MEMPHIS APPEAL

SUNDAY MORNING, DEC. 27, 1874.

MONEY, CORN AND COTTON.

Financial and commercial business amounted to but little yesterday. It was a day between two Sundays, and there was little disposition to do business; while the streets were bare of country business people, who were at home enjoying the season. There were no business telegrams arriving from the greater markets, so the day was one where the forms of business are gone through with while the substance is almost absent. Exchange was in fair supply at the banks, but, as before, it was in spots, some banks having abundance, others little; rates remained at ⅛ discount on New York, ⅛ on New Orleans; selling on all points at par. Stock and bonds were, as they have been almost always for some months, stagnant. There is a good inquiry for any amount of those Charleston railroad stocks that a broker said he would sell at 12½, but none have been forthcoming up to this time. On Front street the quietude was in marked contrast with the activity of the day before Christmas. Not a transaction in corn or other feed could we hear of. Cornmeal was in such very limited demand that it experienced another decline, selling at $3 75; it is not considered improbable that it may go down to $3 50 before the turning point comes. Potatoes and apples were as quiet as they used to be before Adam went into the cultivation business. Eggs were lower, selling at 28c, but nice fresh country eggs brought 29c and 30c. Poultry took a breathing spell after the Christmas siege; prices were demoralized and few were offering. Bulk pork was lower, as our quotations on the third page make evident. Other articles of the hog product were dull and heavy. Egglestone, Henness & Co.'s Chicago circular, of December 24th, gives a more favorable impression of the hog market than has prevailed of late. It states that while the market has been very unsettled it has been less turbulent. Lard has fluctuated, but there has been some improvement in the export, and this, with the belief that the yield this year will be below the average for the amount of hogs killed, lead to expectations of future improvement in prices; others attribute the better appearance of lard to heavy sales of futures for December. The circular adds: "Judging from the caution recently manifested on the part of packers, here and elsewhere, the condition of the trade bears marks of uneasiness and wants that confidence which nourished developments early in the season." The cotton report of Watts & Co., of Liverpool, December 11th, has reached us. It states that unexpectedly large receipts of cotton at the American ports had, at times, produced an almost panicky feeling; this caused spinners to purchase sparingly. The cotton report adds: "Prices for cotton are now low; in fact, down to within ⅛d per pound of the lowest price touched in the past ten years. In March, 1871, middling uplands were quoted here at 7 3-16d per pound, but we were then dealing with an American crop which turned out 4,350,000 bales, and the Franco-German war had not then closed. Before the close of that year middling uplands advanced (in December) to 10d." The report goes on to say that four and a quarter millions is the usual estimate, in Liverpool, of the present year's crop. This expectation is probably the reason why the New York *Chronicle's* estimate of four million three hundred thousand bales should have caused so little sensation in England when it was first published. If these estimates should turn out correct, it would go far to prove the truth of an assertion we have often heard—that the amount of the cotton crop is better known in Liverpool than on the banks of the Mississippi. At all events, it is singular to find the English estimate, and the estimate of the best cotton authority in this country, coinciding so closely.

SOUTHERN TRADE CONDITION.

In the north there is a great desire to develop southern trade, and to extend it far beyond its present limits. It is felt among the business men there, who, putting politics aside, look at the mere trade aspect of the matter, that a country as extensive and as rich in resources as the south, ought to be contributing much more to the world's industry, and taking much more of the world's products than it is doing. The south is a glorious country, and its people have never ceased to boast its capabilities; but, in that boasting there has, too often, been one subject overlooked—a country is what its people make it. The country was as rich in its natural capacities and possessions when the Indians had it as it is to-day; but how unmeaning would any parade of the excellence of its soil, and the abundance of its mines, its water power, and so on, be in their mouth? So with those who dwell in the favored south to-day; it is only for what they have done with the riches in their possession that they are entitled to assume credit. We do not admire the man that has the best piano in the world, but we *do* admire the man that brings the best music in the world out of the piano. There is no credit or superiority, therefore, from the mere fact of being residents of the south; the only credit that can be claimed is that the splendid soil, the beautiful climate, the mineral and other resources of the south have been put, by our intelligence and labor, to the best service. Can that boast be made? Alas! must we not all blush as we ask ourselves the question? When the war was over we said we would go to work, bring out of the earth all she could produce; adopt and apply every new improvement, and cover the disasters of war by the products of peace; leaving wrangling and disputations to those who had time to throw away. Where are those good resolutions and their fruits? Thus far, it is evident, with all the discipline of defeat and all the spurring that ruined homes and buried anticipation bring, we have not succeeded in equaling the sturdy pioneers of the west, or in attracting to our genial clime the immigration which even Siberian Minnesota can win in thousands. Why this disappointment of hopes in which we have all been sanguine? is a question every dweller in the south should seek to solve. In seeking to do so, too much attention cannot be paid to the observation of northern people, who visit us, who desire our prosperity as a means of widening the area of their own business, and whose remarks are therefore practical and honest. We might have added sagacious, for it is well known that those who look on during a game, see much in it which never reaches the eyes of the players. In the St. Louis *Republican*, of Friday last, there was a letter published, which had been sent to a commercial house there by an intelligent merchant, now on a business tour in the south; it was written from Macon, Georgia, the day week before its publication. Its tone, good sense and feeling entitle it to such consideration as we have been pleading for above, and as suggestive for the reflection of southern citizens, we will describe the topics, that caught this traveler's attention, without reference to their excellence or the reverse, only as means of regarding some subjects peculiarly our own, aided by the eye of one outside of ourselves. The writer, after explaining the present restriction of southern trade from the lower price of cotton, speaks of other things which he considers inimical to the prosperity of the south. The influences that repel the entrance of capital in the south are evidently, in his eyes, the main cause of our commerce expanding less than it has a right to do in a country so advantageously situated for that ready intercommunication which is the soul of trade. The crop lien law, he says, has in places gone out of existence, where it had been adopted, and with it goes the security, without which advances necessary for enterprise cannot be secured. The following is a specimen of the St. Louis merchant's mode of regarding another subject: "It is absurd to suppose that a merchant who is asked by a planter to furnish him supplies till his cotton is made—say for nine months—will accept seven per cent. interest while he is paying at least twelve per annum, and in case of failure of crop has to carry him over another year? An assent to a proposition 'to add the interest in the price' is too great a risk to the merchant, who knows by sad experience the efforts to evade even the plain reading of the crop lien obligation; while the usury law and its penalties could so readily be enforced against him by an unscrupulous planter, many of whom are found in every community, and too often on the merchant's ledger." Another cause of injury is asserted to be the homestead law of some of our States which, intended to benefit the citizen, injures him, by depriving him of the power to use his property for the extension of his credit. Still another cause is the collection laws, which obstruct the collection of debts. Capital is timid; such laws frighten it away. The more rapid the circulation of money the more prosperous is commerce. To unjustly delay the collection of debts is to obstruct the circulation of money, and to that extent trade is injured for want of a more enlightened policy; one that, while merciful to the creditor, shall be just to the creditor and favorable to the prosperity of the community.

From the Florida papers we have lengthy and interesting accounts of the proceedings of the Fruit Growers's convention, which met not long ago in Palatka. The assemblage, in the number and character of the delegates, and the zeal and ability they manifested in their work, seems to have been far in advance of the expectations of all interested. It was the object of the convention to advance the interests of the fruit-growing industries to which Florida is specially favorable. The planting of tropical fruits and the enlargement of the area of orange culture, is commanding much attention among those engaged in the cultivation of the soil. The interest which has of late years been evoked in all parts of the Union in reference to Florida as a health resort, and the material advantages which it holds out to those who seek its climate and its soil, are regarded as demanding attention on the part of its citizens to modes of meeting and confirming these favorable circumstances. At the request of the convention, a very carefully-prepared and highly-interesting paper was read by Columbus Drew, Esq., a native of Washington, but for many years a citizen of Florida, on the propriety and expediency of the establishment and support, by the general government, of a national garden in Florida for the propagation, introduction and acclimation of rare and valuable plants, both indigenous and exotic. The paper received the sympathy and commendation of the convention, and, in accordance with its closing recommendation, which was unanimously adopted, a committee was appointed to memorialize congress on the subject, and Mr. Drew made chairman of the same.

The appointment of Ex-Governor Parsons to the United States district judgship made vacant by the resignation of the notorious Busteed, does not please the people of Alabama, judging by what the leading press of that State say. For instance, the Mobile *Register* says of it:

> The people of Alabama do not like Parsons. They have no confidence in him. He is a native of New York, and entitled to no more consideration than any other political carpetbagger. We look upon him as we would a thorn in our side. We wished a man who was born and reared in the south—a man who had at least been a consistent Union man. But very well; this man may do as well as any other that Williams and Grant might have appointed. He believed in 1868 that the reconstruction acts were unconstitutional, null and void. He said in 1869 that he would not taste, touch or handle the unclean thing of negro suffrage. He declared in 1874 that he had no part in the civil rights bill, and could not defend or justify it. Perhaps next year, when he ascends the bench, he may vindicate secession, as he did in 1859, or the invalidity of the amendments, as he did in 1868, or the illegality of the enforcement acts, as he did in 1874.

This is severe, but just, at least so thinks the Montgomery *Advertiser and Mail*. It says: "There were other men of his party whose appointment would have suited the people better; but of the trio—White, Lewis and Parsons—Parsons was decidedly the best selection that could have been made." And that "the capacity of the ex-governor to do right is so limited that he could hardly do the fair thing 'downhill, on the ice,' with every opportunity propelling him forward in the proper direction."

The editor of the Helena *Independent* paid our city a flying visit a few days since, and says he found the retail traders doing a holiday business, but the wholesalers complained to him of an unusually dull season, and expressed themselves despondent of the future. He says:

> The heavy debt hanging on the city, the high rate of taxation, the depreciated values of real estate and the high rental rates, are having their influences upon the Memphis trade that is being felt in every branch of the business, compelling them to charge prices for a margin of profit, so much in excess of St. Louis, Louisville, Cincinnati and other points, that they are gradually losing the patronage they once enjoyed from the surrounding country, both in the jobbing and retail trades.

In a week or two we shall publish for the benefit of the *Independent* and the people of the surrounding country some facts that will prove that notwithstanding the statements of the croakers "in our midst," Memphis has done as well if not better than any other city in the Union, during 1874; but meanwhile we beg to say, on the authority of the advertisers in the APPEAL, that our merchants in all branches, wholesale and retail, will supply orders at prices as low as either St. Louis, Louisville or Cincinnati, freights added. Memphis is as cheap a market as there is in the country.

Whilst there is great prostration in the manufacturing establishments of the north and west, a large share of prosperity is attending the manufacturing interests of some at least of the southern States. The great Tredegar works, of Richmond, Virginia, which were badly crippled by the panic, are again, says the Baltimore *Sun*, getting well under way, having recently received several large orders, one from Cuba being for considerable number of railroad cars. As a consequence, the force of workmen at the Tredegar is being considerably augmented. Columbus, Georgia, is now running thirty-five thousand cotton and two thousand five hundred woolen spindles, all the capital employed being southern. The mills in that city are being run on full time, and the orders are constantly in excess of the product. In addition, Columbus has large founderies and machine shops in successful operation. The Scofield rolling mills at Atlanta, Georgia, have just received an order for one thousand tons of steel-capped rails for the Montgomery and Mobile railroad, with assurance of another similar order provided satisfaction is given. These are only a few of the many evidences of the success attending manufacturing interests in the south.

The office of the Marianna (Ark.) *Index* was, unfortunately, burned down on the morning of the twenty-third instant. The proprietors, announcing the fact in a dispatch to the Helena *Independent*, say: "There was nothing saved but the wash-pan and ten pounds of Long Primer type. Loss fifteen hundred dollars; no insurance. We still live and will rise phœnix like from the ashes. No. 20 of the *Index* will be issued three weeks from next Saturday. Parties who are indebted to us will please come forward and assist us in starting up again." So cheering a dispatch under such lugubrious circumstances at this cheering season of the year, ought to bring to Messrs. Benham and M'Land, from those indebted to them, especially, the means of accomplishing their purpose to start again, and publish another *Index* in three weeks.

The New Orleans *Picayune* is very severe on the New York *Chronicle* for its bulling cotton article, and says that instead of statistics and facts such as would justify its figures, it has built up a very fragile argument simply upon the reports of acreage planted and the character of the season. It twists the reports of the agricultural bureau and the various cotton exchanges so as to make them fit into a foundation already dug out, and builds upon this foundation to a hight which accords with "bull" estimates at the present time. Why it did not build higher, or why it built so high, it would be difficult to determine. It simply guesses at the total crop, and to make the guess appear plausible proceeds to distribute it among the States *pro rata*. The distribution of it could have been just as easily accomplished if our coteporary had pitched on six hundred million bales as the crop. A school-boy could have done it.

The Holly Springs *South*, responding to the congratulations of the Jackson *Pilot* upon a large accession to the negro population from Georgia and Alabama, admits that Mississippi is sadly in want of population of a character self-sustaining and capable of self-government, but at present has enough of that element which is without the means of support, and which contributes so little to the intelligence, enterprise and good government of the State. "This remark," it says, "is made in no spirit of unkindness toward the negro race, which now largely preponderates in the State; this race is now in a worse condition than ever before; thousands are without supplies of any kind, without necessary clothing, without money, and without credit, and those coming from Georgia and Alabama are also in a condition of great destitution."

The bill passed by the senate, a few days ago, a solution of the financial question too long before the country, much to the injury of its commercial affairs and manufacturing interests, brings us no nearer what we want at the south than the measures so much discussed last and the year before. But we accept it as the best the Radicals can do, satisfied that when they are ousted from power, the Democratic party will satisfy all sections of the country, unbiassed by anything that Wall street may have to say about it. We wait patiently. Meanwhile our planters, manufacturers, merchants and bankers must do the best they can under the circumstances.

The last person mentioned in connection with the United States senatorship from New York, according to the *World*, is Charles O'Conor. The selection is to be made by the legislature four weeks hence. The candidates now mentioned for the office are Charles O'Conor, Francis Kernan, Henry C. Murphy, Charles Wheaton, Amasa J. Parker, Clarkson N. Potter and Elijah Ward, all of whom are prominently and well known throughout the State.

The Aberdeen *Examiner* speaks for all good citizens of Mississippi when it says that "if there was a Republican in the legislature of ability, who had the manliness to pay homage to his better instincts, Ames would, ere the adjournment of this session, be impeached, tried, convicted and removed for his many acts of usurpation and constructive roguery."

The report of the Tax-payers' association, that of the committee appointed by the school board, and that of the joint committee on new charter appointed by the general council, are the next things in order. Lively times ahead.

MACAULAY AND BROUGHAM.

From the Greville Memoirs.]

February 9 (1836). I was talking yesterday with Stephen about Brougham and Macaulay. He said he had known Brougham above thirty years, and well remembers walking with him down to Clapham to dine with old Zachary Macaulay, and telling him he would find a prodigy of a boy there of whom he must take notice. This was Tom Macaulay. Brougham afterward put himself forward as the monitor and director of the education of Macaulay, and I remember of hearing of a letter he wrote to the latter on the subject, which made a great noise at the time; but he was like the man who brought up a young lion, which finished by biting his head off. Brougham and Macaulay disliked each other. * * * * Stephen said that if Macaulay's life was written by a competent biographer, it would appear that he had displayed feats of memory which he believed to be unequaled by any human being. He can repeat all Demosthenes by heart, and all Milton, a great part of the bible, both in English and (the New Testament) in Greek; besides this, his memory retains passages innumerable of every description of books, which, in discussion, he pours forth with incredible facility. He is passionately fond of Greek literature; has not much taste for Latin or French. Old Mill, one of the best Greek scholars of the day, thinks Macaulay has a more extensive and accurate acquaintance with the Greek writers than any man living, and there is no Greek book of any note which he has not read over and over again. In the bible he takes a great delight, and there are few better biblical scholars. In law he made no proficiency, and mathematics he abominates; but his great forte is history, especially English history. Here his super-human memory which appears to have the faculty of digesting and arranging as well as of retaining, has converted his mind into a mighty magazine of knowledge, from which, with the precision and correctness of a kind of intellectual machine, he pours forth stores of learning, information, precept, example, anecdote, and illustrating with a familiarity and facility not less astonishing than delightful. * * * Far superior to Brougham in general knowledge, in fancy, in imagination and in the art of composition, he is greatly inferior to him in those qualities which raise men to social and political eminence. Brougham, tall, thin, and commanding in figure, with a face which, however ugly, is full of expression, and a voice of great power, variety, and even melody, notwithstanding his occasional prolixity and tediousness, is an orator in every sense of the word. Macaulay, short, fat and ungraceful, with a round, thick, unmeaning face, and with rather a lisp—though he has made speeches of great merit, and of a very high style of elegance in point of composition—has no pretensions to put in competition with Brougham in the house of commons. Nor is the difference and the inferiority of Macaulay less marked in society. Macaulay, indeed, is a great talker, and pours forth floods of knowledge on all subjects; but the gracefulness, lightness and variety are wanting in his talk, which are so conspicuous in his writing; there is not enough of alloy in the metal of his conversation; it is too didactic, it is all too good, and, not sufficiently flexible, plastic and diversified for general society. Brougham, on the other hand, is all life, spirit and gayety—from grave to gay, from lively to severe—dashing through every description of folly and fun, dealing in those rapid transitions by which the attention and imagination are arrested and excited; always amusing, always instructive, never tedious, elevated to the hight of greatest intellect, and familiar with the most abstruse subjects, and at the same moment conciliating the humble pretensions of inferior minds by dropping into the midst of their pursuits and objects with a fervor and intensity of interest which surprises and delights his associates, and above all, which puts them at their ease."

And then, under date of 1850, we have this note, evidently interjected when Mr. Greville was writing his memoirs: "*Quantum mutatus!* All this has long ceased to be true of Brougham. Macaulay, without having the wit of the charm which constitutes the higher kind of colloquial excellence or success, is a marvelous, an unrivaled (in his way), and a delightful talker."

It was in 1832, four years previous to the date of his first entry in the journal, that Mr. Greville first met Macaulay. At a dinner at Lord Holland's he was seated next "a common-looking man in black," whom he took to be "some obscure man of letters or medicine, perhaps a cholera doctor." The conversation turned upon early and late education:

"My neighbor observed that he thought the most remarkable example of self-education was that of Alfieri, who had reached the age of thirty without having acquired any accomplishment, even that of driving, and who was so ignorant of his own language that he had to learn it like a child, beginning with elementary books. Lord Holland quoted Julius Cæsar and Scaliger as examples of late education, and said that the latter had been wounded, and that he had been married and commenced learning Greek the same day; when my neighbor remarked 'that he supposed his learning Greek was not an instantaneous act, like his marriage.' This remark, and the manner of it, gave me the notion that he was a dull fellow, for it came out in a way which bordered on the ridiculous, so as to excite sneer. I was a little surprised to hear him continue the thread of conversation (from Scaliger's wound) and talk of Loyola having been wounded at Pampeluna. I wondered how he happened to know anything about Loyola's wound. Having thus settled my opinion, I went on eating my dinner, when Auckland, who was sitting opposite to me addressed my neighbor, 'Mr. Macaulay, will you drink a glass of wine?' I thought I should have dropped off my chair. It was Macauley, the man I had been so long most curious to see and to hear, whose genius, eloquence astonishing knowledge and diversified talents have excited my wonder and admiration for such a length of time, and here I had been sitting next to him, hearing him talk, and setting him down for a dull fellow. I felt as if he could have read my thoughts, and the perspiration burst from my face, and yet it was impossible not to be amused at the idea. * * * After dinner Talleyrand and Mme. de Deno came in. He was introduced to Talleyrand, who told him that he meant to go to the house of commons on Tuesday, and that he hoped he would speak, '*qu'il avait entendu tous les grands orateurs et il desirait à present entendre, Monsieur Macauley.*'"

TALLEYRAND'S MEMOIRS.

Paris Correspondence of the New York Times.]

Prince Talleyrand died on the seventeenth of May, 1838. During his last illness, and in spite of his eighty-four years, he preserved all his senses and also his *finesse* and wit. When confined to his bed, as he had every reason to suppose for the last time, the prince began to think about making his peace with the church. So far as his future state was concerned he cared little for the excommunication that had been pronounced against him, but he did care for the effect that it would have upon the public, and he did not want to be the means of throwing a shade of discredit upon the church in the bosom of which he had been nurtured. Besides he knew that the fact would create a difficult position for those he left behind him, particularly his niece, whom he loved most tenderly. He concluded, therefore, to make his peace with the church. He wrote a paper with his own hand, but hesitated to send it. Urged to do so by those around him, he always put it off until to-morrow, and seemed to be awaiting certain signs of his end, which he knew could not be far off. On the very day of his death, M. de Talleyrand called for the paper that he had written two months before, and to which he had given the heading of "Retraction." This was addressed to the pope. After reading it once, Talleyrand smiled, and, with a peculiar look at those who sat about his bed, declared that they were probably right; that he had been overcome by their arguments, and that he would now send the retraction to the pope. He made a copy of it in a firm, bold hand, then wrote a letter to accompany it, also addressed to his holiness. In this letter the prince said: "My memoirs, long since completed, but which, according to my last wishes, will not appear until thirty years after my death, will explain to posterity my conduct during the torment of the revolution." The dying man put this letter and the copy destined to the pope under envelope, remitting the other copy to Monsiegneur De Quelen, archbishop of Paris, who had hurried to his bedside as soon as his illness was regarded as serious. This copy was placed in the archives of the Episcopal palace, where it now remains. The "retraction" has been the cause of much comment. The prince said: "More and more touched my grave considerations, led to judge with *sangfroid* the consequences of a revolution that has carried away everything and lasted for fifty years, I have come, at the end of a great age and after a long experience, to blame the excesses of the century to which I have belonged, and to frankly condemn the serious faults that, in this long series of years, have troubled and afflicted the Catholic apostolic, the Roman church, and in which I had the misfortune to participate. Dispensed by the venerable Pius VII from the exercise of ecclesiastical functions, I have sought, in my long political career, occasions to render to religion and to many honorable and distinguished members of the Catholic clergy, all the services that were within my power. Never have I ceased to regard myself as a child of the church. I again deplore the acts of my life which have afflicted (*contristé*) her, and my last wishes will be for her and for her worthy supreme head." The manuscript has been placed in the hands of M. de Bacourt, the prince's executor, "the most honest man he had ever known," to use the expression of M. de Talleyrand. Efforts were made to induce M. de Bacourt to violate the prince's wishes, on the ground that the world had much to gain by having the judgments of a man who had had so large a part in the history of his century. M. de Bacourt refused. As the term fixed by Talleyrand expired in 1868, rumors of the appearance of these memoirs were then current. Those who had seen the manuscripts, or who pretended to have done so, said so much about the work that the curiosity of the emperor became aroused. It was said that the prince had attacked the Bonapartes, and particularly the first Napoleon, and it seems only natural that such should be the case, since Napoleon treated the prince roughly on more than one occasion. But the emperor said at first that he did not think it possible M. de Talleyrand should have gone beyond the limits of permissible appreciation respecting his uncle. This was understood to refer to certain rumor. It will be remembered that the shooting of the Duc D'Enghien in the moat of Vincennes has never yet been cleared up. Napoleon said that the duke never would have been shot if M. de Talleyrand had not invited the act as a necessity, in a note, and not even then if a final order staying the execution had not been made away with. But the note in question was never found. Notwithstanding, there is a rumor that it exists, and that it somehow came into the hands of Queen Hortense, together with many important papers regarding the Dauphin, Louis XVII. The story goes that Talleyrand knew of the existence of these papers, and hence those in the secret comprehend the remark made by Napoleon III. He felt very sure that M. de Talleyrand would not go too far in his criticism. He asked to see the chapters before they were published, and found that his judgment was correct. But the prince had sadly maltreated M. Guizot, M. Thiers, and all the men who belonged to the Louis Philippe regime, and they were then in the opposition. As he was trying to win them over, the emperor declined to irritate them by the publication of these memoirs, if he could possibly prevent it. He procured a promise that they should not appear until the men treated so harshly had had time to die. In a few years more none of them could be left. M. De Bacourt and the heirs of the prince were in favor of the empire. It is said to have been after this, if not on account of it, that the emperor revived the ancient title of Duc de Montmorency for Prince Tallyrand's heirs. The term fixed, at the emperor's request, was twenty-two years, and hence, in case there is no further delay, the memoirs will appear in the year 1890. Those of us who live sixteen years more can hope to read them.

MODERN GHOSTS.

From the Chicago Times.]

It is the era of ghosts. They come not now as in the days of the moody Dane, when they burst their cerements, revisited the glimpses of the moon, and made night hideous with the unfolding of a soul-harrowing, blood-freezing, eye-bulging and hair-raising tale, and making

> "We fools of nature,
> So horridly to shake our disposition,
> With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls."

The modern, if not always the good-looking, is invariably the good-natured ghost. There is not about him or her the terrors of the Cock Lane apparition; he or she does not bring either airs from heaven or blasts from hell; neither is there in the coming a figure all limp and luminous like a winding-sheet, nor any of the horrible suggestions of the grave. It was the misfortune of ghosts who wandered about before our time, that they had no human agent to make arrangements for them, and regulate, in a business-like and profitable way, their various appearances. In the improved order of things, we are rather glad to make a ghost's acquaintance. Instead of a grinning skull, we meet a smiling face; instead of the odor of the charnel-house, we are regaled with the essence of mignonette; instead of the spectral figure robed all in white, we gaze on the ordinary form clad in common-place clothes. If we are so fortunate as to encounter a pirate's daughter, we may feast our vision on the rounded arm, the swelling bosom, the sparkling eye, and if conditions are favorable we may even, placing our hand in the hand that is moist and cool like a human hand, press our human lips to a brow speedily to become dematerialized and mingle with the angels ever bright and fair. We may even ask the ghostly visitant to our human shores to bear to the realms above as a little remembrance, to our lost Lenore, some valuable article of jewelry, and be certain of the gratification of seeing it borne away. The ghost of the period is a kindly ghost. It does not come at the yawning of the graveyard to play ghoulish tricks in the nursery and fright the soul's fearful yawning, but appears at the call of some gentle medium to aid in the merciful business of inflating a depleted purse. At sight of the ghost of long ago one crossed himself and prayed hard that he might never see it again. Now, such is the ameliorating effect of ghostly contact with a live human agent, one sees a choice assortment of amiable spirits with the hope of renewing the acquaintance at the cost even of an occasional dollar. We are thus prolix in the desire of impressing the reader with our own conviction that Mr. Oeckel, the Toledo policeman who asked to have his beat changed because of his being haunted by a something like a women clothed in white, saw either an old-timer or had the tremens. Oeckel made his ghost statement under oath and in presence of the police board, whereupon those dull, material fellows resolved, by a vote of seven to one, that Patrolman Charles Oeckel be dismissed from the police force, as incompetent to work on the same.

IN MEMORIAM.

MISS JENNIE BATE.

I heard the wail of a mother's grief,
When autumn winds were sighing
A requiem for the fallen leaf—
"My child, my child is dying!"
"Oh! can it be, my God?" she said,
When the lingered hope had fled;
Her heartstrings broke with the words she spoke,
"My child, my child is dead."

I know the depth of the father's woe,
Not from the words that were spoken,
But I saw the measured step and slow,
And knew that his heart was broken.
The sisters kissed "her" with tenderest love,
But few were the words they said;
They could not control the anguished soul—
Their darling one was dead.

I saw that the aged grandparent mourned,
From the heavy sighs he heaved;
His little stay was taken away,
He felt indeed bereaved.
The broken little household band
Looked lone and sad that day,
They longed to go to the beautiful land
Where their treasures now will stay.

I felt the grief of these mourning hearts,
My own had deeply sorrowed;
I knew her worth, she was not of earth,
A boon from heaven was borrowed
To impart their natures to all around,
Such children are lent, not given;
When taken I feel like the magnet, the steel,
Should draw our hearts to heaven.

I knew this child was lent to the earth,
A link to the sky she was given;
And the day of her death was the day of her birth,
An angel is born in heaven.
But human sympathy now is vain,
For broken hearts, we know
The hand divine alone can bind,
He feels our every woe.

God goes before in a pillar of cloud,
When we bask in prosperity's day;
In adversity's night a pillar of light
Guides wandering feet the right way.
Then we'll go to the Savior, like Jarius of old,
He comforts him that weepeth;
His answer receive, "Only believe!"
"*The maid is not dead, but sleepeth.*"

EDGEFIELD. M. L. W.

BEING PATIENT BY PROXY.

BY JENNIE WOODVILLE.

From Frank Leslie's Chimney Corner.]

Angela was a capital cook, and it was with tears in my eyes that I said to my husband as I poured out his coffee one morning:

"Oh, Edward, I feel so worried!"

Mr. Smith was unfolding the morning paper. He seated himself at table, propped the paper against his goblet, and inquired, kindly:

"What worries you, my dear?"

"I am so afraid Angelina is getting religion."

Edward does not profess to be a christian (I do), but he helped himself to a roll and directed his attention to the telegraphic column in silence, which I felt to be a rebuke. Now, although Edward is my husband, I am a little sensitive about his good opinion, and hastened to defend myself.

"It is perfectly dreadful when there is a revival going on in the colored churches. The negroes come home at twelve or one o'clock at night, shrieking and screaming and clapping their hands. They leave their work to have hysterics at the street corners. They take our clothes to be baptized in, and pay their church dues with other people's money. They say, 'Once in grace, always in grace,' and the most honest of them begin to steal, and the most truthful to deceive. Why, Mrs. Phillips—you know she is from Boston—Mrs. Phillips says she would not have believed it from any southern tongue or pen."

"You must remember, my dear, that the negro, as a general thing, has comparatively little sense, and positively no education, and is hardly responsible for his mistakes in theology."

"I am not saying why it is so; I am only saying it is so."

"But you are saying it with a vehemence which I have never seen you exhibit except when some of your own family trod on your train or trail, or whatever you call it, my dear; and I hope you will not allow the servants to sour——"

Moses entered with a plate. Mr. Smith paused. I tossed my head and lowered my eyelids resentfully. The waffles were handed in solemn silence, and Moses went off for more. He had hardly closed the door when I made time and got in the first word.

"I wish you had had half the trouble I have since Patty was a mourner. I have had too look after those children as if——"

"As if they were your own," interposed Edward, and his mustache quivered, but he discreetly put up his napkin.

"She goes off as soon as it is dark, sits up half the night, comes in late in the morning, and is totally inefficient during the day."

"Well, you know their *furore* is soon over, so be patient."

"Patient, indeed! Patience would have come down from her monument and walked off in a passion long ago if her nurse had been a mourner. Patty used to be so nice, too, and now she had just as soon put the children to bed dirty as clean, and I told her last night that it was as bad as stealing."

"Then, my dear, you told her what was not true, and I am afraid Patty knew it."

"But, Edward," said I, eagerly, horrified at the idea of any one supposing I would tell a story, "you know it was true, because if it is not wicked to be so untidy, it is stealing for her to take my money, and not give me her services. Perhaps I had better explain to her what I meant."

"Are you sure you meant that, my dear?" asked Edward, laughing. "You know her better than I do, and how far you may tax her credulity, but I think the point will be rather fine for Patty's vision. She is a curious creature, but I don't mind her eccentricities. You must have patience, my dear."

"Of course, you don't! And I can endure other people's troubles, too. It is easy enough to be patient by proxy. Allow me to delegate you the task. I don't feel equal to it."

Edward buttoned up his overcoat; hesitated; bit the end of his mustache; then said, seriously: "But, my dear, I think it altogether wrong, this way we have fallen into of ridiculing the religious excitement of the negroes. If they suspect or overhear it, the effect must be bad on those who are really in earnest. Now, I heard your friend Mrs. Phillips, as I passed her house yesterday, say to a girl, evidently for hire, 'Are you a mourner, or have you been?' 'Yes'm.' 'Then I don't want you,' said Mrs. Phillips. Now what is the effect?"

Quite subdued by this view of the subject, I acknowledged my error, and, after Edward had left, leaned my head on my hand, thinking mournfully of my moral strength as compared with his. I liked him to be my superior in every other respect, but regarded it as my privilege to be better than he was, so I now felt heartily ashamed of myself, and that night I bathed the children and attended to the rest of Patty's work with the cheerful endurance that became Edward's wife.

The night after, when Patty came home, Edward was asleep; so I went shivering down the stairs, through the hall, to admit her, and then she kept me standing while she exchanged blessings with a couple of fellow converts. As I re-entered the room, Edward opened his eyes and asked where I had been. I told him, adding meekly: "I wish Patty would not stay out so late every night."

"Have patience, my dear," said Edward, who had not trembled before the blast from the front door, nor been kept standing on the cold oil-cloth in fancy slippers. "Have patience," said my hero, and went to sleep again.

The next morning Edward had read all the papers, and I had done ever so much sewing, and Moses had been ordered two or three times to bring in breakfast, and each time he had grinned mysteriously and announced that "breakfus warn't quite reddy;" and Edward was submitting to the delay with less moral strength than I had been led to expect, when there arose from the kitchen a succession of shrieks which terrified us so that we were on the spot before it had occurred to either of us what it all meant. Arriving at the scene of action, we discovered that Angelina had "come through."

And there she was, black as ebony, suple as a panther, wild as a maniac, her eyes rolling, her feet stamping, her hands clapping, her voice ringing! You might have heard her two squares off.

"Thang Gord! thang Gord! I'm a hell-d'servin sinner! Thang Gord, my Lord! de ribber o' Jordan is washed my feet like snow! Glory, glory, glory! I'm a hell-d'servin sinner! Oh, oh! umph! my Lord! my feet is done took from de mire an de clay! Phew! my Lord! don't you hear de chains a fallin' off? I done got free! Ole Satan is tucked his tail an' run! Phew! umph! I'm a hell-d'servin' sinner. Thang Gord, my Lord! Glory, glory, glo-ry!"

And there stood Moses, in sinful glee, his shoulders bent, his hands on his knees, neck extended, his mouth spread from ear to ear.

And there, of course, was Patty, wild with excitement, and vying with Angelina both in shrieks and contortions.

And there was also (I may be permitted to add) the cat devouring the mutton-chops, and the baby washing her hands in the buckwheat batter. Jimmy and John were fighting a mock battle with the biscuits, and the dog having upset the boiling coffee, was circulating briskly about on three legs, contributing to the entertainment a liberal quota in the way of emotional expression.

"Is breakfast ready?" asks Edward.

"Glory!" said the cook.

"Who the duece is taking care of the baby?" inquired its father.

"Where is my harp?" demanded the nurse.

She plants her right heel half a yard in advance of her, throws her hands in the air, and plays on an imaginary harp.

"Why don't you take in breakfast?"

But Moses is demoralized, and only exaggerates his original grin.

Negroes in all stages of religious development, from the "early seekers" to the "young convert," begin to gather like crows in a cornfield, and my hero retires in disorder; but when things get ludicrous they become endurable, and I whisper to him, laughing.

"Have patience, my dear!"

He answered with a frown, which again betrayed less moral strength than I had been led to expect.

I shook the baby, boxed Jimmy, slapped John, scolded Moses, chased the cat, and would have extended my attentions to the dog but that misfortune had already overtaken him. Then followed Edward, laughing all the way from the kitchen to the dining-rooms, and when I got there, and thought of the baby and the buckwheat, the cat and the mutton-chops, and Patty singing about the "stair upon her forrad," I laughed again, and kept on laughing till Edward's moral strength failed entirely, and he went off saying, crossly enough, that he would have to breakfast at a restaurant. It might be very well for a woman who had nothing else to do to sit giggling and laughing at a parcel of idiots, but for a man who had business to attend to and a time to go to it——

"Have patience, dear," I murmured, sweetly.

(Sounds in the distance—"Glory! I'm a hell-d'sarvin' sinner! Thang Gord! Oh! umph! phew! Go'long, Satan!")

"Send my dinner to the factory, will you?" and Edward bangs the door with surprising vehemence, considering nobody has stepped on his train.

Late in the day I dispatched the following note by the hands of a neighbor:

"MY DEAR EDWARD—I would have sent your dinner, but soon after you left Moses took his seat on the 'anxious bench,' and I had no one to send it by. I comforted myself, knowing you would have patience, but at the same time endeavored to procure other servants. The result has proved embarrassing. As you disapproved making inquiries concerning their religious experience, I avoided making any, and they invariably turned out mourners, so I had quite a little congregation in the kitchen. They are excessively audible, but I determined to have patience, and shall continue to engage them. Won't you come home early? for until I can find some 'citizen of African descent,' with a secular turn of mind, I really need your moral support. I must not omit to mention that, even had Moses been available, I could not have sent your dinner, for I had none to send, as Angelina refuses to cook to-day (but we must have patience, perhaps she will next week), saying, 'White folks is got to live on de tishpashun of what dey has had, for she's a hell-d'servin' sinner! Umph, glory!'"

EDWARD'S ANSWER.

"Pay up the infernal crew, and make them weigh anchor. Tell Angelina she's right about that. I indorse the sentiment, and hope she will get her deserts."

Oh, Edward, Edward! where was your patience, my dear?

A SOUTHERN CURSE IN A NORTHERN HOME.

From the New York World.]

A painful and indeed horrible story was sent all over the country on Saturday from the environs of Boston, upon which it is far from agreeable to us to dwell, yet which carries with it a lesson too important to be overlooked. A young girl, a child indeed, just budding from childhood into girlhood, and belonging to the very best class of society in Massachusetts, was assaulted almost within hearing of her father's house, on her return from an afternoon of pleasant and innocent exercise, by a negro ruffian, hideously abused, robbed, and left to die in the woods. The poor girl had strength and will enough left to reach her home and make the maddening story known. A hot pursuit was instantly organized, and, to the credit both of the police and of the citizens of Eastern Massachusetts, let it be recorded, the atrocious scoundrel who had committed the deed was arrested before midnight. He now lies in jail. His victim, it is said, is likely to recover, and there is, of course, every reason to expect that the most extreme punishment the laws will permit to be inflicted in such a case will ere long overtake him. How wretchedly out of proportion any punishment whatever which the laws will permit civilized men to inflict in such a case will be to the wrong done by the criminal, we need not harrow up the feelings of our readers by demonstrating at length. It is literally impossible for the most vivid imagination to overstate the blight and misery brought upon a fair young life by such an outrage. The pathos with which Charles Lamb has invested the fate of Rosamond Gray would fall short of the bald, blank, absolutely hopeless anguish of this calamity, precipitated in an instant by the bestial ferocity of a human brute, upon natures refined by the most careful culture and the most genial influences of the highest forms of human civilization. Precisely in proportion to the refinement and the generosity of his character will be the intensity of the longing which every masculine man, on reading of such a crime, must feel himself thrill for the execution upon the criminal, not of what we commonly and tamely call "justice," but of that summary and terrible vengeance which in such cases is the only appropriate shadow and image of an absolutely unattainable justice. We shall not insult the manhood of Massachusetts by hinting a doubt that when the news became known in any circle of Boston life not demoralized by the ghoul-like and emasculating influences of that vulgar fanaticism whereof the dead Sumner and the living Wendell Phillips were the fitting types, men hearing it set their teeth hard and longed for one hour of Kansas with its hasty ropes, or of Texas with its peremptory cart and rifle. And now will all the *men* in Massachusetts who felt this divine rage, this sacred and virile wrath in the defense of helplessness against fiendish brutality, of gracious and refined innocence against foul and groveling crime tingling hot in their veins on Saturday last, as they read the miserable story of Judge Lowell's outraged home, but do themselves and their country the wholesome service of reflecting that this horrible thing at which Massachusetts stands to-day aghast has been stalking for years past, by night and by day, over the length and breadth of all the southern States of this Union! No doubt there are many men at the south, hot of spirit and slow to learn, who have once and again since the close of the war manifested a disposition to deal over-harshly with the race which they and their fathers before them, and our fathers before us, as well as theirs, were trained to regard and to treat as inferior by the Divine appointment to the ruling race of Europe, of America, and of the world. But the vast body of the southern whites are of another strain. They accepted the results of the civil war honestly and manfully. They knew that the majority of the southern negroes were neither in themselves savage and cruel, nor disposed to live on ill terms with their white fellow-citizens. But they knew, too, that, as they are in all ignorant and long brutalized races, the lower passions are especially strong, and the intellectual forces by which the lower passions, if they are to be controlled at all, must be controlled, are especially weak in the negroes. And they looked forward then with a peculiar anxiety to the increase at the south of precisely such intolerable offenses against society as this which has just desolated one of the best of New England homes, when they found that the bands of public order at the south were to be suddenly relaxed by an ignorant, passionate and dishonest political interference of the north in the affairs of southern society. Their bitter anticipations have been more than realized. Naturally enough the consequence has been that maddening outrages have provoked signal and summary chastisements. If the men of Massachusetts will but put the case of the south to themselves to-day in the light which is thrown upon it by this awful incident at their own doors, the future may easily be made far better than five years ago it threatened ever again to be for them, for the south, for the republic, and for the negro race itself.

WHAT TO TEACH.

The child should be taught that his eyes, ears, hands, all the organs of his body, all the faculties of his mind are his servants, and that it is his business to see to it that they serve him faithfully—that they report accurately what is passing about him, and respond promptly and fully to his demands. Such sentences as "I didn't notice;" "I heard, but I don't remember," have no business in a child's vocabulary. He should be taught to apprehend clearly that to say "I forgot" is only another way of saying "I did not care enough to remember." Educate the faculties to prompt action, teach the senses to respond fully to every impression made upon them. When you give a command or communicate a thought to a child, secure his attention, use the simplest and most direct terms, and do not repeat them. Superfluous words are demoralizing, and iteration a bid for inattention. Some of us are born clods; more of us become so through vicious training. Make the child self-conscious, and you have established an enduring feud between him and his capabilities; henceforth his feet are an embarrassment to him, and no number of pockets is adequate to the satisfactory bestowal of his hands. He fancies all eyes are upon him, and his very blood turns mutinous and flies in his face without just cause or provocation. It is his right to be unconscious; to develop from within outward as sweetly and unostentatiously as a flower; not to be thrust into notice by having his sayings and doings repeated in his presence, nor snubbed into silence and conscious inferiority by being constantly reminded that "children should be seen and not heard." Hardly anything is more essential in the management of children than the kindly ignoring eye that does not notice too much. I pity the child who is the center of a blindly doting or injudiciously critical family—whose every saying is repeated, every act commented upon, and where, in consequence, naturalness is impossible.

MATTHEW ARNOLD'S PRAYER.

Thou, who dost dwell alone—
Thou, who dost know thine own—
Thou, to whom all are known
From the cradle to the grave—
Save, oh, save!
From the world's temptations,
From tribulations;
From that fierce anguish
Wherein we languish;
From that torpor deep
Wherein we lie asleep
Heavy as death, cold as the grave;
Save, oh, save!
When the soul, growing clearer,
Sees God no nearer;
When the soul, mounting higher,
To God comes no nigher,
But the arch-fiend Pride
Mounts at her side,
Foiling her high emprise,
Sealing her eagle eyes,
And, when she fain would soar,
Makes idols to adore;
Changing the pure emotion
Of her high devotion
To a skin-deep sense
Of her own eloquence;
Strong to deceive, strong to enslave—
Save, oh, save!
From the ingrain'd fashion
Of this earthly nature
That mars thy creature;
From grief that is but passion,
From mirth that is but feigning,
From tears that bring no healing;
From wild and weak complaining;
Thine own strength revealing,
Save, oh, save!
From doubt, where all is double,
Where wise men are not strong;
Where comfort turns to trouble;
Where just men suffer wrong;
Where sorrow treads on joy;
Where sweet things soonest cloy;
Where faiths are built on dust;
Where love is half mistrust,
Hungry and barren, and sharp as the sea,
Oh, set us free!
O let the false dream fly
Where our sick souls do lie
Tossing continually!
O where thy voice doth come
Let all doubts be dumb;
Let all words be mild,
All strife be reconciled,
All pains beguiled.
Light brings no blindness,
Love no unkindness;
Knowledge no ruin,
Fear no undoing,
From the cradle to the grave!

ANCIENT EGYPT.

Mr. Bayard Taylor, who appeared in the star lecture course last night, while entirely a new face to a Chicago audience, still proved a very welcome one. His name has long been a household word among all classes of American students. His *Frithiof's Saga*, of which the old English translation, long out of print, could only be found in the library of some collector of rare books, was a valuable addition to English literature. His *Faust* found a host of admirers, and his other and lighter works, and his letters from the various lands he had visited, have made him seem like a familiar friend to a large proportion of the reading public. When he came upon the platform last evening, it was not like greeting a stranger, and the strong, cultured, genial lineaments of the traveler and scholar won the attention of the audience before he commenced speaking. His voice is clear and pleasant, and so finely modulated that without the least appearance of effort it was perfectly audible in every part of the room. He scarcely referred to his notes, which were before him, but continued to the end speaking upon a subject in which his interest was evidently so great that, even had it been devoid of the novel information it contained, he must have held the attention of his listeners. Egypt, as a country, except to the scholar or the traveler, has always seemed a far-off, rather dirty, disgusting country, whose people, even in the earliest ages, must have been the grossest and most superstitious of idolaters. He, however, brought that country not as it is at the present day, but in its past ages, so forcibly before his audience that to those who listened to him it ceased to be mythical. He first impressed upon his audience the wonderful peculiarity of the atmosphere in that far country, by which ages after ages might go by and yet nothing be changed. Stone which would crumble, wood which would moulder, under less heated and more humid skies, here remained in their integrity, undissolved, undecayed. Following with a brief history of the wonderful manner in which Egyptian literature had been restored to its place among the other treasures of learning, from the first discovery of the Rosetta stone with its triple inscription of Greek, Heiroglyphic and Demotic characters, to the next valuable history on rock, and thence to the wonderful discoveries of recent date at Memphis, and the Pyramids near Cairo, he spoke of "the inspired guess" of that scholar who thought to seek for some farther revelation of its meaning in the Coptic language, and who found that to be but a later and corrupted form of the ancient Egyptian language. Having thus presented the fact of ancient Egypt really being possessed of a living tongue and literature, he presented the country itself to his audience as palpably as if it had been the State of New Jersey. He spoke of meeting Mariette in Egypt standing on a Libran sandhill, looking down on the ancient city of Memphis, and of wandering with him through its streets, beneath its arches, into its temples and houses as perfect to-day as if it were a new city just building instead of one that had been buried for ages. He spoke of the discovery of ancient Egyptian statues which were evidently the most truthful ever carved, and of the intelligence in the countenances of Kahotem and Nephite—he looking intelligent and cultured; she as independent as a voter and as self-possessed as a judge. He spoke also of other statues, and of the honor paid to woman under Egyptian rule. "Nowhere else in the world is the past so near" as in Egypt, was the declaration of the speaker. The imprints of the footsteps of the men who had borne the sacred effigies of the gods to burial was still seen when those tombs, inclosed in masses of basalt, and hived beneath desert sands, were opened by those in search of Egyptian history and remains. He spoke of the arts and sciences Egypt taught other nations, and that while we looked toward Greece as the originator of art, and Palestine of pure, ideal religion, that Egypt was the mother of both. He spoke of remains found which proved how far she had advanced, and this not at the date usually ascribed to her, but in the earlier dynasties. Egypt, as represented by Bayard Taylor, would seem to have only fulfilled the usual destiny of nations. First to have been independent, earnest, seeking the truth, growing in every way, in art, science, and general culture, until the invasion and reign of the Shepherd kings. Then came a period of political greatness, followed by their overthrow, and a strong conservatism upon the part of the reinstated people. Art, however, had culminated and was declining, while luxury had taken its place. The old Egyptian art, however, was no crude development, but wonderful in its reality. It sought only to express the truth, while Greek art aimed at something higher and produced ideal beauty. The religion of the priests was a peculiarly pure ideal religion, with all the germs of the Hebrew faith. Moses was brought up by the priesthood, and among them learned those peculiar tenets which they kept sacred, and did not teach to the common people. The lecturer translated some verses found upon a tablet which was dedicated to Thothmes, and which was a song of welcome to that king, worshiped, as the Egyptian kings still were while living, as divine. Rector Morgan, the renowned elocutionist of St. Thomas church, New York, never read the Psalms with more effect than did Mr. Taylor the translation of these verses, and to one not very well acquainted with the productions of David, they might easily have passed for a portion of them. This song to Thothmes, however, was written sixteen hundred years before David's time. He also translated other ancient Egyptian inscriptions so like in character to the Hebrew translations with which modern Christendom is familiar, that one might easily exclaim, there is nothing new under the sun, and easily fancy the inspired writings would in the end prove plagiarisms. "I am that I am" "Through my love have I drawn near to God. I have given bread to him that was hungry, drink to him that thirsteth, and help to him that was abandoned." "I am he who is, has been, and evermore shall be." "There was joy in heaven on the day he was born." "She is, verily, a collection of evil, a sack filled with contention." And of a drunkard, "Thou art as a house empty of bread, as a sanctuary destitute of its God." There certainly is a very strong resemblance to these old translations from Egyptian papyri to sentences with which we are all conversant in a certain King James's translation. In fact Bayard Taylor proved that the Mosaic law and religion were copied from the laws and theology of the ancient Egyptian priests, and that from them Abraham obtained the rite of circumcision. He denied having found the letters that passed between Potiphar's wife and Joseph, and asserted that if he had, in the view of recent events, he certainly should not publish them. He said that the Egyptains grew weary of well-doing and improvement, and so rested to enjoy their superior knowledge and possessions, and had progressed since that time, especially as regarded civil government, and proved that the christian religion was merely the eliminating that of Egypt from its grosser portions as understood by the people. To the priest, the sun, the sacred bull, and the sacred cow were but symbols of higher ideals. Still, while he admitted that the world was improving and growing in knowledge, he still seemed to acknowledge that religion had reached its highest attitude, its most perfect form, so that those terrible, philosophic and scientific materializers must occupy a curious position.

Nashville *Banner*: "A much needed improvement is being made, by N. Baxter, jr., in remodeling and repairing what has long been known as the Mansion House, on North Market street. It was a hotel in General Jackson's day, and has been the theater of many brilliant companies. An old lady was only the other day recalling a party held there while the Nashville Inn was being repaired, in the long ago, which was attended by all the beaux and belles hereabout."

THE WAY TO BLANKET HORSES.

But few people, comparatively, understand how to blanket a horse to protect him from contracting cold. We frequently see the blanket folded double, and laid across the rump and part of the animal's back, leaving those parts of the body that need protection entirely exposed to cold storms and chilling winds. Those parts of the body of a horse which surround the lungs require the benefit of a blanket in preference to his flanks and rump. When we are exposed to a current of cold air, to guard against any injury from catching cold we shield our shoulders, neck, chest and back. If these parts be kept protected, the lower part of the body will endure a degree of cold far more intense, without any injury to the body, than if the lungs were not kept warm with suitable covering. The same thing holds in the protection of horses. The blankets should cover the neck, withers and shoulders, and be brought around the breast, and buttoned or buckled together as closely as a man buttons his overcoat, when baring his bosom. Let the lungs of a horse be protected with a heavy blanket, and he will seldom contract cold, even if the hindmost parts of his body are not covered. We refer more particularly to blanketing horses that have become unusually warm by violent exertion or hard driving, and exposing them to a current of cold air while standing still. Many of our best teamsters protect the breast of their horses by a piece of heavy cloth about two feet square, hanging down from the lower end of the collar. This is an excellent practice in cold weather, as the most important part of the animal is shielded from the cold wind, especially when traveling toward a strong current. The forward end of the horse blankets should be made to fit as closely around the breast of a horse as our garments fit our bodies. Most horses will contract a violent cold almost as soon as a man, if not blanketed while they stand still, after having been exercised so violently as to produce profuse perspiration. So long as a horse is kept in motion, there is little danger of his suffering any inconvenience from cold winds. But allow him to stand still for a few moments while loading or unloading, without a heavy blanket to protect his shoulders and lungs, and he will take cold sooner than some men.

TABLE TELEGRAPHING.

As many of our young friends have not yet entirely lost the poetry of life, and as none speak more eloquently than the dumb when understood, we will give a short system of quiet "table talk" for loving youngsters. The system is both a practicable and original one:

First—Drawing napkin or handkerchief through the hand—I desire to converse (by signal) with you.

Second—Unfolding and holding it by corner—Is it agreeable?

Third—Playing with fork and holding forefinger of left hand to left ear—I have something to tell you privately.

Fourth—Holding up knife and fork in each hand—When can I see you?

Fifth—Laying knife and fork together on the left of plate—After the meal. (This signal will suffice for a query or answer.)

Sixth—Clenched right hand on the table—To-night.

Seventh—The napkin or handkerchief held with three fingers—Yes.

Eighth—Held with two fingers—Showing no.

Ninth—Holding napkin to the chin, with forefinger over mouth—Cease signaling.

Tenth—Standing the knife and fork thus (Λ)—Can I meet you?

Eleventh—Laying knife and fork thus (X)—I am angry or displeased.

Twelfth—Balancing the fork on edge of cup—Are you engaged to-night?

Thirteenth—Folding napkin triangularly (laying it down)—Have you been out since last night?

Fourteenth—Drawing knife through prongs of fork—I shall remain at home.

Fifteenth—Striking fork with knife—I shall go out to-night.

Sixteenth—Balancing fork on knife—Meet me; or if by gentleman, can I meet you?

Seventeenth—Placing knife over the glass—Will you be alone?

Eighteenth—Balancing spoon on edge of cup—I have an engagement.

Nineteenth—Stirring the spoon in a cup slowly—Will you be late?

Twentieth—Holding the spoon over cup, and gazing immediately on it—We are suspected; or, we are discovered.

Twenty-first—Slapping the ear, as if brushing away a fly—I do not understand.

ELECTION OF DIRECTORS.

UNION AND PLANTERS BANK OF MEMPHIS,
MEMPHIS, TENN., Dec. 9, 1874.

An election will be held at this bank on MONDAY, January 11, 1875, from 10 a.m. until 2 p.m., for the purpose of choosing thirteen Directors, to serve for the ensuing year.

dec10 S. P. READ, Cashier.

NOTICE.

AMONG a number of articles stolen from the Christian Brothers College on the night of the 24th instant was a book used for recording subscriptions received toward paying the College out of debt. The President of the College solicits and collects all subscriptions in person, and therefore the public is cautioned against any imposition that may be attempted.

dec25

[OFFICIAL.]

NOTICE.

MAYOR'S OFFICE, CITY HALL,
MEMPHIS, TENN., December 24, 1874.

The Assessors of personal property having completed the assessments for the 48th corporate year, and the ten days having expired for the correction of errors, etc., in pursuance of the requirements of the ordinance passed October 14th, and approved October 17, 1874, section 4 of which is as follows:

SECTION 4. *Be it further ordained*, That after the expiration of said ten days, the Mayor shall, of his own appointment, name a Board of Equalization on personal property assessments, to consist of ten merchants and business men of the city, who shall, as far as possible, represent the different branches of business in the city, whose duty it shall be to carefully consider the assessments made and returned by the Assessors, and to correct the same on the principle of equality and justice in taxation. But no assessment shall be raised until after the person or firm whose assessment is deemed too small shall have been cited before said Board and the accuracy of the assessment fully investigated.

I hereby appoint the following named persons as said Board of Equalization on personal property assessments, viz:

I. M. Hill, of Hill, Terry & Mitchell.
Ben. Eiseman, of Rice, Stix & Co.
John C. Fizer, of Estes, Fizer & Co.
Robert A. Allison, of Allison Bros.
W. Jack, of W. S. Jack & Co.
Dr. D. T. Porter, of Porter, Taylor & Co.
L. Peake, of Armstrong, Naill & Co.
W. S. Bruce, of W. S. Bruce & Co.
Isaac Schwab, of Schwab & Co.
W. B. Galbreath, President of Cotton Exchange.

Said Board will convene at the Mayor's office, city of Memphis, Monday, the 28th inst., at 10 o'clock p.m., for organization.

dec25 JOHN LOAGUE, Mayor.

Election Notice.

IN accordance with the provisions of the Charter of the Memphis City Schools,

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,

That an Election will be held in the several Wards in this city, on THURSDAY, the 7th day of January, 1875, by the proper officers holding the City Election on that day, to elect one member of the Board of Education of said Schools for each ward of the city, to serve for the next ensuing two years.

Memphis, December 21, 1874.

CHAS. KORTRECHT,
President of the Board of Education,
dec22 Memphis City Schools.

Notice to Navy Yard Tenants.

BY the terms of your leases the semi-annual instalment of rents fell due on the 15th December. I will proceed to forfeit all leases unless the rent money is paid within Twenty Days from this 17th day of December, 1874.

E. McDAVITT, Receiver,
dec17 228 Front street.

NOTICE TO CITY TAX-PAYERS.

OFFICE CITY TAX COLLECTOR,
MEMPHIS, TENN., December 21, 1874.

Those who have not paid their City Taxes for the year 1874, will save trouble and expense by settling their accounts at once, as distress warrants will be issued against ALL on January 4, 1875.

FRED. C. SCHAPER,
dec22 City Tax Collector.