MEMPHIS APPEAL

BY

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MEMPHIS APPEAL

SUNDAY, : JUNE 23, 1878.

DEMOCRATIC JUDICIAL TICKET.

For the State at Large.

JAS. W. DEADERICK, of Hamilton.
PETER TURNEY, of Franklin.

For the Eastern Division.

ROBERT M'FARLAND, of Hamblen.

For the Middle Division.

WILLIAM F. COOPER, of Davidson

For the Western Division.

THOMAS J. FREEMAN, of Gibson.

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY TICKET.

Sheriff,
C. L. ANDERSON.

Probate Court Judge,
J. E. R. RAY.

County Trustee,
J. J. RAWLINGS.

Chancery Court Judge,
GEORGE W. WINCHESTER.

Circuit Court Judge,
ROBERT HUTCHISON.

Criminal Court Judge,
L. B. MORRIGAN.

Attorney-General Criminal Court,
G. W. GORDON.

Attorney-General Bartlett Circuit Court,
GEORGE G. DENT.

Clerk Shelby County Circuit Court,
ED WORSHAM.

Clerk Bartlett Circuit Court,
FELIX M. JONES.

County Register,
J. A. STEEHL.

Criminal Court Clerk,
N. C. PERKINS.

County Court Clerk,
ROBERT J. BLACK.

Constables—Fifth District.
M. C. GARVIN.
THOS. GARVEY.

Constable—Fourteenth District.
T. S. MALLORY.

OBEDIENCE TO LAW.

Every law-abiding citizen will learn with deep regret that mob-law has again erected its hideous front upon the sacred soil of Tennessee. The APPEAL, of Friday, contained the full particulars of the lynching of Pearson and Sadler at Springfield, charged with having outraged the person of Mrs. Graves, on the sixteenth of May. There is an unwritten law in all sections of the Union that summary punishment shall be visited upon the brute who violates female innocence and helplessness. This atrocious crime has become so alarmingly frequent of late, committed by tramps, that the community seems determined to take the law in their own hands. But lynch-law is still to be deprecated. Pearson and Sadler protested their innocence, and told the infuriated mob that they would be able to prove an *alibi*. There is something monstrous in the crime charged to these strolling vagabonds, but the crime of hanging innocent men is still a greater crime. Every concession to lawlessness is an advance to anarchy. The forest made a fatal mistake in that it sacrificed the helpless little ash to furnish a helve to the ax of the woodchopper, and whenever a people make the first concession to lynch-law they commit a fatal mistake. We live in a country governed, not by the will or the opinions of infuriated men often mistaken in their judgments, but by laws. The laws create the official power of the rulers, and limit them in precise and definite ways; and that country, State or city is governed best where least discretion is left to the rulers and greatest strictness is demanded in the impartial administration of law. For this reason it is the duty of all good citizens to obey the law implicitly. If it be a bad law, strive to get it repealed; but so long as it stands on the statute books it must be obeyed. In that alone resides public morality and public safety. There is no safeguard against bad and careless legislation so good as the rigorous enforcement of such laws. This creates a public indignation that leads to repeal. So also there is nothing so demoralizing as laws which are openly violated. Any law which can be violated without exposing the breaker to punishment weakens the moral obligation of all other laws. Every good citizen should condemn the lynching of Pearson and Sadler, and inculcate the lesson that there is morality and safety only in strict and impartial execution of the law. No good citizen should shut his eyes to any open violation of law, however tolerated by slipshod usage, or however sanctioned by the customs or fashions of the time. This is a matter of far graver import than mere expediency. It outweighs convenience or material advantage. It is a matter of public morality, which is at last the basis of all happiness and true prosperity.

MONEY AS A FACTOR IN ELECTIONS.

The amount of money used in a political canvass is highly repugnant to the genius of a free and incorruptible elective system. The drain upon candidates is constant, never ceasing. They are often blackmailed by villainy, and there must be a reform; this disgraceful system must be broken up, or the offices of the country will be put up at public auction and knocked down to the highest bidder. If money is to become the ruling factor in elections, our local governments in time will be in a more debased condition than ever was that of New York. They will become predatory organizations instead of the guardians of the public interests. One of the defeated candidates in the recent elections in California has published a pamphlet, setting forth his experiences. The scenes described are so extraordinary that high coloring is at once suspected. But the candidate in the preface declares that such is not the fact. "I think," he says, "if our best citizens will only read my little work they will bless their stars that they never did run for office, for although there may seem a disposition on my part to exaggerate, I can assure those who think so, that I have not 'set down aught in malice,' and that every word is true." From the morning succeeding his nomination down to the election, and for some days afterward, he appears to have been hunted and badgered for money in every conceivable way. All sorts of conventions and clubs made for him whenever he showed himself in public. Letters filled with dark hints of impending political disaster if he did not call immediately at a certain address, poured in upon him. The first day of his candidacy he found himself "out and injured" to the tune of seventy-five dollars, almost before he knew what he was about. Further on in his pamphlet he says: "There are eighteen distinct organizations presumed to be in existence, all calling on candidates for assessments of from one hundred dollars to a thousand, according to the office for which they are nominated; even school-directors, who get no salaries, are assessed fifty dollars." But after the first day the "defeated candidate" came to the conclusion that he would not pay any of the demands made upon him except the regular assessment of the party whose nominee he was. "I saw," he says, "early in the action, much to my surprise, that success was a matter of money; that the 'floating vote' had to be purchased or I could not win. I made an estimate of the cost, and found that it involved the expenditure of more money than the office was worth to me, having neither political aspirations nor axes to grind." Some of the scenes through which he had to pass are described with much humor. There is a sort of a dramatic climax when his China boy opens the door for the anti coolie delegation. The writer explains: "An unfortunate *contretemps* lost me the nomination of the anti-coolieites. I was snatching an early breakfast in the hope of escaping early from my daybreak friends, when the bell rang, and my China boy returning reported that 'one piece man top side' wanted to see me. I ascended and encountered a delegation from that society, and the usual inquiry if I would accept a nomination." But the inopportune appearance of the Mongolian rendered negotiations difficult. With some humor the author exclaims: "I was ruined by cheap labor, the first experiment." There are only one or two points upon which "Defeated Candidate" furnishes what may be considered new facts. One of them is that the owners of certain patents, which were afterward offered to the city, entered actively into the fight. The author's description of his visit to the sewer trap is one of the most amusing scenes which he paints. There is food for reflection in the closing sentence of the dialogue on this occasion: "I said, 'My friend, is not this a little premature?'" "Oh, no, I wanted you to see this machine before you were committed to some other one." The secret organization business is well touched up in the interview which followed the mysterious note: "Dear Sir—by calling at room ——, Granite block, you will learn something greatly to your advantage as a nominee." An offer to insure his election for one thousand dollars made by certain parties, the author is inclined to think, had reference to some "crookedness" in the counting. But there is a serious side, and a very serious one, to all this. "Defeated Candidate" puts the matter clearly when he says: "To be a candidate for office requires such an outlay of money and such a sacrifice of self-respect that no man not having unusual interest at stake, or, perhaps, political ambition, can afford to accept a nomination and be put through such a course of experience." The only remedy he has to suggest is, that before election the committees of the great parties shall come together and mutually agree that their candidates shall pledge themselves to have nothing to do with any outside organization. There may be some exaggeration in the picture drawn by the defeated California candidates; but here in Memphis, and throughout the whole country, candidates for high official station will find much of their own experience. Vagabonds and topers dog the heels of candidates from "rosy morn to dew eve." Ward politicians, who live in idleness, claim and receive money from all the candidates, and betray all alike. Money can be legitimately used in a political canvass. Without it party machinery would go to pieces, and there would be no such a thing as party organization. Work has to be done by somebody in the primary steps to an election, clerks must be paid, printing must be done, and office rent, and a thousand things provided, and somebody must furnish the money. The only question is whether it should be forced out of the candidates for office or collected from the mass of the party, including these candidates. The candidates, after contributing their share for the payment of the necessary contingent expenses, should set their faces like flint against further exactions. The distribution of money among men base enough to demand it encourages idleness, which is the nursery of vice. It degrades the elective franchise. It inculcates a despicable morality. If this thing is to be continued, the offices of the country will be auctioned off at the courthouse, and the successful bidder will not be the man of moral worth, honesty and capacity; but the gambler, the sharper and the burglar who has stolen money enough to purchase him an office to give him respectability.

SCIENCE GAGGED IN NASHVILLE.

Under the above heading a communication appeared in the Nashville *American*, of Sunday last, which merits attention. It is written by Prof. A. Winchell, of Ann Arbor, Michigan, a gentleman whose standing and acquirements give weight to his statements such as cannot be slighted. The professor was scientific lecturer at the Vanderbilt university, at Nashville. That lectureship, it appears from the professor's statement, has been abolished for the purpose of silencing him, and, he says, "the action of the board of trust is a dismissal from office on account of *heresy*. This heresy consists in holding, with the great body of scientific men, that a method of evolution has obtained in the history of the world, but not in holding that *man* is the product of evolution." The moving cause of the dismissal was the publication of the professor's *Adamites and Pre-Adamites*, in which the opinion is expressed that perhaps the black race preceded on the earth the white and brown races. The work claims that idea to be scriptural, and it is well known that some early christian writers, as well as many others since the reformation, have understood the early portion of Genesis to teach that men were living on the earth before Adam's day, as it most probably does. The professor claims that at the Nashville university he has always avoided the utterance of opinions supposed to be disapproved by the officers of the university. Before the action of the board was taken Bishop M'Tyeire informed Prof. Winchell that "our people" do not like the positions taken in his essay, and they object to evolution. The professor pointed out that his essay took no position not generally received, except as to the races, and the bishop replied that "our people" objected to his views as contrary to the "plan of redemption." The professor claimed that his views left redemption untouched, and declined acceding to an invitation to resign, and so left the responsibility of an unjust and oppressive proceeding to those who would assume it. The Nashville *Christian Advocate*, Prof. Winchell states, was spoken of by the bishop as opposed to the professor on the grounds of "evolution," to which it objects. That paper, referring to one of the professor's lectures said: "It made us almost sorry that we could not accept the nebular theory, and evolution, its corollary; but nothing is clearer to our mind than that 'special creation' is taught in the scripture, and we must abide by that." That the lecture commented upon taught either the nebular or the evolution theories the professor denies. Professors, clergymen and members of the board have, at various times, expressed their esteem of the professor, and their opinion of his great ability and value to the college. His "heresy," and that alone, is the ground for the dismissal of one of the ornaments of science by the abolition of the lectureship he filled. The persecution of Galileo brought bitter shame on the church of Rome, which eminent men within its pale have since done their best to palliate. That within the present century men of the first eminence in geological science were sometimes hissed in public for asserting that the world was far more than six thousand years old, seems to-day a thing almost incredible. Yet we have in this summer of 1878, in the State of Tennessee, the very same spirit displayed and the very same persecuting conduct followed. There is no attempt to show that the teaching is erroneous—the teacher is simply silenced by indirect dismissal, as in past times silence was enforced by the flame and the stake. Were this done to vindicate the express teaching of scripture, even, the proceeding would be unworthy, an attempt of puny men to help God, a putting forth of blundering human hands to hold up the sacred ark that they believe would be in danger without their aid. But such is not the case. The fault alleged against Prof. Winchell is that his teaching does not square with the construction certain theologians, and "our people," put upon the word of God. The best christian opponents of the skepticism that is now so common, have very properly declared that the christian and Jewish scriptures do not teach any system of science whatever. The scriptures speak of natural phenomena in the popular language that their readers were accustomed to, without declaring that language either accurate or inaccurate. The church, when it lost its pristine purity, and became corrupted by the infusion of human policy, declared that the scriptures taught scientific as well as religious truth, and the bigotry of ecclesiasticism closed the schools of philosophy that Greece and Rome had bequeathed to the world, and substituted church miracles, monkery, and, in time, mediævalism for those glimpses of scientific facts which great minds among the ancients had discovered. The priestly authorities shut out investigation and induction, and what was the result to the church? Let the page of history, that is reddened with the blood of victims and black with the smoke of inquisitions and star-chambers, tell the sad, humiliating story. And in Nashville, this very month of June, 1878, we have men of eminence in their sacred profession denying the position taken by the most able controversial writers, and asserting, in opposition to them, that the bible does teach science and "special creation" as a portion of it, thus agreeing with the bigot and the persecutor of the dark ages. "Our people" do not like a more correct view of the case because it does not agree with their "ism," and so, indifferent to what God's own works may declare, the world must abide by "special creation." And because of the sectarianism of "our people," and of the theological and false assumption that the scriptures teach "special creation," the teacher of science must be insidiously turned out of his chair by ecclesiastical proscription; not by the manly openness of direct dismission, but by a winding, circuitous, indirect act, the abolition of the lectureship itself. Does our christianity exist by such proceedings as this? Is truth dependent for its preservation on petty persecutions for "heresy?" In the first chapter of Genesis we have no scientific account given of creation, nor even a history of creation, but a poem with the creation for its subject; a poem in meter like the Psalms, Isaiah and Job, and with words used that are peculiar to Hebrew poetry and rarely used elsewhere. But it has suited the theologians blunderingly and falsely to teach that that chapter gives a literal account of God's mode of creation, and we see, once more, that they have not forgotten how to persecute those who view the subject in a light that does not differ from the bible, because the bible leaves the matter untouched, but differs from the construction certain people—often ignorant of the original scriptures and of scientific fact—have put upon the inspired word. Can the church be guilty of such conduct as these Nashville persecutors have manifested without damage? It is telling society that, while the world learns and advances, the church remains ignorant and "behind the age." It is proclaiming that those who would have their children educated up to the point to which knowledge has attained, must send them where the church has no power and her teaching no influence. Do the friends of religion like the prospect of such a state of things coming to pass? Yet that is the direction in which false zeal and mischievous theology is hastening the church. Those who love religion as Christ taught it, and as the early christians practiced it, undimmed by priestly hate, pure from persecution for conscience sake, can view such proceedings as the dismissal of Professor Winchell from the Vanderbilt university, at Nashville, only with sorrow, and with prayers that God may send a purer belief and a meeker spirit among the heads of His church. With evolution, as with sectarianism, we have no side to take; it is a theory, as is that of the nebulous origin of the world, and it must stand or fall as facts yet unascertained shall decide. To teach it as a demonstrated truth would be reprehensible, but to explain it as a theory, or to give the facts which lead to its construction, can be no proper basis for such a persecution, on the ground of religious heresy, as has disgraced the heads of the Vanderbilt university, at Nashville.

For the Sunday Appeal.]

TWILIGHT

MAGGIE E. GARVEY.

A pause in busy life, while daylight lingers
Between sunset and the moon-rise;
When labor laid aside toilsome fingers,
And shadows veil the aching eyes.

Then I ask with hushed, and vain, and troubled yearning,
What is the charm that makes the twilight sweet?
Perfumes from fields of clover the laden breezes bring,
Old voices, the echo of departed feet,

The music of a mother's voice we knew in childhood
Comes back to soothe the heart that longings fill,
And the violets we gathered in the wildwood,
And laid upon her grave, are fragrant still.

The murmuring of a waterfall half hid away,
The soft, low rippling of a woodland stream,
The mellow, soothing music of a spirit
Come back at twilight like a pleasant dream.

So in life's twilight, when we lay our burdens down,
Gladly shall we leave the cross, gladly take the crown,
Looking backward o'er the weary way we've trod,
Many times more lovely seems the world of God.

The Southern Frying-Pan.

Charleston (S. C.) *News and Courier:* And the southerner is worse even than his Yankee neighbor. One of the latter charitably remarked, soon after the war, that a people whose diet consisted almost wholly of fried hog, and fried greens, and fried eggs, and fried potatoes, and fried chicken, and fried bread, and fried everything, could not in justice be held strictly accountable for the war of the rebellion—and he said true. The writer of this holds in vivid remembrance the experiences of a prolonged tour through two or three of the gulf States since the war, in the course of which he laid up a store of dyspepsia which he has never entirely subdued, and never will, in all probability, this side of the frying-pan which should mark his last resting-place. One instance will suffice, and *ab uno disce omnes*. At a beautiful country house where he stayed for one night, and where he was entertained by a real southern gentleman of the old school, and who was a literary man withal, and where the hospitable table was surrounded by fair and bewitching girls (they *were* a little sallow), there appeared on that lordly table at supper, a mighty dish of sliced dried beef which had been *fried* into a semblance of leather, but which was partaken of without hesitation by all those who sat with him at table. And as if this, even, were not enough, there was a leather was flanked by another dish of fried greens, Hot biscuits, thick and heavy, also played a prominent part, and—but we forbear. There is no use in arguing against such prejudices and practices as these—the argument has been exhausted, and the frying-pan has come off conqueror every time. Southern brains have been fried to such an extent that neither fork nor argument can penetrate them, and it is useless to say more.

Rates of Wages and Cost of Living in Scotland.

New York *Herald:* The consul at Dundee sends to the state department full schedules of wages and prices of food for the last five years, in answer to the labor circular of April 11th. Wages have increased in that time from 5 to 15 per cent.; fifty-one hours make a week's work in the building trades. Bricklayers and plasterers now receive 20 cents an hour; plumbers, masons and slaters, 16 to 17 cents; painters and carpenters, 15 cents, and common laborers on building work, 12 or 13 cents. Stone carvers are paid 24 cents. The weekly wages range from $6, $12 to $12 24. Engine and machine working artisans receive from $4 to $8 weekly, while the various manufacturing tradesmen get from $3 50 to $8 50, according to trade and skill. Women get from $2 to $3 50 for a week's work of fifty-one hours. Railway engineers, passenger and freight-trains, are paid from $8 50 to $10 per week for sixty hours; stokers from $5 75 to $6 25, the porters from $4 to $4 50. The industry of Dundee is mainly the manufacture of jute. The men are paid from $1 50 to $7 50; the women from $3 to $4 25 per week for fifty-six hours. Bread costs 15 cents for a four-pound loaf; flour and oatmeal, 4 cents a pound; milk, 8 cents a quart; potatoes, 38 cents for 28 pounds; meat, 16 to 24 cents a pound; eggs, 30 cents a dozen, and other articles in proportion. A suit of serviceable Scotch tweed costs $17. The rent of a two-roomed house is $48 yearly; of a three-roomed house, $72; of a four-roomed house, $95, and so on.

THE JEWISH CONFERENCE.

What is Likely to be Done at the Meeting in Paris Next Month.

New York *World*, 17th: An international Jewish conference will be held next month in Paris, for the purpose of discussing measures to improve the political and social condition of the Jews in various parts of the world. Delegates will be sent from Jewish congregations in every quarter of the globe. The veteran Adolphe Crenneux is expected to preside, and among the delegates will probably be Chief Rabbi Astruc and M. Oppenheim, from Belgium; Senator Artom, from Italy; Chief Rabbi Cahn and Baron de Rothschild, from France; Sir John Goldsmid and Baron de Worms, from England; Baron de Rothschild and Dr. Jellinek, from Austria; Mr. Wm. Seligman, from the United States, and a number of the Jewish clergy. Among the matters which will occupy the attention of the conference are: The condition of the Jewish residents of the Danubian principalities and of Russia, Morocco and Persia; the best means for securing industrial and educational advantages for the Jews of Jerusalem; the adoption of measures for the promotion of Hebrew education and for the advancement of Hebrew literature. The most important subject to be considered is a proposition to convene a synod for the purpose of inquiry into the condition of modern Judaism and the authoritative exposition of Jewish ecclesiastical laws. Within the past few years such a body has been held, avowedly for this purpose—one at Leipzig, attended chiefly by European Jews, and the other at Philadelphia, attended exclusively by American Jews. The proposition to be considered at the coming conference is to call a synod which shall represent the Jews all over the world. Since the destruction of the temple and the dispersion of the Jews there has been no regular priesthood nor any recognized ecclesiastical authority, except such as was assumed by the chief rabbis of the various communities who frequently differ among themselves. Such changes and modifications as have been made in the Jewish ritual or the Jewish law have been introduced by the various communities on their own responsibility, and are not recognized by the Jews generally. Therefore, if such a synod as it is proposed to call could be convened, it would have a powerful effect upon the condition of the Jews everywhere, and it might result in the establishment of some central recognized ecclesiastical authority which would restore to the synagogue the discipline that it now lacks. Even the most orthodox Jews would pay respectful attention to the opinions of such a body; and, indeed, they are in favor of calling the synod. Mr. M. S. Isaacs, the president of the American board of Jewish delegates, says in a recent report: "There is a choice between an exposition by skillful, learned, competent, authoritative teachers, expounders and judges of the ecclesiastical law, and the capricious, unreliable, ephemeral decisions of mere officials in a particular Territory, town or congregation. The latter method is seen in its full extent in America. * * * Such a tribunal would, aiming to strengthen Judaism by the recognition of current forces and agencies, by the education and guidance of the general body, without interfering with individual liberty or congregational independence within its sphere would be an inestimable relief after that grievous fore-statement of vexed questions, which has in despair turned in every direction for counsel and example, and found no resource save in the untrained and deceptive public opinion of a congregation rarely fortunate in a minister of active educated and practical, versed in the law and able to calculate the effect of a novel interpretation, or a conscious departure from an existing ordinance."

For the Sunday Appeal.]

Female Influence.

Is there a theme more hallowed, more exalted and extensive, or more thoroughly deserving of attention from *any* pen than the apparently insignificant one I have chosen above? Aye, to woman is intrusted, we should award "a sphere (exclusive of rostrums and all political arenas) wide as the universe and high as heaven." It indubitably affects the lives of many—her sisters, as well as the opposite sex. It may be likened to the snow-flakes of heaven; for frequently a crevice it cannot penetrate and pervade with a calm, holy luster, a magic radiance, deep and lasting. "How beautiful the ministry

Of woman's gentle hand;
How soft love's attributes that spring
At her divine command!
For weal or woe, for good or ill,
About man's careless life
She weaves the blossom of her heart
As mother, maid or wife.
She leads his feet up from the pit,
She bids his spirit rise,
Sometimes by her superior wit,
Sometimes by pleading eyes;
Or else she lures him from the hights
To darkest depths below,
From peace and joy, and love and heaven
To bitterness and woe.
Oh, woman! lovely womankind!
Be careful how you play
The *role* of queen, in this your realm,
To him whom you sway."

Ah! how lovely is woman's mission; how pure, sacred, sublime, lofty and unselfish, if properly performed, how unlimited! Conquering, even with a peerless Stonewall Jackson's success, the enemies—selfishness, envy, jealousy—that may have been powerful in their force; enthroning all nature's complete principles, evil propensities, with a calm fearlessness, steady, noble purpose, fixed determination, rising far above the "slough of despond," the filthy mire of these evil qualities, kneeling at the snowy shrine of immolation, soaring out into the magic golden realms of purity, nobleness, *true greatness*, sublime utility and unselfishness—oh! this were happiness, indeed. Ah! my sisters, almost ere our eyes have seen the lights of this world, our hand and graious father prefect some duty in life-work, and if we wish to gain His divine approbation, and win for ourselves a rich compensation in the bright, beautiful, glorious hereafter, we must unite our hearts and souls in the sincere hope, prayer and *effort* to fulfill that mission, to which we have been capable of performing noble deeds, living a life of unselfish usefulness, so that when the innumerable cares and sorrows of earthly life are over—when we exchange the "crown of sorrow" we have worn so *long* for the glorious palm wreath of immortality, our years shall have been made "mellow with the fruitage that will entitle us to a glorious record in the golden book of Abon Ben Adhem's angel. All the world is a school-room, in every department of such a gentle, mild, though firm teacher is needed to regulate it, and with quiet dignity produce order out of the dark chaos that perhaps hereto fore reigned. Let us away to our life-work, and let us labor earnestly in it, when we are summoned to follow the shadowy form of Azrael across the mystic river of death, through the sunlit portals of the "eternal beyond," we will receive a heavenly reward in the form of welcome applause, "well done, thou good and faithful servant," which will fall upon our ears with a rich melody far "sweeter than the music of the spheres," and thrill our wearied souls with a heavenly rapture of delicious, dreamy rest and intoxicating happiness, like a breath of love from our angel dead. If you possess an atom of influence—as you *must*—over one single human being, use it to their advantage; be gentle, firm and loving to the purest of female kind, through God's mercy, to become an instrument of utility to them, and heaven will surely reward you. Even if your life is one of unmingled sadness, and the melancholy wails of *Infelice* are constantly reverberating in your heart-chambers, remember it is a lesson we *all* must learn sooner or later—that of sorrow—and put away the thought of your own heart-sadness and live for others; strive to leave imprinted on the "sands of time," in ineffaceable characters, the beautiful record of a noble, useful life, so that it may be said of you, as Noll said of Mezart: "He was a man whose mission in this world seems to have been entirely fulfilled, for he was given to link together the Godlike with humanity, the mortal with the immortal; a man whose footprints not all the storms of time can ever efface; a man who, amid all his lofty aims, esteemed the lofiest of all to be the elevation of humanity." Alas! there are few of us who can ever merit the tribute paid to this noble prince of musicians. Our work is born with us; it is unlimited; and we can accomplish a vast deal of good in this "world of sin." Let us wrap the snowy mantle of purity around us, lift our hearts heavenward with the sincere prayer of doing *some* good, and, even if our holy labor leads us amid the squalid purlieus of vice and wretchedness, we will fully preserve that purity, and even there reap a rich harvest of usefulness. "Do the duty that lieth nearest thy hand." Oh! my sisters, be careful how you wield the great influence God has given you over man! Think of the great and holy responsibility resting upon you, and act accordingly, lest in after years, when you see the sinful, fatal fruits of your misused influence, your heart will be fraught with regret and melancholy. In many instances the weapons of a lover, father, brother or husband's honor, nobleness and virtue are placed in your hands. Oh, be careful how you use them; you will be held accountable for their deviation from the flowery paths of virtue and honesty. I think, from the bottom of my heart, that if all the members of our sex would but faithfully perform their holy duties, the pall of darkness that has settled upon the life-horizon of many would be lifted, and the glorious sunshine of morality would shed its radiant beams over all; that the evils of intemperance would become fewer, and those pandemoniums—saloons—lose half their customers. Oh, my sisters, do all in your power to win your loved ones from their fallen state back to nobleness and purity. Oh, for God's sake, use your noblest influence over them. Call forth all those endearing arts you know so well how to use; ever manifest a tender consideration for their welfare, which should be far dearer to an your own; with affectionate gentleness do all to render the charm of your husband's home irresistible; let them realize the precious fact that when peace and love reign it is the dearest spot on earth, and that "a charm from the sky seems to hallow us there, which seek where you will is never met with elsewhere." Think of the wonderful influence exerted by those noble, gifted women, Augusta Evans, Marion Harland, Mrs. Southworth, Mrs. Beckwith, etc.—how materially they have aided in the formation of the characters of many, though they perhaps may never know it—a rich reward awaits them in the next word. Oh, above all things, never marry a man over whom you have no influence, lest you would secure for yourself a life of perfect wretchedness and woe. 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"The mission of genius on earth: To uplift,
Purify, and confirm by its own gracious gift
The world, in spite of the world's dull endeavor
To degrade, and drag down, and oppose it forever.
The mission of genius on earth: To watch and to wait,
To renew, to reclaim, and to regenerate.
The mission of woman on earth: To give birth
To the mercy of heaven descending on earth.
The mission of woman: Permitted to bruise
The head of the serpent, and sweetly infuse
Thro' the sorrow and sin of earth's register'd curse,
The blessing which mitigates all. Born to nurse,
And to soothe, and to solace, to help and to heal
The sick world that lies on her breast."

This is woman's mission. Our life is but love in act.

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Flows seaward, how lonely soever its course,
But what some lands blossom and gladden. No star ever rose
And set without influence somewhere. Who knows
What earth needs from earth's lowest creature? No life
Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife
And all life not be pure and strong stronger thereby.
The spirits of just men made perfect on high,
The army of martyrs who stand by the throne
And gaze into the face that makes glorious their own,
Know this surely at last. Honest love, honest sorrow,
Honest work for the day, honest hope for the morrow—
Are these worth nothing more than the hand they make weary.
The heart they have saddened, the life they leave dreary?
Hush! the seven-fold heavens to the voice of the spirit,
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EMMA C. H. JONES.

Appleton's Journal for July.

THE TALE OF THE TERRIBLE FIRE

I will tell you the tale of the terrible fire;
It springs from the earth—it is dreadful and dire.
spirit.

In the dark
Wintry sky.
See the spark
Upward fly;
See it grow
In its frame—
See it glow
Into flame;

See it burning and blazing,
See it spring into life
With a vigor amazing—
How it longs for the strife!
Hear the noise and the rattle—
How it swells, how it grows,
Like the crash of a battle,
Like the clash of the foes!

See it rushing and rising and roaring,
See it trying to touch a tall star;
It seems in the sky to be soaring
Like a flag of fierce flame from afar.
See it turn: Long and burning and braving—
See it streaming and gleaming and red!
Ah! the smoke in the air now is waving
Like a winding sheet of dull lead.

Hear it laugh with wild glee at each foiling endeavor
It is flaming and free and fantastic forever;
It delights and exults with no pang of remorse,
With no pain, but with passion—and laughs to its
quivers
With its pennant of scarlet, the bloodiest hue,
With its gleaming streams and its roaring rivers,
It dares to do all things that flame dares to do.

How it darts, how it dances and dashes,
As though it had taken for aim,
To reduce all the world into ashes
And to fling all the stars into flame!
It is glittering and glowing and glaring—
And raging it rings its own knell;
It is showing its wonderful daring—
It is turning the sky into hell!

How it lazily lingers
With its swell and its fall;
With its fiery fingers
Weirdly tearing a pall;
With its horrible hisses,
Like the wind in a storm;
With its billowy caresses,
On face and on form!

Of its flashes
Bereft,
Only ashes
Are left
'Till its cries
Tell the doom—
And it dies
In the gloom.

I have told you the tale of the terrible fire;
It has spoken its last, and has ceased its ire—
It has sung its last song, it has breathed its last
breath,
It has lived without life, it has died without death.

The Sleepless Edison.

New York correspondence Chicago *Tribune:* One of Edison's strange notions is that a man doesn't need to sleep. Probably he hasn't enjoyed a proper amount of rest at any one time for three years. His brain goes like a saw-mill, all the time, and he says he has no idea of going to sleep. He experiments and works day and night without cessation. When bedtime comes, Edison is as oblivious of the fact as one side of the present Potter congress is of the existence of Mr. Cronin, from Oregon. The great inventor digs away at his work until nature is completely exhausted, and then he tumbles into bed for two or three hours of sleep. This may be at morning, noon or night, just as the fit of weariness seizes him. Not one man in ten could do such work as he does. But Edison has a constitution like the "one-hoss shay" of popular legend, and he don't break down. He is wonderfully tenacious, alike of health and of ideas. A friend who knows him intimately, tells me that when Edison once gets into his head that certain thing can be done, he is going to demonstrate the fact, though the heavens fall. If he had made a failure of life, we should have said this was mere mulishness. But, as he is a success, we may call it great perseverance. There is a vast difference between tweedle-dum and tweedle dee.

Poisoned by Decaying Fruit.

The Quebec *Mercury*, of the tenth instant, says: "This morning two men lost their lives on board the steamer Saguenay, while lying at her wharf on Champlain street. While opening up the lower forward hold, in which was stowed a quantity of oranges, seven men went down to unlade the cargo, when they all were more or less overpowered by foul gas. A ship laborer named Piante was the last to reach the ladder to reascend, but at its very foot he fell back exhausted. A quartermaster named George Miiway, who was mounting the ladder immediately in front of Piante, on the "ends of time," in ineffaceable characters, the beautiful record of a noble, useful life, so that it may be said of you, as Noll said of Mezart: "He was a man whose mission in this world seems to have been entirely fulfilled, for he was given to link together the Godlike with humanity, the mortal with the immortal; a man whose footprints not all the storms of time can ever efface; a man who, amid all his lofty aims, esteemed the lofiest of all to be the elevation of humanity." Alas! there are few of us who can ever merit the tribute paid to this noble prince of musicians. Our work is born with us; it is unlimited; and we can accomplish a vast deal of good in this "world of sin." Let us wrap the snowy mantle of purity around us, lift our hearts heavenward with the sincere prayer of doing *some* good, and, even if our holy labor leads us amid the squalid purlieus of vice and wretchedness, we will fully preserve that purity, and even there reap a rich harvest of usefulness. "Do the duty that lieth nearest thy hand." Oh! my sisters, be careful how you wield the great influence God has given you over man! Think of the great and holy responsibility resting upon you, and act accordingly, lest in after years, when you see the sinful, fatal fruits of your misused influence, your heart will be fraught with regret and melancholy. In many instances the weapons of a lover, father, brother or husband's honor, nobleness and virtue are placed in your hands. Oh, be careful how you use them; you will be held accountable for their deviation from the flowery paths of virtue and honesty. I think, from the bottom of my heart, that if all the members of our sex would but faithfully perform their holy duties, the pall of darkness that has settled upon the life-horizon of many would be lifted, and the glorious sunshine of morality would shed its radiant beams over all; that the evils of intemperance would become fewer, and those pandemoniums—saloons—lose half their customers. Oh, my sisters, do all in your power to win your loved ones from their fallen state back to nobleness and purity. Oh, for God's sake, use your noblest influence over them. Call forth all those endearing arts you know so well how to use; ever manifest a tender consideration for their welfare, which should be far dearer to an your own; with affectionate gentleness do all to render the charm of your husband's home irresistible; let them realize the precious fact that when peace and love reign it is the dearest spot on earth, and that "a charm from the sky seems to hallow us there, which seek where you will is never met with elsewhere." Think of the wonderful influence exerted by those noble, gifted women, Augusta Evans, Marion Harland, Mrs. Southworth, Mrs. Beckwith, etc.—how materially they have aided in the formation of the characters of many, though they perhaps may never know it—a rich reward awaits them in the next word. Oh, above all things, never marry a man over whom you have no influence, lest you would secure for yourself a life of perfect wretchedness and woe. He does not love you, or else he would gladly yield to your sweet, heavenly, wifely influence, and ere long that evanescent emotion—a vain admiration—will wear off, and your life will be a perfect purgatory, and your fate be that of an unloved wife. Alas! what can be worse? That woman's mission is indeed beautiful, let us accept as proof one of Owen Meredith's loveliest characters, "Lucille;" for her mission, accomplished, is o'er:

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