MEMPHIS APPEAL

BY

GALLAWAY & KEATING.

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MEMPHIS APPEAL

SUNDAY, : : JANUARY 27, 1878

LEGISLATION FOR THE BONDHOLDER—NONE FOR THE WIDOW AND ORPHAN.

No truer utterance ever fell from human lips than the declaration of Senator Thurman, delivered a few days since in the debate on the silver question, that no thought had been taken of the poorer classes in the enactment of laws concerning finance. In reply to a remark of Senator Edmunds, that the passage of the silver bill would disturb the credit of government securities, and that, in consequence, the widows and orphans and laboring classes of the country who hold such securities would become the sufferers, Senator Thurman said that he had served nearly nine years in the senate and had yet to learn that there had been any financial legislation in congress during that period for the benefit of the widow and orphan or the laboring classes. This is true in every sense. The legislation of congress during and since the war has been exclusively for the benefit of the moneyed classes. The effect of the laws regulating finance has been to enrich the capitalist and to oppress every other business interest of the country. Monopolies in business have been built up, and "taxation without their consent" has been levied upon the laboring classes until they who, but a few years since, were in possession of happy homes, and doing a prosperous business are to-day homeless and without employment. The only exceptions to the rule are to be found in the effort to reduce the interest on the bonded debt and the abridgement of the expenses of the government by the Democrats in the last congress. That the revenue laws have made a privileged class, that financial legislation has favored the creditors of the government at the *expense* of those who contribute the taxes for payment of the debts of the government, that in order to better preserve government securities industrial pursuits have been severely burdened, is true and cannot be controverted. Nor can it be denied that this discrimination against the working or producing classes has been wrong in principle and mistaken in policy. Congress sowed to the wind, and the people have reaped the whirlwind. But the widows and orphans and the laboring classes are not the only sufferers from the ruinous legislation of congress, which has forced the industry and trade of the country to the wall. The manufacturer, the merchant, the shop-keeper, tradesmen of all kinds have felt the blight and [illegible] of its power. When the [illegible] were "flush," during the speculative period which began with the unnatural condition of the war, suddenly changed to the era [illegible] which supervened upon the panic of 1873, the banks were unable to reduce their rates of interest to tally with the shrinkage in the value of property and the ability to pay of those who required discounts. The Federal government's burden impinged with crushing effect upon them also. Taxed in triple form, their capital, their deposits and their issue, they were bound hand and foot, and utterly unable to move for the relief of the [illegible] business of the country. A financial system which *oppresses* the poor, impoverishes industry, and dries up the source whence relief to the debtor alone can come, ought to receive the *wisest* legislation, and, too, with a mutual regard to the two great classes which constitute our country. Beyond all question, provision should be made for the payment of the debt of the government in honest money, as nominated in the bond. A silver dollar should be made equal in value to a gold dollar, and restored to its federal functions as set forth in the constitution. The public debt should be refunded as rapidly as possible, and at the lowest possible rate of interest. Posterity should be mortgaged for its payment rather than the present generation should become bankrupted in Quixotic efforts to make immediate payment of the public debt. Taxes should be reduced, and so levied that they will bear equally as possible upon all interests and every species of property. The circulating medium should be so arranged that it will meet the wants of the producer and laborer at as low a rate as possible. By the observance of these general principles congress can have no difficulty in framing a system of finance which will restore *confidence* in business, maintain the credit of the government, and bless the land with renewed and lasting prosperity.

A GAY OLD CODGER.

In New York there resides an octogenarian who glories in the pious and majestic name of Thomas Lord. The venerable old man is gouty, wheezy, phthisicky, and limps with rheumatism. When he hobbles into the breakfast-table in the morning, he looks like a berigged and knee-buckled picture that has just stepped out of a frame. The hinges of his knees, like an old barn-door, have become rusty with age, and he seems afflicted with pain equal to that which Joe Jefferson suffers after his sleep of twenty years. Lord was a man of great wealth, and, of course, his affectionate sons and daughters loved, petted and caressed him. As they gazed upon his wrinkled brow and feeble steps, tears trickled from their eyes, and sadness filled their heart. The daughters eagerly read everything about the latest mourning fashions, and were preparing for a liberal investment in crape. In melancholy tones the sons began even to speculate as to the will, and how they would invest their respective shares of the estate. In solid phalanx the whole family would march into the old man's bed-chamber, and after feeling of his pulse, would retire to their closets and prayerfully ask each other, "How long will he live?" The time varied from twenty-four hours to a month, and the stricken household would withdraw their flounces and frilled handkerchiefs, and blubber in concert at the thought of seeing their darling father trembling on the brink of the grave. Rachel, "weeping for her children, because they were not;" Niobe hardening from grief into a tear-dropping statue, over the untimely fall of seven noble sons and seven lovely daughters; Dido, bewailing the fugacious Æneas; Belisarius, begging an obolus through the streets of the city he had saved by his valor—all the other examples, mythology, poetry or history records of unavailing grief and sorrow, and piteous and abortive entreaty, do not present such striking illustrations of sudden and hopeless bereavements as that which the young Lords manifested for the precarious condition of the rich old man that they were proud to call father. The venerable patriarch was more [illegible] and [illegible]tive than usual, and this was re[illegible]. This, and [illegible] of the [illegible] certain presage of death. The loving children construed this to mean that the old man was conscious of his approaching death, and that he was writing his will, and greatly troubled as to how he could divide his vast estate with equal and exact justice between his fond and loving children. But to the surprise of the family, it turns out the gay old codger was in love, and while the bereaved children had their eye upon the undertaker, the father had his eye upon a beautiful widow, "fat, fair and forty." Hard by the Lord mansion there lived the buxom Mrs. Hicks. She belonged to the shoddy aristocracy, and having spent her estate in riotous living, she wished to replenish her exhausted coffers from the venerable Lord's plethoric pocket. Her smiles were alluring, her manners bewitching, and she was just the woman to capture the old dotard. She had borrowed much money from him, and the luxury it had afforded her inspired her with a desire to swallow the whole estate, and by her fascinations she soon forced the venerable Lord to tell her that his heart was crammed with agonies, rammed with the raptures of love. She heard him, and between a blush and a smile, and as her merry eyes peeped from under the shelter of long lashes, she modestly said "yes." The old man's heart was brim-full of joy. He forgot his phthisics and rheumatism. He knew there would be trouble in the household of Lord, and after marrying Mrs. Hicks, the bride and groom disappeared as suddenly and mysteriously as did Charlie Ross. The whole Lord family are searching for the truants, but they have hid themselves away, enjoying the honeymoon, without caring for the bothers of the bereaved family. Mrs. Hicks said to the old man, "Come, rest in this bosom, my own stricken dear," and Lord has taken her at her word, for he refuses to respond to the call of anxious sons and daughters. In the meantime, all the young Lords have rushed into court and secured the appointment of a commission to try their father for lunacy. They swear that he is insane, and that he is squandering his estate, and beg Mrs. Hicks to relieve them of their agony by restoring to the afflicted family their crazy father. But Mrs. Hicks stands firm. She has got the old man by the umbilicus, and will never fetch him up until she secures a greater portion of his property. The lawsuit growing out of this marriage will create much interest. We are a little curious to see whether a man may be pronounced legally insane, and his property taken out of his control, simply because he walks out of his own house into the house of a lady whom he has known for a quarter of a century, and after that time declines to answer any notes sent to him, or to revisit the glimpses of his own hall-lamp, allowing it, apparently, to be given out, as by authority, that he has taken unto himself a wife.

AN EXPENSIVE BODY.

The United States senate appears to be rather an expensive body. Its expenditures for the year ending June 30, 1877, reached nearly one million dollars. Among the contingent expenses are some strange items. Wilton carpet is charged for at the rate of four dollars a yard, when it can be obtained for three dollars, and Brussels carpet is charged for at the rate of two dollars and twenty-five cents a yard, when it can be had for one dollar and fifty cents. Three Persian rugs cost five hundred and twenty-five dollars. One Smyrna rug cost one hundred and ten dollars, and two other rugs cost one hundred dollars. Picking thirty-two locks three hundred and fifty dollars, and one walnut Spanish lounge, extra size, upholstered in leather and made in the best style, for the committee on foreign relations, cost ninety dollars. Cleaning and repairing desks and chairs and backs of chairs, etc., cost five hundred and eighty dollars. An ash handle for a mop cost one dollar and a half, and upholstering the Vice-President's footstool cost two dollars. The sergeant-at-arms bought twenty-two revolvers, and ammunition to match, at an expense of more than three hundred dollars, to guard the box containing the electoral votes. The bill for cold tea, lemons and granulated sugar for the summer of 1876 amounted to fifteen hundred and eighty-four dollars. The senate's ice bill for August was three hundred and eleven dollars, and about the same for all the summer months. Twelve bottles of Martinique snuff furnished sneezing material for the senate, at a cost of nine dollars. The list of items in the whole account makes a book of two hundred and six pages.

THE BEACH FALSEHOOD.

The Radical papers are still circulating the slanders of Beach. In speaking of this man, the New York *World* says: "A few days ago the Cincinnati *Gazette* had a story about one S. N. Beach, furnished by himself. Mr. Beach said he was a northern man who had settled in Collierville, Tennessee, and been persecuted and proscribed because he would not join the Democrats, and finally, that his family and horses had been poisoned with arsenic, and that two of the children and the horses had died therefrom. The mayor and aldermen of Collierville have had a meeting, and proclaimed Mr. Beach an abandoned liar. The doctors who attended Mr. Beach, and who, he says, discovered arsenic in his cistern-water, say that is a lie, and that the family was made sick by drinking water out of a foul cistern they were too lazy to clean. Their neighbors nursed them in their illness, and buried their children, and the town raised a subscription for the family. All the references Beach gave say he has lied. Moreover, he is a Canadian. Moreover, he poisoned his own horses to prevent their attachment for debt. And all these things appear in the Cincinnati *Gazette* of Saturday."

IMMIGRATION TO WEST TENNESSEE AND NORTH MISSISSIPPI.

In our yesterday's issue we stated, in an article on immigration to Mississippi, that "with the exception of Frank W. Royster, there is not a man in our midst making any effort to induce immigration to West Tennessee." In that expression we were mistaken, having overlooked the firm of Lonsdale & Co., of No. 9 West Court street, in this city. We find that firm is doing a great amount of work in the interest of immigration, not only to West Tennessee, but also to North Mississippi.

Decay of the Irish Language.

From the Cornhill Magazine.]

In the year 1851, 19.1 per cent. of the population of Ireland spoke Irish, namely, one million one hundred and five thousand five hundred and thirty-six persons. In the year 1871 this proportion had sunk to 15.1 of the population, namely, to eight hundred and seventeen thousand eight hundred and seventy-five persons. Thus it appears that the use of the Irish language is dying out at the rate of more than two hundred thousand persons in ten years; a fact made still more obvious by another table, showing that during the ten years in question the proportion of ages had changed still more markedly than the number of speakers. The younger generation are all learning English, and only the parents retain the use of their native tongue. How many persons can read and write Irish as well as speak it, I do not know, but the number must be very small, as is certainly, also, that of the publications of any kind in the Irish language issuing from the press of recent date. Of an Irish newspaper I have never heard.

Spontaneous Generation.

Prof. Tyndall closed a discourse at the royal institution with the following positive language: "I hardly think it necessary to summarize up what has been brought before you. In fact, the whole discourse is but a summing up of eight months of incessant labor. From the beginning to the end of the inquiry there is not, as you have seen, a shadow of evidence in favor of the doctrine of spontaneous generation. There is, on the contrary, overwhelming evidence against it. But do not carry away with you the notion, sometimes erroneously ascribed to me, that I deem spontaneous generation 'impossible,' or that I wish to limit the power of matter in relation to life. My views on this subject ought to be well known. But possibility is one thing, and proof is another; and when, in our day, I seek for experimental evidence of the transformation of the non-living into the living, I am led inexorably to the conclusion that no such evidence exists, and that in the lowest, as in the highest or organized creatures, the method of nature is that life shall be the issue of antecedent life."

ALBERT PIKE'S BIRTHDAY, 1877.

RICHARD S. SPOFFORD.

They'll meet to-night, the south, the west,
In many a gallant cluster,
With song and wine and bubbling jest,
To crown the poet's luster.
But from the east a song I bring,
The elder time enshrining
With themes that once he used to sing,
His fame with her's entwining.

While fast the circling seasons flew,
And many a pledge was broken,
The Merrimack's deep heart of blue
Still kept his farewell token;
With wildering song, when wood and wild
And hill and vale were ringing,
His voice she heard, and knew her child
In strange, far regions singing.

As sweetly now the sun doth shine
O'er leafy Newbury setting,
And Rowley sees her hills of pine
The winter snowflakes fretting,
As when his poet-glance first knew
The grace of their adorning,
Transfigured on his vision, through
The light of boyhood's morning.

Though now no more his form be seen
By babbling brook, and over
The wooded hillside's trembling green,
Or 'mid the meadow clover;
No spot is there by shore or sea,
By rock or running river,
But there his haunting step will be,
His song a voice forever.

NEWBURYPORT, MASSACHUSETTS.

GLIMPSES OF HELL.

A Full Account of its Geography, Nature and Population—A Graphic Description of the Hell of the Fathers—Meditation on Hell.

Years ago a holy Jesuit (Rev. Father Pinamonti) wrote an admirable book of meditation on hell, which was reprinted in this country with the approbation of Bishop Kendrick, of Philadelphia. Below are some interesting passages from the book, somewhat condensed in form, and shorn of the Latin or scriptural quotations which adorn it. Rev. Father Pinamonti says: God has framed a prison in the lowest region of the universe, a very suitable place, as the furthest of all from heaven. Here, though the place is wide enough, the damned will not even have that relief which either a poor prisoner has in walking between four walls, or the sick man in turning himself in bed, because here they shall be bound up like a faggot, and heaped upon one another like unfortunate victims; and this by reason of the great numbers of the damned, to whom this pit will become narrow and sraight; as also because the fire itself will be to them like chains and fetters. The walls of this prison are more than four thousand miles thick—that is, as far as from hence to hell; but were they as thin as paper, the prisoners will be too weak to break through them to make their escape. This prison will not only be extremely straight, but also extremely dark. It is true there will be fire, but deprived of light; yet so that the eyes shall suffer with the sight of most horrible appearance, and yet be debarred of the comfort which in the midst of all their terror, the lightnings themselves might cause in the frightfulest tempests. "There will be heat without brightness," by a contrary miracle to what was wrought in the Babylonian furnaces, for there, by command of God, the heat was taken from the fire, but not the light or brightness; but in hell the fire will lose its light, but not its heat. Moreover, this same fire, burning with brimstone, will have a searching flame, which, being mingled with the rolling smoke of that infernal cave, will fill the whole place, and raise a storm of darkness. Finally, the same mass of bodies, heaped one on another, will contribute to make up a part of that dreadful night, not a glimpse of transparent air being left to the eyes of the damned, thus darkened and almost put out. The misfortunes of this prison, so straight and obscure, are hightened by the addition of the greatest stench. Firstly, thither, as to a common sewer, all the filth of the earth shall run after the fire has purged it at the last day. Secondly, the brimstone itself, continually burning in such prodigious quantity, will cause a stench not to be borne. Thirdly, the very bodies of the damned will exhale so pestilential a smell that if any one of them were to be placed here on earth it would be enough, as St. Bonaventure observes, to cause a general infection. The devil appearing one day to St. Martin, with purple robes and a crown on his head: "Adore me," said he, "for I am Christ, and deserve it;" but the saint, assisted by a celestial light, answered him, saying, "My Lord is crowned with thorns and covered with blood; I know him not in this dress." The devil being discovered, fled away, but left so great stench behind him that this alone was sufficient for the saint to discover him. If, then, one single devil could raise such a stench, what will that pestiferous breath be that will be exhaled in the dungeon where the whole crowd of tormenting devils, and all the bodies of the tormented will be penned up together? Air itself, being for a time closely shut up, becomes insupportable; judge, then, what a stink such loathsome filth must be to those that are confined in it forever. The divine judgment has chosen fire as the fittest instrument to punish those that rebel against God. Even among men there never was found a greater torment. Nevertheless you must not think the fire of hell is like ours. Happy, I say, would those unfortunate souls be if they met with no other fires than what can be made on earth. Our fire is oftened applied to subjects not at all proportioned to its activity; but the fire of hell is kindled with a sulphurous and bituminous matter which will always burn with an unspeakable fury, as it happens in the thunderbolt, which strikes with so much force caused by the violence of that lighted exhalation. Finally, our fire destroys what it burns; therefore, the more intense it is the shorter it is; but that fire in which the damned shall forever be tormented shall burn without ever consuming, and is, therefore, by Christ compared unto salt, which, torturing them with inconceivable heat, in nature of fire, will also hinder them from being corrupted, as it is the nature of salt to do. This infernal prison being to contain all the bodies of the damned, without being concentrated one with another, it will be requisite it should be a pit of many miles in circumference, depth, and hight, considering the great number of its prisoners. Now, all this great pit will be full of fire, and if lighted straw, when there is enough of it, will heat an oven, what will lighted brimstone do, so violent as to quality and so great as to quantity? Besides, the fire here will be shut up without any vent, and, therefore, all its flames will return back by reverberation, and, by consequence, be of unspeakable activity. Flames so fierce and so great will not only afflict us without, as it happens with the flames in this world, but will penetrate our very bones, our marrow, and even the very principle of our life and being. Every one that is damned will be like a lighted furnace, which has its own flames in itself; all that filthy blood will boil in the veins, the brains in the skull, the heart in the breast, the bowels within that unfortunate body, surrounded with an abyss of fire, out of which it cannot escape. Consider that whatever has been said, either as to the strength, the quality, or the quantity of this infernal fire, it is nothing in comparison to the intenseness it will have as being the instrument of divine justice, which will raise it above its natural force to produce most wonderful effects. The infernal fire will be of that kind it will have its rise from the foot of the throne of God—that is to say, it will receive an incredible vigor from the omnipotence of God—working, not with its own activity, but as an instrument, with the activity of its agent, who will give to the flames such intenseness as he shall think convenient to avenge the outrages committed against Him, and to repair the injuries done His glory. If the fire, like a sword falling with its own weight only, makes such havoc among us, what will it do in hell, when assisted by an omnipotent arm? The company of the devils will prove far more tormenting than would be that of our greatest enemies, they being also executioners and ministers of divine justice. They will inflict the damned two different ways—by their sight and by their reproaches. The sight of a devil is so terrible that St. Francis, after having seen one, assured his companion, Brother Giles, "that had it not been for a particular help of God, he could not have beheld such a monster, though for never so few moments, without expiring." St. Antonius makes mention of a religious person, who, having seen the devil, said he would freely go into a fiery furnace rather than see him any more. St. Catherine of Sienna, speaking to our Savior, said much more: "That, rather than to behold again so frightful an infernal form, she would choose to walk in a road all of fire to the very day of judgment." According to this, one of those monsters alone would be enough to make a hell of the place he was in; yet in hell they will be without number. What a life that will be; worse than a thousand deaths, to live among such cruel enemies and such bloody executioners! Consider that were the pains of hell less racking, yet, being never to have an end, they would become infinite. What then, will it be, they being both intolerable as to sharpness and endless as to duration? Who can conceive how much it adds to grief, it being never to have an end? The torment of the hour is a great pain, that of two must be twice as much; the torments of a hundred hours must be a hundred times as much, and so on, the pain increasing in proportion of the time of its duration. What, then, must that be which is to last infinite hours, infinite days, infinite ages? That pain certainly must be infinite, and surpass all our thoughts to conceive it; for were it proposed to the damned to suffer either the sting of a bee in their eye for a whole eternity, or to undergo all the torments of hell for as many ages as there are stars in heaven, they would, without doubt, choose to be thus miserable for so many ages, and then see an end of their misery, than to endure a pain so much less that was to have no end. Take an hour-glass into thy hands, and say thus to thyself: If I were to be buried alive in the middle of a fire for as many thousand of years as there are grains in this little parcel of sand, which measures the fleeting hours, when should I see an end to my pain? The world has lasted so long, and yet has not completed six thousand years, so that there would not as yet be above five grains taken away, which would not be more than some few atoms in respect of the remaining atoms; and yet, if I die in mortal sin, I am obliged by faith to believe that, after having suffered all these ages, none of my pain due to it will be passed, and eternity will remain as entire as ever. Let us go on, and imagine to ourselves a mountain of this small sand, so high as would reach from earth to heaven; then let every one say to himself: Were I to continue in flames so many thousand years as there are grains of sand in this vast mountain, when should I ever see an end of my torments? Let us, then, imagine this great mountain to be multiplied as often as there are sands in the sea, leaves on trees, feathers on birds, scales on fishes, hairs on beasts, atoms in the air, drops of water that have rained, or will rain to the day of judgment. What human understanding can ever comprehend so great a number, which can scarcely be comprehended by an angel himself? If this succession of ages without end in hell give any relief by variety, it would, on that score, be more tolerable; but how can it be tolerable, it being to be always the same in torments?

Nero and the Christian Martyrs.

Mythology was ransacked for bloody subjects to put on an awful stage. The pictures and statues were turned into ghastly *tableaux vivants* amid the yellings and applause of a brutalized public. Now it was Hercules burned in his Nessus shirt on Mount Œta, or Orpheus or Dædalus devoured by beasts, while the god Mercury stepped lightly through the gorged arena and touched each body with his red-hot wand to see if it still moved, or Pluto stalked forth to dispatch those yet alive with his mace, and drag them by the feet to his infernal kingdom. The most licentious myths of the old religions, as well as the cruelest legions, were freely exhausted, and thus by a grim, but unconscious irony, the christian martyrs in person supplied, as representatives of the new religion, the ghastly apotheosis of the old. Meanwhile Nero, dressed up as a beast in a leopard's skin, committed in person the foulest excesses on the public stage. But the most novel part of this popular festival was reserved for the evenings. Then might the whole of the population be seen pouring toward the spot now known as the great square in front of St. Peter's, at Rome. There, beyond the Tiber, was Nero's favorite circus. The illumination was brilliant. The usual lamps and torches were varied by a new device worthy of Tiegellinus. Living men and women were immersed in barrels of oil, or thickly covered with resinous materials, and set on fire, until the crowded avenues reeked with the fumes of unguents and pitch, amid the lurid glare of this unparalleled holocaust. Nero dosed as a charioteer, and terrified horses were urged up and down the course, after which the emperor, attired as a jockey, mixed freely with the people, going the round of his broiling and agonized victims. Had the early christians, had the writers of the New Testament no cause for hating a world that reveled in such spectacles as this? Could they do otherwise than wait in hope and patience for the "Lord," who should consume "that Wicked with the spirit of His mouth, and destroy him with the brightness of His coming?" Yet were these scenes graced by tender and sublime episodes, bursting like flowers of immortal beauty and fragrance from the bloody and calcined soil of martyrdom. The pale, sweet Blandina, crucified but happy, and making others happy with the memories of Christ; Potamiena and Felicity melting the brutal crowd by their quiet sweetness and modesty; Perpetua arranging her hair carefully as she goes in to be torn by beasts, "because it was not right that a martyr should appear with her hair in disorder, as though what was really her glory should appear to be grief to her." One simple girl so touched by her sweet patience and beauty the heart of a young Roman, that he openly pitied her. Seeing this, she was moved, and gave him, as she passed along, the handkerchief that was on her bosom. Overpowered with enthusiasm, he followed her into the arena, and shared her fate. Thus death seemed more lovely than life, and the love that could suffer proved stronger than the hate that could kill the body.

An Indianapolis Man on Tennessee.

The following letter has been received by our State commissioner of agriculture, statistics and mines, from a wealthy Indianapolis man: "If there is any prospect of success in the enterprise I have mentioned to you, I shall expect to leave my beautiful home here in the park and remove to Tennessee, and identify myself fully and completely with all her interests, as much so as if I was her son and to the manner born. I have no desire to come temporarily or as a carpetbagger, to worm myself into her confidence, suck out her life-blood, and then betray her, or to bore her with my gratuitous advice of how to manage her social or political affairs; no, I will come, if I come at all, as a square business man, as an adopted son, and hold myself ready to defend her on all occasions. I will come because I believe her climate will be more beneficial to the health of my family, whom this ever-changing climate is killing by inches, and, also, because I believe there is a great future for Tennessee, if she can only be awakened up to the importance of manufactories and a complete railway system. The wealth which now lies dormant in her bosom will then be almost fabulous. I am a Philadelphian by birth, and resided there until I came to this State. I have seen what coal and iron can do for a State; they are the foundation of England's greatness; they have made Philadelphia what she is, and will make the fortune of any State that can appreciate their importance. The wealth of Philadelphia and her citizens is simply wonderful; her millionaires are counted by hundreds; Asa Packer, her largest coal operator, is worth twelve million dollars; some of her manufactures turn out from ten to fifteen million dollars worth of products per annum; her revenue from coal alone per annum is one hundred and twenty-five million dollars, to say nothing about her iron, stone, timber, etc. Now, Tennessee has all these resources to an equal and, I think, a greater extent."

A General who Outlived his Doctors.

St. Louis *Times:* General Charles Clarke, Ex-Governor of Mississippi, died a few days ago at the age of sixty-eight. He served in the Mexican war as a voluteer, but was sent home invalided as a consumptive by the surgeons. Their verdict Dr. Warren Stone, the highest authority of the southern faculty, confirmed, one lung having perished completely, and the lieutenant was advised to go home and lead the quiet life of a planter, avoiding all excitement, whereby he might prolong his life for eighteen months, or perhaps even for two years. He went home, but did not die, indeed. After serving in the legislature and several public offices, he was alive to head a Confederate brigade at Shiloh. As he took a parting glass with Colonel W. H. McArdle, a veteran Mississippi journalist, he said: "I think you will have a good chance of publishing that obituary which you promised me thirteen years ago. I have outlived all the doctors, but I am not so confident that I shall escape the Yankee balls and shells which I shall be compelled to face to-day." After the first day's battle General Clarke was borne to the rear, wrapped in a blanket saturated with blood. "You can publish that obituary now—he has met with a soldier's death," was the remark of one of those who bore him, and the obituary was shortly afterward published in the New Orleans papers. Shortly after the battle of Baton Rouge, however, General Clarke was seen again at New Orleans. He had been shot through the body at Shiloh and left on the field, to be taken prisoner, to recover and to be exchanged, and at Baton Rouge a minie ball broke his thigh near the socket. Dr. Stone was the surgeon who now brought round the man he had condemned to a speedy death in 1848, and though his leg was shortened several inches, General Clarke lived to be governor of Mississippi, and to die fifteen years later quietly in his bed, having buried several generations of doctors, gone through two wars with only one lung, been twice left for dead on the field of battle, and seen his obituary published.

The Monotony of Life.

The general character of life is that of monotony. Whether we regard the life of man or the life of beasts, we are struck by the same remarkable fact, viz: That life, to all outward appearance, is a monotonous succession of scenes and movements, but all incidental. We wonder how the interest is kept up. But we never tire of going to bed at night, and we are very sorry when we tire of getting up in the morning. We never weary, except with regret, of breakfasting, dining and supping; and yet these actions are repeated incessantly three hundred and sixty-five times in the year, with renewed excitement on every succeeding occasion. We take off our clothes once every day, and put them on once every day. We do this at nearly the same hour, in daily succession, and when health is good the pleasure derived from so doing is not marred by the repetition of the act, for the ebbing and the flowing of our bodily sensations prepare us, without any effort on our part, for all the vicissitudes of our existence. When hungry, food is agreeable; when weary, sleep or rest is a treat; when warm, cool air is refreshing; when cold, the pleasure derived from a cheerful fire is delicious. The excitement is kept up by contrasts; and we purchase the enjoyment of one feeling by encouraging the reverse. With health, and youth, and prosperity, we should never be weary. It is age, and weakness, and poverty that prepare us for death; and even that comes easy upon most men, at last, like a sleep, and the heaviness of the heart gives even the last sleep a welcome.

A DARING YOUNG MAN.

How from His Lofty Perch on the Flying Trapeze he Caught a Maiden's Fancy.

St. Louis *Times:* It happened a few weeks since that the Humpty-Dumpty pantomime troupe held the boards at De Bar's Operahouse to large and appreciative audiences. The comic element caught the town, and the season before Christmas was rendered lively by the excellent performances of Nick Roberts's company, which everybody admitted to be a good one throughout. It did one's heart good, especially, to observe the matinee gatherings during pantomime week. The great house, parquette, dress-circle, and family circle, shone with a delighted audience, in which the children predominated, and mirth and merriment prevailed in a lively degree. A *Times* man dropped into the house during the performance and was not slow to observe that the fun from the stage possessed warm interest for other than the children. Of course, mammas and elder sisters would excuse themselves for laughing at the clown's eccentricities on the ground that it was proper to enter into the spirit of the thing with the little ones; but what pleasure could the pantomime afford

THAT YOUNG LADY

seated alone on the right of the dress-circle, holding her head low and apparently absorbed in mental reflection? Thereby hangs the tale at length revealed. Young men at the theaters have a habit at intervals of scrutinizing every face that lines the graceful circle, and the *Times* man furnished no exception. She was young, petite; perhaps seventeen years would span her life; delicately arrayed, a sweet face, a fair form, rich brown hair, violet eyes, a refined expression, a beautiful flush suffusing the soft cheeks, a type of American beauty that charms every European visitor. She sat there alone, and looked up but once while one of Strauss' ravishing waltzes tickled every ear in the house. Her attention was then taken by a lovely little child close beside her, one of those bright little sunbeams that contributed to the happiness of the occasion. The child was mimicking some of the fun in the piece to her mamma, a lady of surpassing beauty, and the tiny hands were clapped in merriment, a charming exhibition in front of the footlights engaging attention and admiration on all sides. But the curtain rose and attention was given to the stage. The young girl dropped her programme and riveted her eyes upon the left wing. During the interval

A TRAPEZE

had been erected, and presently a young and handsome man stepped blithely on the stage to give an exhibition of trapeze art. It was at this point that the interest came in for the fair solitary girl. She saw nothing and nobody but him; bending forward in her seat, she followed his marvelous action, watched him with breathless suspense until he withdrew, and then the house roared with applause, and when he appeared to acknowledge the compliment, a look of pride and satisfaction greeted him from gentle No. 537 in the dress-circle. Did he know it? Well, yes, he did, for his eyes were turned in that direction. The young lady gathered up her cloak and quietly withdrew from the theater, a full half hour before the conclusion of the performance.

SCENE II.

opens at the Vienna bakery, where the girl and the trapeze artist are discovered together sipping coffee and Neapolitan ices. He had donned his promenade suit, and as the young lady passed out with her companion she bowed right and left to her numerous acquaintance, for she is a member of the highest circles, and has a recognized position in society. The story of David Garrick's romantic attachment, portrayed in Robertson's emotional play, had affected her considerably; the noble sacrifice of the great actor had brought tears to her eyes, and the play, founded on fact, was full of tender interest for her romantic nature. A week later she had seen the trapeze artist at De Bar's, and a warm sentiment was aroused. With the Garrick attachment fresh in her memory, this young girl, regarded the flower of a distinguished circle,

FOSTERED THE ROMANTIC NOTION

of becoming acquainted with the trapeze man, and it was accomplished at a subsequent performance at the operahouse. That individual saw no impropriety in a little flirtation with a pretty girl, and she experienced no difficulty in making that acquaintance. The knowledge subsequently reached the trapeze man that the girl's parents were "well fixed," and he lost no opportunity to improve the acquaintance. But in doing this, he fell, unconsciously, into the net of Cupid. A flirtation was a flirtation no longer, and the young people had one of those delicious understandings that make up the happiness of this life. The trapeze man meant everything that was honorable, and suggested that he should write to the young lady's parents. Much opposition was expressed to this on her part, and she even suggested that if he would consent to marry her their fortunes might be shared together on the stage. The trials, temptations and reverses of a stage career were pointed out with all the delicacy of an earnest lover, but the girl would hear of nothing short of a runaway match, and a stage-life. The situation was perplexing for the actor. He loved the girl, and he wanted to gratify her ambition, but he declined to do anything that would bring distress upon the family. His convictions of right and wrong were so strong in the matter that at length he decided to overrule all objections to a manly explanation, and he sought the father. A thunderbolt would have caused less consternation on the family hearth. Why, the girl must be crazy; her troussea was already being prepared by an eastern *modiste* for an alliance to a young attorney at the St. Louis bar, a member of an old family. What did it all mean? The reader is left to answer the question. The fact remains that the extraordinary denouement wrought serious illness upon a certain young man and a romantic lady, and that a third man, the prospective bridegroom at the bar, is waiting with his teeth clenched for some fellow to get well. Love-stealing is a criminal offense in some countries; in this it is generally settled at a few paces with six-chambered revolvers.

For the Sunday Appeal.]

SLEEP.

LUCIS.

Cares of to-day, your needle-book is shut,
With the sharp, tiny points in wool encased,
Another leaf from Life's worn book is cut,
In the recording angel's fingers placed.
Cares of to-day and griefs whose heavy weight
We wear like armor fitted close and hard,
What matters it to us that hours so late
With burning planets on the dark are starred;
That o'er the moss-edged roof the moonlight cold
Drips to the gallery, spreading silently,
Or that the slanting shadows sentry hold
Near silvered leaves fallen unsparingly?
Dull, O so dull, to day! Earth's bright things call
No pulse to gladness rhyming happily.
I'm tired, and fain into thy arms would fall,
Merciful Sleep, the good friend left to me.
Always thou comest unto me at last;
Tho' sometimes I must long implore, I know
That thy dear deadness soon will hold me fast,
As nightly to thy placid shrine I go.
Some day these weary limbs this gladless heart
Will come unto thee for that slumber deep,
Claiming at thy good hands their well-earned part
In thy domain of Silence, gentle Sleep.

Advice to the Choir.

It may not be out of place to note some of the blemishes and defects of choir singing, as they have been sometimes painfully realized through a long and various course of observation. It is no easy matter so to subdue the pride and individuality of choir-singers as to induce them to blend their voices together. Each, in some instances, seems inclined to make his part separate and independent from all the rest; and so it sounds, not like twenty voices following into one common result, but twenty voices with twenty independent results. The *tout ensemble* of the choir and congregation voices is a prime essential for superior congregational song. When all the voices mingle and unite in producing one strain of sound the intonation is perfect. The individual voices still give coloring to the whole, but the individual distinctness is not detrimental to the intermingling. This excellent effect cannot be produced without study and practice. The singers should try to sing into each other's voices, so that there may be unity and sympatey of tone. There are choir-singers who imagine that this unity comes as a matter of course. They do not practice together, they are not used to each other's voices, and, when they pass into the performance of their music on the Sabbath, their rendering of it is marked, not by the blending and interfusion of voices, but by that multitudinous and separate enunciation of sound which makes the true musician feel that the organ is vainly trying to blend a number of incohesive, self-willed and antagonistic notes. Very often, in country choirs and congregations, one or two singers appear to be determined to set up for themselves. They are anxious that their voice should be heard separately from all the rest, and this they easily accomplish if their voice is at all strong. They give their voice what is called "a sort of twang" or "unusual flavor," to the delight of their own vanity and to the disgust of all educated musicians. This unenviable distinction is generally gained by purposely singing out of tune; either too flat or too sharp, as the case may be; or perhaps both in turn, for a change. These peculiar "twangs" are out of place in worship, and whatever gratification of individual vanity they may bring, they ought to be put down for the sake of art and reverence.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

OBSTINATE minds must surrender and admit, that the wonderful cures of coughs, colds and bronchitis effected by Dr. J. H. M'Lean's cough and lung healing globules. This new way, new principle, producing a gas, going direct to the affected parts, is the only remedy. Trial boxes 25c, by mail. Dr. J. H. M'Lean, 314 Chestnut, St. Louis.

For the Sunday Appeal.]

MY MOTHER.

MARY W. INGE.

Gems of thought, in rich profusion,
Come floating through my aching brain;
Thoughts of childhood, dear and unforgotten,
That deep in the crypts of memory hath lain—
Of days when my thoughts were purest,
In glowing childhood's happy dreams;
Sighing and longing for things beyond us,
Oh! bitter, life's best is not what it seems.

I have dreamed in those days of love,
Which like fleecy clouds flitted by,
Of happier things, and of dearer ones,
But, oh! I find that life is but a sigh.
When silver thoughts of golden youth
Come dancing through my throbbing mind,
Brilliant stars of hope, gleams so bright and fair,
Its mellow tints are days we never find.

The only dreams we can retain,
Dearer to us than thoughts of life,
Is the love our dear, honored Mother bore
During her dreary days of care and strife.
Our Mother! Ought we not to love her?
Dearer to me than years of bliss
Is my mother's sweet smile of approval—
My mother's dear and welcoming kiss.

Great shall be her reward above,
In the sunny land of heaven;
A brighter crown, or more beautiful robe,
To none in Paradise shall be given.
And when the gates are thrown ajar,
To admit her spirit, pure and bright,
A glorious shout, from loved ones so dear,
Shall welcome her to that pure land of light.

"INGEHEIM," January 22, 1878.

ODDS AND ENDS.

"Hog-Eye," "Lickskillet," "Rake-Pocket" and "Steal-Easy" are the names of some Texas towns.

It is vanity to love what is passing away with all speed, and not to be hastening thither where endless joy abideth.

An Iowa editor recently announced that a certain patron of his was "thieving as usual." He declared he wrote it "thriving."

What is the difference between a man struck with amazement and a leopard's tail? One is rooted to the spot, and the other is spotted to the root.

Mistress—"Bridget, how is it you have not dusted the what-not?" Bridget—"Ah, thin, ma'am, I can't for dacency's sake face that naked figger."

"I think we are going to have colder weather," said a bright little Boston boy, looking at the moon. "I see they have cut a hole for the stovepipe."

Blessings that fill us with ecstacy lift us up, for the time being, to the verge of heaven; but it is unobtrusive patience that keeps the ever-recurring trials of life from fretting our spirits, robbing us of peace, and filling our lives with discomfort and unhappiness.

Actual fact! A pious man was going through the common one Sunday, and came upon some youngsters "playing marbles." "Boys," he said, "boys, do you know what day it is?" One of the imps turned to a bystander with: "Here, can you tell this man what day it is; he don't know?"

Miss Hannah de Rothschild, the bright and good young lady whom Earl Rosebery is going to marry, has a fortune of fifteen million dollars. She takes the entire charge of her property, landed and otherwise, and is an excellent woman of business. She is not beautiful, but has a kind, earnest and sincere face.

Montreal and Chicago are the two cities most conspicuous for failures; Boston and Philadelphia for sneak-thieves; Cincinnati and Louisville for whisky-thieves; Washington and Richmond for elegant Americans of African descent; New Orleans and Charleston for cotton; San Francisco and St. Louis for Chinamen; Baltimore and Norfolk for oysters. Memphis is celebrated for true goodness.

Louisville *Courier-Journal:* The booming bard of the *Yeoman* has left the legislature, and gone into congress. Listen:

With Massachusetts under foot,
And kicked about by Blaine,
It's fitting time for him to toot
His brazen horn for Maine.
Who hears the chatter of the Dawes,
This trumpet-tone before?
The senate does not even pause
To hear the raving Hoar.

Among the mourners at the funeral of Engineer Hatch, at West Winsted, Connecticut, last Sunday, was his mother, whose life has been one long iliad of woes. Two of her brothers were murdered, a third was drowned, her sister's husband was killed in the war, her own husband fell dead in his chair, and, finally, her only son was a victim of the railroad disaster of last week. A thanksgiving service was held on the same afternoon in Norfolk, Connecticut, for the safe deliverance of over seventy members of the congregation who were on the train that was wrecked at Tariffville.

The granger in the Kentucky assembly means to tolerate the lawyer therein. This is gathered from a masterly speech of a rural member: "I followed agricultural pursuits," said he, adding rather redundantly, "I am a farmer, and I am proud of it. But I have nothing against lawyers, the class that my honorable friend represents. I am like an old Methodist preacher who, when he went around to the members of his congregation, came across an old lady in spectacles. 'Do you love the Lord?' he asked. 'Well,' she says, 'parson, I ain't got nothin' agin him!'"

A bright story is told of the accomplished wife, now dead, of General Hooker. When she was the admired Miss Groesbeck, of Cincinnati, she was once at an evening party, when a fashionable young dandy was asked if he would like to be presented to her. "Oh, yes," said he, laughingly, "trot her out." The lady overheard the remark, and, when he was presented, she adjusted her eye-glasses deliberately, and slowly scanned his clothing from boot to collar. The survey finished, she waved her hand and carelessly said, "Trot him back; I have seen all there is of him."

Dr. Mary Walker has been mysteriously missing ever since her snub by the ungallant senate, but here she comes again. The *Hawkeye* has found her: "Dr. Mary Walker picked out a piece of black and gray striped goods for her new pantaloons, and her stupid tailor made them up so that the stripes ran round and round, and before the fair doctor had walked two blocks with her new raiment on, her legs looked so like twin rattlesnakes that she had frightened five men into *delirium tremens*, and was finally arrested as an escaped convict. She is practicing her right leg on a sandbag, and is calmly waiting for the tailor to come to the front door with his bill."

Artemus Ward, when on the Cleveland *Plaindealer*, used to be incessantly whittling his chair and desk. In writing, when a funny idea struck him, he would laugh with a guffaw which seemed to shake him from his heels upward. He sat in an arm chair always, with his left leg hung over the arm of his chair. When the joke came he used to pound the table with his fist, slap the long, thin leg that hung over the chair, and explode with laughter. It was his habit to share a good joke with his associates in the office at once. He wrote rather rapidly, and writing seemed to come easy to him. He laughed nearly all the time that he was writing.

The New Year brought death on the scaffold to a poor wretch in Paris. Early in the morning one of the keepers asked him if he would drink some wine. "What's the good?" asked Corsenico; "in a few minutes I shall be dead!" When he walked to the scaffold he had to pass all the other prisoners, drawn up in a double line; and every one raised his cap as the condemned murderer went to his death. Among those who saw him pass by was the man in whose interest the murder had been committed. As the knife gleamed in the sunlight this man's face was ghastly white, and a moment afterward he shrieked and fell to the ground unconscious. But the murderer was calm and self-possessed, even when the knife fell.

An Old Man's Mistake.

The Baltimore *American*, of Wednesday, relates the following: "Last night a policeman brought in Kate Cronin, drunk, to the Greene street station, and the turnkey put her in a cell on the left-hand side of the corridor. By and by another policeman brought in a man who was so drunk that he could not tell his name or even stand up. They put him in a cell on the right hand side. He dropped like lead in the dark cell, which contained no one but himself. Kate Cronin was as merry as a cricket, and sung, danced, and seemed to be in the happiest possible mood. Soon her singing aroused the stupified man in the cell, and, strange to say, the man recognized the voice of his wife, and supposed he was at home. He was Michael Cronin, the woman's husband. Hearing her singing, he inferred that she was in the next room and had locked him in. 'Oh, Kate,' he called, 'D'ye hear me? Tell Charley to come an' open this dure this minute; come now; where's the candle? Come, let me out, Kate. Will yez sind Mary out to open the windy?' Tired at last, the mistaken man fell asleep and did not realize the true condition of affairs until he and his spouse, arm in arm, entered the van to take a ride across Jones's Falls."

Lookout for the En—

Burlington *Hawkeye:* A Floyd county farmer halted his team on a crossing, read a large sign stretceed across the road. He read, R-a-i-l, rail; r-o-a-d, road, railroad; c-r-o-s, cros; s-i-n-g, sing, crossing, railroad crossing; L-o-o-double o-l double o-k, look; o-u-t, out; f-o-r, for; look out for; t-h-e, the; e-n, en—" and before he could say "g" or even think of a word beginning with it, the end of the world struck his wagon amidships, he saw his horses wandering off in different directions into the infinity of space; he was vaguely conscious of snaffle rings, and broken tires, and shattered springs, twisted reaches and harness things, and fragments of songs like a whirlwind sings, and when he came crashing down on his back and bulged through the top of a freight car, and wrecked a job lot of agricultural implements, he would have given all his wagon was worth to know what the rest of that sign was.

THAT CHICAGO GIRL.

She has Another Terrible Barking Fit—The Pitiful Condition of Mary Klein—A Reporter Visits Her in Her Cell—A Heart-Rending Scene.

Some months ago the *Observer* chronicled the appearance of a phenomenal case in Chicago, that of a girl who had paroxysms, in which she barked like a dog. The *Inter-Ocean* gives an account of the progress of her malady, with a truly painful description of its effects:

The dreaded barking girl, Mary Klein, of the north side, has broken out again. At five minutes after seven last evening she was discovered in an alley, near the corner of Lincoln and Hurlbut streets, baying at the new moon. A policeman had his attention called to her, but on his approach to arrest her she sped away like a frightened fawn. No policeman on the force can be found who can run her down, and it is only by strategy and gradually surrounding her that a number of policemen could finally succeed in catching her. Upon being captured Mary Klein was taken to the Webster avenue station, and there confined in a cell. A reporter of the *Inter-Ocean*, hearing of the capture of this barking girl—the first one that has ever been heard of, and who, when she had the first attack of this singular affection, nearly five months ago, an incredulous public accused of assuming the singular malady—went to interview her. When the reporter undertook this interview he had little idea of the subject he had taken in hand. On arriving at the Western avenue station, Lieutenant M'Auley kindly responded to the reporter's request to be shown to the girl. He was led to the aisle of cells, and, when he entered this part of the building, he heard a sharp, quick bark that might have come from a black-and-tan dog. He asked the lieutenant, in an incredulous tone, if that was the girl barking. When he stood by the door of the cell he saw a little strip of a woman's shawl through the tiny hole, and heard, coming from the cell, all the various kinds of barks that belong to the gamut of the canine voice. Then he began to believe in the barking girl. The quick, sharp bark of the irritated dog; the low, wailing noise that a dog utters when asking to be let into a house; the continued growling sound that the animal makes at night when a stranger draws near, were among the phases of this strange and phenomenal voice. The door is not opened, and the reporter wonders. He is told that no one dare enter there all alone. That the creature within is dangerous; that she snaps and bites all who approach her, darting forward her mouth at them, while her arms hang listlessly at her side. But the doctor, the only one who can control the girl—Dr. Simon, who is the attending physician at St. Joseph's hospital—is sent to and told that Mary has been again attacked with her dreadful malady. In a few minutes he arrives at the station. As Lieutenant M'Auley put the key in the door to let the doctor into the cell, the little crowd of neighbors around, who have heard of the girl before, and some seen her, draw back, hardly knowing whether to run or only to get a safe distance away. The doctor, as he passes in, is met by the girl—a girl possessed of more than an average countenance, with a symmetrical form, yet hardly seventeen years old, just blooming into womanhood. As the doctor tries to enter she dashes her head and mouth at him, while she barks with a low under-growl. He speaks to her soothingly. Again she rushes at him and tries to bite. He seizes her around the neck with one arm and forces her back into the cell toward the little bench on which the prisoners lie. Quick, sharp, piercing barks, and canine wailings, follow, and a terrible struggle ensues between the doctor and the girl, who seems possessed with superhuman power. The crowd stand back, afraid of the girl, but, after a brief struggle, the doctor gains the mastery, and she is laid, with the help of the lieutenant, on the bench lengthwise, with her shawl under her. The doctor takes a seat beside her, holding her forcibly against the wall, and still continues to keep his hand on her neck. After awhile the doctor partially succeeds in quieting her, though she continues to bark, gradually restoring her to her normal condition by stroking her fair forehead with his hand. Inquiries show that this is the third time she has been visited with her peculiar illness, the last attack having been about three months ago. It is said that she has always been fond of dogs, and has been in the habit of bringing to the home of her parents, who live at No. 28 Sullivan street, homeless dogs. Nothing has been discovered as to what was the first cause of her malady, but it is remembered that she was first attacked with it last summer after hearing of the shooting of a favorite dog that had gone mad. She was taken to St. Joseph's hospital, but she kept all the patients awake throughout the night, and was turned out because it was necessary. On this occasion the attack lasted through three days, or rather nights, for it seems that it is in the night that she barks, being comparatively quiet during the day. It is intended to apply to the court for her admission to the insane asylum. As it is now, every school-child in the neighborhood knows her, and rushes away in terror when they see her, even a block off. Her old employer, for whom she works when in a sane condition as a sewing-girl, in one of the large tailoring shops in Nickersonville, speaks of her as a splendid and faithful working-woman. Of the doctors who have been to see her before, it may be said that two of them have refused to enter her cell. None have gone to see her a second time.

The Evolution Theory Applied to the Female Leg.

Boston *Courier:* Perhaps the most remarkable girl of the present century was born, so it is alleged, in a Nebraska village, recently. This girl, although constructed with much artistic skill, and remarkable for the excellence of her proportions, was possessed of but a single leg. This was not her only peculiarity. Her leg was covered through more than half of its extent with alternate stripes of white and red. The white stripes were lighter in color than the rest of the girl, and the red stripes, though of a rather faint purple, were plainly visible. We need not wonder that the advent of this extraordinary infant has created an uncommon excitement among western scientific persons and dealers in hosiery. Why should this wonderful baby, with her single and startling leg, break in upon established customs, and flaunt her native stripes in the face of the astonished public? But one explanation has been offered, and that refers only to the stripes, and ignores the more important absence of the usual second leg. The local physician insists that the mind of the child's mother has for a long time been engrossed with the subject of ornamental hose, and that her husband, being a man of moderate means, was unable to gratify her longing for red and white stripes. What this has to do with the stripes that ornament the baby's solitary leg perhaps the medical oracles would find it difficult to explain. Many a father has longed earnestly for a box of imported Havana cigars, but no infant son has yet been born with even a single cigar between his fingers. Very likely the Nebraska mother sighed for unattainable stockings, but if that fact explains her baby's variegated leg, we must explain the absence of the baby's second leg by assuming that the mother constantly yearned for fewer legs—a theory that is wholly unsupported by the slightest evidence. If we are to account for the Nebraska infant upon scientific principles, there is but one theory that can help us. The beautiful theory of evolution, as modified by natural selection, will give us the clue to the meaning of the one-legged infant, and will, at the same time, show us the woman of the future as she will appear after evolution has wrought its perfect work. It is well known to Mr. Darwin and other philosophers of the same school, that nature improves and strengthens the organs that are in active use, and causes those which are not used to gradually disappear. Thus, the monkey, who constantly swings by his tail from the boughs of trees, possesses the ablest tail to be found in the whole animal kingdom; while the elephant who, from some motive with which we are unacquainted, rarely, if ever, suspends himself by his tail, has a ridiculously small and useless tail. Now, it is well known that the American woman seldom walks and never runs. Especially is this true of New England women, and the women of those western States which, like Nebraska, are inhabited chiefly by immigrants from New England. Moreover, the tendency to ignore the existence of legs, both in literature and in familiar conversation, is not only a characteristic of American women, but is carried to a greater extent in New England than it is elsewhere. Precisely as we should expect from the teachings of Mr. Darwin, we find that the New England leg has for a long time shown a marked tendency to become either merely rudimentary or entirely obsolete. At least this assertion is supported by such eminent authorities as Miss Catherine Beecher and Dr. Dio Lewis, the latter of whom alleges that he knows a dressmaker who supplies him with feminine data. While these causes are at work in the direction of the obliteration of the American feminine leg, there is another influence which also must be considered. The introduction, some years ago, of narrow skirts, which render it extremely difficult for the wearer to walk, tends to make two distincts legs useless. One, indeed, is about all the extremely fashionable skirt will comfortably hold, and we are assured that nature has not failed to take the hint thus offered to her. These two tendencies—or forces, as we may call them—are both active at the same time, and must produce a result due to their combined influence. That result would naturally be the entire disuse of legs as aids to locomotion, and the substitution of one leg for the two which nature originally provided. This is precisely what has occurred in the case of the Nebraska girl. She has but one leg, and that leg, being unfit for walking purposes, is recognized by nature as a purely ornamental member, and is, therefore, decked with a beautiful imitation of the ornamental hosiery so dear to the female mind. We now perceive not only the origin of the Nebraska infant, but the lesson which it teaches. It shows what the coming girl will be. We may not admire that kind of girl, and may regret the disappearance of the time-hallowed leg which the genius of Phidias and the author of the Black Crook delighted to honor. Nevertheless, our vain regrets cannot stay the inexorable hand of nature. So long as the causes just set forth are in operation, so long will the development of the American girl move in the direction of the Nebraska infant. We might as well make up our minds to the inevitable, and console ourselves with the reflection that the consolidation of the original two legs into one strictly ornamental leg will reduce by one-half the bills for shoes and hosiery, which at this season of the year possess much interest for husbands and fathers.

Washington Post.]

THE CROWING HENS.

In Roosterland once—this was cycles ago—
There arose certain hens, who determined to crow.
"Those roosters too long," they repeated with scorn,
"Have held a monopoly over the dawn.
The age has progressed, and we hens, too, have rights;
We can herald the days quite as well as the knights;
We'll petition the sun just to give us a show,
And he'll see who the loudest and promptest can crow!"
The sun their petitions accepted and said:
"If you think you can wake me on time, go ahead."
The Hens were all charmed; but the very next day
The egg-business called their attention away,
And the sun, when he arose quite belated and slow,
Cried: "While Hens have to cackle they never can crow!"

MORAL.

Let the ladies who seek for the ballot reflect!
They're electors more potent than those who elect.
They don't vote; but just think of the great "representation"
Of the "sex" who contribute the whole population.

George Francis Train's Words of Wisdom.

New York *Sun:* He assumed the attitude of an orator, and the sentiments which we here produce came rolling off his tongue with an unhesitating glibness that was astonishing: "You want some good advice. It has ruined many a man, but may not harm you, because you will not follow it. Rise early, be abstemious, be frugal; attend to your own business, and never trust it to another; be not afraid to work, and diligently, too, with your own hands; treat every one with civility and respect—good manners insure success; accomplish what you undertake; decide, then persevere; diligence and industry overcome all difficulties; never be mean—rather give than take the odd shilling; never postpone till the morrow what can be done to-day; never anticipate wealth from any source but labor; honesty is not only the best policy, but the only policy; commence at the first round, and keep climbing; make your word as good as your bond; seek knowledge to plan, enterprise to execute, honesty to govern all; never trade beyond your stock; never give too large credit; time is money; make few promises; keep your secrets; live within your income; sobriety above all things; luck is a word that does not apply to a successful man; not too much caution—slow but sure is the thing; the highest monuments are built piece by piece; step by step we mount the pyramids; be bold—be resolute when the clouds gather; difficulties are surmounted by opposition; self-confidence, self-reliance is your capital; your conscience the best monitor; never be over-sanguine, but don't underrate your own abilities; don't be discouraged; ninety-nine may say no, the hundredth, yes; take off your coat, roll up your sleeves, don't be afraid of manual labor; America is large enough for all; strike out for the west; the sea-shore cities are too crowded; the best lever of introduction is your own energy; lean on yourself when you walk; keep good company; the Spaniards say if you lie down with dogs you will get up with fleas; keep out of politics, unless you are sure to win; you are never sure to win, so keep out; when you are old enough to vote, vote—not for parties, but for men; if there are no men up for office, don't vote at all. Finally, live economically and frugally; don't eat but once a day, and then sparingly; cultivate the society of children and birds; read few books and newspapers. There," said he, "that will do for the present. It will make about forty lines of brevier, and is consequently worth two dollars." We gladly paid him the money and came away.

Some of the Wisest Wisdom.

The *Daily Derrick* is engaged in revising our proverbial philosophy. Here are some of its results:

"In a good house all is quickly ready," not counting, of course, the young lady whom you have called to take to church. She is always a half hour behind time.

"He that hath love in his heart hath spurs in his side." This is not true love in all cases. There was young Lochinvar, who came out of the west. He had love in his heart, but he wore his spurs on his boots. It was his steed that had spurs in his side.

"He that measures not himself is measured." This was an excellent proverb, but it was intended for a motto in a tailor's shop.

"When your will is ready your feet are light," unless you happen to be a Louisville girl.

"Good words quench more than a bucket of water," but slap on the water while you send some one to turn in an alarm.

"Neither bribe nor lose thy right," except in working a bill through the legislature; then scratch out the two n's.

"He that repairs not a part builds all," except in the case of a man who lives in a rented house.

"He that seeks trouble never misses," unless he belongs to an amateur rifle club. Then he never hits, and we've got money to bet on it.

Those Horse-Shoes of Gold.

The "Miss Thompson, of America," who was decribed in the *World*, a few days ago, as having electrified Edinburgh by ordering for her mare a set of shoes of solid gold, has been identified by the Niagara Falls *Gazette* as an eccentric guest, last summer, of the Cataract house. She never registered her name, and repelled any social advances. Her bills were paid promptly, usually in twenty dollar gold pieces, which she, also, at the time of her departure, lavished upon the attendants of the hotel. She would leave the hotel without announcement and be absent several days, and, upon returning, seek her room as though she had only been out for a short walk. In numberless other ways she evidenced a mind decidedly peculiar. She had a valuable mare with her, which she was in the habit of riding, usually with a groom on foot to lead the animal. While occupying apartments at the Cataract the lady left one day as quiet as usual, and some days after the proprietors received a telegram from Bristol, England, from their eccentric guest, requesting special care for the mare until she should return. Weeks after she returned and remained a short time; then again took her departure for Scotland, taking her mare with her, and also one of the porters at the hotel to take care of her animal on the way.—*New York World.*

Hiding a Misshapen Son from his Birth Until he is Twenty-Seven.

Cincinnati *Commercial*, January 19th: One of the most remarkable instances on record of parental devotion, and of success in keeping secret a family affliction, may be found in the family of a citizen who is keeping a drinking saloon in the western part of the city. Twenty-seven years ago he kept a house on Western row. About that time a number of houses in the vicinity were destroyed by fire in the night, including his residence. His wife, in a delicate condition, suffered much from fright, and subsequently gave birth to a monstrosity—an offspring without any of the better senses of a living creature, except that of sight—without toes or fingers; deaf, speechless, without the least spark of intellect or instinct. Twenty-seven years have passed, and the family have kept this creature in the household, secreted in a room, and only a few of the neighbors besides, who are on the most intimate relations, have known of its existence. It eats when food is placed to its mouth, and is kept in a cleanly condition by the most constant care. A long beard has grown on its face. It is about three feet in length. It crawls about some, but moves with great difficulty. That such a creature has lived so long is singular. That a family, instead of placing it in some asylum, has endured its presence in their midst, and nurtured it in assiduous privacy through all of these years, is a strong and affecting incident of paternal devotion.

How Hamlet was Played One Hundred Years Ago.

A Berlin audience saw *Hamlet* for the first time a hundred years ago last week. In *North and South*, for December, Rudolph Genee has an article in which he draws a graphic picture of the manner in which the play was produced and received at that time. Wielan's translation, adapted by Schroder, was the one used. In the play as produced at Hamburg there was no "Laertes," no "Rosencrantz," although "Guildenstern" was retained; the meeting of "Hamlet" with the players was pushed along into a later act, the grave diggers were discarded, "Ophelia" was not buried, there was no duel, of course, since there was no "Laertes," and "Hamlet" survived the denouement. The play was divided into six acts, and the names of the characters were generally changed. Some of the discarded parts were restored when the tragedy went to Berlin. The grave-diggers and "Hamlet" have their conversation, although the burial scene is omitted; "Laertes" is revived, but the duel is still rejected, and "Hamlet" survives. M. Genee says that if the man "Hamlet" had been allowed to die the tragedy would have had a short life on the German stage, instead of holding the honored position which it does to-day.

A BURGLAR'S CONFESSION.

"The Last Thing Before Going to the Eternal Hell to which I am Doomed."

Opelika (Ala.) *Observer:* A man was found dead on Friday, about one mile from the city limits of Opelika. He appeared to be about thirty years of age, and was dressed in a blue flannel coat, checked cotton pants, colored shirt, and paper collar. He was shot through the back of the head, near the right ear, and the ball was near the left part of the forehead. The following letters were extracted from the pistol-pocket of his pants:

OPELIKA, ALA., January 3, 1878.

My name is Fred Saxon Foster; I was born near Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, A. D., 1833, October 10th. Mother died when I was a boy, and my father I never knew; brothers and sisters I have none, nor no near kin. I have nothing to live for, and nothing to die for. I plunge into the future cheerfully, trying to hope that the world has been my hell; it certainly has been a very severe one the past year, but if there is a worse one I reckon I deserve it, for I have never worked for my living, but robbed and stolen for it, and often caused poor innocent ones to go cold and hungry. I wish every dishonest man in the world knew just how I feel now, they would all turn their course. If I possessed the world I would give it now, in my dying hour, to live my life over again, but, alas! it cannot be. I would say to all who are disposed to act as I have to turn, for, if there is no heaven to reward you or hell to punish you, you will be rewarded on earth. Oh! for a clear conscience. My old comrades, take warning, lead a different life, you will not regret it. Where you are able to hold up your head, look your fellow man in the face, and speak the truth. I could have made myself useful, but ah! I have been a drawback to my associates, a disgrace to myself and to the race; then why live longer? Who cares for me, or who do I care for? Death or anything for a change is sweet. I went in places last year hoping I would be killed, but not so; I am left to kill myself. The finder will please publish this for the benefit of those disposed to go astray. F. S. F.

Mr. Sheriff of Lee county:

This is to inform you and the community at large that you were in error when you thought Mr. J. H. Harwell was guilty of burglary. 'Twas me that opened Mr. Green's store and took out his goods, and Mr. Harwell knew nothing of it, but got them gambling, as he said. I make this confession with the determination of ending my life. I have been a burglar and robber, but have had no luck since this scrape. My partner, Jack Grady, an Irishman, left me last night; said he was going to Columbus. He is a large man, about my age, forty-two; has a scar on his left cheek, made by a policeman in Nashville, Tennessee. Jack has all our keys, drills and chisels. I was raised near Pittsburg, Pennsylvania; have been in the south eleven years and little over. I have never killed nor tried to hurt anybody; knowing the number I have punished in this case has troubled me no little, and it is the main thing that causes me to take my own life, for I once had as good a mother as Mr. Harwell had. I know how she would have felt over such a thing. I have written his relatives a letter asking their forgiveness, and want to ask that of the community for causing them to think one of their citizens guilty of this crime, when it is false. We had the goods in the hands of a negro, and saw him with them. I make this confession, the last thing before going to the eternal hell for which I am doomed, and have so long deserved. May God prosper the poor, unfortunate man, is my prayer.

January 8, 1878. FRED S. FOSTER.

The Gentlemanly Turk.

Of late a good deal of nonsense has been talked about the gentlemanliness of the Turks, and as much nonsense has been brought forward in reply. Whether the Turks are, or are not gentlemen, has no kind of connection with the settlement of the Eastern question. At the same time, the fact that the Turks impale and flay and roast and stew their enemies—if it be a fact—has nothing to do with the question whether they are or are not gentlemen. It is worth noticing, too, as a proof of the way in which the conception of gentlemanliness is slowly changing—that the Turks are not gentle from the old point of view. The mother of Candide, who was so unreasonably particular about quarterings that she refused to marry the father of that hero because he had but sixteen or so, would not have called the Turks gentlemen. There may be Bulgarian notables who have preserved their coats stainless, and who have not lost account of their descent. On the mother's side, the rich Turk is lost in painful confusion, yet he would be marked "h. b." in any calendar that took account of human thoroughbreds. In spite of this little blot on his escutcheon, the Turk answers very well to the current idea of a gentleman. He is brave, he detests trade, he is indifferent to comfort or luxury, he can be temperate, and even abstemious, he has repose of manner, he does not lose his temper with things inevitable, nor fail in the calm presence of actual facts. General di Cesnola, who was lately American consul in Cyprus, has many illustrations of the gentlemanly Turkish character in his interesting account of Cyprian researches. A Turkish governor, of the old school, arrived on one occasion just too late to prevent the general from moving a sarcophagus which he had discovered. Finding that the time to interfere was passed, the old Turk did not fly into a passion, as a European might have done, but apologized for the lateness of his visit, smoked the friendly cigarette, and retired with many compliments, but without a single allusion to the sarcophagus. This calm sort of resignation, this superiority to annoyances, is certainly one of the best sides of the gentlemanly character. It is the trait of a dominant race which cultivates a lofty disregard of petty affairs, and, perhaps, it is aided by the fatalism of Islam. Even after stripping the gentlemanly character of its moral and ideal attributes, we find that this haughty superiority does not disappear. Most aristocracies come of conquering races, or are descended, if we trace them far enough back, from the ancient clans, or *gentes*, and these again lose themselves in the mists of prehistoric times.

Searching for Information.

A dry-goods merchant employed a clerk from the country who had never lived in the city before. The first day he was told to go to the postoffice, and off he went, not knowing which way to start. After wandering about some time, he asked a negro if he knew where the postoffice was. The colored "gemman" halted for a moment, and eyeing him curiously, said: "Umph, jist wish I had as many dollars as I know whar do pos'offis is." After saying this the colored brother walked on without giving the gentleman from the rural districts the desired information. He supposed the man only trying to see if he knew, and did not want any information at all. The office was found at last. Had not a gentleman overheard the negro, it would possibly never have been found.—*Columbus (Ga.) Enquirer.*

By a Scratch.

Burlington *Hawkeye*, January 19th: The other day Mr. Middlerib was running across a ten-acre pasture lot, just west of town, trying to reach a seven-rail fence, if it might be, before a large brindle bull, with a curl in the middle of its forehead, and a bad eye, reached him; and when he got on the conservative side of the barrier he said he just kept wondering all the way across if, in case he failed to make his contract in time, the bull would have come Bashan upon him. From the fact that Mr. Middlerib walks now with two canes, and shows about one hundred and twenty-eight square inches of new cloth in the after-guard of his old trowsers every time he stoops down, it is inferred that he reached the fence, made his time and won the race, by a scratch, but honestly.

Quarterly Account of the United States Treasury.

An examination of the quarterly account of the United States treasury, which is the general cash account of the United States, shows the following figures of receipts and expenditures:

Receipts.—Balance due to United States, July 1, 1859, unavailable, $28,507,623; available, $4,685,625; money received by treasurer, from July 1, 1859, to June 30, 1877, $14,835,289,660. Total, $14,868,482,909.

Expenditures.—Money paid out by United States treasurer, from July 1, 1859, to June 30, 1877, and charged by authority of law, $14,603,017,213; balance due United States, unavailable, June 30, 1877, $29,585,805; available at same date, $185,879,889. Total expenditures, $14,868,482,909.

Missisquoi Springs Water.

The water of this great spring is a specific for CANCER, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, SCROFULA, CUTANEOUS AFFECTIONS, and all diseases arising from impurities of the BLOOD.

The water is sold by all prominent druggists, and pamphlets containing wonderful cures can be had by addressing "Missisquoi Springs," Franklin county, Vermont.

HAPPY tidings for nervous sufferers, and those who have been dosed, drugged and quacked. Pulvermacher's Electric Belts effectually cure premature debility, weakness and decay. Book and Journal, with information worth thousands, mailed free. Address PULVERMACHER GALVANIC CO., Cincinnati, Ohio.

FOR RENT OR LEASE.

O.K., near Austin, Miss.,

For Rent or Lease.

SEALED PROPOSALS for the rent of this celebrated Landing, New Store and Warehouse, for the current year, with privilege of continuing same for two years longer, received at Fourth National Bank, Memphis, and O. K. till the 25th of January, 1878. This is an unusual opportunity to a good business man. First-class security required, to be named in bid. Address the undersigned.

January 12, 1878. E. W. MUNFORD.