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BY
GALLAWAY & KEATING.

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SUNDAY, : DECEMBER 8, 1878.

EADS'S JETTIES.

The New Orleans *Times*, of Thursday, presented its readers with excellent engravings of Eads's jetties, at the mouth of the South Pass of the Mississippi river, and with them gives cheering statements as to the continued success attending one of the most important and daring engineering experiments of modern times. The New Orleans paper states:

Before the jetty works were commenced there existed an immense bar of sand or silt, with a depth of only eight feet of water between the channel in South and Southeast Pass of the Mississippi. There is now to-day a wide and ample channel of twenty-three and a half feet, or four feet deeper than the channel below on the jetties, over or through this same bar, a channel of twenty-eight to thirty-five feet in depth. The main jetties are nearly complete, except at the sea ends, where the least depth of channel (twenty-three and a half feet) now exists. Great preparations are now being made for the prosecution of this work, and the most sanguine expectations are entertained of speedy enlargement and improvement of this important outlet to the sea.

The enterprising project of Captain Cowden is understood to be in the way of successful commencement. With that canal and the jetties, the Mississippi river must become the highway of immense trade, whose vastness will bring prosperity to every commercial city on its banks.

A CHARITABLE WORLD.

After all, there is much goodness in the world, cruel and cold-hearted as it often appears to us. There is something grand in the dimensions of the charitable movements which develop themselves in every part of the country which seem to make the whole world akin. This was illustrated by the unstinted contributions for the relief of our yellow-fever sufferers. The vast amount so poured forth for the relief of the sufferers by the failure of the City of Glasgow bank, is another noble illustration. The contributions have already reached the magnificent sum of two hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling, or one million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars of money. Christianity has leavened human nature to some extent, and its humanizing influences alone account for such splendid displays of the vitality of the sentiment of the brotherhood of men. This charity emanates from sinner and saint alike, and it is not surprising that a Memphis lady writes to a friend in the north: "I have seen men in a moment rise from the depths of degradation and wickedness to Christlike sublimity in devotion and sacrifice, and the most polluted of my own sex suddenly changed into angels of love and mercy. Thus God teaches us to scorn none of His creatures."

CHURCH HOURS.

There is a movement in New York, Boston, Brooklyn and Philadelphia to postpone the hour for church service from half-past ten to half-past eleven. The evil of holding meeting at an early hour is so thoroughly rooted that it seems difficult to disturb it. But the northern people are fond of change, innovations upon all traditions, and we predict the proposition will succeed. One reason advanced by the ministers urging the change is, that many of the young people engaged in stores and shops to a very late hour on Saturday night, and they are justly entitled to an extra hour or two of sleep on Sunday morning. The spirit may be willing to hop out of bed at seven on Sunday morning, but after a week of toil, and a seventeen or eighteen-hour day on Saturday, the flesh is exceedingly loth to leave the restful bed on this morning, when conscience, and not a business employer, is the spur. Then, again, people like to take their Sunday breakfast in an aristocratic, leisurely way. If they lie late, they will be obliged to swallow the meal in a jiffy, in order to get to church at half-past ten. An hour later for the commencement of church service will accommodate this class—and the other who must make an elaborate toilet, and bring them all to the sanctuary in a comfortable frame of mind, with which the droppings of the sanctuary would be cooled. Of thirty-two churches in New York, six of them commence at three-quarters past ten, and twenty-six of them begin service at eleven o'clock. It is reported that the eleven o'clock churches are filled, while the half-past ten have small congregations. Of those joining in the later hour movement, the report mentions Episcopal, Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist, Unitarian and German Reformed. It seems like a good reform, and it should find favor as elsewhere.

COFFEE-SPOT BAGGING.

The Belleville (Tenn.) *Enterprise*, in a well-written article, complains of the inferior flax bagging which has been foisted upon cotton growers. Last spring the APPEAL warned its readers against this inferior bagging as an article that injures the cotton in weight, and in the cheap cotton, when the bagging becomes wet, injures it. Again we gave information to put planters on their guard when we found what was doing at railroad stations, and wherever cotton planters were willing to take low-priced stuff, especially when they found that its unfair heavy weight made it possible to obtain an extra profit by selling thick, inferior bagging at the same price per pound as good, sound cotton. We can assure our Crockett county cotemporary that there are two sides to this coffee-spot bagging question, neither of which are creditable to business. That justice may be done to honest flax-bagging manufacturers, however, we once more state that the objection to the coffee-spot marking, chives-depositing and unfairly heavy bagging, is not that it is made of flax—no better article than flax for bagging can be found—but because it is made of material not put into a condition for sale, an inferior article in quality and a fraudulent one in weight. The meeting held at our cotton exchange adopted a resolution on the subject it considered correct, and that meeting, it must be remembered, was largely composed of persons having no concern with selling bagging or any other cotton supplies, being simply cotton buyers and concerned only with the merchantable quality of the produce they handle.

THE CITY SCHOOLS.

There are some projects which always deserve success. There are efforts for public good which never wholly fail, and from which good invariably comes. There are seeds sown from which plenteous harvests may be gathered when the sower's hand is cold in death. There are certain real, practical services to society, which make little noise, and yet carry with them blessings that tell forever upon our civilization. Everything that tends to strengthen, quicken, enlighten and elevate the rising generation, should be encouraged. Foremost in importance is the education of the young. The Memphis school board seems to appreciate this fact, and have taken no step backward. The city school buildings have been thoroughly fumigated and repaired, and will be opened to-morrow. The teachers have nearly all returned, ready and anxious to enter upon the discharge of their duties after six months recreation. The teacher should be loved as is the family physician, for while one ministers to the body the other deals with the mind, teaches the young how to become useful citizens, and that the truest success and permanent happiness can only be attained by blameless paths and by the faithful performance of those duties which contribute to the good of all. The work of the teacher tells on future society, in the social circle, in religion, in laws and government, down to the end of time. It is said when Jupiter offered the prize of immortality to him who was most useful to mankind, the court of Olympus was crowded with competitors. The warrior boasted of his patriotism, but Jupiter thundered; the rich man boasted of his munificence, and Jupiter showed him a widow's mite; the pontiff held up the keys of heaven, and Jupiter pushed the doors wide open; the painter boasted of his power to give life to inanimate canvas, and Jupiter breathed aloud in derision; the orator boasted of his power to sway nations with his voice, and Jupiter marshalled the obedient hosts of hearers with a word; the poet spoke of his power to move even the gods by his praise, Jupiter blushed; the musician claimed to practice the only human science that had been transported to heaven, Jupiter hesitated; when, seeing a venerable man looking with intense interest upon the group of competitors, but presenting no claim. "What art thou?" said the benignant monarch. "Only a spectator," said the gray-headed sage. "All these were once my pupils." "Crown him! Crown him!" said Jupiter; "crown the faithful teacher with immortality, and make room for him at my right hand."

HON. LEWIS BOND.

A valued friend has furnished us with a long tribute to the memory of this distinguished citizen of Brownsville, who died of yellow-fever. This well-written and deserved tribute to the deceased would make two columns in the APPEAL—more space than we can possibly spare, which we profoundly regret, as Hon. Lewis Bond was as much admired in Memphis as he was in Brownsville. He fell a martyr to his convictions of duty. Blessed with abundant means, he could have placed the mountains between himself and the epidemic; but he fell at his post, nobly ministering to the sick and dying. Indeed, Mr. Bond was boldly out of danger when the disease made its appearance in Brownsville. He was a candidate for congress, in distant counties canvassing for the nomination, with every assurance of success. But he heard his friends, neighbors and relations crying out in their great agony, and he rushed to death as to a festival. His stalwart form and splendid physique, a fair mark for the pestilence that "walketh in darkness" and "the destruction that wasteth at noonday," glittered like a star, and was long conspicuous among the forlorn few. But he was stricken down, and gave his life, so full of promise, to serve his friends. He died loyal and faithful, earnest and laborious, in the very prime of life, in the vigor of his manhood, full of glorious promise for the future. In private life the cardinal virtues were the lamp to his footsteps. As the colors of the evening clouds are so gorgeous and beautiful that neither the poet nor the painter can describe or paint their brilliancy and beauty, so was the character of Lewis Bond, so rich in fine qualities and in their rare combinations, that words utterly fail to portray them.

He was so endowed by nature, so adorned by art, so affluent in noble traits, so free from those little aims which disgrace and disfigure the age in which we live, that he seemed to belong to another sphere. He was raised in Brownsville, and there he was surrounded by the best influences of that community, abounding, as it does, in everything that can refine the heart, brighten the intellect, elevate the character and develop manhood. He availed himself of these advantages. As the shell forever murmurs of the sea, so did his soul forever echo back its teachings and murmur the names of those for whom he died. He was a noble representative of all that is pure and bright in mankind. The might and majesty of his mind and heart were revealed and transfigured in the manner of his death. The splendor of his genius was only equaled by his moral traits. He had an exalted ideal of life, and sympathized with all that is good and pure and grand in human thought, or noble and heroic in human conduct. We would like to give our correspondent room to trace this man from the cradle to college, through the Confederate war, to the legislature, as speaker of the house, and to the threshold of his nomination for congress; but we can spare only the space for this brief tribute to one who, short as was his life, lived not in vain.

Chinese Dentistry.

Chambers's Journal says: It is well known that the Chinese attribute toothache to the gnawing of worms, and that their dentists profess to take these worms from decayed teeth. Mr. Gardner has performed this trick, and so artfully concealed it in the course of his daily business, was a secret only recently solved by a European inquirer. After some ability and ingenuity in production, an intelligent-looking native practitioner was called in to hand over the implements of his trade, together with a number of the worms, and to give instructions for the method of procedure. When a patient with toothache applies for relief, if the tooth is solidly fixed in the socket, the gum is separated from it with a sharp instrument and worms are placed. During this operation the cheek is held on one side by a bamboo spatula, both ends of which are alike, and on the end held in the hand some minute worms are concealed under thin paper covering the spatula. When all is ready this is adroitly turned and inserted in the mouth, and the paper becoming moistened and left behind, the dentist with a tray instrument fused for cutting the gums; the worms mix with the saliva, and the dentist, of course, picks them out with a pair of forceps amid the patient's groans, and demonstration that the cause of the disease has been removed, has good reason to expect relief, which, in many cases, would naturally follow the loss of the offending worms. In severe pain returns, the same operation is performed over again, and a fresh supply of worms fully accounts for the recurring trouble. These worms are not natural to any quarter to such the trade, and they are very cleverly done; still, to carry out the delusion fully, the dentists are obliged to keep on hand a few live worms ready for the sufferers, explaining that most of those taken from the tooth are killed either by a powder which is often applied, or by the process of removing them with the forceps. If the worm be just disturbed, it may be added, is resorted to when the tooth is firmly set in the jaw."

For the Sunday Appeal.]

Again.

The influence that home exerts over the affections attests itself, perhaps, most strongly after an absence of some duration. What enjoyment do we not participate in meeting those we love best? What delicious bliss we wait for us in that "dearest spot of earth!" How does the countenance of some indifferent person from that enchanted neighboring spot to home seem almost like that of a comeliness we unrecognized before. The absence may have been enjoyable enough in itself; we may have seen the cloud-caps of the mountains flushed in the sunset, the rainbow arching in the heavens, the moon ghostly in the moonbeams, but all the while the fact that home is waiting for us there in the background, with its comforts, its cozy firesides, its tender affections, lends sweetness to one's vacation which it would otherwise lack. If it is sometimes agreeable to leave one's roof-tree for a time, to drop the cares and vexatious, to forget the inefficiency of servants, taking no thought of the morrow, or counsel with the grocer, yet it is a thousand times more agreeable to return to the presume duties, to see how the vines have stretched up and flowered since we left, the household gossip—above all, to feel that we have been missed. Even the frets and jars of housekeeping have acquired a familiar and good-humored face. We enter into the controversy with "Bridget" with renewed vigor. We did not realize before, perhaps, how pleasant home was. These are some of the sentiments we utter, on returning to our own threshold, and it seems to us as if the great pleasure of traveling consisted in coming home again. MRS. F. U.

A Girl Waiting a Year to be Avenged for a Kiss.

York (Pa.) *Daily*: "Probably no one supposes that every young woman who is kissed gets up a fight about it, and shows off her indignation and makes a disturbance in the neighborhood. As a general thing it isn't girl-like; but there are girls also who cannot get up a particle of indignation on this subject if they try. It does seem, however, as though an unusual number of young women are making loud complaints about nothing lately. Last fall of last year, and the courts are called upon in all directions to determine the value of kisses taken from strangely and unnaturally disposed young women at divers times. The remarkable case of the girl in Lycoming county, in this State, who nursed her indignation for a whole year after a bold, daring man had kissed her at the wash-tub, has already been noticed. This is without doubt one of the strangest cases that has ever come to public notice, because it isn't often that a girl can get mad about the matter of a kiss in the small space of twelve months; but the girl did, and after the wretched man had confessed his guilt the jury declared him innocent and assessed the costs to the heartbroken young woman. So far as that county is concerned, the decision in the case renders free trade in kisses absolute, and there are some who will hope that it may have a beneficial influence over the whole State."

Four Score and Ten—We May all Attain it.

Dr. Hall contends that with increasing knowledge of the laws of health will come increased length of years to the life of man. He says: "Aided by the ever-widening influence of the principles of the christian system, which, by inculcating as one of its cardinal elements, 'temperance in all things,' strikes at the very root of disease, we may reasonably hope that, when the true knowledge covers the earth as the waters cover the face of the sea, the ordinary average of the human life will be the full three score years and ten, or even four score years, which will then not be years of labor and sorrow. The world would hail it a glad event if physicians could be so educated as to cure all disease, but it would more largely add to its happiness if all could be so well instructed, as to the first symptoms of every ailment, as to be able at once to arrest its progress, and thus no physician be needed to cure; and yet any one must know that if man could be so taught to live, that disease would not be possible, half the sufferings of humanity would be annihilated, *and for this I labor*."

MEMORIAL ADDRESS.

Delivered at the Temple of the Hebrew Reformed Congregation, Children of Israel, by Rabbi Dr. M. Samfield.

Holy, holy, holy art Thou, God of Tombs,
We humbly trembling worship Thee!
Dust may back to native dust be ground,
From its crumbling house the spirit fly,
And the storm its ashes strew around,
But our love, our love shall never die.
—*Schuler's Poem.*

DEAR FRIENDS AND BRETHREN—Commemoration of the dead! Remembrance of departed friends! Voices from the dead to the living, from the living to the dead! What a wealth of feeling and affection pours forth from this solemn and impressive memorial service! We can easily comprehend why the hour is full of emotion and devotion; why the gates of our souls and hearts are wide ajar to pour forth the woes and tears of demolished hopes and sad bereavements, to admit gladly the consolations of religion and the sweet memories of the past. The burning lava of a tender calamity has invaded our houses like those of ancient Herculaneum and Pompeii, has almost buried our city, to make it a Necropolis, a city of the dead. For many days, weeks and months, has the angel of death been seen in our streets, following the dark shadows of a terrible scourge, gathering a rich harvest of souls for the life beyond the grave. We can also comprehend why our brethren, the members of Beth El Emeth congregation, have come hither to unite with us in doing honor to the memory of those who were united in death; it is to demonstrate the peaceful relations between these two congregations, that we differ in the outward form we are one in spirit, standing united in life and death. When we and our more conservative brethren jointly buried those who were united to our heart, we beheld how the outward form was merely shed off in the dust, how in the course of time the bodily features wane in our memory, and only the spiritual remains, as all the departed are kept in vivid remembrance. Let us then with outward forms of our religion subjected to change and decay; they will be buried out of sight, while the spirit of Judaism will live forever in its grandeur and beauty in the mind of man. A day will come when our conservative brethren will, like-to-night, unite with us in the worship of the God of Israel. To join us in chanting, as with one accord, "*Shema Israel adonoi eloheun adonoi echod.*" Until then let us as heretofore live together in peace and harmony upon the graves of noble men and women, let us renew this bond of friendship and brotherly love:

"Dust may back to native dust be ground,
From its crumbling house the spirit fly,
And the storm its ashes strew around,
But our love, our love, shall never die."

Having greeted you with this peaceful message, my brethren, it behooves us now to ask, how shall we consecrate this hour to the memory of our dead; and of what nature shall be our reflections upon the uncertainty of life and certainty of death? Shall we, with merciless severity, present a picture of terrible scenes and heartrending incidents upon the canvas of our perception, so as to tear open the deep wounds which have not yet commenced to heal; we decline to pinch with each other the vicissitudes of life, when sister is separated from sister, and brother from brother, plucked like a flower in the bloom of youth; or when the weeping mother is folding in her arms the dying darling of her soul, giving the last blessing and receiving the last adieu, looking for the last time on that countenance, faded and wasted, surely then the heart is made to drink of the bitterness of human woe. Yet, amidst this individual sorrow, the grandeur and nobility of death's victims should not be permitted to go down to the grave unnoticed and unemployed, for such excellency is the messenger of great moral influence to the living, and death loses half of its bitterness in the remembrance of those peerless qualities of the soul which forever live. "Is true," exclaimed dying Hector, before the walls of Troy—

"'Tis true I perish, yet I perish great;
Yet in a mighty deed I shall exalt
Let future ages hear it and admire."

And admired Hector was, and Homer sings his fame and heroic deeds. Yet, with all due respect before ancient heroes, real and mythical, I think that our noble martyrs deserved it not—that his heroism was far below the heroism of *Hannah Schalsha*, who, in the bloom of her youth, surrendered life in the noble effort to save that of her sisters. Hector was called a hero, because he defended Troy and slew Patroclus. All the ancient heroes purchased their titles by bloody conflicts—by the annihilation of human life; he that possessed most of brutal force, who were the heaviest armor, who slew the most of men, was adored as a hero by the ancients. But is this the criterion, our friends? Is it indeed, fair Dr. Ferdinand Sarner, has been removed from his useful sphere as religious teacher to the spheres of the blest, beyond the grave. You have been deprived of your spiritual friend and guide, who loved you well, and who with never-ceasing patience and fidelity sought to inculcate the lessons of morality, benevolence and love. He sleeps in the dust, yet his heart is awake. He has left behind a legacy his teachings and his noble example, for Israel's church ever purer man than Dr. Sarner; not one of you could rise in this assembly and charge a single vice, or a blemish upon his noble character. He was a nobleman, a scholar withal, and there was a depth of sentiment within the recesses of his heart, which prompted him to renounce comfort and ease for the sake of those he loved. He was deeply attached to his family, to his wife and child. When some time ago I inquired of his wife, with the necessity to take a vacation for himself, he answered us: "I would like to do it, dear colleague, but I cannot bear even a temporary separation from my child—my *Chanah bensafoah*—my soul is riveted to hers." These beautiful qualities and the pristine purity of character in the life of your departed teacher should be a noble example to you all. Seneca, the Roman philosopher, said in his lingering agonies of death: "Since I cannot leave you any other acknowledgment of the obligations I have to you, I leave you the best thing I have, the image of my life and my manners, which I entreat you to keep in memory of me; that so doing you may acquire glory." Even so, friends and brethren, we do not leave the mortal in human virtue, of human goodness, of moral excellency, and, above all, let not so much love be lost in the grave. From the sepulchre—from the dust—I hear a voice, I hear to-night a Bath-Kol speaking unto us: "*Give, ye mortals, to the living what you cannot any more give to the dead.*" Vain are the outpourings of sorrow, useless the violence of lamentations; the dead can no more receive the tokens of love; the father can no more hear the faithful promise of his children; the husband cannot behold the affectionate look of love; the children can no more receive pledges of devotion. Love is the principle of life, and, as such, let us bestow it upon the living—upon the orphan and the widow, the children of sorrow, upon the widowed mother into the hearts of the children—from the hearts of the children into the hearts of their sisters and brothers.

Sorrow is a sacred feeling, and reverence love in the graves of the departed, but let it live as a vital force in the relations of the living. But, more than all, I recommend to you to take care among yourselves not to do and say anything which, even in its sounds to disturb your domestic felicity. It is an idle thing to honor the dead if we have not honored them alive; it is superstition to weep over the graves of those whom we slandered them for years previous to their death; it is folly to give to the dead what we can only give to the living. An Italian rabbi, Emanuel, of Fermo, says: *Achore yoso kedoshim elmor*—"after death many are made saints," who were far from being such during life, and many are exalted and praised after death, while during life scarcely unpraised and ignored them, though they deserved well during life what was given them after death. This ought not to be, brethren. Life is but short, and we ought to make it as cheerful to others as to ourselves. If you are a husband and father, deal gently with thy wife and wisely with thy children. Enter not thy home with a clouded countenance and ill humor; but cheer thy wife with thy company, children, kindly and with patience, for behold, to-night they are near you in perfect health. Dost thou know that it will be to-morrow? Let, then, thy chief consolation in the thought that he has lived a noble life, and died a noble death. When Xenophon was once sacrificing with a crown upon his head, a messenger brought him the news that his son Gryllus had been slain in the battle of Mantinea. Xenophon, in the paroxysm of his grief, took the crown from his head, and cast it to the ground. But, when a second messenger told him how bravely and valiantly his son had fought, how he had repelled the enemy while bleeding from many wounds, he placed again the crown upon his head, and wept no more. Even so, brethren, has the crown of a glorious life not fallen from our heads by the death of a man like Nathan Menken; it will remain in its elevated position, and adorn us until our hearts cease to beat. Ye, too, my brethren, members of the congregation Beth El Emeth, have mourned with us the great loss by the malignant foe of the late calamity. Your spiritual leader, Rev. Dr. Ferdinand Sarner, has been removed from his useful sphere as religious teacher to the spheres of the blest, beyond the grave. You have been deprived of your spiritual friend and guide, who loved you well, and who with never-ceasing patience and fidelity sought to inculcate the lessons of morality, benevolence and love. He sleeps in the dust, yet his heart is awake. He has left behind a legacy his teachings and his noble example, for Israel's church ever purer man than Dr. Sarner; not one of you could rise in this assembly and charge a single vice, or a blemish upon his noble character. He was a nobleman, a scholar withal, and there was a depth of sentiment within the recesses of his heart, which prompted him to renounce comfort and ease for the sake of those he loved. He was deeply attached to his family, to his wife and child. When some time ago I inquired of his wife, with the necessity to take a vacation for himself, he answered us: "I would like to do it, dear colleague, but I cannot bear even a temporary separation from my child—my *Chanah bensafoah*—my soul is riveted to hers." These beautiful qualities and the pristine purity of character in the life of your departed teacher should be a noble example to you all. Seneca, the Roman philosopher, said in his lingering agonies of death: "Since I cannot leave you any other acknowledgment of the obligations I have to you, I leave you the best thing I have, the image of my life and my manners, which I entreat you to keep in memory of me; that so doing you may acquire glory." Even so, friends and brethren, we do not leave the mortal of human virtue, of human goodness, of moral excellency, and, above all, let not so much love be lost in the grave. From the sepulchre—from the dust—I hear a voice—