MEMPHIS APPEAL

BY

GALLAWAY & KEATING.

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MEMPHIS APPEAL

SUNDAY, : : JUNE 9, 1878.

LABOR AND POLITICS.

The broken-down, spavined political hacks in search of office are laboring to create the impression that the Democratic party has no sympathy with the laboring classes. It has always been the boast of the Democratic party that it was composed of the horny-handed laborer and the honest yeomanry of the country. When the Whig party was in the hey-day of its popularity the Whigs always had a majority when a vote was taken among railroad and steamboat passengers. But when the vote was taken on the gravel-train and among the firemen it was unanimously Democratic. In the northern States the Republican party is composed of shoddy, men who made fortunes as sutlers and speculators. The main strength of the Democratic party is found among the honest masses and the laboring classes, who regard the Democratic party as the party of the people, opposed to exclusive privileges and corporations and tariffs, which enrich the favored few at the expense of the poor laboring multitude. The Democratic party is warring against the iniquitous Radical policy which has entailed upon the laboring classes misfortune and suffering. The essence of the Workingmen's platform will be found in the St. Louis Democratic platform. The Democratic party is made up of laborers. It has been said that "education is the fulcrum that moves the world." This is not true. It is labor. Looking out upon the whole face of the earth, we find that whatever nature has not given free and in common to all, but yet is valued, is the result of labor done. Anything artificial which has value can be produced by labor. Anything of that nature will buy labor in return. Of all the numberless varieties of things bought and sold, all but an insignificant fraction are the produkts of labor. All merchandise is labor. All products of the fields, the air, the sea or mines, are labor. We cannot touch an article of furniture in our houses, an item of food upon our tables, a garment on our persons, or an article of merchandise in our stores, except what is produced by labor. The cars in which we ride, the animals which draw them, the rails on which they run, the paved streets which they pursue, the walks beside them and the buildings which overlook them, are all the results of labor—sweating, panting, patient, hopeful labor. The bright flames which mock the sunlight, and cheer our homes and streets at night, are the labor of the miner, the ditcher and the furnace man. We enter a library and look on the heaped-up labor of ten thousand men. Our galleries of art are but mementoes of labor. All the comforts and conveniences enjoyed by the rich are the products of work. Wealth is the child of work and knowledge. Money is only the wages of labor. It must always represent something which has been done and paid for. He whose labor has created value can exchange that value into money, and with money so received he may command other labor and the products of labor. We cannot be far wrong, therefore, in defining money as labor condensed, crystalized, certified, and made transferable. In proportion as anything called money deserves the name, it represents work that has been done, or value that has been produced by work. Such has ever been the tribute paid to labor by the Democratic party, whose chief pride and boast have been that it is composed of laborers. From one end of the Union to the other the Democratic party is organized and marching to victory. If the workingmen form a new organization the only thing that they can possibly accomplish is to prolong the rule of Radicalism, which is the cause of all our woes.

JETTY BLINDNESS.

That "there is nobody so blind as those who will not see," is an old adage, in confirmation of which the opponents of the Eads jetties are supplying new evidence. At the South Pass of the Mississippi river, where there was eight feet depth of water a short time ago, large vessels are daily passing out of the river into the Gulf of Mexico, and from the gulf into the river. Yet to-day, with this broad, clear, evident, undeniable fact staring them in the face, there are people groping about in blindness, totally unable to see that the jetties are anything else than a failure. Even in Job's time there were men who groped about in darkness at noonday, and those men are "not all dead yet." These living monuments of perverted wisdom cannot discover facts about the jetties that are known to every reader of the shipping news in the papers; but they can plainly discover facts that no one else is cognizant of, and they know there is something about the jetties that is carefully kept out of sight. Knowing as they are, do they know more than the officers of the United States army, who have been employed, in their official capacity, to examine the jetties again and again, for the purpose of reporting to the government on their condition, and supplying information as a basis for the action of congress? The gropers who scribble their petty criticisms and their silly doubts can offer nothing that can stand in competition with the statements of officials who understand the subject they are appointed to investigate, and who investigate, not at a desk, with a pen in hand, but on the spot, having before their eyes and subject to the probing, sounding and measuring of their instruments, the jetties themselves, just as the hand of their author has constructed them. A perusal of the official reports of these competent examiners has a very different authority to that of the cavilings and carpings of the newspaper and pamphlet "Carpet Knights" of engineering science. If a channel is twenty-two feet deep, they ask, how comes it to pass that a vessel drawing only twenty feet gets aground in them? The fact that they have done so is probably owing to the same class of blundering as made the askers of these questions assert a while ago that no jetties could be constructed that would scour out a channel at all, and now the scouring is done, declare that the jetties are a failure, although they have accomplished the very thing these gropers in noontide light declared was impossible. That one ship out of a hundred or two that pass through the levees blunders, is no more an argument that the jetties are a failure than the fact that a ship occasionally gets wrecked, through mistaking its position, is a proof that the compass by which the vessel's course is regulated is a failure. This objection, and its futility as an establisher of the fact it is intended to support, is a fair average specimen of the material relied upon to prove that the jetties are a failure. Compare this drivel with the solid facts laid before congress and the government by the army engineers. General Humphreys, at the head of them, claims that, in 1852, in his reports, and especially in his physics and hydraulics of the Mississippi river, he demonstrated that, by the use of jetties, the channels at the mouth of the river may be deepened. The carpers against the jetties allege that a bar is forming in front of them. Captain Brown, in his last report, in August, shows by his maps that the water has deepened in front of the jetties, and has done so by the action of the stream issuing from them. The impetus of the jetty stream has deepened the spot where the bar was alleged to be to the amount of one foot four inches. A section of thirty acres was nearly four feet deeper in 1877 than it had been in 1876. The commission of engineers who examined the jetties when the twenty-two feet depth was obtained, reported: "We find that where, two and a half years ago, there was a bar at the mouth of South pass of over two miles in extent, the measure is now twenty-two feet. Over about a half a mile, where there was but eight feet of water, a wide and deep channel of twenty-two feet now exists. What is all the carping at a writer's desk, by persons who never saw the jetties, when put beside this plain, demonstrated fact, proclaimed by responsible and competent officers, who ascertained it by actual measurement of the channel that was formerly eight feet deep and is now twenty-two feet deep? The fact is that Captain Eads has accomplished a wonderful work, and has done it by means so simple, and on principles so ingeniously applied, that narrow souls envy his success, and malicious spirits seek to depreciate and belittle what is too great in its simplicity for their small capacities to comprehend. Now Captain Eads has shown them how the Mississippi can be made to excavate its own channel, these wise ones after the fact see nothing remarkable in it. There were people once who saw nothing remarkable about making an egg stand on its end, but that was not their view of the case until Christopher Columbus showed them how the feat was done.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

It is no doubt true that Memphis has more musical talent than any other southern city. The amateur opera company, composed of our best citizens, which recently visited Nashville and Little Rock, were pronounced equal to companies of national reputation. It certainly reflected honor upon the musical talent of Memphis. Every concert given in this city is largely attended. Nothing is talked of but the opera which is to come off in this city during the week, and nearly every seat has already been engaged. It will, no doubt, be a festival of sweet sounds; a banquet for the ear and heart. The music in the various churches of Memphis has been highly complimented. Mrs. Sullivan, *nee* Miss Jennie Magevney, used to delight the congregation of St. Peter's church with her sweet, charming voice. Her pure heart was full of melody. She made the world happy with her song, and she is now singing in heaven. The heart of Miss Kate Harmon seems surcharged with music. Her soul is an ocean of symphony, and whenever she opens her lips there flows a river of song. Miss Jennie Jones always stirs the soul with her strange and wonderful powers. Her voice is mellifluous, exquisite and charming. Mrs. Chapsky, long the favorite of the musical public, only sings occasionally. The neglected harp gets out of tune, but no disuse can impair the voice of Mrs. Czapsky. Often has it touched the chords of human sympathy. Never did a human being have a voice more sweet and melodious. Two years ago Mrs. Lamb, *nee* Miss Hattie Collins, made her appearance before the Memphis musical public like Tom Moore's strange, beautiful song-bird, which after soaring its bright plumage and charming with its song, flew to climes unknown. Her voice is as shrill as the lark's and clear as the nightingale's. Often has it blended in the vast roar of harmony, and it is to be hoped that it will in the future be conspicuous amid the musical talent of Memphis. Some one has said, "Let me write the songs of the country, and I care not who make its laws." This was a high tribute to the powers of music and to that love of it which exists in Memphis. It is an elevated morality which cultivates a taste for music. It is a popular belief, founded upon a profound knowledge of human character, that the pure devotee of music, however erring and eccentric, cannot be innately corrupt, cruel or malicious. There is no art or excellence in all the range of man's enjoyment that so lifts up the soul above sordid meanness, that so abstracts it from the pollutions of time, that so prepares it for exalted achievement and the sacrifice of self. The anthems of angels and the choir of saints are favorite themes for the pulpit. The "music of the spheres,"

"Forever singing, as they shine,
Hallelujah to the Lord Divine,"

is one of the grandest ideas of poetic inspiration. It involves the thought of the soul taking position upon some Empyrean height, endowed with boundless vision and the hearing to catch every distant note from far-off spheres, surveying the grand panorama of the planetary system, without an intervening cloud to mar the sight, and listening to the sublime music of the rushing planets as they sweep on with the speed of light in their orbits, blushing and blazing with the borrowed radiance of the great central body, and proclaiming in awful diapason the glory of their Creator. Such is the natural idea of the harmony and concord of the universe, while the region of the wicked is always associated in the mind with horrid discord, shrieks of woe, wails and lamentations. The power of music has been frequently illustrated by the effect of the *Marseillaise* over the soldiers of France, raising their minds to a point of enthusiasm which abnegates self and merges their being into one hour of glorious action—into the daring charge and the sublime death. The inferior animals pay their homage to its fascinations in proportion as they appeared to man in sagacity and exalted instinct. The horse is taught to march and dance to its beats, and seems influenced by its power to a higher energy, combined with a more tractable spirit. Even the serpent is charmed by its rapturous strains, and mice, with all their habitual caution and stealthiness, creep out of their burrows to catch its entrancing passages. But its highest homage is that which is extorted from the most refined form of intellectual composition in the moulding of poetic thoughts to its measures and harmonies, and in the important part which its exercises bear in all religious ceremonies and observances. When poets ally themselves with its glorious harmonies, and religion clothes its most impressive teachings and its praise to God in its chants and anthems, we need no longer argue in favor of the universality of its appreciation and the divine power which it exerts over all moods and sentiments of the soul.

"The man that hath no music in his soul,
And is not moved with the concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treason, stratagem and spoils."

LEMOYNE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

In the past few years no question of social science has excited more earnest discussion or elicited more careful thought than that of public libraries—reading matter for the masses. Depravity, in all its power, has no stronger check than in intelligent mental culture and action which spring directly from reading, and the observation to which reading leads. The organization of Odd-Fellows in this city, ever foremost in labors of love to humanity, not long since began active efforts looking to the establishment of a public library and reading-rooms for the people of Memphis. Every one must rejoice at the success they have already achieved, and at the promise of greater success in the future. But, unfortunately, the state of society and sentiment is such with us that fully one-third of the people of Memphis, and the ones, too, who most fearfully stand in need of its help, are absolutely or practically, as a class and in a body, perhaps, necessarily debarred from the enjoyment of its inestimable privileges. Of all classes, the colored people stand most in need of help and encouragement to mental culture. We are glad to know that an earnest effort is being made to establish a permanent library, to which they may have free access, under the proper and usual regulations. The faculty of LeMoyne normal school have made an excellent beginning toward this end. Some hundreds of books have been secured, and during the coming vacation a commodious reading-room is to be fitted up. More volumes will be added from time to time, as means are secured, and it is confidently expected that the near future will see this excellent project firmly established and doing the work for which it is designed. During the closing week at the school the junior classes are to give an exhibition, on the evening of June 12th, the proceeds of which are to be ured for the library. We hope that not only the colored, but also the white people of the city will encourage this good work by attending the exhibition, or at least by purchasing tickets if they do not attend. We are informed by Prof. Steele that the students of the school will offer tickets for sale until Wednesday. Any person willing to encourage this enterprise can readily and easily do so by presenting volumes which they may be able to spare from their own private libraries. Such donations will be most gladly received, and may be left at the school, No. 284 Orleans street, or at this office. Let this work be encouraged and helped practically by the citizens of Memphis.

POLITICAL ASSASSINATIONS.

A Thirty Years' Record in Europe and America of Attempts on the Lives of Rulers.

1848—November 26.—The life of the Duke of Modena was attempted.

1849—June 21.—The crown-prince of Prussia was attacked at Minden.

1851—May 22.—Sefelcque, a workman, shot at Frederick William IV, king of Prussia, and broke his forearm.

1856—June 28.—Robert Pate, an ex-lieutenant in the army, attempted to assassinate Queen Victoria.

1852—September 24.—An infernal machine was found at Marseilles, with which it had been intended to destroy Napoleon III.

1853—February 18.—Emperor Francis Joseph, of Austria, was grievously wounded in the head while walking on the ramparts at Vienna, by a Hungarian tailor named Libzeny.

1853—April 16.—An attempt on the life of Victor Emmanuel was reported to the Italian chamber.

1853—July 5.—An attempt was made to kill Napoleon III, as he was entering the Opera Comique.

1854—March 29.—Ferdinand Charless III, Duke of Parma, was killed by an unknown man, who stabbed him in the abdomen.

1858—April 28.—Napoleon III was fired at in the Champs Elysees by Giovanni Pianori.

1856—April 28.—Raymond Fuestes was arrested in the act of firing on Isabella, queen of Spain.

1856—December 8.—Agesilas Milano, a soldier, stabbed Ferdinand III of Naples with his bayonet.

1857—August 7.—Napoleon III again. Bartoletti, Gibaldi and Grillo were sentenced to death for coming from London to assassinate him.

1858—January 14.—Napoleon III, for the fifth time. Orsini and his associates threw fulminating bombs at him as he was on his way to the opera.

1861—July 14.—King William, of Prussia, was for the first time shot at by Oscar Becker, a student at Baden-Baden. Becker fired twice at him, but missed him.

1862—December 18.—A student named Dossios fired a pistol at Queen Amalia, of Greece (Princess of Oldenburg), at Athens.

1863—December 24.—Four more conspirators from London against the life of Napoleon III were arrested in Paris.

1865—April 14.—President Lincoln was shot by J. Wilkes Booth.

1866—April 6.—A Russian named Kavaraschoff attempted Czar Alexander's life at St. Petersburg. He was foiled by a peasant, who was ennobled for the deed.

1867—The czar's life was again attempted during the great exposition, at a review in the Bois de Boulogne at Paris.

1868—June 10.—Prince Michael, of Servia, was killed by the brothers Radwarowitch.

1861—The life of Amadeus, then newly king of Spain, was attempted.

1872—August.—Colonel Gutierrez assassinated President Balta, of the republic of Peru.

1873—January 1.—President Moroles, of Bolivia, was assassinated.

1874—August.—President Garcia Maeno, of Ecuador, was assassinated.

1877—June,—President Gill, of Paraguay, was assassinated by Commader Molas.

1878—May 11.—The Emperor William, of Germany, was shot at again, this time by Emile Henri Hoedel, *alias* Lehmann, the socialist. Lehmann, it will be remembered, fired three shots at the emperor, who was returning from a drive with the grand duchess, of Baden, but missed him.

To this list we now add one, a third attempt on the life of the Emper William, at Berlin.

The Japanese Idea of Hell.

New York *Tribune*: One of the curious articles exhibited at Tiffany's is a scarf of gray Canton crape, which portrays the infernal regions, according to the Japanese idea. The scarf is nine yards long and half a yard wide. The first scene represents Satan on earth seeking new victims. The arch fiend appears as a sulphuric, yellowish green demon, with protruding horns, cloven feet, and a demoniacal expression, luring his victims into his net, and plunging them into the depths. They appear to fall into a nest of burning scorpions, where they are tantalized by a glimpse of their friends enjoying themselves in a lake of cool water, in the next scene. Satan takes the form of an immense dragon, with his human victims crouching in terror at his feet. They are mercilessly dragged into court, and the judge is represented as condemning them to be tied to rocks, and to have red-hot lead poured down their throats. They are then chased by hyenas through a field of open knives and other sharp instruments. The victims are next portrayed as being tortured by having their limbs sawn off, and by being thrown into a burning wheel of fire. Satan next appears to be looking out for new victims on a field of battle. Some of these victims are made to hug red-hot stove-pipes, while Satan himself, with a smile, is fanning them. The victims are swimming in seas of blood, surrounded by laughing demons. Others, still, are seated in a cauldron of red-hot sulphur, having their tongues pulled out. Some are represented as carrying heavy burdens of coal, and throwing it into the fire to burn new victims. His satanic majesty is next represented as feeding his subjects with rice, presumably to give them strength with which to endure greater torture.

An American Wrote Stefano.

An American diplomatist, it seems, is the original designer of the Bulgaria of the treaty of San Stefano. When the conference had been agreed upon, late in 1876, Ignatieff thought it would facilitate the discussion if a scheme already drawn up were laid before the ambassadors when they met. He therefore proposed that Mr. Schuyler, the American consul-general; Prince Tserteleff, secretary of the Russian embassy; and Mr. Baring, secretary of the British embassy, should draw up a scheme for the future organization and administration of European Turkey. Mr. Baring was, however, at Philippopolis, attending the trials of the commissioners for the punishment of the murderers of Batak, and he could not come. So the preparation of the scheme was left to Mr. Schuyler and Prince Tserteleff. Mr. MacGahan now says that he knows as a positive fact that in Ignatieff's original design he proposed, instead of a united Bulgaria, two or three separate provinces; and that the idea of uniting them into one was Mr. Schuyler's. Prince Tserteleff, after some discussion, agreed to this, and the scheme of a united Bulgaria went before the conference. Mr. MacGahan says he can imagine Ignatieff's smile of grim satisfaction when he informed Mr. Schuyler that Lord Salisbury had rejected the idea of a united Bulgaria, and that the representatives of Russia had consented to its partition, after some hesitation. The scheme of uniting the Bulgarians north and south of the Balkans was Mr. Schuyler's, and if the British government contrives to modify this plan, as embodied in the treaty of San Stefano, and to divide the province in half, it will revert to Ignatieff's original plan. That Russia would have more influence over a divided than a over an united Bulgaria is a self-evident proposition.

A Barmecide Feast.

A Barmecide feast for the benefit of the poor was prepared by the young people of a Congregational church in San Francisco on May 23d. A table was set with elegant plate; silver and fine glass, but although there was everything to look at, there was nothing to eat. The guests were not expected to go through the motions of eating and to pay compliments to the hosts, as was done in the *Arabian Nights*. In another room there was a table laden with delicacies, and some of the prettiest maidens in the city stood by to serve and flirt, and take in silver for charity's sake. The ladies who arranged the feast for the eye and the fast for the stomach practiced about the Italian Barmecides of the ninth century, who were famed for their splendid banquets, and who, when reverses came, relinquished all their goods except their elegant plate, and went on loading their tables with costly dishes, although their larder was empty. This was a pretty Barmecide legend, but no better than the barber's tale in the *Thousand and One Nights*.

OLD ROME AND NEW.

Some Recent Discoveries of Ancient Art and Some Notable Specimens of Modern Workmanship—African Handiwork in Gold and Silver.

Correspondence New York Evening Post.]

ROME, ITALY, April 21.—In the course of excavations made during the last few weeks at the Palatine, at the Portico of Ottavia and in the Piazza di Pietra, some interesting archæological discoveries have been made. The excavations at the Palatine are in that part which lies between the house of Augustus, itself not yet explored, and the edifices built by Septimius Severus. The excavations at this point have been exceedingly fruitful. In less than two weeks they yielded, beside many fragments of trunks of columns in red and black granite, in cipollino and other marbles, many capitals, cornices and bases of columns, and some statues. The most perfect and beautiful of these is a female statue, semi-colossal in size, and unfortunately without the head and arms. It is thought to be one of the best works of art found for several years in the excavations of Rome. It is of the time of the Emperor Hadrian, and is designed and finished with wonderful skill. It represents a woman, probably an empress, whose attitude suggests that of the statue found at Ostia, and restored with the attributes of the goddess Ceres, which is now preserved in the eighty-three in the Braccio Nuovo of the Vatican. The statue of the Palatine is dressed in a long tunic, that falls almost to the feet in many folds, so skillfully and carefully wrought that the beautiful form within is almost discernible. The upper part of the neck is exposed, and the ends of her long curls falling on the bosom are seen. The statue remains for the present in a small room beneath the imperial loggia, upon the walls of which are still visible the ancient frescoes. The archæologists who are directing these excavations hope to find the head and arms, and complete this work of ancient art. At the same place were found the lower part of a statue representing a man wearing the togs, and the base and feet of another which seems to have been made by the same artist who sculptured the semi-colossal goddess. A square altar, with figures in high relief on the four sides, was also discovered. But all the wonder and beauty of Rome is not under ground, as any one will see who visits the marvellous collection of jewels of Augusto Castellani, whose beautiful studio of antique art looks out upon the fountain of Trevi. I went there the other day, and after an hour and a half among these treasures of the mines and of the ocean, came away to dream of them. Diamonds, rubies, pearls, emeralds, and jasper and onyx were combined together, or carved from the antique designs with a skill to tempt the purses of queens and princesses. The artist showed us a magnificent set of turquoises and gold which he said Queen Margherita admired very much. I saw there Visconti Venosta, the ex-minister of foreign affairs, who was buying a locket for his wife, the niece of Cavour and the descendant of Alfieri. Signora Seismit-Doda, the wife of the minister of finances, was also there, but, although her husband now fills one of the highest offices in Italy, she is not rich; she did not buy the blue necklace for her fair daughter. The specimens of his art which Castellani will send to Paris are now prepared, but as they are of great value, he will not send them until the exhibition is opened. They consist of a small glass case, with a yard square, divided into four compartments; of a helmet in aluminum and gold, and a votive crown. Church and state stand side by side, represented by the king's helmet and the ornament for a church. The helmet was made in a year ago for the Victor Emmanuel, and every workman in the establishment has made some part of it. The form is that of the Greek helmet, the most elegant and convenient, and the body is made of aluminum, which is lighter than silver. The ornaments are all of fine gold, exquisitely wrought into various symbolic forms. A crown of oak leaves, modeled after the ancient patterns found in the tombs of Etruria, is arranged on the front; above this are the star of Italy and the cross of the house of Savoy; and farther back is the Roman eagle, about three inches high. The crest is of gold, but, although it is a beautiful jewel, it is almost covered by the long white plumes that fall over it. The votive crown is a copy of those which the kings of the middle ages appended to the sanctuaries. Their use extended from the sixth to the twelfth century, and several specimens of them may be seen at Monza, near Milan, and at the Cluny museum, in Paris. The one which Castellani sends to the exhibition is in the most perfect Byzantine style, and its elegance of design is only surpassed by the skill of its execution. The crown, which is an ornamental gold band, is attached by chains of gold to a hook above, so that it may be suspended. It is ornamented with black pearls and rubies, and hanging from each of the three points is a black pearl of great brilliant. Jewels and ornaments of a different character, but not less surprising from their unexpected perfection, have been sent to King Humbert from the king of Scioa, in Africa, by the hands of explorers who have been sent thither by the geographical society. The king has presented them to the ethnographical museum, which is in process of formation in the Collegio Romano, under the care of the learned and eloquent Professor Luigi Pigorini. The bracelet sent by King Menelik is a wonderful production to come out of the heart of Africa. It is one of silver, and fifteen inches long and two wide. It is ornamented with truncated cones and with filigree work in gold, studs of silver and filigree roses, with red glass set in. A silver belt, with places for cartridges, ornamented with filigree work and red glass, is not less beautiful upon the bracelet. The complete sets of knives and forks are richly ornamented with curious figures in silver gilt. The ground of one of these covers for the king's mule is blue velvet, and a fringe of fine chains and small silver bells surrounds it, which, when the animal moves, produce a tinkling music. The other trapping is of red leather, and instead of the filigree work is substituted green leather with holes cut in it, through which are seen plates of gold. Two rich collars for mules, one of brass and the other of silver, and two mantles of leopard and panther skins, form part of the gift. These objects will give a new notion of the cultivation of those people. S. B.

A Pen-Picture of John Randolph.

John Randolph, of Roanoke, is the subject of an entertaining biography just published in Richmond. In it is to be found this picture of the brilliant southerner as he was at forty-three: "His hair was bright brown, straight, not perceptibly gray, thrown back from his forehead and tied into a queue, neither long nor thick. His complexion was healthy; his face beardless, full, round and plump; his eyes hazel, brilliant, inquisitive, proud; his mouth was of delicate cast, well suited to a small head and face, filled with exquisite teeth, well kept as they could be; his lips painted, as it were, with indigo, indicating days of suffering and nights of torturing pain. His hands were as fair and delicate as any girl's. Every part of his dress and person was evidently accustomed to the most careful care. His face was the most beautiful and attractive to me I had almost ever seen. His manner was deliberate, beyond any speaker I have ever heard. * * * He stood firm in his position, his action and gesture studied to be from the heart. His voice was that of a well-toned flageolet, the key conversational, though swelled to its utmost compass."

Phantasms of the Brain.

The ancients believed that at the point where man's rule and power over the forces of the world ended, there destiny began; and if a ship was wrecked at sea, or if a country was devastated by an epidemic, as such catastrophes were clearly not brought about by man's wishes or desires, they thought that they could only be caused by some mysterious superhuman power who meddled with, and ruled over human affairs. We cannot, certainly, be surprised that such should have been the views and opinions of persons who were ignorant of the fact that a storm or an epidemic is but a natural effect resulting from natural causes, and that its occurrence is governed by laws as certain and invariable as that of gravitation. In a country where there were supposed to be gods of the sea and gods of the woods, rulers of the winds and deities of the rivers, there manifestly was but little room in which man's free will could assert itself. But now, since we know that we have in truth only to contend with natural forces, and those, too, of a constant and uniform character, we can, by studying their laws, render them subservient to our wishes, and make them become our ministers, instead of allowing them to be our masters. The electric current, which, in the form of lightning was once the fiery sword of an angry deity, has now become the willing messenger of man, and carries his commands to the uttermost parts of the earth. Thus one of the most marvelous and fearful instruments of destiny, as it appeared to the inhabitants of Rome and Athens, some twenty centuries ago, has in these later days lost much of its terrible character; and to the great disgust of Jupiter and the other lords of Olympus, little Mr. Dillettante at his scientific seances can give you as much lightning as you wish. The fancy and imagination are more powerful and less subject to the dictates of reason in the night than they are in the daytime; the land of darkness may be considered as their proper and natural habitat; and like bats, they are most busy when the sun has left us. Ignorance is a land of darkness, and when mortals had not the remotest idea of what was the cause or nature of an eclipse, and when they knew "less than nothing" about electricity, it is hardly a matter to be wondered at that, as knowledge had omitted to furnish the universe for them with facts and realities, they allowed imagination to supply the deficiency with the first fictions and fancies that presented themselves. The world was to them a *tabula rasa*, and they wrote upon it whatever they thought it. Besides these two causes of fatalism, namely, the existence of will and the transcendant power and vastness of the universe as compared with man, there is a third to which we may have refer, and that is the existence, or seeming existence in the world of what we are pleased to call "chance." Strictly speaking, there is no such thing as "chance," for nothing takes place without there being some cause of its occurrence, although in many cases that cause may, owing to its remoteness or minuteness, be concealed from our view. Nevertheless, whenever an event happens of the cause of which they are entirely ignorant, men are wont to assume that it has come to pass without being caused at all, or, as they term it, by "chance."

For the Sunday Appeal.]

REMINISCENCES.

MAGGIE E. GARVEY.

Alone by the river, crumbling and gray,
Where the whirls and eddies the livelong day
Play hide and seek among the reeds
And grasses tall, and thick, rank weeds,
With work all done, and folded hands,
And untold years, the old mill stands.

Still the ivy clings to the moss-grown wall,
Still the woodland echoes the cuckoo's call,
As when a child, in the long ago,
I climb'd the steps to hear the flow
Of the river, the murmur low
Of waves 'mid the rocks; then the silver spray
Kiss'd the mouldering sides as it down it lay.
Here's the old mill-wheel, but its busy hum
Is still'd, and the owls, as they go and come,
Flit in and out with a dismal hoot.
Fast by the shore is the little boat;
Many a time on a summer night,
When the full moon dimmed the pale stars' light,
In childish glee and careless hands,
We pushed it where the beach'rous sands
Were thick and deep, and laughed to think
How near we were to danger's brink.
Then merrily sped o'er the foaming stream.
Ah! life was a sweet and pleasant dream,
In the days that are gone, forever fled,
Like voices of friends forgotten and dead.

And just in sight, where the waves are still,
Stands the old school-house below the hill:
Beneath an elm, on the river's brink,
Where the kine at eve come down to drink.
But the master's voice is heard no more,
Nor shout of boys and girls at the door
Floats out on the breeze at set of sun.
Oh! many there are whose work is done—
Who were foremost then with laugh and jest
Have pass'd the shadowy vale of rest.
They early tired, and in the night
Cross'd o'er the river out of sight;
Out of our mortal sight evermore.
To watch by the dawn of another shore,
For the weary feet that will trembling come
Some day at last to our Father's home.
They all shall pass, those passionate days
Of summer, those veiled in autumn's haze,
Some golden, some darkened from the light,
Some creeping slowly onward to the night.

RALEIGH SPRINGS, May, 1878.

Brondcloth in the Wigwams.

New Orleans *Times*: At about the present stage of every campaign for the past ten years we have been accustomed to hear the profound and original remark that the solid citizens ought to come forward and take an active part in politics. In this same connection there always occurs a great deal of unanswerable argument to something like the following effect: What is the use of our voting at elections if we have no suitable person to vote for? and how are we to arrange the matter properly unless we see that suitable persons are nominated? and how are we to do this unless we take part in the primaries? and so on, and so. Fine old gentlemen will drink this in, with solemn approval, and resolve inwardly that really the upper classes must interfere to arrest the downward tendency of our institutions. Fine young gentlemen will experience a certain paroxysm of civic pride, and resolve audibly to go forth among the benighted masses and show them the effect of unmixed broadcloth on self-government. There is no doubt as to the proposition that the substantial element ought to be represented in the preliminaries of the elections; none as to the proposition that a leaven of wealth and respectability will improve the mixture and its results. Touching the doubts as to their ability to meet the necessities of the case, the fine old gentlemen and the fine young gentlemen do not take time to answer. Later on, when in the campaign, their ideas become enlarged and their perceptions acquire a sort of elasticity, as it were. When "the boys" hear all this they prick up their ears—not such long ears as you would suppose, either, albeit they hang on hard and lumpy heads—and smile darkly. They rather enjoy these little bandbox diversions which break the monotony of the ward business and touch it with a vivid if a fleeting radiance. They know, or think they know, how it will end, and, after all, the boys are good natured. Some of them, who can't take a joke and want to be attending to business all the time, may grumble a little and seem to be uneasy in their minds, but the majority take it amiably and treat the silk stockings with ornamental politeness. It is very funny to see the oldest and best trying to bring their restraining and purifying influence to bear upon a really robust party. A society boy injected into the heart of New York could not be more hopelessly dazed than the average respectable citizen turned loose in ward politics. He wanders about in a fuddled, low-spirited way until the thought occurs to him that the best way to bring his influence to bear is through the medium of an outside organization. Somehow there is too much noise in the wigwam, and the boys are too cross. Nobody asks him for his views in anything, and if the idea were not too monstrous he would really suspect that they didn't want him around. Finally he drifts away into a regular silk-stocking club, where everything is smoothly disposed of, but where the influence of politics is never heard of any more. Sometimes our leading citizens don't retire from the ward club-rooms quite so majestically. Sometimes they strike a big night, when the boys are red hot, and get mad with the crockery, and at times like these it occasionally happens that there is a dead-lock about the door, and one or two lamps are smashed, and a few pistols get to talking about, and blood flows in the night, and the wigwam looks as if a large centrifugal had been set in motion inside, and distinguished citizens step out through the windows with the dazzling conviction that their influence may be a valuable ingredient in politics, but that personally they would rather be at home. If we were asked to offer a suggestion in the premises, we should be inclined to say that perhaps it is wasting time to try to grapple ward politics with a pair of parlor tongs. It is a mistake to assume that the boys are going to be overawed by broadcloth effects. It is equally a mistake to take it for granted that they are groping savages, who will be grateful for advice and who can be rendered manageable on the missionary plan. All that is said about the necessity of participating in primaries and giving attention to the matter of nominations is strictly true. Our local politics need just that infusion—need it badly and conspicuously. But it won't do to walk gingerly into the wigwam, holding one's nose; not at all. Politics is a practical science and those who expect to win at it must take off their coats and consent to put up with perspiration.

A Rosy Future.

Detroit *Free Press*: They were in the bell tower of the city hall yesterday, and she leaned her yellow-haired head on a horticultural shoulder and listened to the mighty "tick! tack! tick!" of the big clock.

"We don't want such a big clock as that, do we, darling?" she whispered.

"No, my little dainty," he answered, as he hugged her a little closer; "I kin buy a clock for two dollars which'll run three days to this clock's two. I've got her picked out already!"

"We'll be very, very happy," she sighed.

"You bet we will. I've figured it right down fine, and I believe we can live on twelve eggs, one pound of sugar, ten pounds of flour and one pound of butter."

"And you'll have a bank account?" she pleaded.

"I will, even if I have to buy a second-hand one."

"And will you keep a coachman?"

"Yes."

"And have a piano?"

"Yes, darling."

"And I can have some square pillows, with shams on them?"

"Yes, my tulip—yes; we'll sham every durned thing, from cellar to garret; have the front door painted blue—but let's go in look at some second-hand cook stoves."

Ritualism in England.

Lord Penzance has sentenced the Rev. Alexander Mackonochie, of St. Albans, Holborn, to suspension from the benefice and priesthood for three years. He has been warned repeatedly by the court of arches that he was violating the public worship act, but the extreme ritualistic services have been continued in defiance of ecclesiastical law. On May 19th the celebrant was clothed in white vestments, which included the alb, the chasuble, stole maniple and berretta. In the center of the back of the chasuble was beautifully worked in silk a representation of the crucifixion. Two lighted and ten unlighted candles were on the altar, the back of which was completely covered with vases of very marvelous and fearful instruments of destiny, as it appeared to the inhabitants of Rome and Athens, some twenty centuries ago, has in these later days lost much of its terrible character; and to the great disgust of Jupiter and the other lords of Olympus, little Mr. Dillettante at his scientific seances can give you as much lightning as you wish. The fancy and imagination are more powerful and less subject to the dictates of reason in the night than they are in the daytime; the land of darkness may be considered as their proper and natural habitat; and like bats, they are most busy when the sun has left us. Ignorance is a land of darkness, and when mortals had not the remotest idea of what was the cause or nature of an eclipse, and when they knew "less than nothing" about electricity, it is hardly a matter to be wondered at that, as knowledge had omitted to furnish the universe for them with facts and realities, they allowed imagination to supply the deficiency with the first fictions and fancies that presented themselves. The world was to them a *tabula rasa*, and they wrote upon it whatever they thought it. Besides these two causes of fatalism, namely, the existence of will and the transcendant power and vastness of the universe as compared with man, there is a third to which we may have refer, and that is the existence, or seeming existence in the world of what we are pleased to call "chance." Strictly speaking, there is no such thing as "chance," for nothing takes place without there being some cause of its occurrence, although in many cases that cause may, owing to its remoteness or minuteness, be concealed from our view. Nevertheless, whenever an event happens of the cause of which they are entirely ignorant, men are wont to assume that it has come to pass without being caused at all, or, as they term it, by "chance."

For the Sunday Appeal.]

LOVE ME WHILE I AM YOUNG.

JOHN J. ABRRY.

They tell me that I am growing old, that time flies fast
That youth's bright dream will soon be o'er, that my hair is turning gray,
That friends that gather round me now will stray in days to come;
But I shall find them that linger yet to love me while I am young.

For when I'm old, and time has marked me for its own,
And I look back through the distant past for the dear ones that are gone,
While memory travels to the days that are not of the present tense,
'Twill make the aged heart lighter if you love me while I am young.

For in old age those youthful days will linger in my memory
Though my youthful friends and boyish games will then be far behind,
And though the voice of silence fail as I think of the loved ones gone,
Still memory's smile will linger there if you love me while I am young.

Yes, memory's smile, tho' sad, will hover round me then,
And in fancy all my youthful friends will linger near me
And, tho' old and feeble, a smile will surely come
When I think of youth's bright happy days, if you love me while I am young.

Yes, love me while I am young; 'tis all the boon I crave.
'Twill cheer me on my lonely path when nearer to the grave;
While down the rugged hill I climb, like the setting sun,
A smile will express the aged face if you love me while I am young.

For the Sunday Appeal.]

The Last Days of School.

These are the last days of school. It seems placarded on thin air; it seems audible everywhere. As I wended my way to the old lodge, this morning, I heard one passer-by say to another, "Yes, the free school will be out day after to-morrow." Day after to-morrow, when each little girl's hair will be fr