TO THE PUBLIC.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

DAILY APPEAL, one year..... $10 00
SUNDAY APPEAL, one year..... 2 50
DAILY AND SUNDAY APPEAL, one year... 12 00
WEEKLY APPEAL, one year..... 2 50
WEEKLY APPEAL, in clubs of two..... 4 00
DAILY, delivered in city by Carriers, seven papers per week..... 25

The WEEKLY APPEAL is regularly discontinued at the end of the time subscribed and paid for unless renewed in advance. This rule is adhered to without respect to persons.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Transient advertisements, first insertion, $1; each subsequent insertion 50 cents per Square.
Advertisements in Want or Rent column, 10 cents per line each insertion.
Double column advertisements 25 per cent. additional to ordinary rates.
Local notices, fourth page, 20 cents per line for each insertion.
City items, second page, 15 cents per line each insertion.
Special notices, third page, 10 cents per line each insertion.
Monthly advertisements, $5 for first, and $4 for each additional Square.
Advertisements inserted at intervals, to be charged 25 per cent. additional in proportion.
Announcing Candidates for State, County and Municipal Offices, $10 each, to be paid in advance in every instance.
Marriages and Deaths are published as news; but complimentary notices of Marriages, Tributes of Respect, Obituaries and Funeral Notices, will be charged as other advertisements.
All Church Notices or notices of meetings of Charitable or Benevolent Societies, will be charged half price.
SUNDAY APPEAL.—Advertisements inserted in the SUNDAY APPEAL will be charged one sixth additional.
WEEKLY APPEAL.—Advertisements inserted in the WEEKLY APPEAL alone, one half of DAILY rates. In both DAILY and WEEKLY, one fourth additional to DAILY rates.
In all cases all advertisements are considered due after first insertion.
A Square is the space occupied by eight lines of solid nonpareil.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondence, on Public Events, solicited from every part of the United States.
KEATING, ENGLISH & CO.

SUNDAY APPEAL

F. A. TYLER, - - - - EDITOR.

SUNDAY MORNING, : : : : NOV. 7, 1869.

THE MERCHANT'S TAX.

The following letter, addressed to the Vice President of the Chamber of Commerce, in the absence of the President, has been sent to us for publication. Never was there legislation more damaging to commerce, and more destructive to the interests of the country, than that under which the merchants of our cities are groaning. It is worse and more crippling to Memphis, even than the railroads which discriminate against and take business from our doors. For men will go, at some inconvenience, to buy where they can buy cheapest, and the competition necessary to reduce prices is impossible where enormous and unreasonable taxation weighs down mercantile business like a millstone. Large dealers and heavy amounts of capital will be driven out, or will not come in, under such circumstances, and the smaller dealers can only live on augmented prices. Thus business is crushed out, the poor classes especially pay increased rates for all they consume, and the receipts from taxes fall off for want of property to tax. This legislation is suicidal, against sound public policy, and ruinous to the State. It builds up other cities at the expense of our own, which it is the duty of legislators especially to protect. There is really no good reason for it whatever. It benefits no one class. It cannot benefit the planters to so tax merchants that they *must raise their prices* to an amount equal to the extra tax placed upon them. In such circumstances they cannot compete with other cities. The planters will pay them more in this way than they would pay altogether in taxes if merchants were exempt from taxation altogether. The bill before the Legislature taxes capital employed in the honest business of commerce, just as it taxes all other persons, neither more nor less. What else does any just man want? Let poor men look to it. They are the ones most interested and injured. That is the reason they are paying high prices to-day, when they might buy at nine dollars what they now get for ten, but for the present onerous law. If taxation on merchants was made equal with that on others, we should have immense quantities of goods in the city, and low prices forthwith. All Mississippi, Arkansas, Alabama and West Tennessee would come here to buy, and the inducement furnished to bring in goods would bring them here in quantities sufficient to bring prices down to those of New York, (less only the difference of freight,) in the briefest possible period. The business of Memphis and the tax on capital here would increase the product to the State fourfold. Men from surrounding States would no longer pass our doors to buy, and prices are always lowest where the largest business is done.

The members of the Legislature should be *instructed* by the people on this subject. We shall never have a city in the State on such a principle as is involved in the present law. It drives all prosperity away, and returns us to the backwoods, and to a barbarian condition. We encourage our railroads, and yet drive off the business which is to furnish them freights! We legislate for planters, and we impoverish planters and the whole State! We have already artificial and natural advantages which should result in boundless prosperity, and we put the ban on all the conditions of growth, and, in the name of equality and serving the people, are so short-sighted and blind as to impoverish the people! Let poor men who want great cities, low prices, well rewarded labor, growth, greatness, wealth and happiness, beware how they consent to class taxation, and legislation which favors any one business against another. Build up your cities and towns to the utmost, and the country and the poor will reap the advantage. In New York wages are now higher than they are here. There is work to do, and capital to pay for it, and prices of living and articles of consumption are low. This matter interests our whole people, and we hope they will show that interest and pour out by thousands, and crowd the Chamber of Commerce out of doors.

MEMPHIS, November 6, 1869.

James Fisher, Esq., Vice-President Chamber of Commerce:

Sir: You are hereby requested to call a meeting of all interested, at the Chamber of Commerce on Monday, the 8th inst., at 3½ o'clock p.m., to take further action in the matter of the State tax upon merchandise.

Respectfully,

Newton Ford,	M. L. Meacham,
W. R. Galbraith,	J. T. Stratton,
H. F. Lemmon,	B. Eisenman,
J. S. Menken,	E. Mayer,
J. Schwabb,	Jacob Friedman,
G. H. Judah,	B. Lowenstein,
W. M. Farrington,	Henry Lowenstein,
McCombs & Co,	W. S. Bruce,
W. W. Gray,	F. M. Mahan,
A. Seessel,	J. L. Goodbar,
T. H. Terry,	J. Rosenbach,
W. Lockhart,	L. M. Wolcott,
L. Hanauer,	And many others.

STEVENSON COTTON CASE.

The case of the United States against V. K. STEVENSON, came up on writ of error, before NELSON, C. J., United States Circuit Court, Southern District. The suit is an action of trover to recover the value of a large quantity of cotton, alleged to belong to the plaintiff and to have been converted by the defendant to his own use. Before the jury in the court below it appeared that defendant was a resident of Tennessee, took part with the insurgents, ran the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad in their service, and while thus engaged, bought cotton and shipped it to foreign ports, in violation of the United States blockade. He also concealed other cottons from capture by United States forces. No proof existed that any part of the cotton was ever in possession of the United States, or that it had any title thereto. It was bought in the Confederate States, and slipped from or sold within those States. The court below directed a verdict for the defendant. The act of July, 1861, made it lawful for the President to declare non-intercourse, and that goods coming from the insurgent States should be subject to seizure. The act of May, 1862, authorized the Secretary of the Treasury to require security that goods should not be carried so as to give aid and comfort to the insurgents, and such transportation to work a forfeiture.

The act of August, 1861, provided that goods bought or sold with intent to aid the insurrection should be prize and subject to capture. The act of July, 1862, makes all property of persons in rebellion, after sixty days' warning, subject to seizure, and the duty of the President to seize. That of March, 1863, authorizes the appointment of agents to collect captured and abandoned property. Justice NELSON, delivering the opinion of the Court, said:

"We need hardly say that neither of these statutes, nor any provision in them, have any bearing on the facts as disclosed in the case, or afford any ground for an inference or conclusion that the cotton in question, sold and converted to his own use by the defendant, belonged to the United States. Certainly not, unless all the property of citizens or people in the Confederate States belonged to the United States during the war. There is another branch of this case that furnishes, perhaps, the grounds for its original institution, which, as has turned out in proof, has utterly failed. The original information, as it was called, were not on the ground that the defendant had fraudulently converted the cotton to his own use, and that the proceeds were disposed of with intent to secrete the same and defraud the Government, and prayed for process of attachment against the property of the defendant, whereupon process of attachment issued, and a large amount of real and personal estate was attached and still remains under said process.

"The affidavit upon which this process was issued is remarkable when compared with the facts of the case as proved before the jury. The affiant states that he was the person who filed the information against the defendant, which was on the 17th of December, 1866. That 3,000 bales of the cotton, or thereabouts, being in the States of Georgia, Alabama and Tennessee, were the property of the Confederate States when the defendant took possession of it, and that, in the summer of 1865, he transported the same to the city of New York, within the Southern District of the same, to be sold and disposed of at this city, and converted the cotton into money, the proceeds of which, amounting to $1,000,000, or thereabouts, the defendant received, and has converted the same into real or personal estate in the city; that the cotton was brought into the State of New York from the insurrectionary States in violation of the proclamation of the President of the 15th of August, 1861, and of the acts of Congress referring to them, and that it was the property of the United States.

"It was upon this affidavit that the process of attachment issued, and seems to have been in some way regarded as a seizure, not of the cotton, but of the real and personal estate of the defendant as a substitute for the same, and yet the case has been tried as a simple action of trover and conversion in personance. The case is tried in the courts below, and as ruled by the learned Judge, is a very simple and plain one; and in every aspect in which it has been presented, on the testimony, can lead to but one result, and that is that the United States showed no title to the property or possession of which was indispensable to maintain this action. And as it is shown that the affidavit on which the process of attachment issued was wholly untrue and false, or mistaken, the process of attachment must be set aside and discharged. Instead of the cotton belonging to the Confederate States, it belonged to the defendant; and instead of being shipped to New York in violation to the acts of Congress, it was shipped from a Confederate port to a foreign country, in violation of the blockade of the port of Wilmington; but this fact could not change the title of the property, or work a forfeiture of the same to the United States, unless seized as a prize of war. The judgment below affirmed, and the process of attachment set aside and discharged."

THE Democratic party of the country is opposed to all special, unequal and class legislation, while the Radical party legislates for favorites and to build up a few at the expense of the many. That is the whole secret of the unequal and shameful legislation with which we have been cursed so long in this State. It is the same all over the country. Radical legislation has been for classes, for the protection of the rich rather than the poor, and the Government has exempted from taxation and built up a bondholding aristocracy, which is paid gold and goes untaxed! It is not strange the taxes should be high on the three-fourths of the property of the country which is not exempt. This Radical policy will result in making the few rich richer, and the many poor, poorer! We shall have nabobs and paupers, and shall not be long in rivaling Great Britain on this principle. Late statistics show that of twenty millions inhabitants of England and Wales, eighteen millions live on a shilling a day, and the class which receives thirty-five shillings or more, numbers only four hundred thousand. Farm laborers ordinarily receive only nine shillings a week, and hardly sufficient for shelter and food. In England the legislation is especially for the benefit of the rich, and the result is immense wealth to the few, and grinding poverty to the many. The same is the tendency of present Radical legislation in the United States. And the carpet-bag legislation of our own State has been still worse, as the vampires were more hungry. We look to the present Legislature to reform this state of things and restore us to old style equality of taxation and economy of administration. We ask the Legislature to legislate with an eye to the interests of no class whatsoever, but with justice to all. We do not ask them to legislate for the rich, nor the poor, for the merchant, nor the planter, for any one class or any other class, but simply that all should be made equal in the race of life, and all equally taxed according to their property, rather than according to the energy and industry with which they use it—which ought to be encouraged by exemption.

A LETTER from Mr. GEO. WILKES, now in Paris, addressed to the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, confirms the cable dispatch in regard to the health of the French Emperor. The letter embodies the opinion of SEGUARD, one of the ablest physicians of France, and represents the disease of NAPOLEON incurable. When his advanced age and debility are considered, it is thought probable that his demise may take place within a few months or weeks. With him the reign of the BONAPARTES may terminate, and a new order of things be established in France; whether with new stability or anarchy will be seen.

ON the 10th instant, at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, the two General Assemblies of the Presbyterian Church North, one called the Old School and the other the New School, will meet together for the purpose of reunion. These bodies represent and comprehend the whole churches of the Presbyterian faith or a total of 256 Presbyteries, 51 Synods, 4229 ministers, and 431,463 members. And as these members represent each some four or five non-communicant members of the congregations, the union thus form ed will represent actually two or more millions of people. It is a great occasion for Presbyterians, and their religious press is jubilant over the great result.

A similar reunion has heretofore taken place between the Old and New School Southern Presbyterian churches, and now the Presbyterian church of the United States is divided only North and South. The day of a general reunion will be still greater than this. Previously to 1837 the Presbyterian church throughout the States was one body. It divided that year, on a question of church government, into the two schools, and remaining so divided until the war, was again severed by that event. The division before the war was on matter not deemed vital to the organization by many of its most eminent men, and was deplored. This reunion is one of the most important events which has occurred in our ecclesiastical history.

Of more value to the commerce of the world than the ship canal at the Isthmus of Suez would be that across the Isthmus of Panama, which has been so long deferred alone by obstructions thrown in the way of the designs of enterprising Americans, who are ready to do the work. It is now reported that the Legislative Assembly of Colombia favors the propositions of the United States Government, and that the French influence in that quarter is on the wane. The subject will doubtless come before the next Congress, and we hope not without fruitful results.

REMINISCENCE OF MR. BENTON.

An Incident in Gen. Jackson's Presidential Life---The Deposit Act of 1836.

BY M. W. CLUSKY.

For the Sunday Appeal.]

In the summer of 1857, while in Washington, I received a card bearing the superscription "Mr. Benton, C. St." The Mr. Benton was no other than the Hon. Thos. H. Benton, of Missouri, for twenty years a member of the Senate of the United States and for two years a Representative from the St. Louis District. I was indebted for this distinction to the fact that I had written a favorable notice of the first volume of his Abridgement of the Debates in Congress, which had just been published by the enterprising firm of Appletons in New York city. Mr. Benton having observed this notice, inquired who wrote it, and being informed, honored me with a call while I was absent from my lodgings, and left his card, as stated. In a few days after I returned the courtesy, and was soon ushered into the presence of the great statesman, who received me *sans ceremonie* in his bed-room, in the second story of his residence. All of his family were absent, and he was alone, with the exception of the servants of his household. After greeting me cordially, he excused himself until he had finished putting up the manuscript of the third volume of his "Abridgement," which he was just then about to send off to his publishers. I was struck with the bungling manner in which he made up his packages and the free use of mucilage with which he bedaubed it all over, causing it to stick to everything that touched it, and giving him no small amount of uneasiness. He finally concluded the job in a style characteristic of persons engaged in his pursuits of life, and unlocking a closet he took from it a silver half-dollar, and handing it with the package to a colored servant-girl who was waiting, instructed her to forward it by express to the Messrs. Appleton. Turning then to me, he said he was at leisure, and was happy to have the opportunity of conversing with me. Any one familiar with the great Missourian, must appreciate the fact that he did all the talking, and that I had but little space to indulge any talent in that way which I might have.

At that time a proposition to deposit the proceeds of the sales of the public lands with the several States, in effect to divide it out among them without the purpose of ever asking its return, had passed the House of Representatives, and had attracted to its support a large number of Democrats. In fact it was the opening wedge to a revival of the scheme for the distribution of the public lands, which at once became the prominent question in the canvass, in the Southern States, for Congressmen at the ensuing elections. A similar act to this proposed Deposit Act had passed Congress in 1836, and had received the executive approval of Gen. Jackson. The act of 1836 had been the subject of a searching criticism in the book entitled "Thirty Years in the Senate," of which Mr. Benton was the author, and I was curious to hear how he would reconcile Gen. Jackson's approval of it with orthodox Democracy and with his (Mr. Benton's, Jackson's great friend) opposition to the measure. I accordingly asked him how Gen. Jackson came to sign that act, to which he replied:

"It was that woman Lucy Kinney, sir, who caused it, sir. Did you know Lucy Kinney, sir? No sir, you didn't, sir; it was before your time in Washington, sir. Lucy Kinney, sir, had a worthless, vagabond son, who wrote infamous, vagabondish doggerel, sir, which Lucy had printed, and compelled people, by her importunities, to buy, sir. It was a respectable mode of begging, sir. Well, it was a hot summer day when Gen. Jackson received the Deposit Act, sir, and he had caused a table, paper, pen and ink to be put on the south portico, sir—you know the south portico of the White House, sir, where he could receive the breeze from the Potomac, sir. Seated at this table, sir, he began to frame the skeleton of a message vetoing this infamous act, sir. He had not much more than concluded his proper address of it to the body in which it originated, sir, before this infernal woman, by some hook or crook, got access to him, sir—actually got access to him, sir—and forced him to read some of her son's feeble doggerel, sir. Gen. Jackson's kind heart yielded to her importunities and he permitted her to abstract him, sir, from his purpose for more than one hour and a half, sir—ninety minutes, sir. This gave time for news to reach the Capitol that the President intended to kill this vile act, sir, and the Democrats who voted for it to tremble in their boots, sir, for they knew, sir, that if he did veto it their political graves were sealed, sir. Buchanan, sir, who is now up there in the White House, sir, as President, sir, was one of them, sir. Lucy Kinney, confound her, sir, interrupting the veto, sir, gave Buchanan and a score of his associates, sir, time to reach the White House and beg Gen. Jackson, like dogs, sir, to sign the bill, sir, else it would be the political sacrifice of all of them, sir. Van Buren went along with them and put in his oar for them too, sir—all in this time, which had been gained to them through this wench, Lucy Kinney, sir. The appeal of these weak-kneed legislators, who had always stood up to Gen. Jackson, was effective upon him, for he loved his friends, and rather than sacrifice them, he precluded his own purpose and signed the bill, sir. But like Cranmer, sir—you recollect Archbishop Cranmer, in history, sir, who when brought to the sacrifice, wished that his right hand, which had signed his recantation of Protestantism, sir, might be consumed first, sir—so did Gen. Jackson so much reprobate his approval of the Deposit Act of 1836, sir, that he wished, every time he referred to it, that the hand which had signed it might perish first when his mortal frame had reached its time of destruction, sir.

"It was Lucy Kinney and her son's doggerel that caused it, sir. She gave the backsliders time, sir. Had she not interrupted Gen. Jackson, and he had got good into his veto message, sir, all the Buchanans and Van Burens in the world could not have changed him, sir."

Japan must be a cheerful place for a man of settled convictions to inhabit. Mr. D. B. Simmons, who has resided in Yeddo, and still lives there, gave a lecture on Japanese earthquakes the other night, in the course of which he said they were of frequent occurrence. On an average, there was one every ten days.

Miss Prudy LeClerc has been ordained, at Madison, Ind., as preacher in the Universalist Church. That denomination is committed to the experiment of introducing women into the ministry.

For the Sunday Appeal.

TO MRS. JENNIE C. BEAUCHAMP

I know that from the Earth,
All light and beauty seem forever fled!—
That thy and heart is breathing o'er thy dead—
That sorrow crowns thy hearth!

I know that thou wouldst press
Once more that form onto thine aching heart—
And, 'mid the stillness of night will start
Tears thou canst not repress.

And O! the last, and gaze
That rested on thee from those gentle eyes,—
The last look given ere the spirit flies,
Or Death the orbs can glaze,—

I know it haunts thee now,—
That thou, all powerless to aid thy child,
Couldst only look and weep in anguish wild,
And on her pale, cold brow,

To gently lay thy hand
And shrink in awe, for oh! thy child was gone!
Yes, she was gone!—her blessed spirit borne
Unto that other land!

Go strew with flowers rare
The lonely grave in which thy dear one sleeps,
Her spirit now the dark some tomb o'erweeps,
Not there it dwells—not there!

'Tis there her body lies,
The earthly garment her bright spirit wore,
That she has cast aside and needs no more,—
No more beyond the skies!

Aye, strew thy offerings there,
Upon that altar where 'tis meet to bow,—
O, there! where angel-wings may fan thy brow
And bear aloft each prayer!

D. ELLA.

VIRELAI.

A lark in the mesh of the tangled vine,
A bee that drowns in the flower-cup's wine,
A fly in the sunshine—such is man,
All things must end, as all began.

A little pain, a little pleasure,
A little heaping-up of treasure,
Then no more gazing upon the sun,
All things must end that have begun.

Where is the time for hope or doubt,
A puff of the wind, and life is out;
A turn of the wheel, and life's work is done—
All things must end that have begun.

Golden morning and purple night,
Life that falls with the falling light,
Death is the only deathless one—
All things must end that have begun.

Ending waits on the brief beginning,
Is the prize worth the stress of winning?
Ere in the dawning the day is done—
All things must end that have begun.

Weary waiting and weary striving,
Glad outpouring and sad arriving;
What is worth when the goal is won?
All things must end that have begun.

Speedily fades the morning glitter;
Love grows irksome and wine grows bitter;
Two are parted from what was one—
All things must end that have begun.

Toil and pain and the evening rest,
Then weary sleep is best,
Fair and softly the day is done—
All things must end that have begun.

UNDER THE THORN TREE.

BY HELEN MARION WALTERS.

When the silvery bloom was on the corn
Last year, we sat by the scented thorn;
Over head was the robin's nest,
And the pure white blossoms fragrant fell
On the golden head of my saintly Bell
As she lay on my throbbing breast.

I looked with love in those starry eyes,
That turned on me like the summer skies
Of glorious ether blue,
Floating me out to the moon-lit shore
O'ercome with love that I find no more,
So fond, so tender, so true.

Dear Bell is gone, and forever at rest;
We folded her hands on her marble breast,
And lost in the land of gold,
Beside the old thorn tree's drooping shade
My own sweet darling, the dearest, is laid,
And my heart is stony and cold.

I sit in the deep of the twilight gloom,
And the tender vow is again in bloom
In heaven my own dear bride
Looks afar from her home of jasper and gold;
Soft reaches her hands my own to enfold
And draws me again to her side.

Ruskin on War and Women.

Mr. Ruskin, at the close of a lecture on war, addressed to the royal military college, Woolwich, made the following pungent remarks to the ladies present:

"You may wonder, perhaps, that I have spoken all this night in praise of war. Yet truly, if it might be, I, for one, would fain join the cadence of hammer-strokes that should beat swords into ploughshares; and that this cannot be is not the fault of my trade. It is your fault. Wholly yours. Only by your command, or by your permission, can any contest take place among us. And the real, final reason for all the poverty, misery and rage of battle throughout Europe is simply that you women, however good and religious, however self-sacrificing for those whom you love, are too selfish and too thoughtless to take pains for any creature out of your immediate circles. You fancy that you are sorry for the pains of others. Now, I just tell you this; that if the usual course of war, instead of unroofing peasants' houses and ravaging peasants' fields, merely broke China upon your own drawing-room tables, no war in civilized countries would last a week. I tell you more, that, at whatever moment you choose to put a period to war, you could do it with less trouble than you take any day to go out to dinner. You know, or at least you might know, if you would think, that every battle you hear of has made many orphans and widows. We have none of us heart enough truly to mourn with these; but, at least, we might put on the outer symbols of mourning with them. Let but every Christian lady who has conscience toward God vow that she will mourn, at least inwardly, for his killed creatures. Your praying is useless, and your church-going mere mockery of God, if you have not plain obedience in you; but enough of this. Let every lady in the happy classes of civilized Europe simply vow that, while any cruel war proceeds, she will wear black—a mute's black—with no jewel, no ornament, no excuse for an invasion into prettiness; I tell you again, no war would last a week. And lastly, you women of England are all now shrieking with one voice—you and your clergymen together—because you hear of your Bibles being attacked. If you choose to obey your Bibles, you will never care who attacks them. It is just because you never fulfill a single downright precept of the book that you are so careful for its credit; and just because you don't care to obey its whole words that you are so particular about the letters of them. The Bible tells you to dress plainly—and you are mad for finery; the Bible tells you to have pity on the poor—and you crush them under your carriage wheels; the Bible tells you to do judgment and justice; you do not know nor care to know, so much as what the Bible word 'justice' means. Do but learn so much of God's truth as that comes to; know what He means when He tells you to be just, and teach your sons that their bravery is but a fool's boast, and their deeds but a fire-brand's tossing, unless they are indeed just men, and perfect in the fear of God; and you will soon have no more war, unless it is indeed such as is willed by Him of whom, though Prince of Peace, it is also written, 'In righteousness He doth judge, and make war.'"

The Morals of Paris.

Parisian lorettes do not become so degraded as ours. They do not, from the top round of temptation, tumble to the lowest round of sensuality and thence into the kennel of despair. They do not sink from one impure condition to an impurity until all sense of shame is lost. They do not, very rarely, at least, seek oblivion in strong drink or opium. They do not show indecency in the streets. They do not fight and make public spectacles of themselves. They do not steal. They are not arrested by the police and sent to prison. They far less frequently than our unfortunates commit suicide or die miserably in the hospitals. They are much oftener reclaimed by genuine affection, and not seldom they are married to men who, knowing what their past has been, forgive the fault for the sake of the contrition.

There are six spheres in the *demi-monde* of Paris, each distinct, each occupied by a woman who, being in one, not very often enters another.

The first are women of education and refinement, orphans or illegitimate daughters, instructed at the expense of the Government, who, compelled to earn their own livelihood, are thrown into conflict with men in a different grade of society. The girls form an attachment for the men, who are fond of them, but not willing to marry them, because the French do not take wives or husbands out of their own station. The girls, who have probably looked forward to some such connection, become the mistresses of their lovers.

There is no concealment of the fact on either side; for this community admits of and negatively sanctions such relations. The two live together. She is loved, for she loves. He supports her, often in luxury. She has society of her own, but not his society. The connection continues until he is married, frequently after, since marriage in France (and this is a fruitful source of such intimacy) is determined by mere worldly considerations. The separation is not so painful as might be supposed, for it has been anticipated; though occasionally, sad to relate, it makes a tragedy on one side and lifelong remorse on the other. Much more frequently men refuse to marry, and live with their mistresses until death.

If the mistress surrenders or is abandoned by her lover she goes into a shop, which she can easily do, as no tradesman in Paris inquires into moral antecedents. Consequently she is not; as with us, shut out from earning her own livelihood if she desires. Her first passion may have exhausted her heart, but that seldom happens. She is not long in finding a protector, whom she accepts either for financial or sentimental reasons. Her new friend may or may not be in easy circumstances. Whether he is not, she follows her calling; has apartments with him; takes care of them; is his companion at the concerts and theaters and on the evening promenades. This is the second sphere, which to many poor and unprotected girls is the first.

The mistress' new relation does not change her outward life. She labors and loves; her mind is employed and her heart is filled. She is as happy as other women are, for she does not feel herself polluted or degraded, and she has the society of other girls whose circumstances resemble hers. It sometimes happens the excitement and vanities appeal to her so strongly that she grows unwilling to labor. She wants more money and more pleasure. This is regarded by Frenchmen as evidence of disloyalty, actual or prospective, and so when she quits the shop he quits her. She then becomes a mere adventuress, a member of the third sphere, or a representative of the fourth, which is a moral decline.

The adventuress is the most glittering and seductive phase of the *demi-monde*. The women are usually pretty, tactful and clever, who have substituted art for nature, and whose only end is pleasure. They are women capable of better things, but who need excitement as a stimulant, whose continuous revels are to them what brandy is to the inebriate.

"The Marble Heart," familiar to our playgoers, was designed to depict such a being. Marco was harder and more selfish than the original, but even she melted when it was too late, and felt pity and affection when she saw the ruin she had wrought.

The notorious Cora Pearl and Mabel Gray, though both English by birth, are types of this class. They have become entirely Parisianized, and seldom leave the city during the season. I saw them at Baden-Baden about a fortnight ago, and they seemed to be borne on the highest crest of success.

The adventuress is often an educated girl, who has been so wronged by some man as to nearly crush her heart; or she may be a creature of such high animal spirits, so sensuous and fond of excitement, that she is willing to purchase ease and luxury at any price. She is a power in France, and she enjoys her sense of power keenly. She is singularly sharpened by her constant intercourse with men of the world. Possessed of quick instincts and a clear understanding of human nature, able to dissemble on all occasions, to counterfeit every emotion, she has a vantage ground she never quits. Though everybody knows what she is, shrewd men are constantly deceived by her. Those who boast of their skepticism and their indifference to women, become infatuated with her and open to her their purses as freely as they do their confidence. While their money lasts they are entertained. That gone, they are permitted to see what dolts they have been.

The adventuress has a shining but brief career—from eighteen to thirty-five. After that she finds it difficult to trade upon her faded or fading charms, though sometimes she preserves herself so admirably, and is such a consummate artist withal, that she appears young at five-and-forty. The line she leads does not wear her out, as might be expected. Unnatural as it seems, it is natural to her. Having little conscience of heart, she ages slowly, and soft couches, dainty diet and purple swathing keep her in fine condition. She does not perish wretchedly, as sensationists declare, but with a precaution and prudence that comes to most of the French when they are no longer young, she provides for her future; goes into graceful retirement; smokes her cigarettes; grows pious, perhaps; is kind to the poor; kisses the cross with an unuttered epigram upon her lips, and sleeps in Montmartre under a marble figure of the Resurrection.

Orators and Physicians.

The New York *Mail* publishes the two subjoined letters, which are well worth the attention of young men:

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

The annexed letter from Wendell Phillips, our most finished orator, contains some valuable advice to young men about public speaking:

"*Dear Sir*—Your note came in while I was out West. I hasten to reply, now I'm at home. I think *practice* with all kinds of audiences the best teacher you can have. Think out your subjects carefully, read all you can relative to them, *fill your mind*, and then talk simply and naturally to an audience. Forget altogether that you are going to make a speech, or that you are making one. Absorb yourself into the idea that you are to strike a blow, carry out a purpose, effect an object, impress an idea, recommend a plan; then, having forgotten yourself, you will be likelier to do your best for your purpose. Study the class of books your mind likes; when you go outside this rule study those which give you FACTS on your chosen subjects, and those which you find most suggestive. Remember to talk *up* to your audience, not *down* to it; the commonest audience can relish the best thing you can say, if you know how to say it properly. Your discipline heretofore (as a journalist), and if you continue it, is better than any college, especially at your age.

"Be simple, be in earnest, and you will not fail to reach the masses, especially if your heart is large enough and sympathetic enough to receive all truths and all struggles. I think your plan of a liberal church is excellent. Fit yourself for it by taking part in all the movements that interest the masses, and you'll succeed. God speed you. WENDELL PHILLIPS."

REQUIREMENTS TO BE A PHYSICIAN.

Oliver Wendell Holmes some years ago wrote as follows to a young man who requested his advice about becoming a doctor:

"*My Dear Friend:* To be a physician the following requisites, if not absolutely necessary, are very desirable:

"1. A sound constitution. The wear and tear are very great; and cares, broken rest, irregular meals and exposure of all kinds demand great stamina.

"2. An unselfish nature. You must always think of your patient's welfare, not of your own comfort or habits.

"3. You must be content to wait a long time before you establish a paying reputation.

"4. Much of your work being distasteful, wearisome, wearing to the body, and almost fruitless to the mind, you must gradually harden yourself to the routine, and for this you ought to have an easy and accommodating temper.

"5. You must be in constant familiarity with suffering of all kinds, which must either make your feelings tough or keep you in distress.

"Medicine is very exacting. I don't believe much in literary doctors. I would not have one that was in the habit of scribbling verse or stories, or anything of the kind.

"Yours, very truly,
"O. W. HOLMES."

THE Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Gazette*, treating of the recent decision of the Supreme Court legitimating the issues of the Bank of Tennessee, says:

"There is a very large amount of State Bank of Tennessee money held by parties all over the South, the value of which has hitherto been nominal. The effect of this decision is to declare the State of Tennessee bound for the legal issues of the bank, notwithstanding the School Fund has become intangible; and hence, as these issues are receivable for State and county taxes, their value will be largely enhanced, and brought almost to par. This decision will entail great loss upon the State, but will be glad tidings to the bill-holders. Altogether, the concatenation of events surrounding this School Fund, its peripatetic tour in the South, the honest and commendable surrender of the residue, its conversion into Government bonds, the legislative corruption by which it was hocus-pocused into the Memphis bank, the suicide of the State Treasurer, the arrest and indictment of President Rutter, the compounding of legal proceedings, by disclosures, the white-washing report, the discharge of Rutter, and, lastly, this decision of the Supreme Court, present the strangest of combinations, and should be commemorated by Victor Hugo in his next novel.

Dr. Arthur J. Lott, who killed Burret Barnes, Esq., at Oakland, Miss., some weeks ago, has been arrested, and is now lodged in jail at Coffeeville.

The Roman World.

Extract from a Letter on the Arch of Titus and its Sacred Memories, Delivered by Hon. James W. Wall, of New Jersey, at Elkton, Md.

It was a lovely afternoon in the early spring time of Rome that I stood musing beneath the world-renowned arch of Titus. I had just descended from the tower of the modern Capitol, from whose lofty summit I had been tracing with absorbing interest the boundaries of the ancient and modern city. That view united in a most remarkable degree the charm of a magnificent landscape with that which springs from historic association. Through the cloudless and transparent atmosphere of an Italian sky, a large part of the Latian plain was visible, with its luxuriant pasturages and thickets fading away on one side into the faint line of the distant sea, and rising on the other into a stately amphitheater of mountains, steep and lofty, studded on their verdant slopes with towns and villages, and towards their more southern extremity, clothed with the rich green of beautiful woods. The classic Tiber, stained to a deep yellow by the fertilizing soil washed away from its banks after entering the Umbrian and Etruscan vales, lay glittering like a belt of gold along the plain in that bright sunshine which irradiated with Italian clearness the scattered trees and shadowy hills. On the far-off mountain sides could be discerned Tivoli, "where the Dryads haunt;" while that glittering space beyond indicated the locality of the Sabine farm of Horace, where the poet found a calm retreat from the heat, the dust, and the noise of imperial Rome. There, too, but faintly, might be discerned the white fronts of the buildings that now occupy the site of Tusculum, the country-seat of Rome's greatest orator. Towards the sea, stretched the long line of the Appian Way, with its fragments of ruined tombs—that highway whose well worn stones were the same as those pressed by the sandalled feet of the Great Apostle to the Gentiles, when he approached the city where he was to die, accompanied by the brethren "who had gone out to meet him as far as Appii Forum and the Three Taverns." To the southeast, stretched in eloquent desolation, the Campagna, with its long line of ruined aqueducts looked like troops of mourners passing to a nation's grave. History had consecrated that mighty waste by the memory of heroic deeds. Imagination had hallowed it by the spell of poesy, and superstition with her most graceful fantasies. Rome in her infant greatness had filled out that vast plain with her shadows—making it the bloody stage on which to practice for the subjugation of the world.

Right beneath me, and within the city walls, lay the fragments of the Roman Forum, majestic even in its desolation, and crowding the mind with memories of a greatness and grandeur that now only served "to point a moral or adorn a tale." Only a few steps from the base of the modern Capitol rose the eight Ionic columns that once formed the portico of the splendid Temple of Concord. The arch of Septimius Severus stands near, forming at once a monument of victory and of the decline of our right to the Fifth Hill, the hill whose narrow limits served for the city of Romulus, but could scarcely contain the palace of the Caesars, whose crumbling remains of Imperial pomp and grandeur still peep forth from amidst the vines and brushwood with which it is covered. On our left is the Esquiline Hills, covered with the ruins of temples, baths and palaces. And these hills hem in on both sides what was once the Roman Forum.

The Triumphal Arch of Titus spans the way that runs down through the Forum, and marks its extremity in that direction. Before passing beneath that arch you may read the old Roman inscription that tells the simple story—how the Senate and the Roman people erected this arch in honor of the deified Titus, and you remember, though the arch is silent here—that it was erected to commemorate the triumph of Titus when general over the Jewish nation, and his destruction of Jerusalem. I had read on reading that very morning, in Deuteronomy, the prophecy so sublime in its conception, so majestic in its language, in which it is declared: "The Lord shall bring a nation against thee from afar, from the end of the earth, as far as the eagle flyeth—a nation whose tongue thou shalt not understand, a nation of fierce countenance, which shall not regard the persons of the old, or show favor to the young. And he shall besiege thee in all thy gates, until the high and fenced walls come down. * * * And thou shalt eat the flesh of thy sons and daughters in the siege. And the Lord shall scatter thee among all people, from one end of the earth even to the other."

And there, in that beautiful spring afternoon, in the middle of the nineteenth century, was I standing beneath the very structure which, unwittingly to its pagan builders, commemorated the commencement of that prophetic denunciation, and still stands a mute but eloquent witness of its most perfect fulfillment. The Roman general himself was blind to the great results he was accomplishing. Little did he suppose, when he left not one stone upon another of the glorious temple of the Jews, that he was only an instrument in the hands of the King of kings and Lord of lords. Nor did he discern the omnipotent hand leading his wretched captives, as they crowded with shrieking, trembling hearts behind the sacred vessels of their temple, as the triumphal procession swept onward and onward over the very ground now spanned by this noble arch, up to the temple of Jupiter, the Avenger, whose brazen files then glittered from afar, on the Capitoline Mount. Their fathers defiantly and madly had invoked that fearful curse, little dreaming what they were doing, as the trembling prelate washed his hands of the blood of the Just One. "His blood be upon us, and our children." And oh how fearfully had the sins of those fathers, and that terribly invoked curse been visited upon these their children. History has no tale of horror equal to that told of the sufferings in the siege of the Holy City. Truly, in the very words of prophecy uttered centuries before, "Was the eye of the tender and delicate woman evil towards the husband of her bosom, and towards her son, and towards the young one that cometh out from between her feet, and towards her children which she shall bear, for she shall eat them for want of all things in the siege."

The Sacred Temple of the Jews, from which the vessels whose sculptured resemblance are to be seen upon this arch, were torn, has long been overthrown—so that there is not one stone left upon another above ground, that has not been pulled down. The rain of that land, of which it was the pride and glory, has long been what prophecy declared it should become, "powder and dust," and her people for centuries a byeword and reproach among the nations, and so they must continue till they welcome with blessings the long rejected King of Israel.

And yet, what a striking contrast is their state, even in their present fall and disperson, to that of the conquerors who erected this arch to commemorate their domination over them. Though no longer enjoying political existence, they exist as a people in almost every country of the world; in regions where their conquerors never reached—where not even the Roman name was known; bearing about with them the same distinctive marks of race and religion as when Titus led them through the streets of Rome in fetters. "They abide," as it was predicted: "they shall abide many days—now the days of eighteen hundred years—without a king, and without a prince, and without a sacrifice, and