PHIS APPEAL
BY
LAWAY & KEATING.

Description, Daily & Weekly

DAILY:

Month, by mail	$ 1 00
Year, by mail	10 00
Months, by mail	5 00
Week, in city	25
Month, in city	1 10

WEEKLY:

Year	$2 00
Months	1 25

Rates of Advertising.

Description, per square	$1 00
First insertions, per square	50

Eight lines solid nonpareil makes one square, and ten lines make one inch.

Notices are twenty cents per line first insertion, and ten cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

Obituaries and Marriage notices, Funeral notices and Resolutions, are charged at regular rates.

We will not accept any advertisement to follow reading matter.

To Contributors and Correspondents.

All communications upon subjects of general interest, but such must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

We will not return rejected communications.

Specimen copies sent free of charge.

Our mail-books are kept by postoffices, and not by individual names.

In ordering papers changed from one postoffice to another, the names of both postoffices should be given.

All letters, communications, or anything else for the APPEAL, should be addressed

GALLAWAY & KEATING,
P. C. GALLAWAY, } 282 Second street.
J. M. KEATING, } Memphis, Tenn.

PHIS APPEAL

: JANUARY 6, 1878.

r Mayor.
N JOHNSON.

FACTOR IN MOD-
RATURE.

not undertake to say, lest some of the Celestials, who claim the invention of almost everything, except the railroad and telegraph, might come forward and say that five thousand years before Confucius, a "heathen Chinee" was already writing a novel, Certain it is that this story-telling world have known it from time immemorial. Even before mankind had learned to perpetuate testimony by writing, tales of fiction were like story—and in fact closely interwoven with—handed down from sire to son. There were people in old Hellas who knew and could recite the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* from memory. The great *Niebelungen Lied* of Germany was transmitted orally for centuries, and so were the *Sagas* of Scandinavia and the English and Scotch legendary ballads. But the novel of the Aryan-Caucasian literature, although undoubtedly the child and successor of these old works of fiction, is of comparatively modern growth. To Italy undoubtedly belongs the honor of having given the world the first novelist. That entertaining writer, Boccacio, led the way with his *Decameron*, a work which is as amusing and instructive now, almost, as it was five hundred years ago. Of his immediate successors and imitators, but little is known, simply because their works were not solid enough to stand either criticism or the test of popularity, who lived at the time and were read and admired by their contemporaries, is now looked upon as lost. England, the novel only dates from the accession of Queen Anne, when Defoe gave to the world his *Pamela*, which the advance guard of the coming writer than any other writer, Henry Fielding, to-wit, Henry Fielding, of New Jersey, he called the father of the novel. Richardson, of Michigan, whose *Tom Jones* has 77½ pages, succeeding writers, 34½, do. 59½. St. P. variety of characters, and Wyoming's book, been so adapted to "Tom Jones." "Squire Bantam," "Squire Weston," "Sophia," "Partridge," "Grim," "Square," "Partridge" "Jackum" are all lifelike pictures of the customs of Old England fully described. In this respect *Joseph Andrews*, Fielding's work, is inferior to *Tom Jones*, although it introduces of "Amelia" and "Parson Adams" well pictured. Smollett comes with his *Roderick Random*, 7½; Peregrine Pickle of the book has great-specific merit. In this respect all novels of the period offend alike. Dean Swift, 76; *Gulliver's Travels* are marred by it, nature. Johnson's works, once so popular, Central, this cause. Mrs. Rat-cliffe, 36¾; *Udolpho* is a better and 15; Terrence has therefore also kept Alton, it was reserved to 100; Otto effect a desired reLacks that a pure work of fiction and taste and morality, and lessons could be written. Richardson's *Clarissa* is as popular to-day Pacific of George III, and will reign the English language shall Thomas H. Benton declared in the senate that he read it once and there are thousands who laying it aside, read it over again and even profit. Daniel Defoe remains though writers of fiction novelists, but their *Robinson Crusoe*, *Pilgrim's Progress* are for all time to come. The century witnessed a new department of well-writing. Hitherto these works attempted to describe social life, but Walter Scott boldly and successfully undertook to portray history. A French critic forcibly said of him: "*Quel historien eût-il été romancier; quel romancier s'il écrit l'histoire.* (What a historian he would be if he writes romance; what a romancer when he writes history.) Sir Walter was Scotch to the backbone. The following passage from *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* gives us a true insight into the man's character:

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand?

O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood;
Land of the mountain and the flood.

Scotland with him was the first consideration. He glorified her in verse and in prose, and from him the world learned more of the history of North Britain, from the days of Wallace down to those of Charles Edward, the Pretender, than from any other writer. Sir Walter found hosts of imitators—for the book-world was inundated by a tidal wave of historical novels—but none ever approached him, none equaled him. Mr. Bulwer's novels, mainly describing London life—the Tower, Alsatia, the Temple, Westminster and the City—are meritorious productions, but they lack the Attic salt of the Waverley novels. With Scott ends the list of the older novelists, and we come closer to our own times—to Bulwer, Disraeli, Dickens and Thackeray—a quartette of writers whose works are of cotemporaneous nature, and who were all writers of great merit. Only Disraeli is living; the others have crossed the great river into shadow-land. *Pelham*, *Night and Morning*, *Eugene Aram* and *The Caxtons* will perpetuate Bulwer's name. *Vivian Gray* made Disraeli known to the world over forty years ago, while of Dickens's voluminous writings we will only mention *The Pickwick Papers*, *Dombey and Son* and *Nicholas Nickleby* as books of a more than transient popularity. *Vanity Fair* and *Pendennis* will insure to Thackeray posthumous fame. The sea and the British navy found a chronicler in Captain Marryatt, whose *Jacob Faithful*, *Midshipman Easy* and *Peter Simple* yet amuse thousands of readers. Ireland received in Charles Lever and Samuel Lover, two skillful painters of Milesian life and eccentricity, and *Jack Hinton* and *Rory O'More* are almost as popular now as when they first came out. Last year's death-roll called off Samuel Warren, but his *Ten Thousand a Year* is a legacy sure to keep his memory green for generations to come. Of the more recent novelists, we must give the front rank to Charlotte Bronte and George Elliot, two women who, in spite of many obstacles, have made themselves great names in literature. "Jane Eyre" is surely a character not easily forgotten, and "Maggie Tulliver" in the *Mill on the Floss* is a master production, which in her other works, Mrs. Lewis has never equaled. Could it be that the pen which sketched glorious self-denying "Maggie," could not be found when George Elliot set herself about to reproduce the "Rebecca" of Scott's *Ivanhoe* in "Myra" of *Daniel Deronda*? Charles Reade is perhaps the most successful modern writer of fiction, but he has never given us any other work to rival his unrivaled *Griffith Gaunt*. There is another writer of whom we wish we could speak well—Miss Braddon. Her *Lady Audley's Secret* and *Aurora Floyd* are great works, but they are not good books. They pander to the worst passions and delight to picture depravity in flaunting colors. Cooper and Hawthorne deserve to be singled out from the host of American novelists for rare merit. *The Leather-Stocking Tales* and *The House with Seven Gables* can be read and read again, a thing which cannot be said of a book which made a great noise twenty years ago, Mrs. Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin*—

Which went up the sky like a rocket,
But came down at last like a stick.

Of foreign novelists, three French names will occur to the reader as most prominent—Eugene Sue, Alexander Dumas and Victor Hugo. *The Mysteries of Paris* and *The Wandering Jew* have kept their places well in literature; so have also *The Three Guardsmen* and *The Count of Monte Christo*—that man of fabulous wealth, who was even wealthier than Disraeli's "Lothair." But *Les Miserables* is certainly the greatest of all modern French novels, and "Jean Valjean," the ex-convict, is too lifelike and real to be speedily forgotten. Of the older French novels we will only mention one book which has kept itself alive, the *Gil Blas*, of Le Sage, a work picturing Spain as it was in the days of the old Bourbons, truthfully and entertainingly. The characters, from "Gil Blas" down to "Doctor Sangrado," are wonders of pen-painting, more correct and less overdrawn than those in Cervantes's *Don Quixote*. Germany has produced many novelists, but none of prominence. The most long-lived novel is certainly Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister's Wanderjahre* (William Meister's Wandering Years). It was reserved to an English lady, the Baroness Tautopheus, to give us in *The Initials* a better picture of German life than any German writer has rendered. Even Berthold Auerbach, the most prominent German novelist, in *On the Heights*, his master-piece, does not do his countrymen even full justice. Italy is bare of good novelists, and none of her children have written as good a book in this line as Madame de Stael's *Corinne; or l'Italie*. Having thus glanced over cursorily the field of fiction of the occident, we must content ourselves in pointing out the prejudice which unjustly exists against novel-reading. Novels are, in literature, like sweets—sugar or candy—which will not injure when taken in moderation. Good novels are not only entertaining, but instructive, and therefore keep their place, while bad, trashy novels wither and perish like weeds in a brief period.

THE UNGRATEFUL SON OF DEMOCRACY.

The Democratic convention called to nominate a candidate for mayor in 1875 met in Assembly hall, in this city, on the sixteenth of December. It was presided over by Mr. B. M. Estes, who is now a Flippin man and against the convention system. Mr. Estes, on that occasion, upon taking his seat as president of the convention, made a few remarks, in which he thanked the convention for the honor conferred. He could have desired this honor to have been bestowed upon more worthy shoulders than his own, but as it seemed to be the will of the convention for him to be chairman, he would submit to their will. He would preside over the convention with the best of his ability, and with firmness and impartiality would discharge his duty. He called upon the delegates to realize the important mission entrusted to them, and hoped they would discharge their important duty, and would doubtless realize the transcendent importance of a faithful discharge of their duties. Their constituents looked to them to acquit themselves as men, for they had assembled to present as a candidate of the Democratic party a man worthy of the suffrage of their constituents," etc. The names of John R. Flippin and John Johnson were put in nomination, and thirty-six ballots were taken before adjournment that night. The votes varied as follows: Flippin, 49; Johnson, 47; and again, Johnson, 54; Flippin, 47. The contest was renewed next day, and on the forty-sixth ballot the vote stood as follows: Johnson, 46; Flippin, 57. At this stage of the proceedings it became evident that should Mr. Johnson remain a candidate, neither he nor Judge Flippin would receive the nomination. Mr. Tom Lowe arose and said: "Mr. President, before taking another ballot, I have something to say. We have been here two days, and balloted forty-two times between two candidates, and as yet no nomination has been made. The friends of Mr. John Johnson have stood by him and attempted to vindicate his character, and also his claims to the nomination. The friends of Judge Flippin have likewise stood by him, vindicating his character and his claims to the nomination. I think that for this zealous adherence Mr. Johnson is under obligations to his friends. For the last few ballots Judge Flippin has been steadily increasing in strength, and no man with a stain on his character could have come into this convention and obtained, for so long a time, the vote which Mr. Johnson has received. His character has been fully vindicated, and also his claims. No man with a stain on his character could have received the vote which Judge Flippin has received. Mr. Johnson is a Democrat, has been a Democrat since his birth, and always voted the Democratic ticket. Mr. Johnson, therefore, does not want to stand in the way of the Democratic convention when he sees that there is no chance of being elected. He wishes to say that whenever he saw himself fall behind he was willing and would give way. He says that he thanks his friends for their adherence and fidelity to him, but does not want to stand in the way of Judge Flippin, who has been steadily gaining in the ballot, and I now withdraw the name of Mr. Johnson, and move that Judge Flippin be elected by acclamation. Judge Flippin was then nominated by acclamation. Judge Flippin made the following speech of acceptance: "Mr. president and gentlemen of the convention, I well remember the kind partiality shown me in this Assembly hall over five years ago, when the convention selected me as its candidate to fill a high and important public position. I have endeavored to faithfully and honestly discharge that public trust then confided to me. How far I have succeeded, it is not for me, but you gentlemen who are before me, to say. If what I have done in the past be acceptable to you, I hope you will look upon it as a guarantee of my conduct in the future. This is no time nor place for me to indulge in extravagant promises, nor to define what may be my line of policy in the future. I have simply to say that I will discharge all my duties faithfully, honestly and conscientiously. I have yet to learn to abuse a trust or forget a friend. I thank the gentlemen, the friends of Mr. Johnson, for their graceful yielding at last, and also thank Mr. Johnson. To my friends who stood by me as iron pillars, I pour out the libation of my heart's richest gratitude. Those who have yielded their opposition will not have cause to doubt my impartial conduct, but will find in me a tried friend. I will do nothing for personal aggrandizement, but whatever I do shall be to subserve the best interests of the city. I do not know that I should say anything more upon this occasion. I hope you will be harmonious in feeling and united in action, and that you will all work together for the advancement of the city's welfare. I am glad to see that so little personal feeling and animosity have entered into the proceedings of the convention. Again, gentlemen, let me thank you for the honor you have done me, and indulge the hope that I may realize your expectations in the duties that await me." President Estes introduced Mr. Johnson, saying: "No wonder your enthusiasm goes out so potently upon this occasion and upon this gentleman, Mr. Johnson, who now appears before you; he now stands fairer than ever." Mr. Johnson said: "Gentlemen of the convention, my course in withdrawing may seem strange to some of you, but my friend Mr. Lowe has expressed my feelings so well that I have scarcely anything to say. I will only say that under the circumstances, when my private character was attacked in such an unwarranted manner—even before I became a candidate for mayor—it was my duty, I thought, to vindicate my character. Under these circumstances I felt it was my duty to become a candidate to vindicate my character. This has been fully done. I have been always a Democrat, not, as my friend Mr. Lowe said, from my birth, but since 1840. I have no respect for the two-thirds rule in withdrawing, but did not wish to lock this convention, or become an impediment to its action, nor let gentlemen reap the benefits of the convention who had not been candidates, who had not done any work, or been put to any expense and time. I did not wish to let such gentlemen come in and reap the benefits of another's labor. I hope, gentlemen, that all of you will do as I shall do for the ticket, and elect Judge Flippin in January next; and when that is accomplished my political record is done." The remarks of Mr. Johnson were received with enthusiastic cheers, and he was heartily applauded, round after round of applause being given. Mr. Estes then made his unhappy speech about G and P in the musical scale. General Luke E. Wright, a personal friend of Judge Flippin, made a talk, in which he remarked: "Judge Flippin and his friends could not forget that Mr. Johnson's friends elected him. In the future he hoped this would be a bond of union to unite them all in power and influence against Radicalism and ruin." Dr. D. D. Saunders, a strong Flippin supporter in the convention, closed the proceedings, saying: "And last, but not least, I thank, from the bottom of my heart, John Johnson and his noble phalanx of friends arrayed here on the right." He knew full well that without union and harmony there was no strength. Mr. Johnson, in withdrawing, not only sacrificed his own individual interest, but that of his friends. The plains of Thermopylæ were not more honored by Leonidas and his Spartan band than was this convention by Mr. Johnson and Mr. Johnson's friends. The times have changed, however, since that. Judge Flippin calls a Democratic convention a "thing," and abuses John Johnson in his speeches, insinuating all kinds of charges against him. He advises those who cannot vote for him (Flippin) as an Independent, to vote against Mr. Johnson, the Democratic nominee, and to vote for Mr. Anderson, the nominee of the Workingmen's party. Can anything be a clearer and stronger picture of ingratitude than the above? Let the people of Memphis, on the seventeenth instant, vote *en masse* against the ungrateful son of Democracy, John R. Flippin.

WILL MEMPHIS COMMIT SUICIDE?

Memphis possesses all the elements of a great commercial metropolis. Her location in the midst of a vast area of country unrivaled in point of natural wealth, and abounding in all those resources which contribute to the grandeur of an empire, characterize her, in a commercial point of view, as the peculiar hope of the great valley of the Mississippi. It is not needful that we should cite argument in proof of the above proposition. The eventful history of our city, her present realizations and her future prospects, all point unerringly to a glorious destiny. Indeed. The experience of the past few years, when carefully considered, affords a most pleasing commentary upon the solidity and stability of our business interests. While other commercial points, far more pretentious as to resources, have yielded under the weight of the monetary revulsion which has swept like a besom of destruction over the business world, our commerce has flourished beyond precedent, and our city has steadily progressed, despite the adverse influences which have prostrated the energies of less favored communities. In view of our present importance and prospective greatness, there is a responsibility devolving upon each individual citizen which may not be disregarded. Cities, like individuals, have distinct characters to form, and those characters are shaped and developed as the individual emerges from youth and approaches manhood, or as the community expands from a local insignificance to the dignity of metropolitan importance. The great truth has grown into a proverb, that, as nations become rich they also become vicious—as they grow in commercial importance and command in abundance the luxuries of life, the incentives to virtue and morality are weakened, and the body politic degenerates into licentiousness and corruption. Whenever Memphis forgets her fidelity to the Democratic party and elects a mayor who expects to triumph by bartering and trading with the Radicals whose policy has brought desolation upon the southern people, that moment will she estrange herself from her friends, and that moment will she show a degeneracy fatal to her prosperity. Philadelphia used to be a favorite city with the southern people. But when she passed under the control of the fanatics who were warring upon the best interests of the south, the southern people shunned her as if she were a pesthouse. Such will be the fate of Memphis if she antagonizes her friends and forms an alliance with her enemies and the despoilers of the south. As evidence of this we refer to the following extracts:

The Florence (Ala.) *Gazette* says:

During a recent visit to Memphis we were surprised to learn that a considerable number of the Front Row merchants of that city were displeased to antagonize the Memphis APPEAL on account of the firm ard gallant stand it has taken in support of the Democratic party organization, and in opposition to the Radical-Independent movement which ostensibly proposes to place Mr. Flippin at the head of the city government, but which, in the end, aims to overthrow the noble and true Democracy and place Memphis and Shelby county in the hands of the Radical robbers who so long plundered the south. Now, viewing this matter from a non-partisan and business standpoint, it presents itself to us in this wise: Memphis is a commercial city and wishes to have the trade and patronage of the contiguous country come to her and help to build her up, and make her the great commercial emporium of the south; the towns, cities and States from which she derives her life and vigor are Democratic to an extent that will insure their dealing only with their own political faith and creed, and if Memphis proves herself a traitor to the solid south, and to the great party whose pure patriotism and lofty principles of honesty are the only hope of the country, she need not hope to have the wealth of Mississippi, Arkansas, North Alabama, or Tennessee, pour itself in her coffers. The APPEAL knows this, and in fighting the infamous, traitorous Flippin Independent movement, is found at her old post gallantly fighting the battles of the Democracy, and at the same time fighting in protection of the very life-blood of the beautiful Bluff city. Citizens of Memphis, stand by the APPEAL and its gallant editors. They have long fought your battles. They did not desert you in the dark days of Republicanism, when the dark shadow of devouring demons hovered over our beloved southland. The ascension of the Democratic party to power, which we all fought and prayed for so long—none so gallantly as the APPEAL—has brought to us renewed hope and prosperity, and it would be a shame and a disgrace to the fair fame of Memphis, should the Independent party—so-called—obtain its first foothold in her beautiful borders. The statesmanlike forethought of Colonel M. C. Gallaway should be indorsed; the bold, terse editorials of the APPEAL should be heeded, and the Memphis merchants, instead of being dissenters, should close up their ranks and bid the APPEAL God-speed in its war upon Flippin & Co. Away with the Independents.

The Moulton (Ala.) *Advertiser* says:

The canvass for municipal officers in Memphis is growing quite warm indeed. It is waxing hot. John Johnson is the regular Democratic nominee for mayor, and is opposed by John R. Flippin, the nominee of the Radicals, supported by Radicals, Independents and renegades. The Memphis APPEAL, true to its history and fame, supports Johnson, the Democratic nominee. For this the APPEAL has been threatened with persecution and proscription. But this incorruptible old journal defies the threats, and battles manfully for Democratic unity and organization. The city of Memphis owes much of its prosperity to the APPEAL, and it will be sustained by the Democracy, when those who now threaten its destruction will be wallowing in the cess-pools of Radical filth and struggling in the clutches of financial bankruptcy. Hurrah for Gallaway, and down with the Flippin disorganizers!

In justice to the merchants of Memphis we would repeat what we have heretofore said, that the contemplated war upon the APPEAL has been abandoned, and that the APPEAL's support of the Democratic nominee for mayor is no longer regarded as a crime sufficient to attempt its destruction. But we agree with our cotemporaries in the opinion that it will do incalculable injury to the future prosperity of Memphis to pursue a policy which will estrange her friends. Those who patronize Memphis know what Radical rule means. The tale is told in our desolated homes, waste places, carpetbag rule, military despotism, high taxes, and a debt of three hundred millions entailed upon the southern States by Radical corruption. Through the fidelity and patriotism of the Democratic party the south has been redeemed. Outside of Memphis, the people who pay the taxes and contribute to the support of this city repudiate the Independents, who would betray the party that redeemed them from oppression and plunder, and, for the sake of office, sell out to Radicalism; and if Memphis deserts the standard of her friends, she will be regarded as an asp in the bosom of the south. If, by an unworthy and disreputable alliance with the Republican party, an Independent should be elected mayor over the Democratic nominee, and through this disaffection Shelby county, in the elections next August, should be again transferred to the rule of Garrett, Eaton, Smith & Co., an injury will be inflicted upon Memphis equal to that which the yellow-fever left in its desolating train. In the position we have taken in support of the Democratic nominee, we are actuated by no motive save the good of Memphis, in whose prosperity is bound up in that of the APPEAL. We believe that a mayor elected in the great commercial city of the south over the Democratic nominee by a trade with the Radicals, will provoke the disgust and indignation of the entire south, and hence we are standing by the Democratic party, which has shown itself the friend of the taxpaying people. The Democratic party struggled long for the victory it won, and it cannot afford to lose the fruits of its triumph. The fair fame of Memphis, as a southern Democratic city, in accord with the people who give us their friendship and patronage, must be preserved. For ten years we have struggled for deliverance, and now, when the bright light of freedom has dawned, a man into whom the Democracy breathed political life and held to its fond bosom has deserted his benefactor and formed a coalition with the Radicals. This apostate may succeed in defeating the party which he is stabbing with all the venom of the ingrate, but the people will learn that he is at the same time striking to the vitals of the city of Memphis.

REV. GEORGE WHITE.

Among all the Memphis ministers none stands higher than Rev. Dr. George White, rector of Calvary Episcopal church. He has filled the position he now occupies twenty years. When he made his advent into Memphis, the writer of this welcomed and introduced him to the public in the following editorial, written twenty years ago, and which we republish as appropriate to Dr. White's twentieth anniversary in Memphis:

The reputation of a great city depends mainly upon the character of her bar, her press, and her pulpit. If her bar is learned and honorable, her press free and enlightened, and her ministry liberal and pious, her reputation abroad cannot be otherwise than excellent. These three separate professions indicate the leading characteristics of a community, and give tone to the body politic. While we are willing to admit the salutary influences which commerce and arts exert whenever they are properly encouraged and wherever they flourish, we claim that the standing of the three professions enumerated above, affords an unerring index to the prosperity of a great city, for, without the pecuniary returns which wait upon a flourishing commerce, the learned professions need that material encouragement so necessary to their successful pursuit and even to their very existence. The growing ability and remarkable piety and learning of the Memphis pulpit, without distinction of sect, is becoming proverbial throughout the country. There are cities in this Union, doubtless, of equal importance in reference to population, which exceed our own as to the number of their ministers, but the most highly favored locality cannot boast an abler or purer clergy. And the Memphis pulpit has recently received important and permanent accessions, to one of which it may not be deemed improper for us to make a brief allusion. The rectorship of St. Mary's (Episcopal) church has recently passed into the hands of Rev. Mr. White, late of Florence, Alabama. It has been our fortune to enjoy a limited association with the distinguished divine, who bears a high reputation for learning and usefulness in the church, and a character for remarkable amiability and piety throughout his wide personal acquaintance. When he felt called upon to accept the invitation to labor for the church in Memphis, the circumstances attending his separation from his old charge in Florence were doubtless more painfully touching than any scene in his former eventful career. His uniform piety and admirable simplicity of christian character, and his great usefulness as a laborer in the vineyard of the Lord, had endeared him so closely to the hearts of those with whom his old home was associated, that his departure from Florence was regarded as a local calamity, which cast a deep shade of gloom over the entire community. We hail this last accession to the ranks of our city ministry with feelings of peculiar pleasure. Our admiration for the man is only equaled, perhaps, by our confidence in his ability and piety. Endowed by nature with an impressive and touching eloquence which fascinates the listener, his powerful and logical reasoning convinces the mind, while his combined nobility and simplicity of character win the heart. We trust that his career in Memphis will be pleasant and extended, as we feel convinced it will be eminently salutary and useful.

After twenty years of faithful service as rector of Calvary Episcopal church, we are gratified to know that Dr. White has fully sustained his reputation for ability, and piety, and the cordiality with which we commended him to the community in which he had cast his lot. The friends that welcomed him to Memphis have watched with interest his ardent struggles for the church of which he is rector, and have rejoiced at his triumph. He is now a very old man, afflicted with the infirmities of age, sorrow and toil; but in his sermons his soul seems to triumph over the frailty of the body, and pours forth its rich and glowing conceptions with all the fire and energy of youth. There is nothing senile about Dr. White. He is one of that class of men whose intellect will never be impaired by age, for his subjects are thoroughly analyzed; his logic is cogent and conclusive. His sentences are compact; his enunciation slow and distinct; his elocution graceful and emphatic, while he is evidently a man of deep evangelical piety, whose heart is devoted in his Master's work, and the fruits of whose labors for forty years will no doubt be realized in eternity. The prosperity of Calvary church and its large congregation in regular attendance, shows that Dr. White is not wanting in pulpit popularity. He is certainly a faithful and most indefatigable pastor, who seems to be impelled less by ambition than by love; and such is the sweetness and the courtesy of his manner as to endear himself to his people and render him useful in their families. We understand that Dr. White will preach a sermon this morning retrospecting the events that have transpired during the twenty years he has served as rector of Calvary church. Such a sermon will revive many sad reminiscences, but will nevertheless be interesting. It will show that death, the dread destroyer of our race, has been busy, and that many have fallen by the wayside. Of the congregation who heard Dr. White's first sermon, just twenty years ago, there are not more than a dozen left to hear him this morning. We hope the venerable rector of Calvary church may be long spared to continue his usefulness to the church he adorns, and to enjoy the love and admiration of a community which unites in recognizing his piety and great abilities.

A Pet Canary.

A correspondent tells a pretty little story of a pet canary, which, though it may not be an addition to ornithological lore, is a fresh incident in bird lore and habits. His canary is two years old, and he calls him "Pet." The bird has the free range of the parlors, and only uses his cage as a place of retirement when weary of hopping and singing. "Pet" has a great deal of excusable curiosity, and can tell in a minute when anything new or strange comes within the range of his domain. Other canaries are caged in the room, but not one of them has ever been let out of prison. Pet is the only privileged jail-bird. A lady of the neighborhood was to be absent from home a few days, and left her canary at Pet's house, to be taken care of until her return. Pet at once became friends with his visitor, and exchanged songs and sang duets with it. The visiting bird was turned out of its cage as a matter of curiosity. He had no idea of distance nor of objects, and fluttered and floundered around the room in an awkward manner, striking against everything, and he came down to the floor in front of the carpet in the corner of the room. Pet was evidently troubled. He had seen birds in cages, but had never seen any bird except himself at large in his little world. He evidently thought it was an escape, and cried and fluttered in alarm. No attention was paid to him, and he flew to his own resources. He undertook to capture the escaped prisoner and return him to his cage. He darted across the room and took a position close beside his visitor. He twittered and hopped closer to the cage. The other hopped to his side, and so the journey was made by the two into the empty cage. Then Pet appeared to be perfectly happy, and the two went on with their concert. The escape and capture did not occupy more than five minutes, and was a very neat performance for a bird.

M. F. GRAY, Seaward, Ga., states: "Dr. J. H. M'Lean's wonderful healing plaster for the cure of corns, bunions, old sores. It does all you state; send me another stick." Trial boxes, by mail, 25 cents. Address Dr. J. H. M'Lean, St. Louis, Mo.

For the Sunday Appeal.]

RETROSPECT.

DR. J. B. CHRISTIAN.

Ah! would you learn the secret spell
That binds me to a little dell,
Rock-bound and wild,
Along whose winding, crystal streams,
I was wont to wander in dreams,
When but a child.
Or why that, ever as dusky eve
Creeps o'er the home, in youth we leave,
To return no more,
Mem'ry then brings to our mental view
The sweeping vales and mountains blue,
That bound our natal shore.

'Tis sweet but sad, in trembling age,
At pensive eve to reperuse the page
Whereon is pictured seen
Our native vale, o'er whose sunlit face
The light and shade, in equal silent pace,
Race o'er meadows green.
E'en now the autumnal sun, low declining,
Amid yon clouds, mayhap, is brightly shining
Along my native vale;
While from the lofty hills, faint replying;
Mimic echo may be sweetly dying
On the evening gale.

Alas! it pains my jealous heart to know
A single flower was left to blow
Unseen by me,
And that the little birds, each balmy spring,
Have sung aloft, on wanton wing,
In sweetest melody
Or that the dappled shade, upon the river,
Of reflected leaves, that, swaling, quiver
In the sunny ray,
Trembled on the wave; in which was scumbling seen
A nether sky and landscape green,
As in smiling May.

Within the little vale, a rustic church,
Overtung by pendant vine and spreading birch,
Stood in humble pride,
Within whose antique door, I yet behold
The pious throng, both young and old,
Mingled on either side:
While from a lowly pulpit midway between,
The aintly priest, with humble look serene,
His little flock surveys,
Who, responsive to his summons, meekly rise,
And soar in sacred song beyond the skies,
In Zion's sweetest lays.

And there, with smiling face, onward spread,
Are the fruitful fields and verdant meads
I roamed at will:
And there the woods, in whose deep recesses,
Are spots that my heart yet confesses,
Are fondly cherished still.
Ah! as I backward turn, leaf by leaf,
Each page is blurred by many a grief,
And bitter tears.
But this, which reveals my youthful days,
When oft I caught those woodland lays,
Still bright appears.

Ah, yes, there is a spot, hard by a spring,
Whence flows a rippling brook, ever tinkling,
To the sea.
Yes, there schoolhouse stood, lone and shaded,
Through the misty years, now fled and faded
Into past eternity.
But where are now the "nut brown" girls,
Whose locks were like the mist that curls
Along the river?
And where the boys? Alas! some silent sleep
Where drooping willows mournful weep,
Mossy lines proclaim forever.

I would fain the eventful story tell
Of one who early left his native dell,
And found a foreign grave;
Of one who chose his home upon the sea,
And roamed its boundless waste, as light and free
As its wildest wave;
How some the charms of pastoral life preferred,
And wandered with their flocks and herds
Far to the west,
And there, where now stately cities proudly rise,
Fixed their home beneath its sunny skies,
And beneath them mould'ring rest.

My lines of life have led me wide,
And far from that fair river side
And upland bold;
But no scene to me has worn the smile
That tearful plays around a crumbling pile
Of ruins old.
For the light to me was first revealed
Within a door, now half concealed
By mossy frettings long;
And there, first I learned alone to wander,
And in those wilds to muse and ponder,
And list the robin's song.

Ah! who can divine the raptured gaze
With which we rove the woody maze
Where hides the flower?
Until, escaped to a loftier attitude,
We pause, amid the darkened solitude,
Upon some upland lawn:
And thence, beneath the umbrageous shade,
Note the waning light in silence fade
Into ebon night serene;
When, anon, the ascending moon and attendant train
Spread their silver light o'er all the plain,
And rellume the scene.

As the thread of life we slow unravel,
We little know the path we are to travel,
Nor where it winds;
But when the end we reach, and backward look
Along the devious way, 'tis by our native brook
It ever brightest shines.
Then well you know the spell
That binds me to a little dell,
Rock-bound and wild,
Along whose winding, crystal streams
I was wont to wander in dreams
When but a child.

VARIETY.

A carpenter may set a saw, but he can't make it hatch.

Boston has three hundred women preachers and lecturers.

The cat on the woodshed—She loves not too wisely but to wail.

No man who buttons his coat with a shingle-nail should part his hair in the middle.

Poker is a school for the emotions, enabling a man to hold a flush without showing it in his face.

Three of the men who tarred and feathered a woman in Waterford, Pennsylvania, have been sent to the penitentiary.

"Two bits worth of complexion" is the way the Santa Barbara belle puts it as she meanders into her favorite drug store.

The first regular telephone communication for business purposes in Baltimore has just been completed and satisfactorily tested.

Neuralgia is more fashionable this season than ever before among fashionable ladies, because the fashionable hat leaves the top of their heads bare.

According to a Virginia newspaper a Wytheville dentist extracts teeth painlessly, by simply pressing in the temples of the patient during the operation.

They had a dance out in "Hackberry precinct," Nebraska, and the mothers of families piled their babies, sixteen in number, upon one bed while they danced.

"I don't like a fellow who is inclined to fancy everything he sees," said Tom. "I dislike still more the fellow who is inclined to seize everything he fancies," said John.

Enamored writing-master (to a young lady pupil)—"I can teach you nothing; your hand is already a very desirable one, and your I's are the most beautiful I have ever seen."

The model husband has been found in Albany. He don't permit his wife to do more than half the work. She puts up the canned fruit in summer, and he puts it down in winter.

A German woman in Meriden, Connecticut, belongs to the corps of laborers who ditch the street for gas-pipe, and she handles the pick and shovel as skillfully as the best of them.

"Them pottery things is real nice," said Mrs. Veneering. "Me and my daughter Maria have got the rage, you know, and buy all we kin git. But what on earth is they intended for?"

A modern William Tell: "Here, grandpa, let's play William Tell. I'll be Mr. Tell and you may play you're my son, and stand over there by the mirror while I shoot this apple off your head."

A party of young fellows found fault with the butter on the boardinghouse table. "What is the matter with it?" asked the mistress. "Just you ask it," said one; "it is old enough to speak for itself."

"I will not learn a trade!" exclaimed the Chicago youth to his father. But this business of learning a trade is only a matter of time, for within a year that young man was studying harness-making in State prison.

A woman in the St. Louis *Republican* has hit upon the remedy for the hard times, "Turn the keys of the banks and treasuries over to women, and the money will soon be in complete circulation. No doubt of it."

It is when a man is carrying a pound of honey on one arm, and a bag of eggs on the other, and leading a bull-dog by a string, and attempts to brush a fly off his ear, that he feels no man can be an expert in all things.

Women are obliged to pay poll-tax in Jersey City. Mrs. Frances Frank protests against it, in a petition to the board of finance, declaring that since she is not a voter, she cannot be compelled to pay poll-tax.

Don't try to do make much. A Main street man undertook to make his wife learn to eat with her fork the other day, and now he wears a beefsteak on his eye. The pathway of the reformer has always been a good deal like Jordan.

One of our citizens was somewhat nonplussed the other day by his little motherless daughter, who asked: "Say, papa, did mamma ever believe that some folks would be lost?" "Yes, she did," replied the father. "Then what did she suppose would become of you?"

A Chicago paper records a sad accident in St. Louis: "While a young lady of that city was at work on one of the slippers intended as a Christmas present for her adorer, the scaffolding broke, precipitating her violently to the ground, and the slipper went down, crushing two of her little sisters (who chanced to be playing under it) to death."

Jacob Bruner deserted his wife in Philadelphia, and she got a divorce from him in 1875. She died a few months ago, leaving nearly two hundred thousand dollars, and now Bruner is seeking to be recognized in the courts as her legal widower. None of the woman's fortune had been created by Bruner, and the attempt to be her widower looks very cheeky.

The voice of the starlit cat never sounds to better advantage than in these frosty, clear and silent winter nights. Sometimes it is difficult to distinguish a prolonged note on the upper register from the closing wail of a trumpet solo. The cat lasts longer and has a trifle more power, and will step quicker for a brisk than the trumpet will, that is all the difference.

After the failure of the late insurrection in Japan, a richly attired Japanese young lady was found lying dead in a castle moat, with her father's head in her right hand, and a bloody knife in her left. The devoted heathen heroine had cut off her father's head, at his command, and then killed herself, that the two might not be taken prisoners.

A benevolent woman residing at Tiffin, Ohio, being moved with pity for a destitute tramp, gave him a hearty meal and some old clothes. The thankful tramp sought to show his gratitude, and finding that the benevolent woman's husband lay sick of a colic, prescribed a dose of jimson-weed tea. The husband took it, and, unless it is mortgaged, there is now no encumbrance on the widow's farm.

"Estelle" sends us for publication a poem, beginning, "Will you love me when the twilight shadows fall across the moor?" Will we? Go 'way, Estelle! In the twilight! Oh, psha! in the night! Early in the morning! Along in the afternoon! Kill us, somebody; we are too sweet to live! Oh, we'll—ah!—ah! Won't do, Estelle; take your poem; we've gone and woke the baby. There, there, there, "bootchy pootchy, puddin' and pie; tol de dol deedle ol dol de dol dol." (Chorus, *ad lib.*)—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

A Hackensack man was, one midnight, creeping softly along the bed-room floor on his hands and knees, and was feeling tenderly under the bureau for a something he had hidden there the evening before; but his wife woke and said, "Peter, what under the heavens are you doing?" "Dear," said he, "I'm walking in my sleep and dreaming that I am picking white lilies from the soft, blue bosom of the lake." How to get that flask out of there before she got up in the morning was what worried him more than the waterlilies did.

Pale blue is the bridal color in Russia. Divorces are unlawful there, but a marriage may be annulled by the priests for informality. A curious custom prevails in some parts of Russia with respect to this "informality" business. At the marriage ceremony it is the custom for the nearest relative of the bride to give her a slap in the face as she is being led forward to the priest. The slap is given for nothing less than to convey to spectators the impression that the bride is compelled to this marriage, and therefore is unlawfully wedded, and can break the matrimonial chain if she wants to. The slap is given with a wise view to future incompatibilities between the wedded pair.

Great is London journalism. There is