THE APPEAL FOR 1882.

In issuing its prospectus for 1882, the APPEAL has but one promise to make, and that is, a determination to maintain its character and rank as the foremost of American newspapers. The APPEAL is now regarded as one of the institutions of the South. Its history for the past forty-one years is the history of the development of Southern thought, Southern politics, Southern industry and Southern literature, and its sympathies and aims will be the same in the future. The paper will continue to be the constant reflex of the most reliable intelligence obtainable from all parts of the world. It will remain inflexibly Democratic, but its space will be mainly devoted to news, the interests of agriculture, trade, commerce, manufactures, internal improvements, the development of Southern resources and all branches of industry. While always on the alert for the latest intelligence, it will avoid the mere sensational, and will never pander to vitiated tastes. The APPEAL is specially devoted to the interests of Tennessee and Memphis, its great commercial emporium, and will use its best abilities to promote both. It realizes that the future empire of this country lies in the South and West, and will labor to combine the political and business relations of these two sections in inducing the legislation of Congress for improving the navigation of the Mississippi river and its tributaries.

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MEMPHIS APPEAL

FRIDAY, : : DECEMBER 30, 1881

THE LAST SLANDER ON HON. JEFFERSON DAVIS.

The last mean and dastardly assault upon Hon. Jefferson Davis has resulted in the disgrace of his accusers. The slander originated with General Joseph E. Johnston, and notwithstanding his lame and equivocal retraction or explanation, he has been universally censured and occasionally denounced for even alluding to a calumny so vile and baseless. So far as Mr. Davis is concerned, we do not regret that the charge has been made, for it has called out a host of friends, whose tributes have added luster to his purity of character. It was a grave and inexcusable mistake in General Joe Johnston to accuse or even intimate that Mr. Davis had confiscated and appropriated to his own use Confederate government gold. The ex-President regarded the charge as so absurd that he simply expressed the opinion that he could not believe that General Johnston had ever said what was attributed to him. Hundreds of men familiar with all the circumstances have voluntarily explained the disposition made of the gold which Mr. Davis was charged with appropriating to himself, and has been triumphantly vindicated. The last calumny having exploded, it is hoped Mr. Davis will be permitted to repose in peace during the remnant of his eventful life. His friends care nothing for the stereotyped charge of "rebel" and "traitor," but knowing the incorruptible honesty of the man they are indignant that he should be denounced as a robber. Up to a certain point the American people may not only endure, but applaud the persecution of leading men. But beyond that point reaction sets in, and woe to the defamers. The friends of Mr. Davis have voluntarily come forward and defended the fallen hero of the Lost Cause. But his Northern slanderers ignore this defense and the proof, corroborated by a cloud of witnesses, and persist in calling him not only a traitor, but a robber and thief. These cruel and malignant falsehoods, in the face of the most convincing facts, will arouse the indignation of the American people. While many are not the friends of Mr. Davis they are the friends of justice and manhood, and will recoil from the slander of an innocent man. He has endured the sufferings which always follow failure in a great cause with all the heroic patience and fortitude of his grand nature. But so far as his personal honor and integrity are concerned, he has always been one of the most sensitive men that ever tried public life, and shrunk from a charge of wrong-doing in a way that was simply pitiable, and he can now await the summons of Death with a calm serenity, knowing that hate, after doing its worst, has left his character for honesty unsullied. Mr. Davis has held positions by which he could have made millions; but he loved honor more than gold, and history will transmit his name to posterity without blot or blemish upon his personal integrity.

THE CHAMPION LUNATICS.

Our readers are familiar with the contest now going on in Washington between Guiteau and W. R. Moore for the champion lunatic of North America. The issue is still in doubt, as each contestant has proved himself a foeman worthy of the other's steel. Thus far it is "nip and tuck." Every day both parties enter the ring with a smile of satisfaction, indicating that both are sanguine as to the result. Both are classed in the market as fine@superfine; good middling@fair. Moore placed himself in the dock of the House of Representatives long ago, and on Wednesday Guiteau was placed in the prisoner's dock in the Criminal Court-room. Both now possess equal opportunities, and both will be equal to the occasion. Envious of the notoriety which the Associated Press has given Guiteau, Moore has undertaken to catch up with his competitor by special dispatches, as will be seen from the following:

Special to the Nashville Banner.]

WASHINGTON, December 27.—It is whispered around the capitol that Colonel Moore, the member from Memphis, must own an interest in the Memphis APPEAL. The manner in which that paper has been advocating the gentleman's cause by its sarcasm and ridicule cannot be accounted for upon any other hypothesis. Colonel Moore was assigned a position on the Committee on Banking and Currency, which contains volumes for the system in which he is held here. But few new members are ever accorded this honor, and then, as in this case, only on account of special merit.

Special to the Nashville Banner.

WASHINGTON, December 28.—Your correspondent met last evening an old lady who has been in Washington society for forty years, and she said: "I called to-day upon a Tennessee lady, and I must assure you that she is one of the most beautiful and accomplished women that I have ever met, and you know that I have met them all." I asked the name of the lady in question and she informed me that it was the wife of the Hon. W. R. Moore, of Memphis. I have never seen the lady, but will not disguise the fact that she has created quite a sensation in society circles on account of her charming manner, faultless toilets, great beauty and rare conversational powers. As a Tennessean we feel proud of her, and look upon her advent as a harbinger of the better time coming—when representative men will bring representative southern ladies here, and reinstate the era when the South gave tone and brilliancy to Washington society. One hundred Reaty, of Greensboro, and Mrs. Clay, of Alabama, and other splendid southern women before the war, represented the South, none have received more encomiums of praise than Mrs. Moore.

These dispatches are eminently characteristic of Moore. They sound so much like him, are so in keeping with his imbecility, that every man and woman in Memphis is satisfied that he either wrote or inspired them. We have never been able to find in our Pantheon a niche small enough to contain Moore, and when the reader peruses the above sickening and disgusting stuff he will agree with us that he ought to triumph over Guiteau as the champion lunatic of North America. We regret to learn that Moore is so deeply concerned about the diabolical APPEAL. This is base ingratitude on his part. We have stood by him a tower of strength since he entered this contest for the belt and ribbon. We have shown that Guiteau is a pigmy by the side of him, and that he is pre-eminently entitled to the championship, and still he requites our services with ankindness. Recently our favorite for the championship has shown indubitable proof as to his lunacy. It is said that in dwelling upon his protest against the admission of Chalmers, and the comments of the American press, he "wept bitter tears and wipes them on his sleeve." He says, with a view of protecting the negro from outrage, he simply endeavored to strike terror to the hearts of the sappers and miners of freedom, by pointing to the high bird of liberty, which has so often spread its glorious tail and soared amid the milky baldric of the skies, and that he protested against the crime of plucking a feather from his swooping pinions to wing the dart aimed at his noble breast, and, in contemplating the ridiculous cast upon his patriotism, he cannot refrain from weeping tears over the degeneracy of the times. This last strategic movement settles the matter, and will no doubt induce Guiteau to throw up the sponge, for tears always triumph. No hero of ancient or modern times has been able to swim the lachrymose deluge. The iron will of Julius Cesar, foremost figure of the antique world, was melted by Cleopatra's passionate tears. He could conquer Gaul; he could bend Rome to his purpose; he could subjugate the fiercest tribes; but he was vanquished again and again by Egypt's streaming eyes. Beneath them he forgot his armies, his fame, his very self. Cruel tyrants like Nero and Caligula were humanized at times by Fabrina, Poppea and Miloria's briny drops from dark and lustrous eyes. The great Napoleon, who had no faith in any living creature, who was wholly destitute of moral principle, was as wax while he gazed in Josephine's swimming eyes. Men generally feel that they have no chance whenever woman can reach them and open the floodgates of her heart. But now that the tears have come trickling down the rosy cheeks of our member of Congress, the nation exclaims:

"Woe awaits a country when
She sees the tears of bearded men."

Now that Moore has commenced weeping over the degeneracy of the times, the ingratitude of republics, and has resorted to electricity to celebrate "the charming manners, faultless toilets, great beauty and rare conversational powers" of his Cleopatra, something has got to break loose. But we bid him to be of good cheer—to dry up the fountain of his tears; for there were not necessary to decide the noble contest in which he is engaged with Guiteau for the belt as the champion lunatic of America. He should remember that he cannot reach the goal of his ambition at a single bound. Grant approached Richmond by slow degrees. Napoleon did not abandon the passage of the Alps because he could not scale the eminence at a leap. The stream does not linger at the fountain because it does not burst forth an ocean. "Never give up!" was the motto which lifted Joseph from a prison cell to the prime ministry of Egypt. It was the motto which gave Caleb and Joshua strength to withstand the spies that brought an evil report of the goodly land, and gave them triumph. When Pharaoh and his host pressed hard in the flight of Israel, and the sea stretched before them and the precipitous mountains shut them in, and they murmured against Moses and God, "Never give up" was the motto which made a highway for these chosen people through the deep waters. It was pluck and faith that divided the waters of Jordan, shook down the walls of Jericho, gave the victory to Sampson over his enemies, raised David from the sheep cot to the throne, and rendered harmless the seven-fold fierceness of Nebuchadnezzar's fiery furnace, and saved Daniel in the lions' den. These examples should dry up Mr. Moore's tears and nerve his arm with strength. He is engaged in a fearful contest with the wretch who assassinated the President. But when he comes marching home with the blue ribbon and is met at the depot by the reception committee, the military, the fire department, and the roar of booming cannon and the blazing of rockets, he can muse to himself—

"Grief lasteth only for the night,
Joy cometh in the morning."

THE HADDEN TICKET.

The proceedings of the meeting at the Greenlaw Operahouse on Tuesday night settled the result of our municipal election, to be held on the 5th of January. The result can no longer be in doubt. Anxious to elect the best men, there was a general disposition to wait until all the candidates had been placed in the field and then unite on the best ticket. But the ratification meeting on Tuesday night was such a miserable failure, such a ridiculous farce, that the people of Memphis have no longer any doubt as to their duty. In our last county election Ed Shaw was a candidate for Sheriff. All classes looked with abhorrence and alarm at the possibility of his election. The vote in this city proclaimed in tones of thunder what the people of Memphis thought of Ed Shaw. And now he has the impudence to come forward and dictate to them the ticket they shall support in the election of their municipal officers. When in doubt and uncertainty as to duty, the people of Memphis always study the course of this purchasable demagogue; and since he has located the radium of his good will, good men are admonished as to their duty, and there can be no doubt as to the result of the approaching election. The publication of the proceedings of the meeting at the Greenlaw Operahouse settled the contest. Yesterday there was a general expression of a determination to unite on the Hadden ticket. And this is not surprising, for the people are determined to unite in a supreme effort to promote the prosperity of the city without regard to race, color or nationality. To talk about justice to the negro in times like the present is as much out of place as the selfishness of John Hook, who cried, "Beef!" "Beef!" among the starving soldiers of the revolution. All races, colors and nationalities have been placed on the Hadden ticket, which is an excellent one, in whole and in detail, and should receive the earnest support of all races and nationalities. The APPEAL has never stopped to analyze the political complexion of the ticket. All that we care to know is that it represents the aims of the best men of the city, is eminently strong and judicious in its selection, comprising high representative character, earnest men, aggressive reform purposes and practical talent. The men who constitute the Hadden ticket have won the confidence of their fellow-citizens by their ability and good character, and they should and will be triumphantly elected.

As a sample of the downright lying which society indulges in when so inclined, we have three statements recently set afloat about the new British Minister in Washington. At first they had it that Mr. Sackville West was a bachelor who had maintained improper relations with a Spanish actress, by whom he had two daughters, one of whom was to keep house for him. This was contradicted, it was said, by authority of an *attache* of the legation, and the Spanish actress was declared to have been his wife, who died in child-birth. Now it is positively asserted "upon the highest" authority, that Mr. West has always been a most proper man, never kept a mistress, has never been married, has no children, and is a model of what a virtuous bachelor ought to be. And this is the sort of stuff that what is termed "our best society" deals in—salacious, libidinous lies.

THE announcement that the Hon. Henry G. Davis has declined the use of his name as a candidate for re-election to the United States Senate from West Virginia has already started the question of his probable successor, and among those who are announced as candidates for the position are the Hon. Charles James Faulkner, of Martinsburg, ex-Senator Hereford, of Monroe county; ex-Governor Henry M. Matthews, of Greenbrier county, and Congressman Hoge. Mr. Faulkner is the favorite, and is likely to be elected. "If he is," as the Baltimore *Sun* says, "the State would have a Senator who would at once take rank among the ablest men in that body, for as a State legislator, member for ten years of the lower house of Congress, and Minister to France, Mr. Faulkner displayed marked industry and ability and a high order of statesmanship."

WE learn from the Boston *Advertiser* that Mr. Gilman, Secretary of the Harvard "annex," reports that forty-seven ladies have, during the second year now closing, been connected with the private collegiate classes for women taught by professors and other instructors of Harvard College. Twenty-nine classes were formed, the larger number pursuing the traditional classical, rather than the scientific course, though equal opportunities were offered in both. The students have come from the best schools; all are careful and eager students; some fitting themselves for special teachers, others studying to gratify intellectual tastes, or to better qualify themselves for the duties of life.

SENATOR LAMAR, of Mississippi, who is conservative in politics and progressive in everything appertaining to the welfare of the South, visited the Atlanta Exposition last Saturday, and expressed himself as not only very much astonished, but greatly pleased with the magnitude and excellence of the show. Mr. Lamar stated that he believed that his own State would reap as much benefit from the Exposition as any Southern State, from the fact that such a large number of intelligent, progressive planters from Mississippi had spent so much time at the Exposition.

THE Montreal *Star* says in a few years the United States will have a big surplus in the treasury and will be looking out for an investment. Then "one of the first things they will do will be to cut a ship canal from Sackett's harbor to Syracuse, and thus shorten the route from Lake Erie to New York eighty or ninety miles. They will do this in self-defense. They see the Northwest opening, and they see that we will get nearly all the business from that territory unless they are up and doing."

THE correspondent of the Atlanta *Constitution* says the Democrats of New York need a good newspaper. What about the *World*? it is certainly a good newspaper, and its editorials cannot be surpassed.

A DEAD COCK

In the Pit, is the Similitude Colonel Jack Brown, of Georgia, Employs to Illustrate the Position

Representative Speer Fills in the Estimation of Republicans as Well as Democrats in Washington.

WASHINGTON, December 23.—[Special Correspondence of the Atlanta *Constitution*.]—In the New York *Tribune* of the 1 th there appeared what purported to be an interview from Mr. Emory Speer, who is a Congressman from the Ninth District of Georgia. It opened with the startling declaration: "I shall never go into a Democratic caucus." Further on there comes the assertion, "I don't think I need the instruction of a caucus."

Of course Mr. Speer's political status was known before this interview appeared, for during the last session he voted with the Republicans every time he had a chance.

The only remarkable thing in his alleged interview is that he tries to couple Mr. Stephens with himself as a political free lance in Georgia. In the interview he says the young men started the Independent party in Georgia, and continues: "They were tired, for one thing, of being kept down. They thought the old political issues were dead and ought to be buried. They wanted a chance to march forward in accord with the new order of things, industrial and social, in the South. They exerted their strength, therefore comparatively unknown, and soon made it a recognized factor in State politics. They sent Stephens and Felton and such men to Congress. Each man, however, ran in his own way, and all without organizations. Stephens, old and tried, and sure of his hold on the people, announced himself a candidate for Congress, snapping his finger at the party bosses. Having been defied by him, they promptly nominated him for the office to which he aspired. Thereupon he generously accepted, not the nomination, but what he termed the 'indorsement' of the men he had been denouncing as 'thimble-riggers' and 'caucus packers.'" Then follows a description of his own triumphs in the Ninth District, etc.

Now I happen to know that this coupling of Mr. Stephens's name with his was absolutely unauthorized, and the young independent has done one of three things. He has either intentionally misrepresented Mr. Stephens, or he has taken an unfair method of strengthening his own position by placing the venerable statesman on his somewhat shifty platform, or does not really know what he has so freely talked about to the interviewer.

Mr. Stephens condemns Speer's refusal to go into the Democratic caucus. Mr. Stephens emphatically denies that he ever said any thing in such boyish sport as snapping his fingers at the Democratic organization, or that he has ever "generously accepted" any nomination. Mr. Speer has an insatiate appetite for tangents, and intruded on very superficial views. He was old enough when the Potter resolution came before Congress to understand that Mr. Stephens opposed it, because he deemed it an unsafe expedient for the Democratic party to adopt. On account of this opposition there was aroused against him a considerable antagonism in Georgia, for it was a time when the fraud of the stolen presidency was reeking in the public gaze.

Mr. Stephens was sure he was right in his position, and to the many letters of protest he sent that one reply.

To the chairman of the Democratic committee in his district he wrote a letter declaring that if he was rejected by the convention merely on account of his position on the Potter resolution, he would appeal to the people to see if they did not sustain him in that position.

It was only a day or two ago that the venerable statesman said to me: "No man values organization more than I do. I love the principles of the Democratic party, and I prize organization as a means of carrying out its principles. I believe in political organization as much as any man." Mr. Stephens continued to talk on this line for quite awhile. Now, who is to be taken as authority for Mr. Stephens: the man who, at the young statesman from the ninth? Whether intentionally or not, he has done Mr. Stephens wrong in coupling his name with the utterances which any careful reader of the aforesaid interview must make. Mr. Speer is a young man of talent. He may be able to "Mahonise" Georgia. Stranger things have happened. But one thing is certain, in this great undertaking he will not have the aid or sympathy of Mr. Stephens, who is content with Georgia Democracy as it now stands. Indeed, Mr. Stephens has grave doubts of the Democracy, of the young representative, and does not hesitate to say so.

When Washington was ringing with Mr. Hill's praise last spring for his humane veto of the Mahone bill, I was gravely declared that the great Georgian had made a blunder. He seems to be posing himself now as the target for another such "blunder."

Speer, the Renegade Democrat, a Dead Cock in the Pit.

Atlanta Constitution, 28th.

"Colonel Jack Brown, of Georgia," as they write it in Washington City, where the Colonel now resides, was in the city Monday. Although he stopped over only to get a running view of the exposition, he was nevertheless, overflowing with personal and political information. The *Constitution* ran alongside of him on board the exposition train and heard from him considerable information before reaching Oglethorpe park.

"Where away, Colonel?"

"I am on a flying trip to Savannah, but dropped off for a day at the exposition."

"What news do you bring?"

"Oh, not a great deal; but I can talk to you about something that will make lots of news at no distant day."

"What is that, please?"

"The independent movement in Georgia!" and the Colonel spoke of it as though it were an avalanchian monster, only awaiting the jarring sound of the first gun of the campaign of 1882 to rush down and drive all before him.

"Is there such a thing?" asked the innocent news-drummer.

"Indeed there is. We (the Republicans) are determined to bring about the disruption of Bourbon Democracy in Georgia. The times are ripe for it, and the success of such a work in Virginia encourages us to believe that we can succeed in Georgia. We are moving on that line now, and our plans are taking on definite shape. The Democracy of Georgia is practically disrupted, and we propose to tack on to one of the two fragments—the one that will oppose Joe Brown—and together make the majority party in Georgia."

"What is the programme in contemplation?"

"Well, in the course of a month or two we will call a conference of the leading Republicans and Independents of the State to consider the proper policy to be pursued. We have assurances that such a conference would be largely attended the influence of same gravest importance. At that conference all the terms of the union will be considered and arranged."

"What do you mean by terms?"

"Why, we will agree upon the division of the spoils, State and National. We will put out a full State ticket, composed of Independents and Republicans, and we will arrange that either Independents or Republicans, or both, shall run for the Legislature in every county in the State, and we will agree as to the Congressional districts, which and how many shall have Republican candidates and which and how many shall have Independent candidates."

"Then you propose to try a clean sweep?"

"Yes. We are going for all that is in sight, and feel sure that with thorough understandings between us the Independents and Republicans can win. There will be a fair division of the spoils, both of the State and Federal governments."

"How can you tell that?"

"I know that after we hold that meeting, and resolve upon the campaign I have stated, President Arthur is ready to give it the fullest support of the administration. He knows the situation and is ready and willing to help the cause by every agency in his control."

"Who else is on this line, if I may venture to ask?"

"I called on General Longstreet this morning and had a long talk with him. He believes the same as I do, and is prepared to go forward with the work in the same spirit. And, like me, he doesn't like Emory Speer."

"How about Speer?"

"Oh, he is the deadest cock in the pit! He is the most forlorn man in Congress; he is not respected by the Republicans and is hated by the Democrats."

"But he was placed on the most important committee of the House by your Republican Speaker?"

"Yes, I know that, but General Longstreet just explained to me this morning how that came about. It seems that Speer wrote down here and got the leading Republicans to sign a paper asking Speaker Keifer to put him in some prominent position. He also got the ear of Pig-Iron Kelly, and together with the Republican indorsement, managed to catch on to the tail end of the Ways and Means Committee—but he amounts to nothing! ere."

"Will it not give him influence there?"

"Not a bit! Why, he hasn't got influence enough to get some fellow from White county a laborer's place at the hands of Doorkeeper Benson. I know that personally."

"Has he any influence about the departments?"

"None at all. Last spring he could get anything he wanted, but now he can get nothing. He opposes Pledger for postmaster at Athens, but favors Ben Hill's negro, Dan Brydie. They are both supporting Brydie, but I have indorsed Pledger."

"Then Speer will not lead the Independent campaign?"

"No; General Longstreet will see to that, and he can't come in."

"I hear that General Gartrell will run for Governor as an Independent."

"General Gartrell cannot decide that, for we will decide at the conference who shall make that race. Whoever is put out will get the solid Independent and Republican votes. I could not begin to say, now, who that man will be."

"Do you expect to extend this movement to the other States?"

"Yes. We expect to do the same work at the same time in Mississippi, Arkansas and Texas. Those are, with Georgia, the States where the movement is most likely to succeed."

Colonel Brown expressed great hopefulness of the success of the scheme he outlined, and seemed to think that the "spoils of office" would be the lode-stone to draw votes and secure success. He left Monday evening for Savannah, and will return thence to Washington.

For the Memphis Appeal:

THE MULATTO SLAVE.

LUCIUS R. JEFFRIES.

Is there no hope for such as thou,
Declaring sin which tho' not thine
Dyes all thy body to the brow,
And taunts thee forward as a sign
Of that which cannot hidden be—
The feast of lust and slavery?

Thy cheek is softly curved; thine eyes
Hold depths of night and radiance wed,
The burning tropics in their dyes
By wildest savage passions fed,
And all the midnight in their gaze
Of darkness from the world's first days.

And yet the blood of our proud race—
The belr of all the ages worth—
Traces across thy yellow face,
Tells of the deed to all the earth.
For such as thou must come from shame,
Without a sire, without a name.

For thee the black man's brutish alms,
Or worse the white man's passion fire,
Lured for an instant by thy charms,
Despised as lower than desire;
Such is the only fate for thee,
The white man's child and slavery.

Youth is a dangerous beauty worse
Than vice's signal for the chase,
Thy womanhood a blacker curse
Than thy poor mother's ebon face;
O tarnished woman of the pave,
One in your ranks was once that slave.

NEWS AND VIEWS.

There are two things Guiteau cannot stand. He would rather be hung than be compelled to look book agent. That fellow will work himself into the sympathies of the American people yet.

Much of the public sentiment of a country is molded by the press of that country. A newspaper once gaining a large circulation and possessing the confidence of its readers, has a great power in its hands for good or evil.

Men are eager for repose in this world, but they would not be happy if their wish were granted. We are told truly that "quiet to quick bosoms is a hell." There is no rest for any man of spirit and responsibility. We must try to have "all eternity to rest in."

The editor of a Jewish paper in Germany has been sent to jail for criticising Bismarck's doings. Bismarck ought to be a member of the Cabinet in this country for a few months. He would either be frantic with rage, or totally callous at the end of that period.

The New York Produce Exchange has organized a glee club. They will probably sing *'Tis Wheat to be Remembered*, as an opening chorus, followed by such selections as *Rye and Shine, Peas, Be Still, The Prairie Flour*, and closing with a vigorous *cadenza* of wild Western oats.

Governor Winslow's chair and table have lately been placed for safe keeping in Pilgrim Hall, Plymouth, by their owner, Mr. Isaac Winslow. The hall has just been made fire-proof, and the trustees hope to collect everything that is in the way of relics of the Pilgrims into this museum.

"Whew! Coming up the stairs takes the wind out of me," remarks the gentleman who climbs to the editorial rooms to give advice about running the paper. "So glad," says the editor, shaking him by the hand, and the gentleman thinks the editor is so delighted to see him.—*Boston Globe.*

Mark Antony is the latest noble Roman whom Alma Tadema, with the archaeological help of his friend, Prof. Ebers, is about to place in paint before the London public. For the next Academy he has ready an *Antony and Cleopatra*, and a portrait of the actor Barney, in the role of "Antony."

The authorities of Turkey, from highest to lowest, appoint any man to any vacant office at the demand of their women. Their schools are in the hands of uneducated men, and those who are educated are regarded as enemies of the government if they venture to utter a word of comment or try to bring about a reform.

Somebody in a Dublin theater hissed recently when the phrase in *Pinafore*, "In spite of all temptation, he remains an Englishman," was sung. But the sibilant demonstration started an exhibition of patriotism from a large majority in the audience, who rose to their feet and cheered, and insisted on a double *encore* of the song.

"What a nuisance!" exclaimed a gentleman at a concert, as a young fop in front of him kept talking in a loud voice to a young lady at his side. "Do you refer to me, sir?" demanded the fop. "O, no! I mean the musicians, who keep up such a noise with their instruments that I can't hear your conversation," was the stinging reply.

Superstition is still alive in England. A woman in Lower Gornal recently went to the Vicar of the locality and asked to be allowed to cut a piece of turf from a certain grave, to place it under the communion table for four days, that she might lay the ghost of the man buried in the grave. The ghost, she said, continually haunted her.

One of the latest proofs that the fever of speculation in France has now reached its acute stage is furnished by the formation of the Grand Insurance company, with a capital of 50,000,000f. This organization undertakes to insure against fire, strikes, accidents to merchandise in transportation and to travelers. It was floated without difficulty.

Not one in one hundred of the pioneers of Nevada, the Carson *Appeal* asserts has $500 that he can call his own. The wealthy men of the State to-day are those who went there after 1865. The bonanza mines are exhausted. Those who made the great fortunes have carried off their money to New York to speculate upon, or to Paris to spend and enjoy.

The members of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States during the past year gave $7,334,158 for its support—an increase of $298,032 over their gifts last year. It has 65 bishops, 3401 clergymen, and 3035 parishes and 344,580 communicants—an average of one clergyman to each 102 communicants. The baptisms during the year have shown a decrease of 3000.

A little colored boy wrote the following excuse to his teacher: "I am sorry I couldn't come to school on Friday, but I couldn't cause it rain. That the way it go in the world. If the Lord shut the door, no man can open the door; and if the Lord open the door, no man can shut the door; and if the Lord say it rain, no man can stop it rain; but the Lord do all things well, and you oughtn't to growl."—*Jane Miller.*

J. S. Hartley has well under way the clay of his heroic figure of Miles Morgan, which is to be cast in bronze for Springfield, Massachusetts. It will be completed in time for the soldier-farmer is walking in the fields, and has just stopped to look for signs of Indians. Over his left shoulder he carries his heavy, bell-mouthed gun, and in his right hand, as if used partly as a walking staff, with its blade on the ground, is the hoe.

It is an old saying that what is bred in the bone sticks long in the flesh. The Virginia Legislature has just been guilty of setting a bad example. About forty persons, who are "men of honor, of high birth, and in his right at some time in defending it at ten paces, have just had their disabilities removed by the action of the Legislature. Among others is Mr. Biddleman, who fought a duel and killed a member of the United States Senate. "They are all honorable men" doubtless.

Jules Massenet's new three-act opera, or as Figaro calls it, dramatic oratorio, *Herodiade*, was produced last night at the Theatre de la Monnaie, Brussels, and established decisive success. The work is, perhaps, the most serious effort of the young composer. In many parts it contains striking beauties. Great importance is given throughout to the orchestration, which, indeed, as in many works of the new French musical school, throws the vocal part of the opera into comparative insignificance.

The richest person to-day upon the Sandwich Islands is Claus Spreckles, of Honolulu. A few years ago he was laughed at when he purchased ten thousand acres of land for ten cents an acre, as the tract was at the foot of an extinct volcano, and covered with a crust on the surface of which grass and weeds had broke up this crust, mixed the dust with a small quantity of vegetable mould, thoroughly irrigated the soil thus formed, and planted sugar-cane. To-day he is a millionaire.

An Elmira clergyman reports that "he was on mistaken ground when he took up the contribution box. A man who has traveled in vain to pass a half dollar with a hole in it finally gives up in despair and drops it into the Sunday collection, to which he was formerly in the habit of contributing nothing, or at most a dime. Such coins the churches sell as bullion, at an average reduction of five per cent. of their face value, much to the advantage of foreign missionaries and poor people at home.

"Kid-skin bodices," says Mr. Labouchere's Paris correspondent, "are an expensive freak of fashion. They mould the figure and set off to the greatest advantage forms naturally statuesque. But what a price must be paid for the exquisite outlines which they reveal. There are kidskin bodices which are far dearer than sealskin cloaks. Of course, the finest Jouvin glove leather is only used in making them, and much taste and fancy are shown in embroidering them. The kidskin bodice is a kind of fashionable finery that suits the Empress of Austria exactly. That sovereign lady generally holds fashion in contempt. This particular mode pleases her, and she is introducing it in Vienna."

Mr. Whittier lately wrote a pleasant letter to the blind inmates of the Perkins Institute, who celebrated his birthday after reading a volume of poems specially prepared for them in raised letters. "It is the mind, after all," he said, "that really sees shapes and colors. What visions of beauty and goodness must be before the inward and spiritual life of blind Milton and Hawthorne! I have an esteemed friend, Morrison Heady, of Kentucky, who is deaf and blind; yet under these circumstances he has cultivated his mind to a high degree, and has written poems of great beauty, and vivid descriptions of scenes which have been witnessed only by the 'light within.' I beg of thee to assure thy students that, although deeply interested in their welfare and progress, and that my prayer is that their inward and spiritual eyes may become so clear that they can well dispense with the outward and material ones."

A WAR OF WORDS.

The Otherwise Monotonous Proceedings Enlivened by a Lively Spat Between Counsel.

Full Text of Judge Cox's Decision Remanding Guiteau to the Dock—A Statement from Scoville.

WASHINGTON, December 29.—The court was densely packed, despite the rainy weather. A rumor was current this morning that the jury, with one exception, are satisfied of the guilt and legal responsibility of the prisoner. The twelfth juror, it is said, stoutly maintains that Guiteau is "as crazy as a March hare." The prisoner was taken without demonstration to the prisoner's dock. This is located about twenty-five feet from counsel, upon the left of the room, a narrow passage separating it from a large window which overlooks Louisiana avenue. Guiteau glanced around the room and then out of the window, and evinced some nervousness at his apparently exposed position. Guiteau started in to make his usual morning speech. "I noticed," he said, "as I rode up in the van this morning, that the usual guard of police had been withdrawn. Now I want to say emphatically, that if I was turned out tomorrow, I would take care of myself, but as long as I am in the custody of this court the Court is bound to protect me. There is more danger of my being shot, when riding to and from the jail in the van, than any other time, and I want your Honor to make an order that the usual guard shall accompany the van. The cranks are not all dead yet, though they are fast dying off. As a matter of fact, it would require but one crank with sufficient nerve to shoot me in the van. That's where the most danger lies. I'm making more friends every day, and getting lots of letters of sympathy. I don't anticipate any danger except from cranks."

DR. COLLENDER

was recalled. Before any question was put, Judge Cox remarked as in regard to the statement made yesterday, that the Court surrounded the prisoner with unusual guards and protection, that he would state that the prisoner was in the custody of the Marshal, and not of the Court, and whatever extra guards had been furnished had been supplied by him.

Guiteau—Well, then, your Honor, if the marshal won't do his duty, I appeal to the Court. If the marshal won't furnish the proper guard, kick him out, and let's have a new marshal.

Scoville desired to exhibit to the witness, as an expert, a letter written by Guiteau, some ten days since to Senator Don Cameron.

Guiteau interrupted from his place in the dock, and shouted out in harsh and strained tones, "Hold on, I want to say something about that letter. I protest against it being read here. It is a private letter I wrote to Senator Cameron ten days ago, asking him for a loan of $500. It was entirely a private matter. I intruded it on my brother to give to Senator Cameron, and he withheld it in a miserable, mean way, and gave it to this man Scoville. My brother had better go back to Boston and try and make some money and pay his debts. He has been a perfect nuisance in this case ever since he has been here. He and Scoville have dragged themselves into this case to make notoriety at my expense. I repudiate both of them. Scoville, you had better go back to Chicago. You are a perfect jackass in this case, and I won't have you in it any longer."

Davidge objected to the letter, but the Court overruled the objection, and Scoville then read as follows:

HON. DON CAMERON.

DEAR SIR—I am on trial for my life, and I need money. I am a "Stalwart of Stalwarts," and so are you. You think a great deal of General Arthur, and so do I. My inspiration made him President, and I am going to ask you to let me have $500. If I get out of this I will return it; if not, charge it to the Stalwarts. Yours, for our cause, and very cordially, CHARLES GUITEAU.

IN COURT, WASHINGTON, D.C., December 19, 1881.

P.S.—Please give your check to my brother, J. W. Guiteau, of Boston, and make it payable to my order. C. G.

The prisoner commented: "I don't care a snap about it, one way or the other. If you had presented the letter you would probably have gotten the money, but as you concealed it in a mean, sneaking way, you didn't get the money. It is a very good letter, anyway, and I don't like this way of stopping and stealing my private letters and dragging them into court."

Scoville then asked the witness, "will you give your opinion whether such a letter as that, written to a man he did not know, does not indicate unsoundness of mind?"

Answer—I don't think it indicates unsoundness of mind. It seems to me consistent with his character and habit through life of soliciting money from sources whence he had no reason to expect it.

Guiteau—I don't think so, either. It only shows what a jackass you are, Scoville.

Colonel Corkhill—Your Honor, if these interruptions on the part of the prisoner are to continue, I must request that the dock be placed in another part of the room.

Scoville (impatiently)—You can place it in the cellar, if you want to; we shall not object.

Colonel Corkhill—You can't object.

Scoville—We don't desire to object; all we ask is that you will make your motion, if you have one to make, and not harangue the jury as you did yesterday.

Scoville then read to the witness the hypothetical question of the defense, and the witness replied: "Upon that hypothesis, his insanity is a self-evident proposition."

DR. WALTER CHAPIN,

Superintendent of the Wisconsin State Hospital for the Insane, testified. Had devoted his attention to the study of insanity for the past fifteen years; was familiar with the process of taking the conformity of the head, and did not believe much importance as a rule could be attached to the shape of the head in determining the question of sanity or insanity. The witness exhibited a number of slips showing the shapes, as taken by "the conformeter," of the heads of a number of gentlemen, including Treasurer Gilfillan, Colonel Ingersoll, Judge Carter, W. L. Sibley and Colonel Corkhill. In the case of Colonel Ingersoll, witness remarked, pointing with his finger: "This side appears flat as compared with the other."

Guiteau—That shows that Bob and I are both cracked in the same direction.

"Colonel Corkhill's head," said the witness, "has a very marked depression upon one side."

Guiteau (interrupting)—I'll bet you could put your foot in the depression in his head.

Witness (continuing)—The depression is very similar to that noticed in the prisoner's head. [Laughter.]

Guiteau—Oh, he's cracked a great deal worse than I am.

Witness related incidents within his knowledge of persons who had committed crimes while acting under the influence of insane delusions, and defined what he considered insane delusions to be.

Guiteau shouted to him, "Oh, you're talking about cranks. Tell us something about Abraham, and then there would be some sense in your remarks."

The witness was then asked if he had ever seen a case where persons committed a crime and claimed divine inspiration, and if so how such persons deported themselves before and after the act.

He replied that in such cases the delusion, or inspiration, as they claim it to be, comes to a person suddenly and with intense pressure, and that such persons act quickly and upon a sudden impulse, delaying neither to consider opportunity nor the question that it would be impossible to conceive without actually witnessing the energy and impetuosity and determination with which persons acting under insane delusions carry out their purposes; that it would be equally impossible to describe it with language.

Guiteau—You don't agree with Abraham, Doctor; he took plenty of time to make his arrangements.

The witness said that he did not believe in a distinct type of insanity which could be called moral insanity; it was simply a term which had been invented to excuse the commission of heinous crimes; witness had never seen a case where an insane man, after committing a crime, paraded his insanity and urged it as an excuse for his crime; insane murderers do not boast of their acts, but, on the contrary, very rarely allude to them unless a good deal of ingenuity is used to draw them out; witness, before he had entered this court-room, had never heard of a case of alleged inspiration that came from within; such persons always claim to have heard the voice of God, or seen His image, or something of that sort; such inspiration is never a conviction arrived at after mature reflection on the part of the person so affected.

Witness was asked if the belief of the prisoner's father, L. W. Guiteau, that disease could be cured by prayer, should be taken as an evidence of insanity, and replied: "By no means. We all know that thousands and thousands of sane people prayed daily for the salvation of President Garfield's life. They would hardly have done so if they had not entertained some belief in the efficacy of prayer."

Guiteau—It shows that the Lord and the people don't agree on this business. The people are beginning to come over to my side and the Lord's, though.

Colonel Corkhill then read the hypothetical questions, and the witness replied to each: "Taking the facts as set forth to be true, in my opinion he was sane." Recess.

Evening Session.

After recess Guiteau opened the proceedings with a request for a pen and ink. "If your Honor, please," he remarked, "I have a good many letters here that require to be answered. If I could have paper, pen and ink I could put a great deal of time to advantage."

The throng that besieged the doors of the court-room this afternoon was greater than upon any previous occasion, and hundreds were unable to gain admission. Another expert for the defense has been discovered through the following telegram, which Colonel Reed received this morning:

JACKSONVILLE, ILL., December 29, 1881.
To Hon. Charles Reed, Washington, D. C.:

Dr. McFarland has treated the members of the Guiteau family. He is a thorough expert, and believes the priso