MEMPHIS APPEAL
BY
GALLAWAY & KEATING.

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GALLAWAY & KEATING,
M. C. GALLAWAY, 282 Second street,
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MEMPHIS APPEAL
SUNDAY, : : NOVEMBER 25, 1877.

MEMPHIS AND HOLLY SPRINGS RAILROAD.

That "consummation devoutly to be wished," the building of a direct railroad from Memphis to Holly Springs, seems at last to be fairly in the way of accomplishment. It has been the hearty desire for many years of the citizens of both cities. Before Memphis had a railroad, and when her trade with the interior was all done by means of wagons, Holly Springs struggled for a railroad connection with us, by laboring earnestly and subscribing liberally to secure the Charleston road. The selection of a different route for that road created a feeling of bitterness against us. Out of that feeling was born the Mississippi Central road, which has drawn to New Orleans a large part of the trade which naturally belongs here. The ill feeling toward us has long since given place to the very kindest regard, and a determination that Holly Springs shall have a road of her own to Memphis. The result is shown in the organization of the company known as the Memphis and Holly Springs railroad company. We believe in prophetic impressions. We are impressed with faith in the success of the new company. It has about it an air of confidence that betokens faith in itself, and begets a like faith in others. It must not fail—it cannot fail. Memphis cannot afford to permit it to fail. It is a necessity to the growth of our city; it is equally so to Holly Springs. We are entitled by the law of commercial relationship to the large and valuable trade of Holly Springs; and we must reach out this railroad and take it. If the company succeed in getting possession of the graded road-bed of the Selma road, the road to Holly Springs can be built and fully equipped at a cost not exceeding $300,000. This is the estimate of a careful and reliable engineer, Major Minor Meriwether. Gentlemen at Holly Springs propose to furnish all the labor necessary for finishing the road at a price to be agreed upon, and to take the note of the company therefor, payable ten years after the road shall be finished, and bearing legal interest. They only require that the laborers shall be fed and clothed while employed. In the above estimate of total cost the labor is included at $55,270. For this amount, therefore, the cash need not have to be provided. One hundred thousand dollars of stock subscribed in Memphis, and fifty thousand in Holly Springs and Marshall county, Mississippi, would leave the sum of $94,280 to be raised on bonds or otherwise. A business man of Holly Springs, who can do what he says, promises to dispose of $50,000 of seven per cent. bonds at par. Certainly Memphis can dispose of the remaining $44,280. Is it unreasonable to suppose that Memphis will promptly furnish her $100,000 of stock subscriptions? We have thus substantially repeated statements made at the meeting of the directors of the new road. We are convinced that the project is not merely feasible, but that it needs only confidence and energetic working up to result in the early building and completion of the road, and thus to bring about the happy marriage, after long estrangement, of our vigorous and growing Bluff City to the beautiful little City of Flowers. Will the road pay? We have heretofore given some facts as to the trade of Holly Springs, which satisfy business men that the commercial interests of Memphis will be largely profited. But will the road pay as an investment? Two circumstances combine to insure that it will. In the first place it will be a narrow-gauge road. And secondly, it will be a short and independent road; for it is proposed to run it directly into Memphis without connecting at any point with any other road. Narrow-gauge roads are sufficient to do the carrying on every highway of commerce over which traffic, in amount, is not greater than the average. Therefore on such highways the costly and expensive broad-gauge is unnecessary. The narrow-gauge is cheaper by two-fifths at the outset, and the difference is equally in its favor in the matter of operating expenses. We know of no such road which has become bankrupt. If any has, we venture to say that the failure arose not from necessity, but from sheer mismanagement. The Ripley narrow-gauge does not have either terminus at an important market town; and it has to transfer freight and passengers, and send them to market over another and a broad-gauge road. And yet we are informed that even under these disadvantages the Ripley road is a success. What may we not expect, then, of the projected road, which will have one terminus at Holly Springs (itself a large market town, in the midst of a fertile and prospering region), and the other terminus at Memphis, our own commercial emporium, destined to be the queen city of the middle valley of the Mississippi. Experience shows that independent short railroads, running through flourishing regions, are, almost without exception, profitable. Our neighboring State of Mississippi has several notable examples. The Mississippi and Tennessee road, 100 miles long, broad-gauge, having suffered tremendous losses by the war, has managed to improve its condition yearly, until its late annual report shows earnings over and above expenses and interest, and the payment of over $40,000 of the principal of its outstanding indebtedness. The Port Gibson and Grand Gulf road, 22 miles long, is denominated "a little tub-mill," earning steady and large profits. The road from Woodville, Mississippi, to Bayou Sara, Louisiana, 35 miles in length, is particularly flourishing. Just after the war it was in a very dilapidated condition, and its stock was selling for a song. Colonel M'Gehee, the present president and chief owner, bought up the stock, put the road in good order, and has been making dividends regularly since. Its stock is not on the market. It is, perhaps, not difficult to understand why an independent short road should be profitable when the trunk lines are not. The short road generally belongs to one or a very small number of stockholders, who manage it as a mercantile investment, and are able personally to see and control its operations in every particular, and who do not employ a large number of high-salaried officials and employes to eat up the earnings. There will never be a more favorable time than the present for building the road. Iron, which three years ago sold at $90 per ton, can now be had for $40. Three years ago the iron for the road to Holly Springs would have cost $320,000; now it will cost about $152,500. Three years ago we could not have had the labor done on a credit of ten years. And labor and all materials have also shown a large decline in prices. We will be suicidal to permit such a golden hour to pass by unimproved. It remains for the substantial men of Memphis to say whether or not this most important and necessary road shall be built. What will they do?

A DASTARDLY FIEND.

There are some crimes so diabolical, so atrocious and infernal that it seems impossible to believe that any human being could be induced to perpetrate them. The desecration of the graves of the dead is one of these. But it seems the sacred soil of Tennessee is polluted with a demon who is wicked enough to defile the graves of the dead. The APPEAL has already published an account of the desecration of the Confederate monument, at Chattanooga, on Saturday night week. The Confederate soldiers who sleep beneath this monument were composed of the pride and chivalry of the south. Upon their tombstones will be read no coward's epitaph. The only offense they committed was to take their stand between the hearts of their own people and the bayonets, and for this the vandals who fled from them while living, would destroy the monument which proposes to transmit to posterity their valor. Such atrocious wickedness has excited universal indignation throughout the land. A gentleman of this city, whose modesty forbids the mention of his name, has already subscribed for the conviction of the dastardly brutes. The people of Chattanooga must avenge this insult to every chivalrous soldier, whether he be Confederate or Federal. Until this brutal outrage shall have been avenged, a sin blackens the soul of the State. Only the burning stars of night witnessed the devils, but a sufficient reward will produce a betrayal among the villains base enough to perpetrate such a deed. The south is billowed with the graves of Federal soldiers. At every village, city and town the Federal and Confederate soldiers are bedfellows in the same graveyard. The winter's snow, the singing birds, and the summer's flowers make no discrimination. Sometimes the Confederate soldiers join in decorating the graves of the Federal soldiers, and any effort to insult their memories would be resented with indignation. The southern people would hiss into disgrace any such fiendish malignity. They cherish no hatred for the memory of the dead Federal soldier, and would not disturb even the grass that grows upon their graves. Notwithstanding there are thousands of Federal soldiers sleeping in the south, we have yet to hear of a single act of vandalism committed upon any Federal monument or grave. The south is taxed for the benefit of pensioned Federal soldiers and to maintain the national cemeteries in the south. Our people make no complaint at this discrimination, but they do ask that the graves of the dead Confederates be protected from the Radical vandals. There is a national cemetery within a few miles of Memphis. If this hallowed spot should be desecrated by the southern people, the whole north would be in a rage. We would be accused of disloyalty, as still cherishing an unappeasable sectional hatred, which would make military rule a necessity. But this evidence of northern hatred of the south will produce no condemnation or indignation in the north. But we are rejoiced to know that Federal soldiers will rebuke this dastardly outrage. A few foul tongues may spit their sarcasm at any condemnation of a crime so nefarious, but it is to be hoped for the sake of the human family that there are but few of any party, race or color, who will indorse a deed which is a disgrace to our civilization.

THE STATE DEBT.

The letters of Governor Harris and Judge Key, in regard to the State debt, do not please the partisans who desire to keep this question in politics for selfish purposes. There is no satisfying these demagogues, who would not settle the State debt upon any terms, because such a settlement would deprive them of the hobby by which they hope to ride into office, or to divide and defeat the Democratic party. The APPEAL is blamed because it does not continue the discussion of a subject which has been exhausted, and become stale and threadbare; and when Judge Key and Senator Harris make known their views, they are charged with officious intermeddling in questions that concern only newspaper editors and petty aspirants for office. Under the pretext of giving the news, newspapers find room for slanders defaming Jefferson Davis and the Democratic party; but they can find no room for the utterances of such men as Key and Harris. We publish in another column the views of three Tennessee members of congress—Atkins, Whitthorne and House. It will be seen that they indorse the position taken by our senator and the postmaster-general. Before condemning the position of these leading men of Tennessee, we commend the following extract from a speech delivered by Governor Kemper, of Virginia, in regard to the debt of that State: "There is an inborn patriotism belonging to every Virginian that makes him put the honor and fair name of his State above all price and every other consideration. They were won by the fortitude and blood of a noble ancestry; they have been the cherished birthright of their children, and will be, I hope, for generations to come. They have given to our commonwealth whatever of glory is hers, and can not be bartered for a mess of pottage. When the legislature meets, and the smoke of the strife has drifted away, and the chosen rulers look upon the face of that genius whose features have never been marred by the touch of shame, then the questions that have so long vexed the minds of the people will be settled, and Virginia, as so often before, will come forth crowned with another victory bright as the sun, fair as the moon, and terrible as an army with banners." The acceptance of the terms proposed by the bondholders would save the State of Tennessee from the shame of repudiation as depicted by Governor Kemper, but it is useless for the called session of the legislature to go through the farce of a settlement if, like the funding bill, such a settlement is to be made an issue in the next canvass and subjected to the caprice of future legislation.

THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

The discussion of the Mississippi river, the universal demand for a system of levees that will reclaim the richest land on the face of the habitable globe, and for the emancipation of the majestic water-course, which forms the natural highway of its inter-State and sea-bound commerce, from the obstructions which impede navigation in seasons of low water is significant of the general and earnest solicitude of the people of the great valley on these questions, and of that broad community of interests and sympathies which are symbolized in the great river which binds together so many diverse climates and zones of production, and forms their natural channel of inter-communication and their common natural outlet to the sea. It is a national shame that this great highway of the west has been so long neglected. It is a burning shame that the great government which has squandered so many hundred millions of dollars in lands and money in subsidizing railroads owned by private corporations could never afford the few hundred thousands necessary to render the Mississippi, the common highway of the whole people, navigable to large steamboats in seasons of prolonged drouth, and for carrying into effect a system of levees which would make the rich lands on the Mississippi from Cairo to New Orleans a blooming paradise. This neglect of the great "inland sea" is a disgrace not only to the nation, but it is a disgrace to the people of the great Mississippi valley, which unites the political power of eighteen States, that they have permitted this most important of all our great inland water lines to sink into neglect, and God's greatest gift to the American people to be overflowed, and will continue from the sheer laziness of our public men. But a new era is about to dawn. Public attention has been concentrated on the Mississippi river. Hon. Casey Young, our member of congress, intends, on every proper occasion, to make the congress of the United States hear the roar of the majestic Mississippi. Major Minor Meriwether's powerful letter, published in last Sunday's APPEAL, has attracted much attention. The Little Rock *Gazette* copies it in full, with the editorial comments of the APPEAL, and the *Daily Standard*, published at Fort Worth, Texas, says: "We have read an able letter from Mr. Minor Meriwether, in the Memphis APPEAL, addressed to Hon. Casey Young, member of the committee on the Mississippi levees. We can only allude to a few salient points. He, after large experience in leveeing, advises that the levees be built a considerable distance from the river, and never approaching nearer than three miles of each other, and avoiding short curves. These levees to be used by railroad companies, who should be granted the right of way on condition that they would keep them in repair. That a strip of timber one thousand yards wide should be allowed to grow on the inside of the levees to protect them from waves. His plan, if carried out in all its details, we feel confident, would reclaim the valley."

THE ELECTION FOR MAYOR.

We republish this morning the call which the Democratic executive committee has made for a mass-convention at the city hall on next Saturday. We shall keep this call standing in the columns of the APPEAL, with the hope of securing a large meeting. Union and harmony everywhere animates the Democratic party. An election for mayor was held in Baltimore a few days since, at which the Democrats swept the city against the fusion ticket, by the largest majority ever polled in the city. Only five days ago an election was held at Columbia, South Carolina, for a State senator and representative, to fill the vacancies occasioned by the recent resignation of Nash and Minort, colored Republicans, who were compelled to yield to the pressure on account of the discovery of their rascalities. A significant fact in the election is that one year ago the Republicans polled a vote of two thousand majority, while in the recent contest there were not twenty-five voting the ticket. Both candidates were Democrats. John H. Kinsler, like a second Cincinnatus, received his nomination for senator while following the plow. John C. Haskell, for representative, is a prominent lawyer and well known throughout the State. Both are elected. Not a single fight or disturbance of any kind occurred. On Monday last the Democrats of Charleston nominated a candidate for mayor. The meeting was large, enthusiastic and harmonious. In commenting on the result the *Journal of Commerce* says: "The result of the deliberations of the Democratic municipal convention yesterday must be a source of gratification to every earnest Conservative Democrat in Charleston. The fears that were entertained that the delegates elected to the convention would not be equal to the emergency are dispelled by the ticket which is placed before the community to-day. Major Sale, the standard-bearer of the Democracy, is a man of large business capacity, a gentleman of culture and a true and tried Democrat—tried in the times that tried men's souls. True as steel at all times, and at all times faithful to the principles of his party, and devoted to the interests of his fellow-citizens. Under his lead the Democracy of Charleston will win a victory which will mark an epoch in the history of our city. The board of aldermen who have been nominated with him represent every interest and every class in the community. Let us then close up the ranks of the Democracy, and press on to victory. Charleston expects every man to put his shoulder to the wheel." Democrats of Memphis, we call your attention to what your party friends are doing elsewhere. Mississippi is true to her party allegiance. South Carolina, which fretted and writhed under Radical rule, so long as her people eschewed Democracy, is now inseparably wedded to the party that brought deliverance. Let not the Democratic banner, which floats in triumph everywhere, droop in Memphis. Let not our battalions reel for the want of a leader. It remains to be seen whether the Democracy of Memphis will still retain the control of the city government, or whether stagnant Radicalism, breeding in its bosom slimy, sluggish things, shall again ascend to power. To keep down and to sweep away this abomination, is the mission of Democracy. It is to be hoped that at the meeting on Saturday next, it will make fast its purpose and give permanent effect to its ambition.

Tinsley's Magazine.]

THE CONDUCT OF LIFE.

Be it good that we do, let us do it,
Giving soul and our strength to the deed;
Let us pierce the hard rock and pass through it,
And compass the thing that we need.

Does Fate, as a dark cloud, hang over,
And cover our heads from the light?
Does hate mock the heart of the lover?
Must wrong be the victor of right?

Yet in Fate there is freedom for each one
To make or to mar, as he will;
And the bolts of ill-fortune that reach one
May maim, but they never shall kill.

Ever onward and upward pursuing
The aim that is thine for the day,
Adding strength to thy strength by thy doing,
Thou shalt gain it, nor faint by the way.

And though thou art busied with small things,
Though menial their color may be,
Do thy utmost in that and in all things,
Thou still shalt be noble and free.

Dost thou love? let it be with full measure;
Nor mingle with coldness or hate
Of others the joy of thy pleasure,
The passion that crowns thy estate.

Be to every man just; and to woman
Be gentle, and tender, and true;
For thine own do thy best; but for no man
Do less than a brother should do.

So living thy days full to number,
In peace thou shalt pass to the grave;
Thou shalt lie down and rest thee and slumber,
Beloved by the good and the brave.

To Gentlemen's Sons.

New York *World:* Rev. R. L. Dashiell lectured last evening at the Allen street Methodist church on "Wanted—A Situation for a Gentleman's Son." Dr. Dashiell said he believed that this country offered the greatest field in the world for a young man, in spite of the evil things which the class of croakers were continually saying about it. In every other country a young man, no matter what his talents were, was forced to live and die in the station in which it had been his lot to be born—a gentleman's son not excepted. He was doomed to die a gentleman's son. In this country, however, not all the wealth in New York could make an idle young man rise, and nothing could keep a boy from rising to almost any hight, provided he be industrious and have a certain amount of intelligence. An idle, do-nothing young man was a great evil. One reason why the promised progress of the world rests was because there is a great deal of force which does nothing, or pulls back, instead of helping to push on as it ought to. A mischievous boy was not so bad after all, for in his mischief he shows an energy which will help him on when he is older if rightly applied. The duty of the nineteenth century was to direct all this force so that there will be no waste. Men like Franklin and Morse, who give us new powers, are needed. If a young man has will and power it is a grand thing for him to be a gentleman's son. If there is wanting in him everything but the pedigree, his father's shoes will do as much as he will. The work for a gentleman's son must be respectable and light. There was no difficulty about the first qualification. Every honest work is respectable, and is moreover of great benefit to the character of the worker. Preachers, perhaps, ought to be blamed for sometimes talking of the curse of labor. No one ought to be discouraged with the character of his work, for in grimy cellars sometimes a little golden-thread is spun to decorate the imperishable tapestry of human life. Thus it was easy for the work to be respectable, but the other condition could not so easily be complied with. It was said that a cheerful spirit lightens a burden, but a young man cannot begin life with a worse spirit than when he looks for easy victories. Success demands a life of toil, self-denial and close attention to business. There is a great demand for young men who will work, whether they are gentlemen's sons or not.

A hard-fisted trader said, yesterday, "I don't care for the music; I go to the oratorios in the chamber of commerce to see the magnificent audiences." There is hope soon for him, for the poet has well said:
"The soul of music slumbers in the shell,
Till waked and kindled by the masters' spell,
And feeling hearts touch them but rightly, pour
A thousand melodies unheard before."

S. J. BROSIUS, of the firm of Gillihan & Brosius, lawyers, Gallatin, Mo., writes: "Dr. J. H. M'Lean's catarrh snuff for catarrh in nose or throat, sores, pimples on the face or skin, was used by me, my wife and Mrs. Gillihan, and it acted like a charm." Trial boxes 50 cents, by mail. Address: Dr. J. H. M'Lean, St. Louis, Mo.

THE PHENOMENA OF HUMAN LIFE.

Prof. Tyndall's Recent Belfast Address—He Discusses the Laws of Heredity and Evolution—Potentiality and Automatism—Freedom of Will and What is Meant by It.

For the Sunday Appeal.]

Prof. Tyndall has pitched another bomb plump into the camp of the antagonists of evolution—churchmen and positivists—and there is a flutter and a commotion akin to that raised when, in a previous address, he announced the proposition that "matter is all-powerful and all-sufficient," and when Prof. Huxley, in his brilliant vindication, declared, as an inevitable corollary of this theory, that "man is a sentient automaton." In his recent address at Birmingham, as president of the Midland institute, the professor discusses, in his usual lucid, comprehensive and conclusive manner, such questions as these: Is the animal body a machine? What of the hypothesis of a free human soul? Is the will of man free? What is meant by free will? His argument is based strictly upon established, incontrovertible natural law, but in his final conclusions he is led into the presence and discussion of problems which, as usually classified, lie entirely outside the domain of physics—problems to which thoughtful and penetrative minds are now applying those methods of research in physical science which have borne such abundant fruit. In judging of the total scientific achievements of any age, the standpoint of a succeeding age is desirable; but we may transport ourselves in idea into the future, and thus obtain a grasp, more or less complete, of the science of our time; and there can be no doubt, the professor maintains, that posterity will acknowledge, that in the history of science, no higher samples of intellectual conquest are recorded than those which this age has made its own. "The man of to-day is the child and product of incalculable antecedent time. His physical and intellectual textures have been woven for him during his passage through phases of history and forms of existence which lead the mind back to an abysmal past. One of the qualities which he has derived from that past is the yearning to let in the light of principles on the otherwise bewildering flux of phenomena. He has been described by the German Lichtenberg as *das rastlose ursachenthier*—the restless, cause-seeking animal—in whom facts excite a kind of hunger to know the sources from which they spring." Robert Boyle regarded this universe as a machine; Mr. Carlyle prefers regarding it as a tree; he loves the image of the umbrageous Igdrasil better than that of the Strasburg clock; for a machine may be defined as an organism with life and direction outside, while a tree may be defined as an organism with life and direction within. Prof. Tyndall closes with the conception of Carlyle, holding that the order and energy of the universe is inherent—and not imposed from without—the expression of fixed law, and not of arbitrary will, exercised by what Carlyle would call an almighty clockmaker. In one essential particular the two conceptions agree—they equally imply the interdependence and harmonious interaction of parts, the subordination of the individual powers of the universal organism to the working of the whole. Never was this harmony and interdependence so clearly recognized as now; it is not the vague and general insight to which our fathers attained, which was more frequently affirmed by the synthetic poet than by the scientific man. There is no solution of continuity in science. We cannot, however endowed, rise spontaneously into intellectual splendor without the prestige of antecedent thought. Great discoveries grow, and here, as in other cases, we have first the seed, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear. Scientific theories often float like rumors in the air before they receive definite expression; and as regards the connection and interaction of natural forces, pre-natal intimation of modern discoveries and results are strewn through scientific literature. Before Newton's transcendant mathematical genius had raised the law of gravitation to the level of demonstration, notions more or less clear concerning it had been entertained by many minds. Roget and Mohr had partially grasped the deep-lying truth of which Faraday expressed his profound conviction—the unity of Nature—long before Julius Robert Mayer and James Prescott Joule, the two great Pathfinders, had developed and established the great doctrine known as the conservation of energy. This law forms the basis of the theory of the persistence of force and evolution or development, and of the grand cosmical, synthetic philosophy of Mr. Herbert Spencer. The sun warms the tropical ocean, converting a portion of its liquid into vapor, which rises into the air and is recondensed on mountain hights; gravity then comes into effectual play, pulling the showers down upon the hills, and the rivers thus created through their gorges to the sea; every raindrop which smites the mountain produces its definite amount of heat; every river in its course develops heat by the clash of its cataracts and the friction of its bed. If we compare the primitive loss of solar warmth with the heat generated by the condensation of the vapor, and by the subsequent fall of the water from cloud to sea, we shall find that they are mathematically equal to each other. No particle of vapor was formed and lifted without being paid for in the currency of heat; no particle returns as water to the sea without the exact qualitative restitution of that heat. In this inexorable constancy of Nature in maintaining the equivalence of gain and expenditure there is no nook or crevice left for spontaneity to mingle with the pure and necessary play of natural forces. "Has this uniformity of Nature ever been broken? The reply is, 'Not to the knowledge of science.'" This law governs the whole of inorganic nature. What we term the *affections* of matter are attraction, motion, heat, light, electricity, magnetism and chemical affinity. These, by their reaction upon matter, constitute forces—they are all convertible material "affections." Assuming either of these modes of motion as the cause, one of the others will be the effect: thus, heat may be said to produce electricity, electricity produce heat; magnetism to produce electricity, electricity magnetism; and so of the rest. In mechanics the law of equivalence also holds good. The work done, with the mechanical friction induced, is an exact equivalent of the force expended by the gravitation of the volume of water falling upon the water-wheel. No engine, however subtly devised, can evade this law of equivalence, or perform, on its own account, the smallest modicum of work. The machine distributes, but it cannot create. Is, then, the animal body to be classed among machines? We derive the muscle and fat of our bodies from what we eat. Animal heat is due to the slow combustion of this fuel, and for every grain of fuel thus burnt a perfectly definite amount of heat has been produced. No exertion of muscular force can be made without an equivalent expenditure of heat-force, and we must come to the conclusion that the force we employ in such exertion is the force of burning fuel and not of creative will—the will being mediate, not direct—and the body necessarily falls into the category of machines. The matter of the human body is the same as that of the world around us, and here we find the forces of the human body identical with those of inorganic nature. It is an apparatus exquisite and effectual beyond all others in transforming and distributing the energy with which it is supplied, but it possesses no creative power. The food which we appropriate, as so much combustible matter, is first dissolved by purely chemical processes, and the nutritive fluid is then poured into the blood; coming in contact with the oxygen admitted by the lungs, it unites with it as wood or coal might unite with it in a furnace, and the force-products are similar—heat within the body, or heat and work outside the body. Thus far every action of the organism belongs to the domain either of physics or chemistry. The human organism is provided with two sets of nerves—the sensor and motor, or afferent and efferent—the one carrying impressions from the outer world to the brain; the other conveying the behests of the brain to the muscles. Dr. Mayer has pointed out that "neither nerves, nor brain, nor both together, possess the energy necessary to animal motion; but the nerves can unlock an amount of mechanical power stored in the muscles out of all proportion to the work done by the muscles themselves. The nerves pull the trigger, but the gunpowder which they ignite is stored in the muscles." The experiences of common life supply us with copious instances of the liberation of vast stores of muscular power by the infinitesimal "priming" of the muscles by the nerves—a complex mass of action, emotional, intellectual and mechanical, evoked by sensation. But, we may ask, whence the impulse? The professor answers: From the center of the nervous system; but the critical question is, how did it originate there? Do not the phenomena point to the existence of a self within a self, an entity supplementing and directing this mechanism, *a free human soul?* This hypothesis is offered as an explanation or simplification of a series of phenomena more or less obscure, but adequate reflection will show that instead of introducing light into our minds it increases our darkness. We do not in this case explain the unknown in terms of the known, which is the method of science, but we explain the unknown in terms of the more unknown. We here find ourselves face to face with a problem which is the theme at the present moment of profound and subtle controversy. What is the causal connection, if any, between the objective and subjective—between molecular motions and consciousness? Professor Tyndall answers: "I know not, nor have I as yet met anybody who knows. It is no explanation to say that the objective and subjective effects are two sides of one and the same phenomenon. Why should the phenomenon have two sides? This is the very core of the difficulty. There are plenty of molecular motions which do not exhibit this two-sidedness. Does water think or feel when it runs into frost-ferns upon a window-pane? If not, why should the molecular motion of the brain be yoked to this mysterious companion—consciousness? We can present to our minds a coherent picture of the physical process—the stirring of the brain, the thrilling of the nerves, the discharging of the muscles, and all the subsequent mechanical motions of the organism. But we can present no picture of the process whereby consciousness emerges, either as a necessary link or as an accidental by-product of this series of actions. Yet it certainly does emerge—molecular motion produces consciousness." And here other questions arise; "Are the brain and the moral and intellectual processes known to be associated with it—and so far as our experience goes indissolubly associated—subject to the laws which we find paramount in physical nature? Is the will of man, in other words, free, or are it and nature equally 'bound fast in fate?'" Some will regard this notion with terror, while others will have no fear of it. Mr. Carlyle has somewhere said that a belief in destiny is the bias of all earnest minds; Fichte asserts that "it is not Nature, it is freedom itself by which the greatest and most terrible disorders incident to our race are produced. Man is the cruelest enemy of man." Our physical and intellectual textures are woven for us, not by us. Processes in the conduct or regulation of which we had no share have made us what we are. In conformity with the law of evolution, we who are now "foremost in the files of time" must conclude that we have come to the front through almost endless ages of promotion from lower to higher forms of life. From humble beginnings, through the interaction of its members and the storing up of their best qualities, a better one emerged; from this again a better still, until at length, by the integration of infinitesimals through ages of amelioration, we came to be what we are to-day. We of this generation had no conscious share in the production of this grand and beneficent result; and every generation that preceded us had just as little share. This result has been brought about by what we term "accidental variation," the law of heredity, in the passing of which our suffrages were not collected. We do not come into the world as sheets of white paper—the *tabula rasa* of Locke—on which the age can write anything it likes, making us noble or ignoble, famous for stirring qualites of heart and mind, or infamous for the gratification of evil propensities, as the age pleases. The age can stunt, promote, or pervert pre-existent capacities, but it cannot create them. It is as fatal as it is cowardly to blink facts because they are not to our taste. Very many disorders, ghostly and bodily, are transmitted to us by inheritance. In our courts of law, whenever it is a question whether a crime has been committed under the influence of insanity, the best guide the judge and jury can have is derived from the antecedents of the accused. The morality of human nature has not been propped up in the way assumed by our dogmatic teachers. The power which has moulded us thus far has worked with stern tools upon very rigid stuff, and has endowed us with moral constitutions which take pleasure in the noble, the beautiful and the true, just as surely as it has endowed us with sentient organisms which finds aloes bitter and sugar sweet. That power did not work with delusions, nor will it stay its hand when such are removed. Facts rather than dogmas have been its ministers—hunger and thirst, heat and cold, pleasure and pain, sympathy, shame, pride, love, hate, terror, awe—such were the forces the interaction and adjustment of which, during the immeasurable ages of his development, wove the triplex web of man's physical, intellectual and moral nature, and such are the forces that will be effectual to the end. "Does the song of the herald angels, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men,' express the exaltation and the yearning of the human soul, or does it describe an optical and acoustical fact—a visible host and an audible song? If the former, the exaltation and yearning are man's imperishable possession—a ferment long confined to indididuals, but which may by and by become the leaven of the race. If the latter, then belief in the entire transaction is wrecked by non-fulfillment. Look to the east at the present moment as a comment on the promise of peace on earth and goodwill toward men. That promise is a dream dissolved by the experience of eighteen centuries. But though the mechanical theory of a vocal heavenly multitude proves untenable, the immortal song and the feelings it expresses are still ours, to be incorporated, let us hope, in purer and less shadowy forms in the poetry, philosophy, and practice of the future."

QUADRATUS.

For the Appeal.]

IT WAS SO TO BE.

MAX O'RILEY.

He was lean, and lank, and fifty;
She was fat and twenty-three;
He had lands and lots of money,
Nary dollar she.

He was dainty and dyspeptic,
She was all that health could be,
He enjoyed the lightest diet,
Stronger victuals she.

He was single, loveless, lonely,
She was fair and fancy-free,
He was looking for a darling,
Mints of money she.

He proposed and she accepted,
(Wise ones said 'twas so to be.)
They were married. Were they happy?
"Much," said she.

First a difference rose at table.
He had ordered toast and tea,
Crackers light and graham gruel;
"Mutton chops," said she.

"Bills for dress, and bills for bonnets,
Bills will ruin me," said he.
"Can't afford to pay them longer."
"Such is life," said she.

With other men she talked and lingered,
Laughed and joked in pleasantry;
He grew angry-eyed and jealous.
"Only friends," said she.

She grew fast, and he grew furious;
A suit in court, and they were free,
While the knowing looked and whispered—
"It was so to be."

The Theatrical People who Began Life in Printing-Offices.

New York *Sun:* "Printers!" did you say, remarked Mr. Stuart Robson inquiringly of the *Sun* reporter, a few nights ago, as he was on his way to a Boston train. "Why, my dear boy, all our leading actors have worked with the stick and rule at the case. It's the most natural thing in the world for printers to become actors and for writers and players to rub elbows together."

"How do you reason out your theory?"

"Setting type is composition. A printer couldn't write an ungrammatical sentence if he tried. So with writers. Writing is but another word for acting. Both are the literature of thought, if you will allow the expression. It's art; and it's the most natural thing in the world, I should fancy, for printers to drift from the case to the stage or the editorial sanctum."

"Who of the actors of the present day are printers by trade?"

"Let me see," said Mr. Robson, musingly. "There's J. H. Stoddard, one of our best old men; he was a typo, and a good one, too. Then there's Montague, of Wallack's; one wouldn't think to see him bowling up Fifth avenue behind his span of bang-tail thoroughbreds that he was a printer."

"Is that so?" queried the reporter. "I heard that he was in some way connected with a nobleman, and that he had the exceptional advantages of good surroundings and a university education."

"You've been misinformed, my boy. Montague, the gallant that half Murray Hill is breaking its heart over, was a type-setter on the London *Era*, and that at not a very remote period, either. Then, there's Harry Crisp and Lawrence Barrett; both were printers. Barrett had an humble origin, but he had been studious, and is now one of the best read men in the profession. John Moore, of the Fifth Avenue theater, is another typo. Joe Jefferson, the best actor of modern times, once earned his bread at the case. So did that capital comedian, W. H. Crane; so did William Warren, of Boston, and Charles Burke, of Philadelphia. Of dead actors who achieved world-wide fame, William E. Burton and James W. Wallack, jr., belonged to the craft. John Parselle was a compositor; so was your humble servant, but I think I was a better printer than I am an actor. I believe Neil Bryant was a flyboy; and I am sure Barney Williams was one. Steve Fiske, of the Fifth Avenue theater, had something to do with newspapers, but I am not certain that he was ever employed in a composing-room. Theodore Hamilton, another good actor, was a 'sub.' printer for years. I had almost forgotten Charles Fisher. He used to stick type like a race-horse. Not long ago he told me that he went into a printing-office for the first time in thirty years. He said he found the situation of all the boxes readily, except the receptacle for the interrogation marks, and that 'wanted to know what the mischief I was doing there?'"

Chicago is to receive a noble bequest from the estate of Allen C. Lewis, lately deceased. He directed that his property, now estimated to be worth six hundred and fifty thousand dollars, shall be allowed to accumulate until it amounts to eight hundred thousand dollars. A building is then to be put up, at a cost of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and the name of the Lewis institute is to be attached to it. This building will be used at first for a free library and reading-room; it will contain also a school of the practical arts, such as telegraphy, and a school for the instruction of women in the branches of industry that may be adapted to assist them in gaining their livelihood. When the condition of the property will permit, a polytechnic school for instruction in engineering, applied chemistry, etc., will be opened. The will provides that the bequest shall take effect in 1885, if the accumulations do not reach eight hundred thousand dollars before that time.

THE COMPROMISE.

Letters from Congressmen Atkins, Whitthorne and House—Wise Counsel from Three of Tennessee's Best Representative Men.

Governor Porter has received the following letters from Congressmen Atkins, Whitthorne and House, with regard to the State debt:

FROM HON. J. D. C. ATKINS.
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., November 16, 1877.
Governor James D. Porter:

MY DEAR SIR—I have, ever since I saw your proclamation convening the legislature of Tennessee in extraordinary session, intended writing to you, but my engagements thus far have precluded the opportunity. And even now I have only the time to extend my congratulations upon the prospect of the adjustment of our public debt. I do not hesitate to say that were I a member of the legislature, I should promptly accept by my vote the proposition of the holders of the Tennessee bonds, to reduce the face of the public debt forty per cent., thus relieving Tennessee tax-payers of about ten million dollars. Tennessee can honorably accept, but cannot afford, in my judgment, to make propositions for the reduction of her public debt. I trust the legislature will make itself memorable by being instrumental in bringing this relief to the people. Faithfully yours, J. D. C. ATKINS.

FROM HON. W. C. WHITTHORNE.
WASHINGTON CITY, November 15, 1877.
His Excellency, James D. Porter, Governor, etc.:

DEAR SIR—I am in receipt of a copy of your proclamation convening the legislature in extra session. Permit me to say, as one of your constituents and fellow-citizens, that I am glad you have done so. The financial troubles of our State should be solved, and the sooner done the better it will be, in my opinion, for every interest of the State. The basis of adjustment submitted is one that our people can honorably accept, and, however desirable lower terms might be, in view of their distressed condition, yet I am fully persuaded from your own patriotic action and that of the able legislative committee—conferees with the bondholders—it is the best attainable proposition, and therefore one that should be accepted at once. With restored financial credit, Tennessee becomes an inviting field to labor and capital, and soon, in renewed and increased wealth, will rank with the first States in the Union, and stand the peer of the best in the prosperity and happiness of her citizens, a result I am sure you desire by your administration of the State government to aid in achieving. Wishing you success therein, I am, respectfully, yours.

W. C. WHITTHORNE.

FROM HON. JOHN F. HOUSE.
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., November 19, 1877.

DEAR SIR—I have intended for several days to express to you my gratification on reading your proclamation convening the legislature in extraordinary session on the fifth proximo. The settlement of our State debt on a basis satisfactory to our creditors and our people is a consummation that every one must desire who values the welfare and honor of our State. It is evident that something should be done. We cannot afford to stand still. The debt is increasing all the while, and at no distant day, if let alone to grow, will assume proportions fearful to contemplate. Unless we mean to repudiate the debt outright, which I do not believe our people wish to do, it seems to me that there can be no two opinions upon the soundness of the proposition that the sooner we act the better it will be for us, unless, indeed, it can be shown that the larger the debt becomes the more easy its honest and honorable adjustment will be. I trust, and will not allow myself to doubt, that when our representatives assemble, they will approach the question with a determination to solve the problem worthy of the gravity of the situation. No legislature ever assembled in Tennessee has been called on to face a graver responsibility. I hope the question will be met as becomes men and Tennesseans. If I were a member of the legislature, and our creditors should make a proposition to settle our debts on a basis of sixty cents in the dollar, I would not hesitate a moment between accepting such an offer and the ruinous policy of doing nothing, and suffering the debt to drift on to our posterity, growing in volume every year. Respectfully and truly your friend,

JOHN F. HOUSE.
Hon. James D. Porter, Nashville, Tennessee.

CHICAGO

Can't See the Propriety of Hon. Casey Young's Levee Bill—The Coolbaugh Suicide—The Last Big Fire—Bank Failures, Etc.

From an Occasional Correspondent of the Appeal.]

CHICAGO, November 22.—It is only a few weeks since Chicago was severely shocked, not by the earthquake which shook up the towns near the Missouri river, but by a mental or moral blow for which Memphis is responsible; that is, if Memphis is responsible for Mr. Casey Young, for that gentleman presented the bill asking an appropriation from the government for the levees, and Chicago couldn't stand it. The Chicago *Times* said the bill looked harmless, but entreated the people not to be deluded. We were to believe that it was not the innocent sheep it looked, but a disguised wolf. The Chicago *Tribune* thought the whole thing looked suspicious because the southern delegates knew what they wanted. And besides all this, what business has the government to turn its attention to any other subject until it is decided where the back door of the Chicago postoffice shall be located? You know we cannot stand such nonsense as that from Washington. I suppose it is a duty which we owe ourselves to oppose such an appropriation; if we were less virtuous in that way, I think we could not help looking upon Mr. Young's bill as a grand plan for developing a magnificent portion of our country. If the plan could be carried into effect, we would not only have sugar enough to sweeten our own tea, but have some to spare for our cousins across the water. The cotton crop would not, as now, go floating out to sea on its own responsibility, and corn nod its tasseled tops above a devastating flood. Perhaps we would miss a picturesque scene of houses floating off their foundations, carrying with them the terrified inhabitants who had lost not only their property, but were in danger of losing their lives. A great commerce which belongs in the very nature of things to the father of waters would spring up, and a brisk interchange of commodities from the tropical productions of the south to the wheat and lumber of the north would take place, while a great part of it would float comfortably out over Captain Eads's jetties and seek foreign markets. But Chicago, seated down by the lake, has spun her webs like a great spider, and intends to draw in all the little flies which are basking around in the outside sunshine. The Mississippi levee appropriation interferes with her parlor "fixins." "Hence these tears." But we are not altogether unmindful of our own affairs, and have cried over the tragical death of our great financier, who found it more difficult to manage two or three families than one bank. He had one family who belonged to society and to the church, and another which did not belong to either, but kept constantly coming to the surface in a very annoying way. None of the etiquette books give instructions for conduct in such cases, though some rules would be gratefully received by many of our prominent men. Therefore Mr. Coolbaugh cut the knot which he could not untie by blowing his brains out with a gilt-edged revolver. It was to be expected that a man who had such extensive family relations would be largely lamented, but that the churches and all the people should have gone into half mourning was a christian and social phenomenon hard to understand. Funeral eulogies, flowers and elaborate grief seemed inappropriate tributes for a suicide, for such a cause. In the midst of this sensation we had another, in the flames which destroyed Field & Leiter's superb dry goods house. Their insurance covered a greater part of the loss, but what a pity the poor people could not have given their old rags for the bonfire and have been comfortably clothed for the winter. I watched the flames as they leaped, like living demons, around the ornamented cornice and sculptured facade, casting a lurid glow on the sky and spreading an unearthly pallor over the multitude of gazers; it was a spectacle which had many of the elements of horror in its grandeur. The firemen fought their enemy like heroes. I can never forget their smoke-blackened, active figures, as they constantly appeared in the places of the greatest danger. One man was killed, and several were wounded. I found one of the poor fellows a day or two afterward; he had been well taken care of by Field, Leiter & Co., and especially by his companions. His talk was all of what the "boys" had accomplished, and how well they had managed it. He had received his own dislocated shoulder in shielding a companion from a stick of falling timber, but his wife, a bright-looking young woman, whispered to me that it would never do to mention *that* to him. The boys were all like brothers to him, and there was no service that he needed which they had not rendered. I came away from their little three-roomed house glad that I had paid the visit, for the example of devotion, courage and kind-heartedness was one that warmed the heart and renewed a faith in human nature; and surely we need strengthening in that sort of faith, for the newsboys are now calling in the streets, "full account of the bank failure." This time it is the Third national that has "gone up." Old Mr. Blair of the Merchants national, who has weathered more storms than any other banker in the city, thinks it is not a financial crisis, but an individual matter with the bank. By the way, it was Blair who opposed Coolbaugh's financial blunder several years ago, and when the old gentleman takes any special stand in banking matters events generally prove he is right. He is rather a small man, quite ordinary looking, and slow of speech, but he is not a figure-head, and what he says is sure. It is said that the South park, the county commissioners and Coolbaugh were the combining causes which conspired to ruin the Third national. But coming to a pleasanter theme: This afternoon I had an hour's conversation with Madame Pappenheim, the great prima donna, the successor of Tietjens. She was as entertaining to me off the stage as she was on it, for her simple, unaffected conversation betrayed the true woman, as her wonderful voice and magnificent acting marked the true artist. She spoke of her own life in Vienna, her natural love for her art, her *debut* at seventeen, in *The Hugenots*, and her various trials in tragedy with quiet enthusiasm. She is undoubtedly the greatest artist in histrionic art that has been in the west in many years, and she is greeted by an appreciated public.

DRIFT.

For the Sunday Appeal.]

MY BABY.

MAMA.

Sweet cherub, blessed baby mine!
Her name—what shall it be?
Ah, yes, a pretty name I'll give—
I'll call her Mabel Lee.

Her little arms and hands so soft,
And sweet as sweet can be;
The roses are not brighter than
The cheeks of Mabel Lee.

Her "coos" and "crows" like echoes fall;
They whisper low to me,
And Mama's heart gives love for love
To baby Mabel Lee.

Her eyes are like the sparkling gems,
And when they rest on me
I can but own there's none so sweet
As darling Mabel Lee.

When sweetly sleeping on my breast
A smile I often see,
Maybe an angel touched the lips
Of little Mabel Lee.

I kiss and clasp her to my heart,
And thankful ever be
To Him who gave the little one—
My blue-eyed Mabel Lee.

NOVEMBER 25, 1877.

A Hard Case.

New York *Herald:* A boy thirteen years of age, whose parents reside in this city, had an aversion to going to school, and persisted in playing the truant. His mother, properly desirous that the child should receive education, and thinking to give him a lesson that would secure a change in his conduct, made a complaint against him for truancy before Judge Murray, who sent him to the house of refuge. After a short time, believing the boy to have been sufficiently punished, the mother applied for his release, but to her amazement and grief found that, under the law, he would be detained at the house of refuge until he was twenty-one years of age. The parents yesterday made application to Judge Lawrence, petitioning the court that their child might be restored to them, the father claiming that the mother had acted without his knowledge or consent in obtaining the commitment. Judge Lawrence reserved his decision. It is unjust that the law should compel the detention of the boy from his parents for seven years. Such a statute would be a disgrace to humanity. A mother might be willing enough to part with her child for a short time in order to break up any bad habits he might have contracted, but it is not natural that she should consent to lose him until he grew to be a man. Besides, the very act of the woman in having the firmness and courage to part with the boy for his own good, and the affection which now prompts her to plead so earnestly for his restoration to her arms, proves that in this case at least the child will have a better and more useful guardianship at home than in a semi penal institution.

A Man who Saw a Mule Die.

Virginia (Nev.) *Chronicle:* "Ain't it a curious thing that nobody ever sees a mule die?" remarked an old teamster in Gumbert & Webber's saloon. "No man living ever saw a mule die, I s'pose?"

Thus remarked Mr. Daniels, lighting a fresh cigar: "In 1850 I was mining on the south fork of the Yuba, and it came my turn to cook for my gang. We took turns each week, you know. Well, I was going to show how economical I could run the commissary. I went and bought a peck of dried apples; they were all stuck together in a lump, but I got 'em jammed into the pot, poured in some water, and started the fire. Presently a few of 'em began to rise up to the top of the pot, and so I skimmed 'em off and put 'em in a pan. Pretty soon some more bulged up, and I skimmed them off and put 'em in the pan. The first thing I knew, after I had skimmed that blasted pot for awhile, I had to get another pan, and then another, and by the time I'd got four pans heaped up full, dang my skin if there wasn't more apples in the pan there was in the pot. That is, I thought so at the time. I kept getting more pans and buckets and lard cans, and all the while plumb scared to death for fear some of the boys would come in and see how extravagant I was, for I had been blowin' on how cheap I could run the mess. The blasted apples still kept a-comin' out of the pot. I put some papers out on the floor and covered 'em with fruit, and, by Jove, the place looked like a Santa Clara fruit-drying establishment, and the pot was still bilin' full."

"What has that got to do with a mule dyin'?"

"Wait a minute, I'm comin' to the mule. Finally I got desperate and dumped over twelve bushels of the apples back of the cabin, behind a tree. In about an hour I heard a devil of a noise and ran out. What do you suppose I found? Why, a four-hundred dollar mule kickin' in the agonies of death. The apples were all gone; the mule nearly so. He was swelled up like a balloon, and the first thing I knew he busted. Pledge my word, gentlemen, he exploded like a giant-powder blast, and brought the whole camp to the place. I kept still; they could not find the mule, and it cost 'em ten dollars to advertise a reward for him in the Sacramento *Union*. About two weeks afterwards they caught a couple of greasers hanging round, and they put it up that they stole the mule, so they hung 'em. I was there, but did not say a word for fear the boys would find out how extravagant I had run the commissary. Let's have something."

Silk Stockings and Short Socks.

Rev. Miss Smith was the pastor of a congregation at Edgerton, Wisconsin. She had preached a year or more, and was called learned and eloquent. She also possessed feminine attractions to a degree that made her a favorite among the young men worshipers of her church, and may have excited the envy of the fair sisters of the flock and the jealousy of some. But no word of blame was ever breathed against Rev. Miss Smith's private character. She was powerful in the pulpit and spotless at home. If there was a suspicion that the worship and the hate of some members of the congregation were not directed toward the legitimate objects, that was no fault of the ecclesiastical Portia. She could not help the adoration of the younger men, or the sentiments of the young women, if they regarded her with more aversion than they did the enemy of all souls. She preached a sermon last winter, entitled, "Will there be Daisies in the Future World?" which was published in pamphlet form, and the local newspapers called it "a masterly discussion of a theme of transcendent importance to the inquiring soul." She made a ministerial hit, and nobody inquired why daisies more than lilies or sunflowers or roses with their attendant thorns? The sermon was satisfactory, and so was the sermonizer, so far as preaching went. But an accident lately occurred to Rev. Miss Smith, which added the weight of its argument to prove the unfitness of women for the pulpit. The other Sunday morning she entered the church and moved gracefully through the congregation while the choir was singing. She tripped lightly up the stairs, which were covered with spotless white. About half way up, in full view of the admiring eyes, a small scarlet band with a nickel-plated clasp dropped from her person. It glowed like a red-hot iron circlet on the white cloth of the stairs. Whether it had been fastened insecurely, or whether the clasp was defective, the world will never know. The eyes of the congregation were charmed and riveted to the stairs. The old men adjusted their glasses inquiringly, the young men gazed in rapt amase, and the women were confused by various conflicting sentiments. It was sensational. Seeing the good people flustered, one old man thought he could venture to remove the cause of confusion without being misconstrued, but a sharp-eyed old woman who sat by him remonstrated: "Deacon Smedly, don't you dare to touch it." He dared not, and sank submissive in his seat. The sermon went on, but nobody heard it, in the face of the argument that women are unfitted for the pulpit. Sermon over, Rev. Miss Smith discovered her loss and pocketed the disaster. The theme was warmly discussed in Edgerton. The women had a chance to put in their work, and their tongues were unusually lively. They even hinted that so called accidents sometimes happen on purpose, and that a female minister ought to be ashamed to set an example of extravagance in dress. They had no mercy on their minister. They did not give her the benefit of a doubt. They did not recollect or did not know the motto of the "Garter." Rev. Miss Smith was so disgusted with the whole business that she resigned her pastorate and left Edgerton to its unregenerated fate. The better and more enlightened class of Edgerton society do not blame Miss Smith, but they unite in the conclusion that that kind of an accident could not have happened to a masculine minister in this era of short socks, and they vote Miss Smith's case as evidence that nature has not designed women for the ministry, and as an illustration of what may at any time spoil a sermon, and impair the usefulness of a woman pastor. Henceforth they are going in for masculine ministers and short socks.

LUCY.

Interesting Letter from and Concerning the Prosperity of this Attractive Suburban Village—Prominent Citizens—Very Good Schools, Etc.

From an Occasional Correspondent of the Appeal.]

LUCY, November 23.—The proverbial modesty which has hitherto maintained silence in regard to our suburb is about to be broken, and without the touch of the disease which you editors call *cacoethes scribendi*, with your permission your "Occasional" begs a small corner to say something about Lucy station, and to announce it an aspirant for some slight consideration of all whom it may concern hereafter. Our young and hopeful town is situated thirteen miles from Memphis, on the Paducah railroad, which enables everybody to visit your city in the morning and return on the evening of the same day, the cars running regularly from Covington to Memphis, and from Memphis to Covington, morning and evening, meeting at this place. Without any pretensions, a few facts will show superior advantages for suburban prosperity and convenience. In the first place, our town is in the center of the very best agricultural region in West Tennessee; the lands are rich and undulating, and therefore exceedingly productive. These inducements early attracted the attention of a large number of our most enterprising citizens, who literally fulfill the scriptural injunction of earning their "bread by the *sweat of their face.*" I venture the assertion that no citizens are more cordially welcomed to the officers of your merchants than the Wards, Wynnes, Goldsbys, Peytons, Douglasses, Remberts, Duncans, Batemans, etc., who are now developing the agricultural resources of the Big Creek region round about Lucy station. Nor is the town of Lucy without many attractive features. Though of but few years growth there are now four superb stores, with assortments sufficient for the demands of the surrounding country. In full and successful operation are a grist and saw-mill, with a steam gin of somewhat marvelous capacity, for a few days ago, by the watch, it ginned a five hundred pound-bale in thirty-nine minutes, Esquire Williams holding the chronometer. From the lettering I see the engine is called the "Clipper," manufactured by the Taylor manufacturing company; costing but six hundred and fifty dollars, while the gin is of the Avery manufacture, built in Memphis. The engine and gin were started to work by that most-worthy citizen, Mr. Widrig, who, I suppose, is agent for both the engine and gin companies, as he is putting up several in the vicinity. The one erected here is for Theo. Mazee and Bernard Martin, two of our most enterprising citizens. From the engines are heard the best reports, rendering it certain that horse muscles will in a short time be entirely superseded by those inexpensive powers. In locality no place in West Tennessee is the superior of Lucy. Within half a mile of the depot are six or seven springs of never-failing waters, discharging from fifty to two hundred thousand gallons each of pure cold water every twenty-four hours, while at the same time there is not a marsh within three miles of the town. The last, but not least, attraction of Lucy is one of the best schools in the county. A small school was commenced last spring with but few students, with several others in the country under the public school patronage, the school at Lucy receiving no benefit from the public fund, and now every other school within six miles has closed, the students now going to the school rendering it necessary to temporarily rent an additional building for the accommodation of the sudden increase of scholars, and the saw-mill is now engaged sawing the bill of lumber for the erection of one of the largest and best appointed schoolrooms in the country. Premises considered (as a lawyer would say), are we not authorized to say, "rah" for Lucy?

CIVIS.

Scribner, for November.]

INDIAN SUMMER.

J. P. IRVINE.

At last the toil-encumbered days are over,
And airs of noon are mellow as the morn;
The blooms are brown upon the seeding clover,
And brown the silks that plume the ripening corn.

All sounds are hushed of reaping and of mowing;
The winds are low; the waters lie uncurled;
Nor thistle-down nor gassamer is flowing,
So lull'd in languid indolence the world.

And vineyards wide and farms along the valley
Are mute amid the vintage and the sheaves,
Save round the barns the noise of rout and sally
Among the tenant-masons of the eaves.

Afar the upland glades are flecked in dapples
By flocks of lambs a-gambol from the fold;
And orchards bend beneath their weight of apples,
And groves are bright in scarlet and in gold.

But hark! I hear the pheasant's muffled drumming,
The turtle's murmur from a distant dell,
A drowsy bee in mazy tangles humming,
The fair, faint, tinkling tenor of a bell.

And now, from yonder beach-trunk, shear and sterile,
The rat-tat of the yellow-hammer's bill,
The sharp, staccato barking of the squirrel,
A dropping nut, and all again is still.

Incidents of the Montreal Earthquake.

Montreal *Gazette:* Lights suddenly appeared in all directions as frightened people sprang from their beds and sought light as to the cause of the shaking, while not a few found the front door, startling the already half-dazed policeman with their white face and whiter wrapper. These cases were few, however, as one had scarcely time to mark the effect of the shock or gather his frightened wits before all was again quiet, and he fell asleep wondering what had disturbed his slumbers. The night clerk of the Ottawa hotel was looking at the clock, when he suddenly felt the hotel commence to sway and then settle down to a tremulous movement. The St. Lawrence hotel employes also experienced some unpleasant sensations, and bells rang, while one or two carters' horses started like maddened Arabs up St. James street, carrying with them their still more frightened drivers. The Queen's statue in Victoria square swayed her sceptre for once, and seemed to the astonished policeman on duty there beckoning the Bonaventure block to fall upon him and wipe him out of existence. He reached the center of the Victoria square and surveyed the statue from a seat on the curb of the fountain. In the vicinity of Beaver hall in many residences bells were rung, and doors closed fast were thrown open with a violent swing, while the church-steeples seemed nodding to to the stars good morning. Nelson's monument swayed, and the astonished carters on the stand, located at each side of its base, stood from under, fearing that the aged hero was bent upon interviewing them. A volunteer officer, who keeps the *sabre de mon pere* suspended over his couch, found that the earthquake had turned the sword upside down. The son of Mars would have slept on, however, had not the sword-blade been shaken from the scabbard, and, falling across his nose, dinted the bridge thereof as cleverly as if it had been done to order. In several cases sleepy servants answered door-bells, too drowsy to feel the vibration, and fancying that the milkman had come rather early in the morning. One gentleman, a resident of St. Urbain street, was awakened by the maneuvres of the house cat, who jumped on the bed and left her trail upon his chin and forehead. Startled at this occurrence, he had scarcely time to lift a boot when the earthquake commenced.

Emigrating to Alabama.

The London correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* makes the following statement: "English capital and English people are going to Alabama, induced by the large English interests in the railways of that State. A very comprehensive programme looking to the transport of families hence to the railway lands of Alabama is being publicly presented here. Already many persons well to do in the world are leaving unprofitable ventures in England, where stagnation, strikes and prejudice are doing most dangerous work, and are on their way to the rich lands, both mineral and agricultural, of Alabama. This is but the initial step in a grand revived march of emigration to America which the coming year will witness. As of American manufacturerss, so I say of American lands—let honesty prevail and profits will follow."

The Machinery of Reform.

Good sense, sound policy, and correct action are included in the following utterance of the Louisville *Courier-Journal:* "Thorough common-school education implies mental discipline, a brain in order and prepared for intellectual effort. Qualified teachers are therefore a necessity for white and colored schools, and qualified teachers and abundant school accommodations must be furnished by the people of this State if they do not want branded upon them Carlyle's "They have a torch for burning, but no hammer for building." If we do not apply new remedies we must expect new evils. Reform, like charity, must begin at home. Society's character is determined by that of the individuals composing it. Individual character must therefore be reformed. There is no better way to do it than to begin with the children. The common school provides the machinery."

Love Out Toward the Setting Sun.

Washita (Kansas) *Herald:* They were leaning on the balustrade of the bridge, looking into the water. He had a hand like a palm-leaf fan, an ear like a pickle dish, and no collar. She had a foot like a center-table and no teeth. They were cooing. He cooed first, and in a tone as gentle and musical as a Kansas zephyr, he said: "Nancy, just as soon as I sell my potaters I'm goin' to claim you fur better or fur wus." Then she cooed, and with the customary shrewdness that women are wont to display in emergencies, she queried in a soft, sweet monotone: "Buck, what air taters fetchin' in the stores now?" And thus did they coo till it got too cool.

WAYWARD WAYNE.

United States Marshal Crittenden's Details of Lawlessness in Wayne and Other Counties in Kentucky.

LOUISVILLE, November 23.—The following information was related to a reporter to-day by Colonel Crittenden, United States marshal of Kentucky: The deputy-marshal went to Wayne county two weeks ago, and shortly after his arrival arrested two men, charged with violating the internal revenue laws, and lodged his prisoners in the county jail, at Monticello, to await trial. On the night of the fifteenth instant thirty men went to the sheriff and forced him to open the jail and deliver to them the two prisoners. On the night of the eighteenth instant another mob came to the jail and demanded the jailer to release from custody and deliver over to them one John Lovelace, who was also charged with violating the revenue laws. The prisoner had on the day previous appeared before the United States commissioner, J. W. Tuttle, and given bond for his appearance the following morning, but on the night of the eighteenth instant, having met this mob in town, Lovelace left with them and did not appear for trial, thereby forfeiting his bond. A few days before these occurrences the mob went to the residence of Granville Brummitt, in Wayne county, and taking him from his house severely whipped him, and threatened him with death if he ever again dared to assist the United States marshal in the performance of his duty, and the latter being afraid to longer remain in that vicinity left for Boyle county. William Cox, another valuable assistant of the marshal, was also taken out and whipped by the mob, and was obliged to leave the county to save his life. On the eighteenth instant United States Commissioner Tuttle was grossly insulted and abused by a mob, and was compelled to leave his house. Wayne county is on the Tennessee line, and it is said that men are in the habit of violating the laws and then running into that State. The parties connected with the release of the prisoners and of baulking the marshal's assistants will no doubt be caught up with before many days, as the United States authorities in this district are not in the habit of allowing their officers to be outraged and thus defied. Many of the mob are members of the moonshine fraternity.

Wrong Ideas from the Chromo.

Burlington *Hawkeye:* We are obliged to the New Century art publication company for one of their exquisite chromos, but we feel compelled to return it with the request that they send us some less elaborate study in its stead. This scene, "Autumn Scenes on American Farms," is beautiful enough, the atmosphere is marked with a rare transparency, the foreground is a marvelous copy of nature, the perspective is perfect, the high light, middle tint and background are all good, the drawing is accurate, and the coloring delicate and natural, and we will say the other things about it when the company sends us the other art slang. But we cannot hang it up in our house. We have a son, who will in all probability be raised in the city, and we cannot, without doing violence to the feelings of a father, permit the hope and staff of our declining years to grow up, and by constant study of that picture, fall into the belief that American farmers, in tight boots and claw-hammer coats, and their wives and daughters in princesse dresses and valenciennes lace and kid slippers, go out in the autumn with a pair of blooded horses and a basket phaeton, and gather blood-red and golden yellow apples off the same tree, glowing in all the flaming splendor of the autumn glorified maple. Take back your picture and give us a David and Goliah, with green grass and red blood. Don't put in much grass, but pile on the blood.

A Five and a Half Million Award to Great Britain.

HALIFAX, November 23.—The fishery commission gave their decision to-day, awarding to Great Britain five and a half million dollars. It was a majority award, President DeFarz and Sir A. T. Galt agreeing, and Judge Kellogg, the United States commissioner, dissenting.

MEDICAL.

AN OPEN LETTER
TO THE PUBLIC.

NEW YORK, October 1, 1877.

I have devoted twenty years of patient study to the Liver and its relations to the human body, in search of a remedy which would restore it, when diseased, to its normal condition. The result of that labor has been the production of
TUTT'S LIVER PILLS.
Their popularity has become so extended, and the demand so great, as to induce unscrupulous parties to counterfeit them, thereby robbing ME of the reward, and the afflicted of their virtues.
TO CAUTION THE PUBLIC,
and protect them from vile impositions I have adopted a new label, which bears my trade-mark and notice of its entry in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, also my signature, thus:
W. H. Tutt, M. D.
☞ TO COUNTERFEIT THIS IS FORGERY. ☜
Before purchasing, examine the label closely.
THE GENUINE TUTT'S PILLS
exert a peculiar influence on the system. Their action is prompt, and their good effects are felt in a few hours. A quarter of a century of study of the Liver has demonstrated that it exerts a greater influence over the system than any other organ of the body, and when diseased the entire organism is deranged. It is especially for the healing of this vital organ that I have spent so many years of toil, and having found the remedy, which has proved the greatest boon ever furnished the afflicted, shall they be deprived of the benefits, and a vile imitation imposed upon them?
LET THE HONEST PEOPLE OF AMERICA SEE TO IT THAT THEY ARE NOT DEFRAUDED. Scrutinize the label closely; see that it bears all the marks above mentioned, and buy the medicine only from respectable dealers. It can be found everywhere. Very respectfully,
W. H. TUTT.

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