upon the judgment or action of its managers. But in Shelby county the greater the independence and the desire for mischief, the greater the influence on the managers. The Democratic executive committee which will organize next Saturday will not only have the opposition of the Radicals to baffle and defeat, but they will have to encounter the machinations of the independents and a few renegades who are now conspiring for the defeat of the Democratic organization in Tennessee, and especially in Shelby county. This knowledge should nerve the arms of the executive committee with strength, and should induce every true and reliable Democrat to rally to his colors. The APPEAL will faithfully discharge its duties toward the party and the committee. With us loyalty to party is next to loyalty to country. No man deserving to be called a Democrat will suffer the Radicals to use his name as a candidate on what they call an independent ticket. The Democrat who opposes the regular nomination of his party, digs his political grave forever. Independents invariably go over to the party they opposed before they became traitors.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

At the last session of congress a joint resolution was passed and signed by the President, urging that on the Fourth of July next county meetings be held at every county-seat in every State in the Union, and that a sketch of the history of the county be read at the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of American independence. The resolution passed by congress recommends the delivery of addresses, tracing the history of the county from the time of its settlement, and including a sketch of its growth, its resources, industries and future prospects. The governors of Illinois and Pennsylvania have recommended, by proclamation, action on the part of the people of the several counties of their respective States. Governor Tilden, of New York, and Governor Carroll, of Maryland, have expressed a determination to follow the example of other States. Since the termination of the war, the southern States have not been disposed to gush on the Fourth of July with gorgeous flights of rhetoric about freedom and the spread-eagle and that "mighty rag" which waved over them, a symbol of despotism, usurpation and oppression. But the celebrations last year at Concord and Lexington, Bunker Hill, Charleston and Mecklenburg did much to revive the old love for the Fourth of July. We can see no good reason why the southern people should refuse to observe or celebrate the occasion. It is as much our day as the day of northern men. It is in no sense a sectional, but a national, holiday. It is the anniversary of the birthday of a nation, of which the south forms a most important part. Its observance is in commemoration of the independence of the American colonies—independence due as much to the prowess and patriotism of the south as to the courage and fortitude of the north. When we forget our Laurens, our Sumters, our Marions, our Moultries, our Washingtons, our Lees, our Jeffersons and our Henrys; when we forget King's Mountain and the Cowpens; when we forget the glorious mementoes which cluster around the Old Dominion and her southern sisters, then we may refuse to recognize or to keep the great national festival of the Fourth of July. A few years since the national flag was not a symbol of freedom to the southern people. It was the sign and token of social disorder, a violated constitution, robbery and plunder. In its name crimes were committed. It had no charms for those who were girded with chains. It was a mockery of freedom when it protected the bayonets at the throats of the people. But time has produced a change. Fitzhugh Lee marched under the flag last year, and commemorated the spot where Warren fell, and henceforth the Fourth of July will be a national holiday in the south. We hope Tennessee will take the lead in this patriotic movement. Let us have an old-fashioned parade in Memphis on the Fourth of July next, and let the stars and stripes float over our public buildings. This is the centennial year, and the Fourth of July next is an appropriate occasion, not for the gush and spread-eagle style of oratory of other days, but for the discussion of homely facts—plain, philosophical principles which underlie our national life, and which alone can give peace, perpetuity and prosperity to the Union.

A BRIGHT OUTLOOK.

There are several clouds in the commercial horizon, just now, that are not agreeable to contemplate, and it is neither wise nor beneficial to confine the gaze solely to their dark surfaces. Every cloud has a silver lining, and the difficulties of to-day are not unaccompanied with the gleam of brighter times to come. The soil has not lost its fruitfulness, nor the rains their fructifying power; nature has lessened none of her resources, and we were never cultivating her willing bosom with more industry than now. The field, the mine, and the oil well, are all yielding their opulent stores for our benefit. Profiting by the troubles that make a nation strong through suffering, our people have become economical, and while producing more they are consuming less. The result is inevitable—the toll that makes, combined with the frugality that saves, is with certain step carrying us on toward the brightness of happier days. We have much to embarrass and annoy us, but nothing that is more than passing and temporary. The foundation beneath us is sure, and with a land of unbounded resources, a people rich in inventive faculty, with American energy and American will to push us on, there is no room for discouragement, much less for despair. The following from the St. Louis *Globe*, of Thursday, is proof that we are not talking without good grounds for cheerful anticipation: "There is a cheerfulness in the general outlook for the future, which sustains the commercial spirit of the land, arising from the magnificent condition and prospects for the coming crops, which have gone through the past mild winter with comparatively slight injury; and under equally beneficent influences they have attained unusual forwardness, giving promise of early and munificent harvests, if nothing unlooked for intervenes between this and the maturing of the grain, to destroy the hopes of the entire country. Corn is rapidly being planted, and in increased acreage, as are all the seasonable cereals and vegetables which go to constitute the aggregate of the farmer's wealth; the fruits, also, which not long since were supposed to be nearly all ruined, have, upon more recent examination, proven to be less seriously damaged than the first hasty glance seemed to indicate. Another encouraging feature, looking to an improved condition of business and finances, is the notable change in the status of foreign exports and imports, the latter of which have been so long in excess of the former, while now the situation is being steadily reversed, and the exports are showing a gradual increase over the imports, to the gratification, of course, of all who have heretofore witnessed, with anxiety, the constant drain of gold, from which, although the largest producers in the world, we have received, comparatively, the least benefit. This depleting system seems about at an end for the present (and we hope forever), and it looks as though the balance of trade would soon set as strongly toward our shores as it has previously made against us. All these evidences of the inherent strength of the nation, and the further supports which are likely to be derived from these economic sources, imbue every line of trade with confidence, which is shared alike by the interior dealer, who is nearest of all to the producer."

THE New York *Tribune* says of the solid Morton delegation from Arkansas that it is a fragant crowd. The leading names are Clayton, Dorsey, Brooks and "Poker-Jack" M'Clure. They fought each other for years, and then formed a compact for a united raid against the State. When Brooks was running for governor he declared that if he were elected he would put so many of the Dorsey, Clayton and M'Clure gang in the penitentiary that "their legs would stick out through the cracks." When Brooks was defeated, M'Clure remarked with unblushing impudence that it had been done by the "usual Republican appliances," a polite phrase for false counting. When they had counted Brooks out and counted Baxter in, they found they had caught a Tartar, and started the famous Brooks-Baxter war, having first made terms with Brooks to keep their legs out of the penitentiary cracks.

THE Chattanooga *Times* continues to abuse, revile and blackguard the APPEAL for its just, fair and honest criticism of Senator Key's gross and offensive blunder—a blunder that everywhere in the south has been condemned as it deserved. We have never had any hope of converting the *Times* to our views—less now than ever—and as life is too short, and we have besides many better things to do, we will withdraw from a controversy which has been fruitful only of filth, detraction and abuse. We believe Senator Key stands condemned before his constituency, and that he will find it so whenever he confronts them. We say this in sorrow, not in anger, for we have no reason personally to entertain other than friendly sentiments for Mr. Key.

THE Pulaski *Citizen* quotes from a private letter of General W. C. Whitthorne, who takes a hopeful view of the political situation, and says: "I think everything is working well for the Democratic party; that is to say, well for those who 'love the Lord.' Our Radical friends are having more difficulty on their hands, just now, than the Democratic party. They are just as much disturbed on the currency question; much more so in their divisions upon candidates, and still more so upon the question of fraud and corruption. I think, now, with a fortunate nomination made at St. Louis, that our success in November next is assured. For the sake of the republic I say, God grant it!"

Who can place a value on health and strength? Every man, woman and child should take Dr. J. H. M'Lean's Strengthening Cordial and Blood Purifier. It will give you rich, pure blood and make you strong and vigorous. Dr. J. H. M'Lean's office, 314 Chestnut street, St. Louis, Missouri.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Donald G. Mitchell has been appointed one of the jurors at the Centennial exhibition.

Kate Field once said she would rather have a London success than two husbands; now that she has success we hope she will not take the husbands.

The husband of Mrs. Tracy, of Buffalo, *nee* Agnes Ethel, retired actress, has come into possession of his mother's estate, worth about two hundred thousand dollars.

Rev. T. K. Beecher says fences between neighbors are "relics of barbarism." They are, on the contrary, a product of civilization; and so are neighbors, for the matter of that.

Mrs. Van Cott the revival-preacher, is to mount the desk, stump or platform—whichever you please to call it—in Iowa shortly. Her farewell services in New York have already taken place.

Chicago *Times:* Judge Hilton is an absent-minded man. Often he forgets that he is a millionaire, and says to the bar-tender, "Put that on the slate, George," just as he used to a few months ago."

John Bright takes his meals in a room in the attic story of a obscure hotel, and a cold shiver goes down his back whenever he hears the voice of a woman. He voted against the female suffrage bill in the house of commons, it will be remembered.

Miss Clara Morris has returned to her home in New York, improved in health, and is frequently an usher at the opera and theaters. She may also often be seen on the road, driving a pony phaeton, which she superintends, although accompanied by her husband.

It is the impression at Washington that the senate will decide that it has no authority to try Belknap upon the impeachment charges perferred by the house of representatives. A contrary opinion would be hailed with pleasure, as dishonest officials could not then escape with impunity by simply resigning their offices.—*New York Herald, 4th.*

Mr. John Jacob Astor has authorized the corporation of Trinity church, New York, of which he is a constant attendant, to have erected at his expense a new altar and altar screen, of whatever material and design may be chosen. It is thought that the structure, which will undoubtedly be very magnificent, is intended as a memorial of the late Wm. B. Astor.

Mr. M. C. Conway writes to the Cincinnati *Commercial:* "I saw Prof. Tyndall recently, looking as if marriage had proved to him a veritable fountain of youth. It is whispered that he is to be made a baronet, or at least that the aristocratic circle with which he has long been a favorite, and has since been connected by marriage, are trying to persuade him to accept that title."

Mention is made of the death at Milwaukee of Mr. William Waigli, who was the private secretary of Kossuth during his visit to this country. After Kossuth's return, Mr. Waigli went to the west and settled as a teacher of drawing in Milwaukee. Being a man of improvident habits, he, with a large family, suffered greatly from poverty. He was an accomplished linguist.

After a concert in Baltimore, at which Titiens sang "Kathleen Mavourneen," she had a visitor who announced himself as Captain Crouch, the composer of the song, a statement which was at first received with incredulity, as Crouch was supposed to have died several years ago. After an interview with Mr. Mapleson his identity was established. Crouch served in the Union army during the war.

New York *Herald:* Offenbach, who left for America the other day, will be *chef d'orchestre* at thirty concerts—fifteen at Philadelphia and as many at New York. As he is to receive the handsome sum of one thousand dollars each time he wields the baton, he will make a clear thirty thousand dollars by his trip. His expenses are to be paid, and the sum mentioned will be all profit.

Mlle. de Belocca, the new Russian prima donna now in New York, whatever may be the opinion of her musical culture, is universally pronounced a beautiful young woman, and as charming in mind as she is in person. She walks regularly every day for several miles. A correspondent says: "She is altogether a good illustration of that enviable combination—health, wealth and wisdom."

The Irish certainly bear no malice. Mr. Thomas Carlyle, who has so often thanked God that He inspired Oliver Cromwell with the pleasing purpose of exterminating the whole Irish race, and who has so often regretted that Ireland could not now be regenerated by the simple process of keeping the island under water for twenty-four hours, has just been admitted a member of the Royal Irish academy.

Mrs. Thomas Wilcox and her sister, Miss Cochran, have been bound over to keep the peace by Mrs. Frances Douglass, all of Baltimore. They were charged with having insulted Mrs. Douglass by saying to her, on the very first day that she wore her new spring bonnet in the street, "O, shoot the hat!" All the ladies concerned move in the first circles of Baltimore, say prayers thrice in the day, and give alms when they can be seen of men.

Prof. Huxley will sail for America in August, for a short visit. It is said that he will spend more time in examining our scientific treasures than in lecturing. Recently, after he had described in a lecture the probable conformation of an extinct saurian, Prof. Huxley said that only one or two bones of the saurian had ever been discovered; but he learned soon after that there are no fewer than thirteen perfect fossil skeletons of the animal in question in the Yale college museum.

Mr. William M. Evarts has not "gone to the hills of Vermont, far from the busy hum of the city," to compose his Centennial oration. The *Sun* is misinformed. Mr. Evarts is in town, working hard, and has forgotten all about the Philadelphia show. As if an eminent New Yorker would have to leave home to get up thoughts fit for the city of boardinghouse-keepers! Mr. Evarts may be found in the supreme court any day, and yesterday was busy arguing a case of thirty-five cases of sky-blue Kerseys.—*New York World, 3d.*

The special vicissitudes of Arabella Goddard's tour of the world, which has occupied more than three years, are the following: Quarantined at Melbourne on arrival for two weeks on account of smallpox on board ship; almost fatal illness contracted at Ceylon; robbed of two thousand dollars at Madras, the money being afterward recovered; shipwrecked on the northeast coast of Australia; great lawsuit at Sydney, which was compromised. Mme. Goddard has left for Europe, and will shortly commence a starring tour there.

It is announced, but there is no confirmation of the statement, that Mrs. L. J. Jennings (Madeline Henriques who was) will return to the stage next autumn and again occupy the place of leading lady at Wallack's theater. We hope the announcement is true. Miss Henriques was one of the most charming actresses on the New York boards, and she would be welcomed back to them with delight by the public. She would return to the scenes of her former triumphs with ripened beauty and, we doubt not, increased dramatic power.

Marguerite Bellanger, Napoleon's mistress, married in 1873 an Englishman. The marriage did not prove a happy one, and was shortly after dissolved by mutual consent, the lady agreeing to allow her husband twenty thousand francs a year so long as he refrained from coming near her. She now lives a comfortable and jolly life as an independent *chatelaine* in Touraine, and occasionally visits Paris for a peep at the gay life of the metropolis. She has grown stout and common looking, and every trace of her singular and ethereal beauty has disappeared.

Rev. D. J. M'Donnell, of St. Andrew's church in Toronto, recently preached a sermon in which he enunciated doctrines not in conformity with the teachings of the Presbyterian church and the confession of faith, and the matter was brought before the presbytery. In explanation, Mr. M'Donnell sent in a written explanation, and the presbytery has just declared, by a vote of thirty-four to fourteen, that it cannot accept it, and requests him to give an unqualified assent to the doctrine of eternal punishment as laid down in the confession of faith. The matter will be carried before the general assembly, which will meet in June next.

A party of Wesleyan Methodists from Great Britain called upon Garibaldi recently and presented him with an address, to which he replied as follows: "I have traveled in China, America and Europe, and indeed in all parts of the world, and have frequently been brought into personal communication with the classes of British citizens, and invariably found them possessing the same high qualities. I am proud to say that, although I am not an Englishman, I am myself an English citizen; for I received in London, as you may know, at the hands of its lord mayor, the freedom of this city. I am always glad to think of and meet Englishmen. I am a brother to England, France, and also to America, and I am very grateful to you for the honor you have done me in coming to see me to-day."

The Methodist on Dolan.

We copy the following paragraph from the *Methodist*, a religious paper published in this city: "The man Dolan, hung at the Tombs in this city last week, is hinged to a close that we have no better use for than hanging them. We have scruples about hanging men on circumstantial evidence, and if a man has any character, as, for example, Rubenstein has, we should strenuously favor other modes of punishment. The Dolans are professional enemies of society. They kill us when they get a chance and have a motive. We should hang them as we shoot wolves, whenever we get a chance. We do not know whether Dolan killed Mr. Noe, nor do we care. He has probably, though only twenty-two years old, killed other men, and if he had lived would have certainly gone on killing. We ought to hang every Friday at the Tombs as many Dolans as the officers could dispose of. It is terribly unsafe living in the city with them at large; and we never met an enthusiast whose fanaticism embraced an expectation of the reformation of the Dolans." We think the sentiments here expressed can hardly be those of the large and respectable denomination for which the *Methodist* professes to speak. Is there "a class" of men for whom we have no better use than hanging? Is this a christian sentiment? Did Christ ever teach any such doctrine? "We should hang them as we shoot wolves, whenever we get a chance." Do religious people feel in this way toward any class of their fellow men? Is it right to indulge in such feelings? Can it properly be called religion which inculcates the same hatred of our fellow beings that is naturally felt toward devouring wolves?—*New York Sun.*

"GOD IS LOVE."

HELEN M. WALTON.

All love is lawful that has but honest thought,
All love is loyal, too, that hath not evil thought;
Clean from the false, the base, God's truth will set us free.
And life flow on loved, crowned by human sympathy.

All love is sacred, knows but one true and sacred aim,
All love most holy burns in one exhaustless flame;
And hope shall find the world both worshipful and strong,
Clothed in the vesture white that to the saints belong.

All love is glorious, free, because of God a sacred part—
All love immortal is, yet dwells within the human heart;
Self-crowned with glory shines, and that without alloy,
And smiles the face of all its worshippers with joy.

Oh! Cherubims and Seraphims, sweep all your harps of gold,
In rolling music rare, the song of old:
"That God is love, and Love is God," eternally sublime,
And was and is forevermore throughout the age of time.

G. Washington Childs, A.M., and His Probable Revenge.

As to everything else in Philadelphia, visitors will be free to select or reject where money is concerned, and we are gratified to know that no money whatever will be charged for visits to Independence hall, the Masonic temple, and Mr. Childs's *Ledger* building. At the latter place a drink of pure water to each guest will be added free.—*New York World.*

If Mr. Manton Marble does not put a stop to this sort of thing, we will request Mr. Childs to withhold the usual elegiac stanzas when his final summons comes. None of the Centennial commissioners who voted to close the exhibition on Sunday will have verses by Mr. Childs after death—at least the verses will not be complimentary to them. Hawley's will run after this fashion:

General Hawley, thou has lest us,
And thy loss we don't deplore,
Ah! far better would it be, sir,
Had you but left us long before
The Centennial Exposition
Sunday question came to vote;
Your silly, mulish, narrow conduct
Stamped you as a billy-goat.

Gone with John L. Campbell, to meet the other mule, who died in Cincinnati some time since.—*Philadelphia Item.*

Government by the Editors.

The general complaint of a most unpatriotic apathy in political affairs on the part of the better classes of our citizens is somewhat mitigated by the reflection that the editors are giving a great deal of attention to the preservation of the country, and may confidently be relied on to make up for the shortcomings of the few million of people who are not editors. We must not be misunderstood as referring to the efforts of these patriotic gentlemen in their professional capacity, nor to the policy of the papers which they control, for it is the function of a newspaper to treat of politics, but there are editors who are greater outside of the sanctum than in it, their personal activity in political management and their unsolicited kindness in volunteering to boss the job are cheering evidences that, though we have fallen amid evil times, we have a refuge left us, and may hope to escape the final doom through their devotion.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Reward for the Arrest of Murderers.

NEW ORLEANS, May 5.—Acting-Governor Antoine has off red five thousand dollars reward for the arrest of the Coushatta assassins. Advices received at the Statehouse report Senator Twitchell still living, but in a precarious condition. His left arm has been amputated, and his right arm is so badly shattered that the doctors propose to take it off also. Communications received this morning from West Feliciana parish say that State Senator Weber, Parish Judge Dula and Armstead, ex-member of the house of representatives, have been driven out of the parish by regulators, and compelled to take to the woods. Their fate is not known.

Progress of the Diaz Revolution in Mexico.

NEW ORLEANS, May 5.—A Galveston *News* special from San Antonio May 5th says that Colonel Quintana, with two hundred federals, occupy Nueva Laredo. Colonel Falmeya, with three hundred revolutionists, was outside preparing for an attack. There is considerable excitement at Piedras Negras. The revolutionists, with three hundred men, are waiting outside for reinforcements before attacking the place. Most of the federal customhouse officers are in Eagle Pass for safety.

Translated from the Swedish of Nyborn by Edward Axon.]

NIAGARA.

I stood upon Niagara's dreary shore,
Consumed by flames within my bosom's core;
Methought the awful world that rolled within me
More untamed than the falls whose roar would din me.

A jet-black, starless cupola lay spread—
A pall upon the waves—above my head;
The thunders shook the sky, as if to tear it,
But only I and nightly ghosts did hear it.

All life so suddenly did flee away
When thus the death began its giant play;
And laugh did Satan from the deep, so thrilly,
That all the marrow in my bones felt chilly.

Thus, through the midnight of my heart in ban,
Despair drives madly on its savage span,
And demons of the passions laugh, whilst riding,
'Mongst breakers of the vices—rising—falling.

Once did I meet a maid in playful dance,
So sweetly blushing, with an angel's glance;
That glance did lie. A fool, whose heart was truthful,
I thought her equal pure as fair and youthful.

A fiend of darkness with an angel's sway,
Soon in another lover's arms she lay,
And dreamt about pleasures as his capture,
And drank the cup of tempting sins with rapture.

Once did they also sing for me a song
Of endless love and faith; that lay was wrong.
But easy yet to sing; my heart was craving
To see their banner from its castle waving.

Thou human race! of what will thou yet boast?
Thou art a whitewashed tomb, just as thou wast,
Beneath the mask thou hid'st thy face of terror,
And boldly then denounc'st thy equals' error.

A pack of savage wolves, with glance of lamb,
Thou roam'st all 'round the earth, with little shame.
Of God thou say'st that thou bear'st yet a favor,
But that (thy pardon!) has of lie a flavor.

Ah! wert thou in one person here to-night,
I then should hurt thee from thy fancied hight
Into Niagara's tremendous river,
And bury thee, with all thy crimes, forever.

And, when thy shame was with thyself asleep,
I'd hurl myself into the giant deep.
How awful sweet (O Nature! matter's mother!)
When one Niagara devours the other!

THE BLUEBIRD.

When ice is thawed and snow is gone,
And racy weariness floods the time—
When snowbirds from the ledge have flown,
And on the lee-porch swarm the bees—
Drifting down the first warm wind
That thrills the earliest days of spring,
The bluebird seeks our maple groves
And chant a theme into Lasselings.

He sits among the delicate sprays,
Whip point of splendor round him drawn,
And through Spring's foothills call
Sees Summer's rich fulfillment dawn;
Blesings, and his is Nature's voice—
A gush of melody sincere
From that great fount of harmony
That thaws and runs when Spring is here.

Short is his song, but strangely sweet
To care aweary of the low,
Dull tramp of Winter's sullen feet,
Sandwiled in ice and muffled in snow;
Short is his song, but through it runs
A hint of dithyrambs yet to be—
A sweet suggestiveness that has
The influence of prophecy.

From childhood I have nursed a faith
Of bluebirds' song and winter's spring:
They tell me, "After frost and death
There comes a time of blossoming;"
And after snow and cutting sleet
The cold, stern mood of Nature yields
To tender warmth, when bare pink feet
Of children press her greeting fields.

Sing strong and clear, O bluebird dear!
Until as the land with splendor fills,
While maples gladden in life's vales,
And plum-trees blossom on the hills;
Float down the wind on sloping wings,
And do thy will by grove and stream,
While thro' my life Spring's freshness sung,
Like music through a poet's dream.

THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER.

Progress of the Excavations at Olympia—Rich Discoveries of Greek Antiquities.

The Berlin correspondent of the London *Standard* writes to his paper of the progress of exhuming the Temple of Jupiter at Olympia, as follows: "The excavations in Olympia are proceeding without interruption. Their purpose, as is well known, is to free the Temple of Jupiter from the surrounding rubbish. By last accounts this has been already done for the most part on the east side. There the old pavement has been found, consisting of twenty-three thick blocks of stone, resting on a layer of bricks and other materials. The entrance to the temple was not as in the Parthenon, by intermediate steps before the intercolumnium, but by a perron leading to the second temple step, and forming before the middle of the temple-front a terrace, on which the foundation of an altar has come to light. The clearance of the south side has been vigorously begun from east and west. Among the many discoveries, important for the history of architecture, are to be reckoned the lions' head gargoyles of the temple. They are in three different styles, in antique form (especially at the southwest corner), quite naturalistic, and, finally, in a transitional style, which clearly proves that the temple was not built all at once, like the Parthenon, but was the work of several very different periods. At the north side of the temple was found a pedestal of porous stone, four meters long, with draped figures in relief, and at the south side of the base, an inscription in honor apparently of the Empress Faustina. It is especially interesting that several remarkable inscriptions have been completed. On the second of March was found the second part of the so-called Agoladas inscription, which shows that Ageladas was the father of Argeladas, the founder of the temple. The inscription of Praxiteles, mentioned in a former letter, is now complete, in two distiches, and shows us the whole career of an Arcadian who, at the close of an adventurous life of wandering, retired to his native mountains. The greater number of the discoveries have been made on the west side. There a wall came to light, running from the southwest corner southward, oddly heaped together, pedestals, drums of columns, triglyphs, Ionic and Doric capitals, blocks of marble, and tiles. Also a case with the artist inscription of one Sophocles (of the fourth or third century B. C.), an inscription in honor of Lycomedes, a victor at the Olympic games, and a series of admirably preserved lions' heads in terra cotta, adorned with rich colors, perfectly fresh; and an inscription, probably by Lucius Mummius, on the statue of Zeus mentioned by Pausanius. Ten paces southeast from the southeastern corner of the temple, the foundation walls of a round building of marble have been brought to light. Near by (eight paces south-southwest) appeared on the fifteenth of March a round marble base, hollowed out within like the mouth of a well, on the brink of which is a very ancient inscription, the same which Pausanias (chapter 24, 3) read at the foot of the statue of Zeus, the votive gift of the Lacedemonians after their second conquest of Messene. The statue and pedestal of the Goddess of Victory with which the discoveries began have been brought nearer completeness by the further excavations. More of the huge blocks four or five metres high, of which the base consists, have been found, also a marble wing and other fragments of the goddess, which will greatly enhance the beauty of the statue. The whole environment of the goddess is now clear. The old paths, fenced in by votive gifts, which used to lead through the grove of Zeus, are now recognized, and the original order of the monuments, all of which still stand on their old places, is now for the first time intelligible. Of the other antiquities that have been found, I may mention various remains of rounded marble slabs with traces of gayly-colored painting, the forepart of a horse's body, and tiles from the roof, with inscriptions in the dialect of Elis. Last mouth was very rich in manifold and very instructive results for architecture, topography, and the knowledge of monuments. The work has been carried on hitherto without interruption, but will soon be stopped for several months by the heat in the Alpheios valley.

THE AGE OF A PYRAMID.

Another Triumph of Historical Research—"A Discovery of Incalculable Importance."

New York Tribune.]

Modern scholarship seems destined to win its most signal triumphs through the application of a careful scientific method to its researches into the past history of our race. It multiplies its aids, extends the range of its evidences, and by looking far beyond the field of the old chroniclers is at last able to correct their discrepancies. Where the records of earth are at variance, it consults the unerring stars, and fixes the chronology of events more wisely than the historian who wrote only a few generations after their occurrence. The German astronomer Hansen was one of the first to determine the day and hour of an ancient battle by calculating the eclipse of the sun which occurred at the same time; and now the French Egyptologists, profiting by the remarkable astronomical knowledge of the Egyptians, are applying the same methods of verification, with wonderful success, to the hieroglyphic records. At the meeting of the French academy of inscriptions, on the seventh of April, M. de Sauley read a paper in regard to the discovery by the scholar Shabas, which for the first time introduces a positive date into the oldest Egyptian history. Hitherto the distinguished Egyptologist, M. de Rouge, has only established three dates with absolute certainty—the years 1300, 1240 and 962 B. C., the last of these being that of the taking of Jerusalem by Sheshonk I., the *Shishak* of the bible. But two or three months ago M. Chabas was fortunate enough to succeed in reading a doubtful *cartouche* (royal name, inclosed in an oval figure), in the famous Ebers papyrus, a *fac simile* of which was published last year. It proved to be the name of the Pharaoh, Menkeres, the Mycerines of the Greek historians, and the builder of the third or smallest pyramid at Gizeh. Attached to the *cartouche* was an astronomical note, stating that the heliacal rising of the star *Sothis* occurred in the ninth year of the reign of Menkeres. The ancient Egyptians had the habit of signalizing important political events by some cotemporaneous astronomical phenomenon. Many of the latter could scarcely be identified or determined now; but, since we know that their *Sothis* is our star Sirius, we are easily able to fix the rare periods of its heliacal rising. This is the astronomical term used when a star, after being in conjunction with the sun and invisible, emerges from the light sufficiently to be seen just before sunrise. M. Chabas immediately took his discovery to the astronomer Biot, who made the necessary calculations, whence it appears that he heliacal rising of *Sothis*, in the ninth year of the reign of Menkeres, must have taken place between the years 3007 and 3010 B. C. M. de Sauley stated that he had made the calculation independently, and with precisely the same result; he was entirely convinced of the correctness of the date. As the first assured step toward establishing, if only in its general outlines, the chronology of the ancient Egyptian empire, this discovery is of incalculable importance. It fixes the age of the third pyramid of Gizeh at about four thousand eight hundred and eighty years, and antedates by fully one thousand seven hundred and seventy years the earliest accurately ascertained point in ancient chronology. These detached epochs are like so many solid piers in the flood of Time, though still too far apart to be bridged, they furnish secure resting-places for the historian. It is not too much to expect that, when the aid of astronomy is called to the investigation of the Assyrian as well as the Egyptian records, we may restore the chronological charts of both empires from the fullest testimony of the heavens.

WAIFS.

Said an Irish justice to an obstreperous prisoner on trial: "We want nothing but silence, and but little of that."

A juryman was asked if the judge had charged him. "Faith," said he, "the little fellow lectured us a good deal, but I don't think he means to charge for it."

Danbury *News:* Lots of able-bodied young ladies are off all day hunting for trailing arbutus whose parents haven't got a spoonful of horseradish in the house."

"My lord," began a pompous young barrister, "it is written in the book of nature—" "On what page, sir—on what page?" interrupted the judge, with pen in hand.

A man who bought one thousand Havana cigars this week, on being asked what he had, replied that they were tickets to a course of lectures to be given by his wife.

A skating-rink accident is thus described by a Kentucky reporter: "She struck out; couldn't turn; started for the ceiling; shouted, 'Don't you look;' turned a handspring, and then sat down. The stripes were brown and red."

A story is told of a venerable negro in Iowa who was on trial for an offense against the State. When the case was announced in court, "The State of Iowa *versus* Sampson Cæsar, the aged African exclaimed: "What! de whole State of Iowa agin dis chile! Den I surrenders!

Whittier and Lowell will do the poetical for the Cincinnati convention. Couples as follows:

The saddest words of tongue or pen
Are these: You see you've missed it Ben.
James G.
Blaine, he
Wants Ben Bristow
Of Kentuckee.

The *Christian at Work* wants to know whether any of its readers would have been willing to acquire Mr. Stewart's great wealth and meet its responsibilities as he met them. The opinion is expressed by the New York *Sun* that people could be found who would take the risk.

"You cannot keep me down, "shouted a somewhat windy orator at a public meeting; "though I may be pressed below the waves I rise again; you will find that I come to the surface, gentlemen." "Yes," said an old whaler in the audience, "you come to the surface to blow."

Adelina Patti is said to be growing old. The rumor does not need corroboration. She is now thirty-three years of age, but she loves to sit in the seclusion of a bay window and have some emotional monarch toy with her watchguard just as much as she did when she was a girl.

Rev. Mr. Buffum, who has been on trial for unprofessional conduct, wrote to the lady of his choice several remarkable letters, which were read before the church trial. One of them contains the following thrilling passage: "What should I do if the love of Jesus was not in my heart? If there is room in my trunk, put in some sheets and pillow-cases."

A man's horse balking and refusing to move, he adopted the ingenious device employed once by a canal captain—he built a small fire under the animal. As soon as the horse felt the heat, he moved off at a pretty brisk pace. He advanced sufficiently to bring the carriage over the flames and there he paused, to the edification of a crowd of observing citizens, and to the great satisfaction of himself. The fire was quenched without the aid of the department.

A teacher in a Sunday-school, says the New York *Post*, was explaining to his class of boys the meaning of "Jacob's ladder," when one of the number, more inquisitive than the rest, inquired, "If the angels had wings, what was the need of a ladder for them?" This was a poser, and while he was meditating a reply and unable to answer, another boy exclaimed: "I'll bet I can tell what they used the ladder for." "Out with it, then," said the teacher. "Oh, I guess they were molting."

Danbury *News:* "A very flashily-dressed young man was chatting with a couple of young men in front of the postoffice yesterday afternoon, when an old woman, rather plainly dressed, came along. The young miss suddenly turned her back toward her, but the old woman recognized her. 'Ah, is that you, Maggie?' exclaimed the elder party. 'And so your mother has got work again, has she?' 'Well, I'm glad to hear it.' This unselfish expression of congratulation caused the young miss to flush to the roots of her hair."

"Lucy," said a prudent citizen yesterday to his daughter, "Lucy, do not be so haughty to young Driver, the son of the expressman round the corner. This, my love, is a democratic country, where the only aristocracy is one of virtue and intelligence, and the coal-heaver is as good as the king, or would be if there were any coal-heavers and kings, which there are not. Kind hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith than Norman blood. Deal gently with young Driver, therefore, till after we move, and perhaps we can induce him to move our things cheap. If I can save enough money out of our moving bill I will buy you and your mother new silk dresses and take you up to Saratoga for the summer."

Just before Admiral Nelson went to sea for the last time, he spoke to the painter West of his "Death of Wolfe," and asked him why he did not produce more pictures like that. "Because, my lord," responded the painter, "there are no more subjects." "D—n it," said the sailor, "I didn't think that," and asked him to take a glass of champagne. "But, my lord, I fear your intrepidity will furnish me such another scene; and if it should, I shall certainly avail myself of it." "Will you," said Nelson, pouring out bumpers, and touching his glass violently against West's; "will you, Mr. West? then I hope that I shall die in the next battle." He sailed a few days after, and within a year West had on his easel the "Death of Nelson."

Fond du Lac Journal.]

Godiva.

The wind blew fierce on Main street,
And performed antics rare,
While a weazen-faced, red-nosed "dead-beat"
Stood on the corner of Main and Forest street, and as the ladies struggled across the road in the teeth of the wind he at them did vulgarly stare.

Miss Polly Pepperpod trip-ped near,
With three reefs in her "pin-back."
She detected this "dead-beat" wicked leer,
And at once concluded that he was a nasty, low-down cuss, and she would get one on him, low-winded!

She gave him a glimpse of an ankle trim,
As she went gayly by,
And, suddenly stopping, she said to him:
"Mister, you seem to like the look of my extremities—please examine them a little closer"—and just then she picked up one little foot in a manner peculiar manner and kicked out that "dead-beat's" eye.

A Bad Year for Millionaires

The year begins badly for millionaires, and pallid death with equal foot kicks at the doors of the Fifth avenue and of the Viennese Opern-ring. Barn Simeon Sina, one of the richest if not the richest man in Austria, has just died, leaving a fortune estimated at from thirty-five to forty millions of our money. His father was a Greek, born at Sorres, in Macedonia, who died in