MEMPHIS APPEAL

BY

GALLAWAY & KEATING.

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MEMPHIS APPEAL

THURSDAY, : : OCTOBER 4, 1877.

"STAND BY YOUR COLORS."

The APPEAL has recently been the recipient of much commendation for the position it has occupied as a consistent and ready defender of Democratic polity and good faith. Letters from leading citizens, whose views and opinions upon any topic are entitled to respect, have indorsed our course, and urged us to continue in it, as in the past, without flinching. No one of all these is more highly prized by us than that which, over the signature of "An Old Democrat," finds a place in the APPEAL of to-day. The very high standing of the writer, both socially and politically, gives to his views a value far above that which ordinarily attaches to newspaper communications, and the experience of a long and useful life entitles them to most careful consideration. We are very proud of the indorsement of such citizens as those whose communications we have already published, but are especially so of this, which, like those of "Madison," and of "D.," in yesterday's APPEAL, unqualifiedly sustains and indorses our position on the much-debated question of the Democratic party and Hayes's policy. "An Old Democrat" puts the question at issue in a nutshell. Hayes has adopted and enforced Democratic policy. Why, then, should the Democratic party disband its organization and go over to Hayes? This is to the point. Mohammed having gone to the mountain, there is no need of the mountain moving to the place formerly occupied by him and taking him with it. Rather let Hayes stay with us, and by the adoption of all the policies of the Democratic party, prove to the country that he can rise superior to his former surroundings; by taking refuge with that political organization which, as "An Old Democrat" says, "has ever been the consistent champion of the rights of the States and the bold, unflinching advocate of the rights of the citizen, without respect to nativity or religious convictions," show that he is acting in good faith. Hayes, if he is in earnest in his declaration of a lofty, patriotic purpose, will sever all connection with the sectional party which brought us civil war and all its attendant evils of reconstruction, with all that that hateful word implies. He will get away from the associations which becloud and befoul even what he has done that we can approve, and release himself wholly and altogether from the obligations he is under to pander to the Eliza Pinkston company of New Orleans and the rest of the nefarious crew who have for so long managed the machinery of Radicalism. If he will do this, we will have more faith in his sincerity, and while we cannot forgive or overlook the means by which he reached the Presidency, and with which he confesses an acquaintance, we will stand between him and Conkling, and see that he has a fair field to carry out Democratic reform to the end of his term. He cannot atone for the fraud by which Tilden lost the place to which the people elected him. Do what he may, that will stand out forever the one conspicuous and culminating crime of Republicanism, by which he knowingly profited. But he can do a great deal to reconcile the people to him, individually, as an executive anxious to cover up the past by doing all those things he knows Tilden would have done had he been allowed by the conspirators to take the Presidential chair.

THEATRICALS.

Boucicault, the actor, and certainly the best English dramatist of his time, in an article in the last number of the *North American Review*, published some very severe and, as we think, merited strictures upon newspaper critics, theater managers, and the present condition of the stage. Of the first, he declared that the majority were characterized by ignorance of the most ordinary canons of criticism, and had no knowledge of art; that they were, many of them, venal, and most of them unreliable, and instead of being a benefit, they were a curse to art and artists. Of the managers, he declared that nearly all of them were mercenary in spirit, had no sympathies with the stage or its legitimate purpose, and were utterly destitute of the integrity as to a definite purpose in the pursuit of art which is essential to a sustained success and the perpetuation of the drama. He, therefore, reasoned that the condition of a stage whereon the sensational drama is most encouraged, and of which the variety business is held to be the best expression or illustration, is a legitimate result for which the managers and critics who pander to instead of correcting a vitiated public taste, are responsible. These views he subsequently, in an interview with the New York *Herald*, reiterated and strengthened, giving more in detail the experiences and observations upon which they are based. We rather incline to sustain Mr. Boucicault. Laying aside the tendency such a man has to self-glorification and self-opinion, we find much in what he says worthy of remembrance, much that is not only true, but being true, should be laid to heart by press, people and managers, to be acted upon in an effort to purge the stage of all that is objectionable upon it, and make it the mirror of the better and not altogether the worst side of life. The season scarce begun, we find already verification of Boucicault's ground of assault. For instance, the city of Richmond has had sandwiched between Genevieve Rogers and John M'Cullough, Madame Rentz's female minstrels, concerning the character of whose performances the *Enquirer*, of that city, says that it was as near the nude as possible, an exhibition of the "female form divine," jest, song, dance, extravaganza and *double entendre* constituting the programme, appealing throughout to the basest passions, pandering to a vitiated taste, and the lustful instincts of the corrupt portion of the male part of the population. Of course the poor creatures who are thus employed to whet the appetites of the sensualists and excite business for the brothels, had full houses, while Miss Rogers and Mr. M'Cullough played to a refined and appreciative few, who were out of all proportion to the refinement and culture of the city. These artists, who have devoted years to a conscientious desire for superiority in an art that has always been held in the highest esteem in proportion to the civilization of nations, played to houses that echoed to them from empty galleries the sounds of their own voices, while the vileness which ministers to the grosser appetite is strengthened in its bank account and so helped along in its vitiating career. That the press of Richmond have promptly and with severity discountenanced and condemned the brutalizing performance, robs the occurrence of much of its force as a reflection upon the city. We think, however, that the management should be held to a strict accountability for the character of the entertainments given upon the boards of his house. The Richmond *Enquirer* says, on this point:

> "The Theater is the property of Mr. Jacob Pauly, who, we suppose, is responsible for the character of the entertainments given upon his premises. We do not, however, think that he is responsible for the character of the company he has engaged, because he has, of course, no means of knowing what it is. He, of course, engages a company upon the representations made by the agent who has charge of the business of the company, and he has, of course, no means of knowing whether the representations made by the agent are true or false. We do not, therefore, think that Mr. Pauly should be, at least, so far as the press is concerned; but there remains the manager who opened a respectable theater to this villainously bawdy band. Surely he has not been an actor; he must certainly be of the company of purely commercial managers, who have no instinct that is not sordid, mercenary and groveling. It cannot be that he has any love for the profession of Garrick, Kean, Kemble, Wallack, Forrest, Booth, Barrett, Siddons, Fawcett, Morris and Davenport. If he has, let him prove it by hereafter denying his stage to the wretched Rentz and her wanton associates. If he has not, and will continue to countenance such people, merely because they draw, let the press pursue him, and remove from its shoulders all ground for the complaint in that regard, at least, which Boucicault has so pointedly made. It needs no knowledge of the canons of criticism to denounce an evil so flagrant. It needs only to be painted in the colors in which it shows itself to carry its own condemnation, and eventually to be driven from the stage. That done, and the theater opened to decent comedy, drama and tragedy, with now and then broad, laughter-provoking farce, the press will have a foundation for further reform, until every city in the country owns a theater that shall rival the Theater Francaise, whose only successful imitator in this country, as Boucicault well says, is Wallack's, in New York, managed by an actor and a gentleman."

THE HORRIBLE SIDEWALKS.

EDITORS APPEAL:—I am sure that the people will thank you for calling attention to the abominable condition of the city sidewalks. I would like, if you please, to call the attention of the alderman of that ward, especially, to the walks on Third street, between Union and Madison, which are simply a disgrace to the city. The people of the whole southwestern portion of the city are in the habit of passing through this street to the churches, theater, etc.; and as it is one of the most thronged thoroughfares we have, I suggest that immediate attention be paid to it. It is simply almost impassable in wet weather, and the rainy season will soon come.

RESIDENT.

The attention of our city authorities is called to the above, in the hope of the prompt application of a proper remedy. There is no time to lose. The wet weather will soon be upon us, and if the sidewalks are not put in order, it will be found impossible, by women especially, to move about in many neighborhoods. It will not take any money out of the city treasury; so there can be no objection to it on that score. It simply requires the vigorous application of law to persons who do not seem to appreciate their obligations and who are so callous and indifferent—or both—to the reciprocal duties of citizenship as to allow what might often be prevented to wear into the proportions of a great nuisance, for want of the "stitch in time." We say again, let us have at least good sidewalks, if we cannot have good roadways.

THE Austin *Statesman*, in an article on the Mexican question, says that "President Hayes will make this disturbance the subject of a special message to congress, which is about to meet, and no doubt assume that a *casus belli* exists requiring military intervention. The precautionary steps taken by Governor Hubbard and General Ord are intended to guard against surprise, and to be prepared for an emergency. We do not apprehend a collision until congress shall act upon the question; but cannot, as at present advised, see a peaceful solution of the matter."

FROM HONG KONG.

Latest News by Steamer from China and Japan—A Budget of Sayings and Doings in that Quarter of the Globe.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 2.—Hong Kong dates of August 30th and Shanghai of September 1st have been received. An ultimate settlement of the Chefoo convention disputes has been reached. They still observe general dissatisfaction at the delay of the British government in deciding whether to ratify or not. Meanwhile five of the places agreed upon as new ports are now open to trade. The sixth, Hukow, at the mouth of Lake Poyang, remains closed.

Canton river has broken through its embankments and flooded miles of the country and destroyed vast crops.

Several cases of piracy have been reported between Hong Kong and Canton. The plunder in one case was thirty thousand dollars.

The Chinese government contemplate authorizing partial post service, to be organized and managed by foreigners in the customs department. Stamps are said to be already ordered from England. The Chinese steamship company is to be subsidized for carrying the mails along the coast.

Cholera continues to devastate many towns on the coast and in the interior.

A Chinese lawyer named Choy, recently admitted to the bar in London, is obtaining much repute and influence at home. Viceroy Consul Tshim and the government entrust all legal questions to his consideration. He has been offered the secretaryship of the London legation, but declined.

The United States ship Ranger is now at Hong Kong, on her way to Japan.

China is making good preparation for the Paris exposition, and has been assigned sixteen thousand and odd feet in the building on the Champ de Mais, and a much larger space on Trocadero. Among the features of interest will be the pavilion of the Chinese pagodas, built at Ningpo, and transported in sections; and in addition to the private exhibits, the government will send a classified trade collection, showing all that China can accomplish in manufactures or products for export.

YOKOHAMA, September 9.—Great astonishment has been created by the successful raid of a small rebel band upon Kagoshima on September 2d. In the battle at Tobe, also last month, everybody believed that the revolt had collapsed. Saigo, however, with three or four hundred followers, broke through the imperial army lines, and made a rapid dash southward. By inexcusable negligence, the result of over-confidence, Kagoshima was left entirely undefended, the insurgents easily obtained possession of the government buildings, and drove out the few officials stationed there. This event is understood to be no great disaster, but is acknowledged to be a great disgrace, and will entail renewed large expenditures. The latest advices from the seat of war represent the rebel force as insignificant and the whole affair a flash of dying desperation, but the government is exasperated at Saigo's persistence in merely wasting life when all his chances have long been over, and it is feared that, if he be captured now, the intention of dealing mildly with him may be abandoned.

The Japanese ship-of-war Kiojo Kwan was wrecked in a typhoon early in September, and it is feared is a total loss. The imperial princess Seiken, in Samiya, died September 2d. She was a sister of the late emperor, aunt of the present emperor, and for reasons of state was married some years before the overthrow of the great Tokugawa family, of Siogun, to the fourteenth tycoon of Yeddo. The last of the tycoons, since deposed, and now living in seclusion in the interior, was made her son by adoption. Her remains will be laid with those of her husband in the famous temple at Shiba-Toko, one of the two burial places of the Tokugawa family. Same Shima, vice-minister of foreign affairs, and long distinguished as the ablest official of that department, returns to France early next year to resume the duties of minister there, which office he has continued to hold while serving at home the past two years.

The news received from England to the effect that the efforts of the British minister in Japan, to harass the postoffice department and obstruct the admission of Japan to the exercise her rights as a member of the postal union, are not approved by his superiors.

The United States ships Tennessee, Monocacy and Alert, are now in Port Yokohama. The Tennessee sails for home. The Ranger is expected from China.

One of the under-graduates of the foreign office, named Ottara, was murdered in his house on September 6th, and his wife was severely wounded. Private animosity is said to be the cause.

The volcano of Vanies island, Yeddo bay, is again in eruption.

The national exposition in the capitol is a great success. The visitors average twenty-seven thousand per week.

Rev. Joseph Cook, of Boston, furnishes a subject for the newspaper letter-writers wherever he goes when times are dull in the journalistic world. One of the latest attempts to describe his appearance and platform contains the following marvelous passage: "His arms fly about like ponderous flails. His great feet come down at times on the platform with force enough almost to crack the foundations. Now and then he stoops forward, with hands upon thighs, head thrust forward, and eyebrows elevated almost to the roots of his hair, while, with biting sarcasm, he makes our frame tremulous with laughter, and then, with a voice like a trombone, he launches out his words of wisdom."

THE PEN

In the Hand of Woman—What It has Accomplished in the Past, and May in the Future, Properly and Vigorously Directed.

Woman, Wielding the Weapon that is More Powerful than the Sword, May Become a Moral Power, as She Has Been a Moral Influence.

The following paper was read by its author, Miss E. B. Johnston, before the "Literary Society" of Washington, and published in the *Capitol*. It is a generous contribution to the cause of women:

In days of old, when Grecian heroes went forth to battle, the women they loved sought solace in the distaff and the loom. When Peter the Hermit, with eloquent zeal, aroused the princes and nobles of Europe to rescue the holy sepulchre from the insolent Moslem, the deserted fair found consolation in the ordering of the household, listening to wandering minstrels, whose song was of feats achieved by the arms of the beloved christian knight, or in the fascinations of tapestry, whereon mistress and maidens wrought the legends the minstrels sung, so that the returning crusader was often met as he entered his castle gates with his own story, which had been deftly transcribed in glowing lines by the dainty fingers of "Liege Ladye." The women of the American revolution were worthy to be the mothers of a great people. They buckled on the sword of husband and son for the sanguinary field. They did not shut themselves in secluded chambers to weave poetic emblems or broider an epic, but met the stern duty of the hour, however taxing to strength, repugnant to taste, or foreign to usage, with a firm step, an unclouded brow and a true heart. Those grand dames, bravely meeting death in the bloody days of convulsive France, won the awed admiration of successive generations. These four periods illustrate woman in her truth, her grace, her wonderful endurance and her heroic possibilities. Woman has in all ages met the demand made upon her gracefully, poetically, and to each era satisfactorily. The world is making mighty strides in thought and action, emerging from the narrowed paths of cramped custom. We are entering a new century of hope and of national life. What shall the women do? Machinery, with its myriad wheels, its flying shuttles, has made mythic the domestic loom. Only to be realized through the study of old pictures, and the busy wheel a novelty of idyllic association with Priscilla, the Puritan maiden. The needle remains, but its prestige is lost in the whirl and wonderful results of modern invention. What shall woman do? "There's the pen!" cries some trembling brave of the "lords of creation" would be pleased to suggest, being all agog lest we propose to take a slice of his political pie. Ah, yes, there it is, and will be; but woman has ever wielded it with her foot and blessed it with her heart. What shall she do with her hands and her head? we again ask anxiously. The old couplet of Isaac Watts sounds a voice at our ear:

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Liberty, love, truth, poetry, and almost every passion or sentiment elevating to the human heart was by the esthetic ancients typified in the form of a beautiful woman, yet they did not place her upon Jacob's ladder of Pegasus to guide his fiery course. Great women have sometimes, by the strength of their own genius, soared beyond custom, giving utterance to the majestic throbbings of their grand natures, thereby amazing and sometimes thereby outraging their day and generation. We find such flashes of light from age to age, down to that high-priestess of the pen, Madame de Stael. Then, for a time, woman wrote fitfully, maybap from the monotony of life, which walled about her an atmosphere not of her choosing—often in sadness arising from a baptism of grief, or with bitterness out of a broken career, wherein disappointment had wasted youth or falsehood stifled faith, and again, in scorn of some social restraint whose mandates she had dared to disregard. These pens of necessity drew distorted figures and colored falsely, being at best the broken reflections of a bruised life. It was left for this country to put the pen in the hand of women as a class. Indeed, we need only glace around our own little *coterie* to know how worthily and how gracefully she grasps and uses it; for here are truthful and spirit-interpreting translators, critical reviewers, popular novelists, elegant essayists and poets whose numbers are sweet as the warble of summer birds. Now that the pen comes within woman's proper and accredited range of duty, now that she is educated for it, now the cares which once claimed her have become light, many, in fact, all, questions of right and wrong are urgently asking her consideration. What will she do? Shrink from that obvious duty? Never. Her champions may proudly say she has never done that in all the ages. It is a feminine characteristic to be happiest when accepting a responsibility, and woman's heart and soul-endowed pen must leave its impress upon this generation. She will not avoid great issues, neither will she handle them ignorantly. There her conscience will protect her, and we predict she will yet surprise her most expectant and enthusiastic admirers by her rapid, clear discernment of truth in most intricate questions. Men will laboriously unload a stage-coach of well-weighed "whys" and "wherefores" to find her instinctive pen, like an arrow, sticking in the point before the lord, has slowly reached on wheels. All questions of reform or moral import have heretofore been more or less under the dominance of woman, though she could only, or chiefly, direct the toddling steps of childhood in the doubtful path. Now, with her pen she may herald truth, going before her sons, a beacon light to guide in each dark or narrow way; so that where she before has been a moral influence, she may now be a moral power. We are a nation of readers, not scholars; this is an age of newspapers, not books, and newspapers needing a modifying element. Believing, as we do, that all things with which the women of this country (by consent) become identified are made better and purer, a greater blessing to that land, we have confident assurance that through her work the press will be redeemed, or at least much less of its objectionable personality which offends and daily lessens its power—a power only to be regained by the introduction of an active moral agency—this agency giving less individual invective, fewer burning philippics, but more earnest discussion of the topics of the day and juster portrayals of character. Can woman perform this Herculean task? She can try, and thus far, Richelieu-like, she, too, knows "no such word as fail." But it were in friendship more consistent to refer to the dangers which menace woman's usefulness in this wider sphere. We have an accredited penchant for gossip. Let exceeding caution be given to confine that agreeable recreation to this old, endeared organ—the tongue—which, notwithstanding its reputation as a mischief-maker, cannot in a generation achieve so great an evil as the pen in a day. The fame of many a fair name, shielded those upon whom fortune has smiled, jare in woman's hands to-day. It is truly a delicate charge—one brusque criticism, one recorded indiscretion, copied with thirsty avidity by a hundred sheets, may utterly disheaten or pitifully weaken its subject. Such writing should be nicely balanced in the delicate scales of the golden rule. Owing to the demand for sketches from real life, or social life—known to many as very unreal—there is evolution in our literature. The pen woman does not exist alone for the duties and delights of her home. Her most simple action is liable to confront her in print at the breakfast table. From this some good, as well as much that is to be deplored, may arise. Inasmuch as she feels, "There's a chile among ye takin notes, an' faith he'll prent em," may she not guard her life more rigidly in letting it to sweeter harmony. To chronicle the doings of society, and to portray follies of dress, and discuss kindred matters, requires the utmost discrimination and the most refined touch, lest such paragraphs be aggressive of the rights of others, or offend good taste. The sweet influence of woman's pen is nurtured upon what is known as "newspaper puffs," until that weakness, spreading, has grown enormously from the fulsome dishes daily furnished. Personal vanity and vulgar self-glorification is fast becoming a national blight, robbing manhood of its strength and beauty of its delicacy. Foreigners openly laugh at us, and in their hearts despise us. We laugh at ourselves, saying the five newspapers furnish more costume than Worth. However, it is but just to remember that woman has been prompt to satirize vulgarity or unveil pretension; being especially happy in such writing, by reason of her quick perception and felicitous utterance, she has in this work of righteousness placed under obligation to her all people of culture and refinement. Much written about social life is penned in mere thoughtlessness, or an amiable desire to please by those who do not realize how such highly colored descriptions vitiate the very sources of our national strength, *i. e.*, the young man and the young women in their country homes. There was a picture in the British art department at Philadelphia, "Betty," an English milkmaid, in her pides. She stands out from the canvas in the sovereign right of beauty and of happiness; radiant in her wealth of health and her wealth of content; fresh and pure as her gathered daisies. That picture should never have been permitted to re-cross the Atlantic. We cannot have such a one painted; we have not that national type to portray. Our "Betty" is not healthy, our "Betty" is not content; she has dissipated many fine lady airs and many things she does not wish to, "Betty," she scorns William the farmer boy; oh! she reads the weekly paper, which has a "society column," and has learned to look upon her sunny hair, her liquid eyes, her small feet, as unanswerable reasons why she may leave the clover fields for the *salon*. Our social institutions being defective, are somewhat answerable for this grievance; but a new impetus is unquestionably given it by the press. Dress has through all time been described, and its uses, abuses and improvements may be with profit studied. The portrayal of dress, however, has been rather the work of the portrait or historic painter than the pen. Woman nevertheless has much to write about dress—much demanding her highest power and her most exquisite tact. She alone can restrain the fearful exaggeration and extravagance that has so disastrously obtained. Woman, and only woman, can urge and enforce a greatly needed reform, and guard that reform from being offensively *outre*. None doubt such a reformation is called for in the health of our woman, the wealth of our men, and the morals of both. Here is scope for energy and heart-work, embracing the full endowment of woman's pen; and if by its magic she may so reform and simplify dress as to approach the classic or Hellenic period, art will fall at her feet and call her "blessed." Woman in her comparatively new use of letters may be often inconsequent, even painfully so to man, the logical; but she should not falter or grow faint of heart, for the true woman will, through her own worth, know the worth of her pen, and with daily painstaking and ease educate to its high demands; she will soon leave small work for legends the minstrels sung, so that the returning crusader was often met as he entered his castle gates with his own story, which had been deftly transcribed in glowing lines by the dainty fingers of "Liege Ladye." The women of the American revolution were worthy to be the mothers of a great people. They buckled on the sword of husband and son for the sanguinary field. They did not shut themselves in secluded chambers to weave poetic emblems or broider an epic, but met the stern duty of the hour, however taxing to strength, repugnant to taste, or foreign to usage, with a firm step, an unclouded brow and a true heart. 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Now, with her pen she may herald truth, going before her sons, a beacon light to guide in each dark or narrow way; so that where she before has been a moral influence, she may now be a moral power. We are a nation of readers, not scholars; this is an age of newspapers, not books, and newspapers needing a modifying element. Believing, as we do, that all things with which the women of this country (by consent) become identified are made better and purer, a greater blessing to that land, we have confident assurance that through her work the press will be redeemed, or at least much less of its objectionable personality which offends and daily lessens its power—a power only to be regained by the introduction of an active moral agency—this agency giving less individual invective, fewer burning philippics, but more earnest discussion of the topics of the day and juster portrayals of character. Can woman perform this Herculean task? She can try, and thus far, Richelieu-like, she, too, knows "no such word as fail." But it were in friendship more consistent to refer to the dangers which menace woman's usefulness in this wider sphere. We have an accredited penchant for gossip. Let exceeding caution be given to confine that agreeable recreation to this old, endeared organ—the tongue—which, notwithstanding its reputation as a mischief-maker, cannot in a generation achieve so great an evil as the pen in a day. The fame of many a fair name, shielded those upon whom fortune has smiled, jare in woman's hands to-day. It is truly a delicate charge—one brusque criticism, one recorded indiscretion, copied with thirsty avidity by a hundred sheets, may utterly disheaten or pitifully weaken its subject. Such writing should be nicely balanced in the delicate scales of the golden rule. Owing to the demand for sketches from real life, or social life—known to many as very unreal—there is evolution in our literature. The pen woman does not exist alone for the duties and delights of her home. Her most simple action is liable to confront her in print at the breakfast table. From this some good, as well as much that is to be deplored, may arise. Inasmuch as she feels, "There's a chile among ye takin notes, an' faith he'll prent em," may she not guard her life more rigidly in letting it to sweeter harmony. To chronicle the doings of society, and to portray follies of dress, and discuss kindred matters, requires the utmost discrimination and the most refined touch, lest such paragraphs be aggressive of the rights of others, or offend good taste. The sweet influence of woman's pen is nurtured upon what is known as "newspaper puffs," until that weakness, spreading, has grown enormously from the fulsome dishes daily furnished. Personal vanity and vulgar self-glorification is fast becoming a national blight, robbing manhood of its strength and beauty of its delicacy. Foreigners openly laugh at us, and in their hearts despise us. We laugh at ourselves, saying the five newspapers furnish more costume than Worth. However, it is but just to remember that woman has been prompt to satirize vulgarity or unveil pretension; being especially happy in such writing, by reason of her quick perception and felicitous utterance, she has in this work of righteousness placed under obligation to her all people of culture and refinement. Much written about social life is penned in mere thoughtlessness, or an amiable desire to please by those who do not realize how such highly colored descriptions vitiate the very sources of our national strength, *i. e.*, the young man and the young women in their country homes. There was a picture in the British art department at Philadelphia, "Betty," an English milkmaid, in her pides. She stands out from the canvas in the sovereign right of beauty and of happiness; radiant in her wealth of health and her wealth of content; fresh and pure as her gathered daisies. That picture should never have been permitted to re-cross the Atlantic. We cannot have such a one painted; we have not that national type to portray. Our "Betty" is not healthy, our "Betty" is not content; she has dissipated many fine lady airs and many things she does not wish to.

FORREST

And "Joe, the Magnificent"—The Distance between a Stage Queen in Regal Attire and a Dowdy Dame Up.

Celia Logan, in New York *Dispatch:* I remember having seen Miss Clifton several times. My father took me by the hand one day and trotted me down to the levee in Cincinnati. Mr. Forrest was expected to arrive by the boat, and he was going to meet him. As the steamer neared the shore the passengers were to be plainly seen on deck, carpet-bags and wraps in hand and over arm. Standing a little apart, with the sunshine of an early spring falling upon them, was a man arm in arm with a woman only a trifle shorter than himself, and built in the same solid, grand plan. "Ah!" exclaimed my father, catching sight of him, "there's Forrest and Miss Clifton." So commanding, so splendid was their personal appearance, that I stood awe-struck when Forrest, with that rare, and smile of his, shook my father by the hand and introduced him to "Joe, the Magnificent." They seemed to my wondering, childish imagination more like a god and goddess than mere mortal man and woman. She had a shawl thrown over her shoulders, half draping and revealing the contour or her exquisitely molded form. Her resplendent beauty, the rustling of her thick silk dress, the richness of her general attire, impressed me with as much reverence and speechless adoration as if a queen had appeared before me in all the panoply of royalty, or an angel had alighted for a moment on our sin-stained earth, and then soared heavenward again. Claude Melnotte says: "Wise judges are we of one another. If hearts had audible language, you would hear how mine would answer when you talk of envy!" Poor Josephine Clifton! How heavy her heart must have been even then, when she was so much envied, for she was sighing for the unattainable, but which she thought possible some time to possess—the position already lawfully occupied by another woman. From much internal evidence which came to my knowledge as a child, and from which I have drawn certain inevitable deductions since I have been a woman, I feel confident that Edwin Forrest loved only one woman in the course of his life, and that woman was his wife. Beyond the fate of most self-made men, his ambition was gratified, but it was a bitter trial to him that the common lot of paternity was not to be his. When he became convinced that he was destined never in legitimate wedlock to perpetuate his name, he determined to try to bury his undying disappointment in the championship of the weaker sex. Had the ill-starred Josephine, once empress of the French, borne an heir to the throne, the man of the people, the mighty conqueror, Napoleon I, would never have repudiated her whom he idolized even while he sacrificed her. And so with the Napoleon of the American stage. Had Catherine Sinclair been the mother of a living son, there would never have been a divorce between this gifted couple. Less kindly treated than Josephine Beauharnois, whose reputation was never assailed, whatever other wrong was done her, Mrs. Forrest has lived her later life with a cloud of doubt and suspicion, if not actual disgrace, hanging over her head. Up to his decease my father was Forrest's confidante, and from their full and unreserved conversations prior to the divorce—when it was seething in the tragedian's heart and brain—I became filled with the deepest respect and sympathy for Mrs. Forrest. Those conversations I was, by accident, privy to, in consequence of being so small that, in the heat of their discussions, I was allowed to run in and out, and no notice was taken of me. Like most children, I kept my ears open, and understood much more than they would have thought possible, and have since understood it all. I remember, with thankfulness, that my father opposed Forrest in every step he proposed taking—argued, persuaded, reasoned, plead and warned him—all to no purpose. My father's method was, "My friend—right or wrong," therefore he remained Mr. Forrest's friend to the end, and against his convictions took his part. Others of the tragedian's friends did the same, and many of those who testified for Forrest would have been strong witnesses for his wife, had she but known what they knew. Mrs. Forrest is enshrined in my memory as a martyr. Miss Clifton took a notion to marry a man who had little to recommend him to a celebrated beauty, one Robert Place, manager of a theater in New Orleans. Always inclined to obesity, she grew to be of immense bulk, and after her marriage acted seldom, if at all. In common with other managers of his time, Place had many vicissitudes, and having through extravagance exhausted her own patrimony and earnings, Mrs. Place soon felt the pinch of poverty. One sultry afternoon a woman of extraordinary hight and breadth came waddling into our house in Cincinnati, the very floor trembling under her tread. She was attired in a loose, ill-fitting dress, that had been white—at some remote period, a coarse, cheap straw hat was perched awry on her tumbled tresses—once so lovely; she wore no gloves, and was mopping a red face, round as the moon. This was "Joe, the Magnificent," who, to my childish eyes, had seemed a beatified compound of queen and angel. Her glorious beauty was all gone, and she had degenerated into a cheaply-dressed sloven—she who once despised dry goods that did not come direct from the great fashion center of the civilized world, Paris. She told my mother that early in the spring she had come from New Orleans to Cincinnati on a visit to some friends, and had long outstaid her invitation, waiting for advices from Mr. Place. None having arrived, she had grown desperate at last, and was the Howadji, dreaming of lotus-eating, the "Lounger," viewing with idle indifference the storms and strifes of the world—weaving unsubstantial fancies on the woof of a thin imagination. Then he was the pet of the platform, the favorite of the lecture rostrum, the mild moralist and gentle skeptic, whose mellifluous mouthings stimulated the undeveloped intellect of the rural lyceum. Finally he was the editor of a picture-paper which defended slavery in 1860, and denounced it when its defense ceased to be a paying investment—a "journal of civilization," on the score that the almighty dollar is civilization's ripest product. We repeat that Mr. Curtis forgets. He has not always been a Republican, but he has always been a dissatisfied sister. He was not consulted at the creation of the world, and he feels hurt on that account. If he had lived in the old red-sandstone period, he would have disturbed the counsels of the apes with a proposition to cut off their brown tails—which is virtually what he advised the Republican party at Rochester. The type which Mr. Curtis represents entered politics through the gateway of illogical emotions. It is the sentimental school. Its yearnings and aspirations and professions are all lofty, but it lacks consistency and sincerity, and it is not overstocked with honesty.

THE VACANCY

On the Supreme Court Bench—Prominent Judges and Lawyers Suggested as Worthy to Fill It.

The Washington correspondent of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*—Radical organ—gives the following sketch of the prominent aspirants for the vacancy on the supreme court bench created by the retiracy of David Davis:

Another candidate is Judge Woods, of the United States circuit court of Alabama. He is a native of Ohio, was a Union soldier, and commanded a division in the Army of the Tennessee. At the close of the war he bought a plantation in Alabama, and raised cotton in connection with the practice of his profession. President Grant appointed him circuit judge in 1870, on the recommendation of Willard Warner, his brother-in-law, who was then senator from Alabama.

Solicitor-General Phillips, of the department of justice, is a native of North Carolina, an old Whig, and a Union man during the war. He has held his present position for five or six years, and has performed its duties with great ability.

Judge Edmund W. Pettus, of Alabama, is also urged for the vacancy. He is a Democrat.

Judge Caldwell, formerly of Iowa, but appointed United States district judge of Arkansas, is recommended by Secretary M'Crary and other Republicans.

Jeremiah Harlan, of Kentucky, and ex-Secretary Bristow, are both candidates.

Herschel V. Johnson, of Georgia, who was a candidate for Vice-President on the Douglas ticket in 1860, is recommended by those who desire to have the ex-Confederacy recognized. He is and always has been an uncompromising Democrat, but is a man of ability and honor. Perhaps he is better fitted for the appointment than any other of those named from the south.

There seems to be a well-founded impression that President Hayes will consult the members of the supreme court before he makes a choice, and it is said that the claims of those whose names have been presented for office will be scrutinized with care and impartiality by the gentlemen already on the bench, irrespective of personal friendship and political influence. If he does not go south for a man, the President is urged simply to appoint Judge Drummond, of Chicago, who has been spontaneously and almost unanimously urged by members of the bar of the Northwest. Few men on the bench command so entirely the respect and confidence of the people and the profession, and his ability is unquestioned. Judge Davis is said to be warmly in favor of Judge Drummond's appointment, and no one is better qualified to judge of the fitness, and the opinion of none will have more weight with President Hayes.

Go to Work—Avoid Washington.

Louisville *Courier-Journal:* General Boynton, in a recent letter from Washington to the Cincinnati *Gazette*, earnestly warns people not to come to Washington for employment in the government offices, and cites a very distressing case of a gentleman who left a position at home by which he was making a living, and, armed with a senator's and congressman's recommendation, went to Washington, confident, as others have been, that he would be able to secure a clerkship. He found out his error very soon, and is now without money, and with his family to support in a strange city. There are hundreds of such cases. It is very distressing, but reflection should convince aspirants that Washington is the last place they should go to for employment. General Boynton says:

"There are literally hundreds of good clerks of both sexes here who within the year have been discharged because of the necessary reductions in the force of the departments. These are well acquainted with the *personnel* of the various offices, and the moment an opportunity for an appointment opens they know it. Those in charge are always ready to take some of these back whenever a place can be made, and this watchfulness, added to the fact that this class was only dismissed because the diminished appropriations made it necessary, virtually closes the door to new applicants. Besides there are hundreds who have been dropped for inefficiency. These knew all the methods of working up influence, and forcing themselves on the government. Strangely enough, the success of this class in securing reinstatement is generally in proportion to the effrontery and persistence of their