MEMPHIS APPEAL

—BY—

GALLAWAY & KEATING.

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MEMPHIS APPEAL

SUNDAY MORNING, DEC. 24, 1876.

NEGRO DISFRANCHISEMENT.

What, so soon? The Democratic party of the south, composed of the white tax-paying people, has labored to convince the blacks that the Radicals were using them for selfish purposes, and would desert them so soon as interest prompted the treachery. The southern whites have also uniformly told the colored people that the interest of the two races were identical; that one could not be injured without affecting the other, and that the day was not far distant when the negroes would be leaning upon the white Democrats for support, and ready to chase the carpetbaggers out of the country, as St. Patrick chased the snakes and frogs out of Ireland. This prediction has been fulfilled sooner than we expected. As evidence of this, we refer the reader to the letter of General James R. Chalmers, published in another column. Pending the late canvass, the "Little Giant" of Mississippi told the negroes upon every stump that the Radicals were using them as "hewers of wood and drawers of water," and that they would cast them off as a squeezed lemon so soon as they could no longer use them as stepping-stones to office. General Chalmers, in all his speeches, promised to protect the blacks so soon as the Republicans commenced the war which he presaged with the instincts of a prophet. General Chalmers has been true to his pledges, and the Democracy of the south will to a man co-operate with him in opposing any effort the Radicals may make to disfranchise the colored voters of the Union. He will certainly have the cordial support of the APPEAL, whose editors ten years ago assured the blacks that none of the civil rights would ever be disturbed by the ascendency of the Democratic party. Everything indicates that the Radicals would gladly disfranchise the blacks. When Grant recommended an educational qualification for suffrage he meant the negro. He knew that most of the colored people were without education, and that the law he suggested would deprive them of the right to vote. In addition to the facts discussed by General Chalmers, we would state that the New York *Tribune* recently published an editorial article on this subject, which evidently favors a restriction upon the colored vote. The signs of the times plainly indicate that the Radicals will demand the disfranchisement of the blacks, because they are in a hopeless minority in the southern States, even with the blacks voting solid for the Republicans, and because the enfranchisement of the blacks increases the power of the south. But for the enfranchisement of the negro the Radicals would have a majority in the next house of representatives. Negro suffrage has returned to plague its inventors. It is an elephant upon the hands of those who forced it upon the country for the purpose of Africanizing the south. It adds additional dogs to bunk down the Radical Actaeon. It has increased largely the Democratic representation in congress. The Radicals see that the blacks and the whites will ultimately bury the unnatural antagonism made between the two races by the falsehoods of unprincipled adventurers, and that this reconciliation will give to the south a solid Democratic vote in the Presidential election, and hence they would deprive the negro of the right to vote, thereby decreasing the Democratic strength in congress and in the electoral college. Disfranchise the blacks, and reduce the representation down to the white population, and South Carolina would have two congressmen instead of five, and four electoral votes instead of seven; Georgia would have five congressmen instead of nine, and seven electoral votes instead of eleven; and Alabama would have four congressmen instead of eight, and six electoral votes instead of ten. There are eight hundred thousand colored votes in the south; and disfranchise the negro, and the power and strength of the south would be greatly weakened. If slavery made the southern States strongly Democratic, freedom has made them still more so. This accounts for the recent hostility of the Radicals to negro suffrage. But the blacks will never be disfranchised. The Democrats will oppose it for two important reasons. First, because it gives them strength in congress and in the electoral college; second, because it would be unjust to the negro and detrimental to the great interests of the south. So long as the negroes are disfranchised they felt that they were outlawed; they hated the government that made them pay taxes, and imposed burdens without giving them a voice in selecting their rulers; and hence we had ku-klux and riots and anarchy. Deprive the blacks of the ballot and they feel that they, too, have been outlawed, and will become turbulent, troublesome citizens. The best way to make a good citizen is to invest him with responsibilities, and the right of suffrage is one of the most sacred. The present opposition to negro suffrage comes from the Radicals, and General Chalmers's letter demonstrates that the Democratic party is determined that the blacks shall never be molested in any of the rights they now enjoy.

GREAT contests turn upon single issues. The campaign before the election was made up and decided upon the one issue of reform in the government. The Republicans made countless efforts to break up the issue. They tried in every conceivable way to divert the attention of the people. They accused Governor Tilden of perjury, of fraud, and of every species of crime. They tried to alarm the people with lies about southern claims and Governor Tilden's income-tax. They shook the bloody shirt with all the frenzy of despair. But it was of no use. The people saw the imperative necessity of a thorough reform, and saw, too, that Blaine, Chandler, Hayes, *et al*, were not the men to bring it about. They gave an enormous popular majority, and a decided majority of the electoral vote to the Democratic and Reform candidates. The campaign, after the election, is the same thing over again. There is but one issue before the people, and that is the sanctity of the ballot-box. In Louisiana, by the most flagrant corruption, more than fifteen thousand votes were thrown out of the count, and the votes, which were peacefully cast, and gave a large majority for Tilden, were cut down into a majority for Hayes. In Florida substantially the same thing was done. Francis C. Barlow, former Republican attorney-general of the State of New York, and still an ardent Republican, reports that he differs from the returning board in several of their decisions. He shows that he thinks a lie demanded the counting of the vote, and the result of his additions and substractions gives the State to Tilden by a handsome majority. This, then, is the sole issue. The electoral votes of these States have been returned by manifest fraud for Governor Hayes. Shall this decision of corrupt and unscrupulous returning boards stand as the decision of the American people? The Republicans are working just as hard to divert the attention of the people from this issue as they did to divert it from the issue of reform during the campaign. Indeed, the two issues are identical. If this outrage in Louisiana and Florida be consummated by the congress of the United States, then the people will have been defrauded out of that reform which they demanded by an unmistakable majority at the polls. When the Republicans talk Oregon or "civil war," remember that they are trying to dodge the real issue. That issue is THE SANCTITY OF THE FREEMAN'S BALLOT. IT MUST AND SHALL BE PRESERVED.

POLITICAL NOTES.

The Sherman—he of the toga as well as he of the shoulder-straps—lost upon his canvass for the office of jolly loafing, when they adopted and are bound to care for.—*Chicago Times.*

General Barlow's letter regarding the Florida election sticks in the craw of all honest Republicans. The very man sent by the party to oversee the count virtually concedes the State to Tilden.—*New York Sun.*

Whenever anything goes wrong in the west, Senator Morton hastens home to Indianapolis to give a turn to the crank that revolves the universe, whereupon the Republican party is strengthened in confidence that stealing can go on as usual. There seem to be only two things that Morton can't get away with: One is a Presidential nomination and the other is those logs of his.—*St. Louis Times.*

Huron is a pretty Indian name. It is the designation of the new territory made out of a portion of Dakota, and the bill was passed by the United States senate yesterday. It may be remarked that the business of cutting up the interior desert into territorial bits savors strongly of jobbery. But the more territorial governments there are, the more offices there are to fill, and the location of the capital of a new territory is frequently a profitable real estate speculation.

The fact that Tallahassee went Democratic in its recent municipal election, right under the nose of the returning board, adds another to the many proofs that Florida voted for Tilden. It is the first time that the city has polled a Democratic majority since the war. Thus the extremes of the country show the same temper. Boston and Worcester, in Republican Massachusetts, went Democratic the other day. Now Tallahassee, at the tip end, shows the same universal sentiment.

The election in this State was held under a law made by the Republicans with the avowed object of keeping that party in power. Every supervisor in the State was a Republican, and when their terms are completed and footed up, it is found that the Democratic majority is about nine thousand. Now I ask any fair man if that does not make a present for New York Democrats, and when the Republicans undertake to overturn that result, if they ought not to be required to prove their case beyond all doubt?—*E. R. White, in New York Tribune.*

Mr. Thurman is, without question, the most vigorous talker of all the senators. He is also the most industrious. The sandy persecutions of Edmunds often make him exceedingly irascible. He clears up very readily, and sometimes to the midst of his most terrible denunciations of Republicans he will settle down by making a grotesque joke at the expense of an opponent. He is the only senator addicted to "jokes," and his wit, although peculiar in its style, is recognized as genuine. He was heard to say the other day of another senator that he was "so full of lies and that talked so loud that no one could hear him speak."

This is a sample of New York *Tribune* lying and misrepresentation: "Tilden will go into office with a majority of 172,417, and his popular majority in the whole country is less than 150,000—according to the latest returns, 157,346. We congratulate him upon a majority obtained by diligent use of knives and revolvers, whips and rifles. Many men would scorn to counterfeit such a majority, and yet, finding an office as its fruit, Mr. Tilden, it seems, raises no more objection now than he did in 1868, when the State of New York was robbed." Shade of Horace!

"It is easy to talk," Zachariah Chandler is reported as saying, "but when you come down to really shooting ballots it is unpleasant business, because some one is liable to get hurt." The same shrewd sentiment lent animation to the speech of Barnum, the secretary of the interior (then, however, senator from Michigan), as he hurried Washington and from the famous field of Bull Run. It was the first time he had ever had to mount the lights of the capitol on that memorable day, and he never thinks of it without a shudder.

The New York *Tribune* says: "Gentlemen are not likely to offer intentional affronts to such men as Parke Godwin, Wm. H. Osborne, Anson Phelps Stokes, Amos R. Eno, Wm. E. Dodge, Jr., Thomas Potter, John Crosby Brown, or D. Willis James." The *Tribune* is such as insinuates that it would be unsafe for such Democrats as these to attempt to send south in the interest of Hayes elsewhere, and not to the Union league club, a sample of whose members in name and character, Messrs. Jackson S. Schultz and Dorman B. Eaton, two of Hayes's chief admirers, did "offer intentional affronts" to these gentlemen, and they ought to be ashamed of themselves.

The municipal election at Watertown, New York, is another indication of the determination of the people to trample upon the infamous plot of the Republican leaders to steal the vote and the administration. The town was strongly Republican, and even in the late election, when the State gave Tilden a very decided majority, Watertown gave Hayes one hundred and forty-seven majority. Now the full Democratic ticket is elected. Should the decent Republicans after Tilden, Morton and Grant to lead the party for a few weeks longer, they will have no party left. It is rapidly becoming necessary for all Republicans, whose political fortunes are not bound up in Grantism, to stand from under.

Thus the Philadelphia *Press*: "Since election day Mr. Tilden has uttered no sentiment worthy of a gentleman or a statesman. Not a word to his country. His high-toned salutation to his political friends the evening after election was, 'we've got them now.' And since then he has made no other public exclamation worthier of a cut-purse than a patriot. It is darkly hinted that on one awful occasion he yelled with almost seraphic wrath around the breakfast things in the Gramercy mansion, 'Here, you thief of time, you're slower in producing those additional digits than John Forney in explaining that twenty-thousand-dollar check!' It is said to think that such a man should be President for four years from the fourth of March next."

This is the wild speculation of a correspondent of the St. Louis *Republican*: "If the Illinois legislature this winter elects President Grant United States senator in Mr. Logan's place, and if he and his party prevent the election of a President by congress before the fourth of March, 1877, will congress, if it convenes on Monday morning, the fifth day of March? Their first duty will be to organize by electing a presiding officer, who, by the act of 1792, can be no other than Mr. Ferry, by a slight deviation from the present interpretation of the constitution again inaugurate Mr. President, and then, if congress adjourns, leave matters under Cesar's crown. The returning boarders are ready for any wild work, but it must not be forgotten that Mr. Ferry has a decided chance of being chosen senator from Illinois than has John A. Logan.

The Barlow letter and the discoveries of the congressional committee shot in about Christmas make a strong impression upon fair-minded Republicans in Washington, who, though they want and mean to see Governor Hayes into the White House, if he was honestly elected, do not for an instant think of acting unfairly, and these are getting into a state of mind where they have no confidence whatever in the results of Mr. Hayes' election, which will have to be removed before they will consent to act with the executive. Governor Hayes' election is practically not as sure as it was," admitted one of his most earnest supporters this evening, and another remarked, "if the congressional committees may after Christmas gather a few facts, it is that it will never come before the house."

Representative Walker, of Virginia, introduced in the house on Friday an important bill in relation to the stationing of troops at or near polling-places in time of elections. The bill proposes to amend certain sections of the revised statutes, and to repeal others, so as to enact in brief that no military or naval officer, or other person engaged in the civil, military or naval service of the United States, shall order, station, keep, or have under his authority or control, any troops or armed men at or near the place where any general or special election is held, in any State, either on the day of such election or for ten days prior or subsequent thereto, unless it be necessary to repel the armed enemies of the United States. Any person violating the provisions of this act shall be fined not more than five thousand dollars, and suffer imprisonment at hard labor for not less than three years, and be forever thereafter deprived from holding any office of honor, trust or profit under the United States. The bill was referred to the judiciary committee.

Crouls, the Oregon elector, arrived in Washington on Thursday. In the afternoon he was on the floor of the house, and was introduced to a majority of the Democratic members. He is a muscular type of the refined Celt, and has bull-dog determination written all over his honest countenance. He shuns newspaper men, don't interview worth a cent, and proposes to go to Richmond to-morrow to give the gold the slip. He will return during the holidays. Crouls says that he believes that his vote will be recorded for Tilden and Hendricks, and that there is no authority or law the Secretary of State, or that of Oregon, that can prevent him from having his vote recorded. Governor Grover, he says, will be here on the first day of the session, and he will present the certificate of the vote of the electoral college, but will do so in time to worry the conspirators. It is understood he has contained from depositing the vote until after a conference to be held among leading Democrats concerning the matter.

A traitor to the party of which General Grant is President has been discovered in the very shadow of the august returning board of Louisiana. John J. Long, Republican candidate for the legislature in the Lafoche district, was counted in by the board, and the ruling certificate was forwarded to him. Instead of instantly telegraphing to Kellogg that he might count another vote when the election of a United States senator was in order, this ungrateful and perfidious Long wrote a short but expressive note. "Knowing I do," said Long, "that I was fairly defeated at the polls, no intimidation or fraud having been practiced by the opposite party at any precinct in the parish, so far as I have been able to ascertain, after a thorough investigation, my self-respect will not permit me to accept the position. I am a planter, not a politician, all my interests are bound up in it, and I cannot believe the good of the State or of the National Republican party can be promoted by returning, as elected, a candidate so decidedly against himself." If this doesn't entitle Long to a particular bayonet, then there is no necessity in returning board justification.

Regulied by Small Affairs.

Manchester Guardian.]

No sooner is France herself on the verge of declaring or accepting war than some trivial incident springs up which turns the nation's attention from the vital question that should occupy it and concentrates it on some miserable occurrence which it is the business of a police commissioner to investigate. On the eve of Sadowa, for instance, Prussian aggrandizement was utterly forgotten, and public attention exclusively turned to the man who had knocked off the nose of the statue representing the town of Lille in the Place de la Concorde in Paris. The agitations, plots and counterplots which disturbed the last years of the empire were forgotten in the fermentation caused by the lunatic who emptied ten rounds of ball cartridge into a group in front of the opera. And now the struggle between the partisans and adversaries of the separation of church and state, and the jeopardy in which M. Dufaure's ministry find themselves have been thrown into the background by an unknown maniac who has run his penknife blade through the left eye of Napoleon III., in one of Meissonier's paintings in the Luxembourg museum. The man who knocked the nose off the statue representing Lille said he did so because it resembled that of his wife, from whom he was divorced, and his plea was admitted; the man who threw the ink on Carpeaux's nude *chef d'oeuvre* was never suspected of having done so from political motives; but party spirit now runs so high in France that the anti-Republicans are ready to swear that it was a radical Republican who cut the late emperor's eye out.

For the Sunday Appeal.]

THE BROOKLYN FIRE.

SUDY.

See the throng, the gathering throng,
Seeking for pleasure, hast'ning along;
Young man and maiden, parent and child,
Mingling together and by each beguiled.
Worrying,
Hurrying,
Laughing they go.
Speaking in tones more tender than low;
Kind word for all, and eager to greet,
As if never more expecting to meet.
Ah! it is well they cannot make known
The specter beside them, seeking his own.

Oh! the throng, the gathering throng,
Filling the seats and aisles along.
Beauty and fashion pass not by.
Vying,
Sighing,
And sweet surprise
Follow the play, as swift time flies.
And, when arose the voluptuous swell,
Music had charms too deep to tell.
Oh! surely the temple of pleasure, though gay,
Ne'er was bedecked in so bright array.

O, the throng, the gathering throng,
Why to pestst and linger so long?
Heard ye not calling—a fate from the stage?
Yes! 'tis a part in the play—mimic rage.
Lingering,
Fingering,
Glasses to gaze,
Sudden there bursts—Oh God! not a blaze!
No! 'tis perfection in high scenic art;
The actors still linger, so quiet the heart.
But why consternation—leaps the flame higher?
My God! it is real—the theater's on fire!

O, the throng, that pitiable throng,
Wildly their prayers and curses prolong!
Vain is each effort—the good and the bad
Terrors soon paralyze, frenzy runs mad!
Rushing,
Crushing,
Howling their woe,
Forsaken of God, relentless the foe,
Acting a tragedy written by Fate,
Wrestling with Death, and love turned to hate;
Dying as lived—they fall in the grave.
Alas! for man's strength and maiden's fair bloom!

O! the throng, that pitiable throng,
Lower the pall and sorrow prolong!
Where now is pleasure, so fair and so frail?
Made so sweet, how died in a wail!
Sighing,
Dying,
Gaspirig to pray,
Where is the multitude lately so gay?
Go ask the fire-fiend, mute his reply—
Save, "from the beginning 'twas thus they should die!"
And it is said that, drunk with despair,
Still they are seen, as spirits of air,
To hover around and mystify there!

O! the throng, that pitiable throng!
Gone to the grave, to dream o'er their wrong.
Naught shall disturb them, side and by side,
Humanity's relic of many a pride!
Murmuring,
Murmuring,
Ever so low,
Counting their numbers by embers' red glow,
Searching in vain for names on their tomb,
Pity and while sobbing the fates of their doom,
Fire-fiend stands, and as he goes by
Sighs, "from the beginning 'twas thus they should die!"
And angels, recording, give sigh for sigh.

LAMAR.

A Pen-Portrait of the Senator-Elect of Mississippi—What He is as a Worker and Speaker.

Washington Letter to Chicago Times.]

Lamar, gifted beyond his compeers, prudent, far-seeing, conservative foresight of the philosophic politician, is debarred from active impact upon the inchoate forces about by the transmonding memory of his recent. He is the inspiration of the wisest counsel and the creature of the most unfortunate results. He measures most accurately of any man in his party the limitations of party possibilities, presages with surer instinct the results of mooted measures, and inspires by his moderation the most inveterate of the blunderheads; but instead of demanding weak men or obedient men to his counsels, he merely submits them in an advisory way and retires to meditate on the system of Aristotle and the procession of the equinoxes. In the hurly-burly of politics, with all the possibilities of an unmeasurable shock to our system, he looks forward to exclusion from the portals of the United States, to which he had been elected, and talks with enthusiasm of resuming his professor's chair in the Mississippi university, whence he emerged to take the place he now holds in the lower house. His personal tastes are of so simple a sort that he hates Washington life and public ways. He would settle down in his senate seat in satisfaction. The hurly-burly of the house, its noisy inattention, its purposeless bickerings, its untrained eloquences, its misdirected energies, its babel-like confusion of tongues, are repulsive to him. In his seat the mild-eyed melancholy eulogist of Sumner takes but passing interest in the aimless writings of the headless party monsters on the floor. He never speaks on the topics of debate. If acrimonious comes and the law seems buried under the tumult of ignorance and demagoguery, he rises determined, leonine in face, voice and figure, and brushing the verbal rubbish aside uncovers the truths so clearly, simply, masterfully, that opposition is awed, and the storm is calmed. His power is by no means his own power. When he joins issue with his adversary there is rarely a contest. This was notably shown in his overthrow of Blaine last winter—an overthrow so complete and stunning that the victim retired speechless and bruised—yet such is the strength of personal and party loyalty to the mass of which Blaine was the head and front, that the rumor of the defeat was choked almost within the walls of the house. It is of record in the proceedings, and in the proceedings almost alone. To a majority of the men who see him, Lamar is a creature of repulsive austerity. His face and form I have called leonine—as expressive a way of presenting a flash of his portraiture as I know. Nature, in moulding him, intended a tragedy, while truthfully reproducing the singular force of mind, as delineated in face and form. He has a piercing dark eye—which, to the casual glance, seems unfeeling and absorbing. His head is massive beyond comparison. The features large and regularly irregular—an Indian squalinity and contour, set out by a mane of great thickness and medium length. Theodore Tilton once immortalized the roseate shreds and patches which cover Rosecoe Conkling's scented fate by likening it to a "torso"—Lamar's "torso" is an abiding part of his *personnel*. But a hypothesis of the man's character from the outward show of face and figure would be as imperfect to the reality, as the diagnosis of a blind sightless man. Though his eye is piercing, it is not the penetrating glitter of a repellant nature. Though the lips are compressed and firm, it is to lock the reserves of gentleness, humility and real tenderness, rather than maintain the frosty reserve of disdainful self-esteem, or as is generally supposed, high-bred hauteur. Nine people in ten who meet the man pass on pronouncing him reserved to austerity, because to strangers he is somewhat reticent, somewhat irresponsive and shrinking. To intimates, however, he is wholly the antipodes of these outward signs and tokens. Gently modest, pensive and sympathetic, he is the strong rock of all who are in trouble or distress. His experience in the professor's chair has given him an insight into the souls of youth, and he lets his heart go out to boyhood without restraint or limit. Children flock to him wherever he goes. In the hotel he is the familiar friend of all the odds and end of little folks deserted to the servants. I have seen children flock to him in the streets as he came to his modest quarters on Thirteenth street, all claiming a caress or recognition. Yet I have heard men say that this man, whom the children love, is cold, repellant, selfish, devoid of the generous instincts of conviviality. Had he been born north of the line, he would to-day be regarded as the peer of Webster, the equal of any of the leaders in state-craft. As it is, he is merely a phenomenon, the unique expression of his prescribed section. What he says is regarded by certain partisans with suspicion and by others with dislike. He is too conservative for his northern compatriots and too radical for his southern compeers. He was the first southerner to meet the expectation of the Conservative wing of Republicanism. He foresaw the future and outlined it in the incomparable address on Sumner. Though a man of prodigious parts, Lamar is like his less endowed fellows, a creature of misjudgment and error. He came to Washington realizing quite accurately the perils of the situation, but having made a sentimental pledge to remember Randall when an opportunity offered, he obstinately refused to regard the national interests at stake, and, in recognition of a kindly act on Randall's part in the past, when a kindly act was a test of courageous constancy, he deliberately sacrificed his party and country to personal fealty, and helped so unit and disheartening a thing as the selection of a dubious character to the speakership. I can't understand the reasoning process which upheld Lamar in this mortifying act. He must have known that it would, and has, seriously compromised him. It has alienated the confidence of the conservative Republicans, who have regarded Lamar as a man far above personal ends; it has sown distrust in the bosoms of the better class of Democrats who, without confidential intimacy with the eminent Mississippian, have regarded him as a man unapproachable by the peculiar, distasteful and, indeed, disreputable elements which achieved the success of Randall's disastrous candidacy. I doubt whether Lamar realized the position he placed himself in, and, if so, the common belief that he gave Randall his powerful support to bring about the passage of the Texas Pacific. He desires the completion of that road, I know, but he has given no indication of a mind capable of being made subservient to such a base purpose. As a matter of fact, however, he is credited with that desire and that purpose in aiding the election of a man like Randall, who brings neither dignity, parts nor capacity to the delicate, pervading and inside responsibilities of the speakership. He has placed himself much in the attitude of Charles Francis Adams supporting Ben Butler or Blaine for the place if the beloved of Bowles were in congress, intrusted with the prestige mission which looms large in the legislative horizon. Lamar's home is in Oxford, Mississippi, where he lives in great serenity, with his wife and two children—a boy and girl—the latter reproducing the father's intellectual aspirations, the former more of the gay, thoughtless, rough-riding, devil-may-care southron of the old time. In this Oxford home there is contentment, with or without the stalled ox. It has seen the dinner of herbs in its day. When the country had been wasted by war, Lamar, like his neighbors, was totally without substance. Though a man of strong emotions and fierce impatience, Lamar did not rise in the military hierarchy of the Confederacy. He is called colonel, but I believe obtained the rank on the staff. His chief value to the Confederacy was as a negotiator. He was in London in this character during some of the years of the war, and his reminiscences are full of striking interest. He was the friend and companion of Thackeray, and almost the first to lament over his dead body that dreary Christmas morning when the great novelist was found dead. When the hates and prejudices of the late war shall have become a memory regretful on the one side and pangless on the other—Lamar will be recognized by his countrymen as the broadest nationalist of his time. He is as ready as it is within human limitation to be unsectional in utterances and aspirations. He is more of a defender of the Union than the whole party of Grant combined. He realizes its power, and, I believe, recognizes its sanctity as a bond. As much cannot be said for the conspiring party of Grant. His speeches in the house make him known to the country as a man thoughtful methods—somewhat tinctured by the serious. Familiar intercourse displays in him more congenial traits. He has the exquisite sense of humor, which lies close to pathos and sentiment. In his most earnest moments there is a sudden lull of the sombre introspection and an outburst of grotesque merriment, intensified by the half realization of the speaker that he has crossed the boundaries of the merry bowlers' land. Speaking of the future, the other day, he longed to be in the quiet senate. where the noise and tumult of the house shall no longer confuse him. "I can't work there," he said plaintively. "I want to go to the quieter atmosphere of the senate, where, if at all, I can do some good;" then added, with apparently unconscious drollery, "where I shan't have to see and hear Hoar, with his everlasting 'points of order.' Conger with his constant rasping, nor the louth-mouthed brotherhood generally, who waste the time of the house."

HE IS TRUE.

New York World.]

WASHINGTON, December 18.—A quietus has at last been given to the rumors affecting the political integrity of the southern Democrats in congress, and the ingenuity expended in this direction must now be directed elsewhere. The only result has been to knit more closely together those whom the authors of these reports hoped to separate. There are no divisions among the Democrats here to-day, while the same cannot be said of the Republicans. Mr. Lamar, when asked by a friend why he had not given a positive denial to the statements that he was seeking a cabinet position under Mr. Hayes, or had been offered such a position as the price of his influence, said he had been subjected to attacks of this kind ever since he been in public life, and he did not think it worth his while to run about contradicting them, and that he was only surprised such rumors should have found any credence among his friends. With regard to the proffer of a seat in the cabinet, on the part of Mr. Hayes, he said no such tender had been made and that if it should be, he would decline to receive it. If any proposition should be made to him from that quarter with regard to the settlement of the Presidential question, he should at once submit it to a caucus of the party. It is evident now that the Radicals have been deluding themselves with the belief that they could alienate the southern Democrats from their northern allies, and thus make the Hayes usurpation programme more certain of success. They have utterly failed in this, however, and are despondent in consequence.

Calhoun Predicts the Present Crisis.

"The vast power and patronage of the department are vested in a single officer, the President of the United States. Among these powers the most important, as far as relates to the present subject, are those which appertain to the administration of the government, to the office of commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the United States; to the appointment of the officers of the government, with few exceptions; and to the removal of them at his pleasure—as his authority has been interpreted by congress. These, and especially the latter, have made his election the great and absorbing object of party struggles; and on this appeal to force will be made, whenever the violence of the struggle and the corruption of parties will no longer admit of the decision by the ballot-box. To this end it must come, if the force impelling it to the other direction should not previously prevail. If it comes to this it will be in all probability in a contested election, when the question will be, which is the President? The incumbent if he should be one of the candidates—or if not the candidate of the party in possession of power? or the party endeavoring to obtain possession? On such an issue the appeal to force would make the candidate of the successful party master of the whole—and not the commander, as would be the case under different circumstances. The contest would put an end virtually to the elective character of the department. The form of election might, in time, be left to stand, but the ballot-box would be much less relied on for the decision than the sword or the bayonet. In time even the form would cease, and the successor appointed by the incumbent; and thus the absolute form of a popular would end in the absolute form of a monarchical government.—*Calhoun on the Constitution and Government of the United States. Works vol. 7, p. 378.*

The Russian Czarevitch.

Lucy Harper's Letter in Philadelphia Telegraph.]

I have been informed that the Czar has had a sketch of the Czarevitch which may not prove uninteresting. He is a perfect Hercules, resembling greatly in build and features his magnificent grandfather, the great Czar Nicholas, though with less handsome features, his countenance being thoroughly Calmuck in style. He is a bitter hater of Germany, and on one occasion, when upon the bed of the health of the Emperor William, he overturned his glass rather than comply. He is a most devoted and faithful husband, delighting in his wife's society, and accompanying her everywhere. His strength is said to be something prodigious, and of its display, and of the great control that he exercises over his naturally violent temper, a curious anecdote is told. On one occasion he discovered that his private correspondence had been tampered with when passing through the postoffice. He went at once to the emperor, laid the case before him, and begged to know if it was by his orders that the letters had been opened; for in that case, as a dutiful son and subject, he would say nothing more, but unless such orders had been given he would demand redress. The czar sent at once for the really guilty party, the chief of police, severely reprimanded him in the prince's presence, and then bade him sternly begone and sin no more. Terrified and trembling, the abashed official was about to make a hurried exit, when the czarevitch, who had been a quiet and, to all appearance, a perfectly unmoved spectator of the interview, merely twirling some little object between his fingers as the colloquy proceeded, came forward and stopped him. Without a word the prince placed the thing wherewith he had been toying in the official's hand—it was a silver rouble, twisted round in corkscrew fashion as ordinary hands might twist a scrap of paper. With this startling proof of the concentrated wrath of the heir to the throne, the luckless functionary was suffered to depart.

THE AIR AND THE SUNBEAM.

A sunbeam splendid, divinely bright,
The roosest ray of celestial light,
On a dust-heap fell. Well, the air, aglow
With love and wonder, said, whispering low,
"Dearest Sunbeam! so pure and good!
Don't you dare go in that pestilent mud!"
Sweetly smiling, the beam replied,
"Light by me to this heap supplied
Further! and indeed! not see
Nothing at all can sully me!"
She glowed! And the bashful air admired
How the dusty dust-heap remained unfired!

MORAL FOR THE GIRLS.

This fable itself is a moral all through;
Perfectly moral as perfectly true!
As everything should be, intended for you!

Brother Brooks's Love-Feast.

EDITORS APPEAL.—As many of Brother Brooks's patrons are giving in their experience, will you allow me to add mine to the number? I attended the theater one evening last week, handed Mr. Brooks a five-dollar bill, and asked for two tickets. After ascertaining that I had a lady with me, he handed me the tickets and two dollars and fifty cents in change. We were given two seats in the front row of the dress-circle, marked "taken." The two seats on our left were also thus marked, and were unoccupied during the performance, while many persons were standing who had paid the advertised rate of admission. Now, if a dollar is the price you have to pay to get inside of the door, and the seats are extra, why don't you say so? And if a man, by word or act, says a thing has been done, when it has not, how many syllables should the word contain which ought to shield the word contain which ought to shield the author from the charge of lying? We hope the praying part of the theater-goers will remember Brother Brooks in their devotions, and, also, when a night is announced for his benefit. In fact, Brother Brooks's stars should be allowed to play to empty seats until the people see some authorized statement to convince them that everything will be made to swindle them after they reach the house. If this injustice were practiced only against men, it would still be inexcusable, but to induce a large number of the handsomest ladies in the city to go to matinee, and then swindle them, is outrageous. B.

GREAT MEDICAL DISCOVERY.—A new way to cure coughs, colds—Dr. J. H. M'Lean's cough and lung-healing globules. Trial boxes, by mail, twenty-five cents. Dr. J. H. M'Lean, 314 Chestnut, St. Louis.

For the Sunday Appeal.]

TO FANNY BORLAND.

EMPEDOCLES.

I read your verses of a week ago—
"In Memoriam"—a sweet, tho' sad complaint,
And tho' a stranger, still my heart was moved;
The picture, repainting, with some restraint
I give; yet with a different tinge of light,
As hope, with a more cheerful vision, might.

That manly form, 'tis true, heeds not to-night
The winds that moan above death's unsought shrine,
But mid the groaning of the ancient oak,
The hiss and whisper of the lonely pine,
He who so loved the bloom, the warmth, the light,
Would speak, in earnest tones, with thee to-night.

From scenes where bloom the flowers of summer lands,
Where softest breezes kiss the sunlit sea,
With glowing morning and the moon's sweet calm,
His spirit comes, with whispering tones, to thee;
And in true manhood, in full life, he stands,
Greets thee with ready, earnest, out-stretched hands.

'Tis true, a little while, and your kind friend
And you were schoolmates; but a little while,
He, taking on the stature of a man,
Begun man's work, with all the boy's bright smile;
Then other duties called him home away,
And yet he comes to cheer thee on to-day.

'Tis but a little while you saw his face,
And touched his hand, and heard his kindly voice.
Think not that he forgets thy earnest grief;
With thee he mourns, and doth with thee rejoice;
Gazing, as erst, upon thy saddened face,
Guiding thy steps along life's devious race.

But oh! to know him gone—through coming years,
To go your ways without him, and to see
Within the darkened circle of your sphere
How much of life your loss, in truth, must be,
And not to feel that he was with you still,
Would crush the saddened cup that grief would fill.

This ever-blessed truth may cheer your life:
The spirit is not bound by earth, but free;
And where its sympathies would lead it goes;
It comes to you by night, in time of need,
And tho' the *earthly* perish in the grave,
God sends the while your *spirit friend* to save.

No mist or doubt can close the opened way.
The angels come and go as they are bid,
And tho' God takes to Him thy early friend
The living never die—they live on
And oft as dangers home to thee will come,
Will guard on earth, and guide thee safely home.

This is God's providence—His means of grace—
He rules the world to-day by angel guides!
Then utter not, for me, the word farewell!
With heaven in view, Thy friend his time abides.
And time, my stranger friend, will surely prove
That man is governed by the law of love.

NEWS ITEMS.

The alleged bogus tax-receipt forgery, for election purposes, are now on trial in Philadelphia.

An organized band of colored cotton thieves has been discovered at Columbia, South Carolina.

A monkey's skull was found last week in a sack of Rio coffee opened in a grocery at Raleigh, North Carolina.

A man confined in the Portsmouth, New Hampshire, jail, claims to be acquainted with the bottom facts of the Nathan murder.

The Titusville *Herald*, of Saturday, says the amount of oil being shipped from that region averages about thirty-thousand barrels daily.

The comic muse of the New York *Herald* has at last found a pleasant theme given a humorous turn by a friend who he had once given a brief denial to the statements that he was seeking a cabinet position under Mr. Hayes, or had been offered such a position as the price of his influence, said he had been subjected to attacks of this kind ever since he been in public life, and he did not think it worth his while to run about contradicting them, and that he was only surprised such rumors should have found any credence among his friends. With regard to the proffer of a seat in the cabinet, on the part of Mr. Hayes, he said no such tender had been made and that if it should be, he would decline to receive it. If any proposition should be made to him from that quarter with regard to the settlement of the Presidential question, he should at once submit it to a caucus of the party. It is evident now that the Radicals have been deluding themselves with the belief that they could alienate the southern Democrats from their northern allies, and thus make the Hayes usurpation programme more certain of success. They have utterly failed in this, however, and are despondent in consequence.

The Tilton and Cofferdate veterans of Virginia City, Nevada, are to dance together at a reception on January 8th. *Quam mare conjuncti, quam fluctus diversi*, is the motto displayed on their invitations. He heroes and heroines, whether of history or fiction; and to the many Americans who cannot make this trip, the motto should be, "Wherever the heroes are, as it were, pilgrims from a holy land, however prosaically unconscious themselves of the halo which surrounds their unknown selves, and the subtle spell hidden in names which they may have associated with no other literature than bankers' books and tradesmen's bills, are the heroes of great emergency, and then only on direct order of the government.

A Frenchman employed by the First national bank of Dallas, Texas, "set up a job" to rob the bank, the policeman on the beat being also privy to the plot. They were caught by detectives in the guise of fellow-conspirators.

Spain has been threatened, if not by this time made the theater of another African invasion, a fight of hounds from Africa passing that way over Gibraltar on the nineteenth ultimo so numerous as to be two hours passing over.

Masked brigands plundered the house of Henry Gillette, near Waterloo, Saratoga county, the night of the twelfth. They permitted Mrs. Gillette to retain a set of silver spoons which she specially valued, and refused to take the pocketbook of another lady.

A distressing case of destitution was discovered the other day in Baltimore. A man and his wife, the latter with a half-famished baby at her breast, were found prostrated with sickness, and in the same room the corpses of three young children, starved to death.

A proposition has been made by wealthy capitalists of Europe to the Italian government to cover the entire Campagna of Rome with a layer of iron and glass. The buildings are now crumbling, and the frescoes are becoming ruined by exposure to the weather.

The postoffice department calls attention to the provisions of the general postal union treaty made at Berne, which positively