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SUNDAY APPEAL

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE CITY.

FISHER AMES TYLER, MATTHEW C. GALLAWAY, } Political Eds.

J. M. KEASING, R. T. ENGLISH, L. J. DEPEE, F. L. JAMES, } News, City, Commercial and River Editors.

SUNDAY MORNING, : : : : MAY 29, 1870

READ the committee's report on the "sacred school fund" subject. It is rich, rare and racy. We suppose the public is sick and nauseated enough with Radical rascalities to prefer to blot out and cover the past from sight. But exposure of corruption is a public duty, indispensable to the protection of society. We thank the committee for shedding some faint gleams of light on the Erebus of school fund infamies, which like the infernal deep of general and vile governmental corruptions, has been whitewashed by the preceding Legislature, and to a great extent remained so long concealed. We hope this matter will be further sifted, probed and laid open to the lowest depths. The State owes fifty millions of dollars; more or less millions of which are unjust claims, which ought never to be paid. What has been illegally and fraudulently put on us ought to be resisted in justice to our people and their children's children. We doubt whether we shall ever be *able* to foot up all the bills with which the Radical swindles and thieves have burdened us. To keep down the interest on the whole enormous so-called debt, railroads included, will equal our utmost capacity; and for the next hundred years we shall be hewers of wood and drawers of water, and toil and sweat on for the benefit of bondholders who knew, like Waterhouse, of New York, when they bought the bonds, that they were buying but the chances of a base swindle. We propose in a few days to take up this whole subject, and the iniquities connected with it. We advocate no repudiation of just debts, but resistance to frauds and wrongs alone. We doubt indeed whether we *can* pay this enormous debt without sifting it, even it we would.

THE restoration of official power to those most deeply interested in the aggrandizement of Memphis is a prominent fact that rises up like a beacon light to tell tempest-tossed mariners of a secure harbor of peace and repose, sunlit with hopes of a most blessed future. We have learned that none govern a country honestly and well save those who are bound to it by every tie begotten by community of fame and fortune, and by every instinct of patriotism. Inducements to evil practices are strong enough at all times. When an adventurer seeks wealth and is reckless of local reputation, there is no bond of office strong enough in its exactions and penalties to insure honesty. Reputation won or lost signifies nothing to him who deems some distant spot his home. In these facts, confessed on all hands and illustrated in every portion of the South, consists the significance of recent elections in Memphis. No Southerner has presided in courts or held executive offices in New York or Boston. They have sought no honors in Chicago or Cincinnati, and the people of those cities have never thrust public honors upon impoverished exiles from the South. Such are general facts and principles affecting this question, which all have recognized. Where exceptional cases arise, when men like Townsend and Halsey, both ex-Federal soldiers and officers, both Democrats, both devoted to the Union, have shown by all their acts that this is their home and this their people, with whom they are affiliated in social and political fortunes, then prejudices disappear and a Federal soldier leads the Democratic ticket as a candidate for the Legislature and for judicial honors. Therefore do we congratulate this city on the result of recent elections. Not only are our rights of person and property to be determined by judges with whom we are identified in interest and sympathy, and in all that affects the social relations of men, but we have shown the North that they who have said that Federal soldiers were proscribed have spoken falsely of us. There is not a gentleman in this city more highly esteemed, or one more gladly welcomed everywhere, than Mr. Halsey—as thoroughly respected because he was an honest Northern soldier as because he is now in all the purposes of his life a Southern citizen.

MASONS especially will read the article of M. on the subject of a Masonic Temple with interest. We are pleased to see this matter again taken up, and we hope it will be now put through to completion. The thousand Masons of Memphis, with the aid of those of the surrounding country, should be able to do a great deal, as we know they are most willing. And what they cannot do will be generously contributed beyond a doubt by the citizens generally, who know well how to appreciate and value an institution which is second to none for its peace giving and fraternal influences; and for the purposes of charity and the relief of the distressed, of orphans, widows and invalids, is practically superior to the Christian system itself.

IN dismissing the late elections in Shelby county for Judges and Attorney Generals we have a few words of advice to offer to the true men of the party. To those thoughtless Democrats who refused to submit to the usages and the behests of their party, we have no words of advice or reproach, for we know their own conscience condemns them, and they will hereafter return to their former allegiance. We have no apology to offer for those Democrats who have heretofore been true, but who in the recent election turned their backs upon their former friends, for there is much to paliate their disaffection. Many Democrats were driven off to the support of independent candidates by a supposed disposition to force their votes. But for this we believe the Democratic majority of five hundred would have been swollen to fifteen hundred. The success of Democracy depends on the argument, reasons and truth which abound in its favor. Let this and nothing else be used in future contests. Let no true Democrats be denounced for the past, and all will return to the ranks and give victories in future contests that will prove the Democratic power invincible and overwhelming. But with those exalted and noble Democrats, who remained true and steadfast to their principles, and joined hands in holding up the jeweled cross of Democracy amid the storm of treachery even as Jehovah strengthened the weak arms of Moses—we would meet as brothers. All such have a mission ennobled by its danger, to redeem the Democratic party from the Judas kiss within, and the clenched hand without—to restore it to the monumental truths of Jefferson—to make it grand and stern, as in the days when Jackson worshiped it, and to exalt it to its early faith, so strong in goodness, honor, and devotion to the Constitution and the great interests of the country that no base ambition dare to robe in its mantle. To accomplish this desirable object, criminations and recriminations must cease. It is the duty of all true Democrats to do everything that will tend to increase the power and consolidate the party. Dissentions of every kind should be healed up, and everything done that will lift up the party to that position of power and consolidation which will secure beyond doubt the elections of our candidates for Governor, for Supreme Court Judges, for Congress, for State Senator, for the Legislature, for Mayor, for Sheriff, and all the offices which the Radicals have monopolized by disfranchising the white man and enfranchising the negro. The Democratic party throughout West Tennessee should organize at once. It would be a scandalous shame if, after so many years of oppression by that great nightmare Radicalism, we should by our own folly thus prevent the glorious doctrine of Jefferson from being lifted to its high place for the good of the whole Union. A drop of honey will attract more flies than an ounce of vinegar, and conciliation among all true Democrats is the duty of the hour. But we can never have that perfect harmony so essential to success so long as the party is cursed with self-conceited bigots who vainly believe that when they button their coats about their sinewy chests the whole vital fold of the Democracy is warmed and cared for. It is an evil which belongs to weak human nature, and is inseparable from the experience of every strong and successful party, for the more giddy of its political leaders to become puffed up with an exaggerated opinion of their own importance to the party, to attribute to their own agency its success, to appropriate its *eclat* to themselves, and, like the fly on the wheel, to fancy the dust and renown excited by the great party chariot in its triumphal progress, to be their kicking up. Inconsistent as the pretension would seem, there are always to be found a few leaders in the party, who, while professing a pround sense of the equality of mankind, and asseverating the most humble deference and submission to the supremacy of the Democratic people, would yet make of their party a kingdom and constitute themselves its monarchs or autocrats. Forgetting that the Democratic organization is a great aggregate of equals, wherein there is no respect of persons, where the services of all are valued at the true mark, where a monopoly of merit and of importance is out of the question, where dictatorial airs and pretensions are sure to be punished with the guillotine, and attempts to play monarch or king invariably insure a summary dethronement, an ignominious expulsion; forgetting, we say, these essential characteristics, there are always a few men in the party who insist upon monopolizing all its merit, directing all its councils, usurping its entire government and control, using it for their exclusive advantage and exaltation. When we see a leader, after a vigorous and arduous struggle, appropriating to himself the exclusive honor of success won by the common exertions of his whole party—when we see, after a great struggle, a party leader setting himself up as a monopolist of the guardianship, and a paragon of orthodoxy in expounding its principles, we may expect trouble; for just as surely as our grandfathers had to "declare independence" of King George, and try the experiment of getting along without him, just so surely have the Democracy a fight on hand with the vain leader who would be their *factotum* and their king.

WE are fortunate in having quite a sufficient number of gentlemen of competent talents, character and attainments, for the Supreme Bench, so that we are not likely to go amiss in making a selection from any of those so far named. Of General John L. T. Sneed we have heretofore taken occasion to speak in terms of praise not undeserved, and which it is unnecessary now to repeat. He is a gentleman of fine attainments, of a noble character, a man of mark, of ample qualifications, and whose friends are multitude. Of Judge Archibald Wright, who was formerly Judge of the Supreme Court, and of Wm. H. Stevens and J. B. Heiskell, late members of the Constitutional Convention, we have also hitherto spoken. Their ample capacity is beyond dispute, their integrity unquestioned, and their fame extends throughout the State. It would be difficult to find in the State a man more suitable than either of them. The practice of all these gentlemen is so lucrative that it may be uncertain whether they would consent to become candidates. But we should support either of them with the greatest possible pleasure. They can be elected triumphantly. Lately the name of Gideon J. Pillow has been mentioned by some of our cotemporaries of the press, and by many members of the bar, and others best qualified to indicate a suitable selection, for one of the Judges of the Supreme Court. Subject to the decision of a State Convention, if it should be thought necessary or advisable to hold one, there is no member of the bar of the State whom we could more willingly support. Gen. Pillow has large experience in his profession, is a man of sagacity and acute discrimination, is laborious and learned, with a mind well stored and adapted to a judicial office; and withal, besides being a man of culture, is one of those in whom the refinements of private worth and fidelity to principle and a ripe age of integrity, honor and patriotism, have implanted the love of right and justice as second nature and a habit. In the hands of no man could life, liberty and property be more safely intrusted than in those of one who, like him, could be nothing else than an incorruptibly unassailable and upright judge. In his practice of thirty years in Middle and West Tennessee, in the Mexican war, in the civil war between the States, and in all the relations of husband, father and citizen, he has ever exhibited in an eminent degree all the true characteristics of the patriot, the Christian and the gentleman. It is doubtful whether a man could be named from this section who would command a larger vote in Middle and West Tennessee than General Pillow. Certainly there is not one more worthy of the esteem of his fellow-citizens or better suited for a judicial position. He has not indicated whether he would give up his practice for a seat on the bench. But having heard his name so frequently and favorably mentioned, we have taken the liberty of suggesting it, as we do that of others in this connection. Besides all these, the following names have been mentioned: Geo. Dixon, Jno. P. Caruthers, P. T. Scruggs, Thomas J. Freeman, Milton Brown, Isaac M. Steele, and perhaps others. They are all a high order of men and worthy of the position. We cannot extend this article by going further and individually into their merits. In saying thus much we do not wish to be understood as taking any partisan attitude, or as indicating a preference of one over the other.

WE understand that a lecture will be delivered for the benefit of the Leath Orphan Asylum, by Dr. Banning, of New York, on Tuesday evening at the Presbyterian church, corner of Third and Poplar streets; subject, physical education—the "human voice." This gentleman has a distinguished reputation as a lecturer, and, in a course of lectures just concluded in New Orleans, gave great satisfaction. The charitable object to which the proceeds of his lecture will be devoted should insure a full attendance, which we have no doubt will be amply repaid. An advertisement elsewhere will give further particulars.

OUR evening contemporary says:

It has not wavered, because it was ingrained in our nature that the perpetuation of freedom and successful resistance to centralism, consolidation and despotism depend upon the vitality and rejuvenation of the Democratic party.

Who was it that stood up in our midst as the Hercules for Imperialism sometime within the last thousand years? Will somebody tell?

The Power of Music.

A correspondent of the Utica *Herald* writes to that paper as follows: "We do not remember to have heard of a more interesting episode in the life of any artist since the days of the great Jenny Lind, than that of Miss Kellogg, at the State Lunatic Asylum, a few days since. The circumstance speaks volumes for the kindness of heart and genuine humanity of this great artist. Not content as some of the *genus irritabile* of a lower order of art would have been, to dole out a few notes to the better class of patients that could be assembled for the purpose, she asked the doctor to be allowed to penetrate to the interior and sing to the most disturbed classes. Accompanied by two of the faculty, their ladies and the matron, and armed only with her guitar, she started like an ancient troubadour on her novel journey. Arrived in the department devoted to the more disturbed of this unfortunate class, she was not long in making her power felt. A few notes from her wonderful voice were sufficient to call order out of the wildest confusion, and to still the troubled waters of the soul. In a moment all was hushed, and except the voice of the cantatrice, the hall was silent as the house of death. After the first song, they gathered about her like children, wondering apparently what angel from heaven had dropped down so suddenly and unexpectedly among them. They examined her minutely and literally, from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot, for one desired to be allowed to 'see the pretty little boot with which she beat time to her own music.' This was submitted to, and not only this, but every article of dress and jewelry about her person she suffered to be freely overhauled. She was turned about by these crazy ladies like a merchant's lay figure, much to her amusement, and little, apparently, to her annoyance. Even when they proposed to kiss her, she not only submitted gracefully, but tremulous, not with fear, but genuine emotion, she returned the greeting in each instance. Such is Clara Louise Kellogg, and such, also, is the power of music and kindness on the disturbed mind."

The Jackson *Pilot* of Wednesday says: "The following nominations have been confirmed by the Senate: T. J. Brannan, Marshal of Aberdeen; J. T. Walker, District Attorney 6th District. Noshoba county—Sheriff, Pinckney Hutto; Circuit Clerk, G. D. Meredith; Chancery Clerk, F. D. Meredith; County Treasurer, Wm. W. Smith; Assessor, Arthur Barrett; County Surveyor, Alonzo Brown; Coroner, George C. Allen. Supervisors—1st District, Jno. Petty; 2d, Thos. May; 3d, Harvey Rice; 4th, Joseph Milling; 5th, D. C. Salter. Justices of the Peace: 1st District, J. M. Lovett and B. N. George; 2d, John A. Young and Wm. Samuel; 3d, Elijah Cooper and W. H. Warren: 4th, Wm. Hutto and Luke Spiry; 5th, Haywood Minshaw and Stephen Cooper; 6th, D. N. Moore and J. A. Hickman. Constables: 1st District, R. A. Morris; 2d, Eran Lee; 3d, Ben. Smith; 4th, Wm. Jordon; 5th, J. N. Coglan; 6th, Steph. Moore. Tallahatchie county—Sheriff, Wm. A. Alcorn; Chancery Clerk, Daniel M. White.

The Aberdeen *Examiner* of the 25th inst. says: "The noble rain that set in on Monday afternoon, and continued with but little intermission for nearly twenty-four hours, was in the very 'nick of time.' The wheat crop hardly needed it, and cotton was getting on splendidly without it, but corn, oats and vegetables were beginning to show the effects of the late drouth. It has long been a maxim in this region that drouth in May assures the cotton crop, and if ever signs were favorable to general agricultural success, they are now."

IN JUNE.

BY NORAH PERRY.

So sweet, so sweet the roses in their blowing;
So sweet the daffodils, so fair to see;
So blithe and gay the humming-bird a-going
From flower to flower, a-hunting with the bee.

So sweet, so sweet the calling of the thrushes
The calling, cooing, wooing, everywhere;
So sweet, the water's song through reeds and rushes,
The plover's piping note, now here, now there.

So sweet, so sweet from off the fields of clover,
The west wind blowing, blowing up the hill;
So sweet, so sweet with news of some one's lover;
Fleet footsteps ringing nearer, nearer still.

So near, so near; now listen, listen; thrushes;
Now plover, blackbird, cease, and let me hear;
And water, hush your song through reeds and rushes,
That I may know whose lover cometh near.

So loud, so loud, the thrushes kept their calling,
Plover or blackbird never heeding me;
So loud the mill-stream, too, kept fretting, falling,
O'er bar and bank, in brawling, boisterous glee.

So loud, so loud, yet blackbird, thrush nor plover,
Nor noisy mill-stream, in its fret and fall,
Could drown the voice, the low voice of my lover,
My lover calling through the thrushes' call.

"Come down! come down!" he called; and straight the thrushes,
From mate to mate, sang all at once:
"Come down!"
And, while the water laughed through reeds and rushes,
The blackbird chirped, the plover piped:
"Come down!"

Then down and off, and through the fields of clover
I followed, followed at my lover's call;
Listening no more to blackbird, thrush or plover,
The water's laugh, the mill-stream's fret and fall.

BY SAXE.

List to a tale well worth the ear
Of all who wit and sense admire;
I invented, it is very clear,
Some ages prior to Mathew Prior.
Falsehood and Truth, "upon a time,"
One day in June's delicious weather,
[Versin a distant age and clime,]
Like sisters, took a walk together.]
On, on their merry way they took,
Through fragrant wood and verdant meadow,
To where a beach beside a brook
Invited rest beneath its shadow.
There, sitting in the pleasant shade,
Upon the margin's grassy matting,
(A velvet cushion, ready made,)
The young companions fell to chatting.
Now, while in Volnable discourse
On this and that their tongues were running,
As habit bids each speak—perforce,
The one is frank, the other cunning.
Falsehood, at length—impatient grown,
With scandals of her own creation—
Said: "Since we two are quite alone,
And nicely screened from observation,
Suppose in this delightful rill,
While all around is so propitious,
We take a bath?" Said Truth: "I will;
A bath, I'm sure, would be delicious!"
At this her robe she cast aside,
And in the stream that ran before her
She plunged, like Ocean's happy bride—
As naked as her mother bore her!
Falsehood at leisure now undressed;
Put off the robes her limbs that hamper;
And having donned Truth's snowy vest,
Ran off as fast as she could scamper.
Since then the subtle maid, in sooth,
Expert in lies and shrewd evasions,
Has borne the honest name of Truth,
And wears her clothes on all occasions.
While Truth, disdaining to appear
In Falsehood's petticoat and bodice,
Still braves all eyes from year to year,
As naked as a marble goddess!

A Heart History.

"See, Alice, what I have reserved for your inspection to-day," and Mrs. Benton held up a package of letters whose yellow, seared look told plainly that, whatever their contents, writer and recipient had long since passed from the scenes of which they spoke.

"What are they, Aunt Penelope? You must have been searching those mysterious old boxes, that, to me, have always been a subject of wonder and of awe, for I cannot divest myself of the feeling that their ghostly owners hover around, keeping an eternal watch lest sacrilegious hands should defile them."

"Why, Alice, I believed you too matter of fact for any such flights of fancy, which, when robbed of their romance, mean, in plain English, that you believe your ancestors to have been so mercenary and of the 'earth, earthy,' as to cling, even in the land beyond to a few bundles of old clothes!" and Mrs. Benton gave a low, pleasant laugh, in which, although her aunt had thus demolished her little romantic speech, Alice joined heartily. "However, here are more tangible grounds on which to exercise your fancy, for in these old letters you can trace the history of two hearts through all their vicissitudes. The writer was a cousin of your grandmother, and her most devoted friend. I will read such passages as I deem most entertaining, and which form connecting links in the rise and growth of a love that proved the passion of a lifetime. The first of these is dated

"NEW YORK, October 14, 1789.

"I write hastily, my dearest Elizabeth, for my father has just bid me hold myself in readiness to accompany him, who, in his turn, is one of those selected to wait upon President Washington during his tour through the States. A favored mortal, say you. Not so fast until you hear the particulars. You know my father's aversion to being separated from me, and the constant surveillance to which I am subjected. It would almost seem as if dear papa feared some dreadful misdemeanor on my part. Well, let it pass. Yet, despite this, he had consented to let me remain here, when suddenly, to-day, he entered my room and bid me pack up my things. I am to go in our own carriage, with Mamm Judith and Mrs. Marion, my companion, since governesses were discarded. Papa, of course, goes with the President. Should we go near Bainbridge, I shall certainly coax papa to let me join you, if only for an hour. Till then, believe me your loving cousin,

"RACHEL JACKSON."

"The next," says Mrs. Benton, "is of little importance, and is only worthy of perusal inasmuch as it shows the tedium of traveling compared with the present:

"October 22d.

"Heigho! I am weary of this incessant rumbling over dusty roads, scarcely interchanging a word with any one; for Mamm Judith can do nothing but bemoan her 'rheumatics' and compare our present discomforts to the glories of the old plantation, and my feelings, on that subject, accord too well with hers, to listen patiently to her lamentations. As to Mrs. Marion, she most woefully belies her name, for companion she cannot be save to dumb animals, and almost makes me wish for an overthrow or any other terrible accident or adventure, so that, if only for a moment her back might lose its mathematical perpendicularity and her tongue its set phrases. There! I was about weaving some romantic adventure, when it came at the time it was least expected. A cavalier, tall and stately, riding a magnificent horse—I flatter myself I am a judge in such a matter—had just passed. I, from very weariness and lack of better food for thought, was weaving some bold adventure, of which he was the hero, when I heard a voice at my side, and looking up, saw the stranger. I blushed most guiltily, lest he should have read my thoughts, and sadly fear my thanks were poorly given, as I received the kerchief the wind must have blown into the road, and which he had ridden back to restore. A tame adventure, a gay gallant, say you, who was well pleased of the chance to take a second look at a pretty face! So said Mamm Judith, and I answer not 'nay,' for a 'fair exchange is no robbery,' and his is the handsomest face I have yet seen. 'What? lost your heart to a stranger?' I hear you cry. Not yet; but see you, if I am not relieved of the tedium of this journey, I know not that I shall not consider myself a damsel in distress, and call upon some errant knight to come to the rescue, especially should he present himself under such pleasant guise as the stranger wore. I repeat it, dear cousin, I am weary, and would much that I was ensconced by your side in Bainbridge library, for be it known to you that though traveling the same route as the Presidential party, I in no way make part of it, our carriage being kept at a respectable distance, arriving and departing two hours after the President's; so do not wonder that I should be tired of this tedious traveling; and were it not for these letters I scatter along the road, with the bare hope they may reach you, I know not what would become of your unfortunate cousin RACHEL."

"BOSTON, Oct. 26, 1789.

"How shall I, my dear friend, make you understand the enjoyment afforded me by the scene I witnessed yesterday, or describe the scene itself? I had been indulging in a fit of ill humor commensurate with my disappointment at being kept at a distance from the reception I felt sure was to be tendered our chief by the great city of Boston, when, behold! as we neared the 'neck' a most ludicrous scene unfolded itself. To the right were drawn up the military, horse and foot, headed by the Governor's aids, while blocking all the ingress into the town a long line of horsemen and carriages, contained the selectmen of yegoodly town of Boston. Horsemen sped between the two hostile companies as if life and death were awaiting their movements, and verily it might indeed, for shivering in the piercing wind, that spared neither high nor low, General Washington and his escort sat their horses, awaiting the weighty decision to whom belonged the honor of escorting him into the town! I wish you could have seen the parleying, the confusion, the hurry-scurry that ended in nothing, while the cause of all the confusion looked more like the knight of the rueful countenance than one to whom an ovation was tendered. Forsooth, I wonder not at his disgust, for truly, his sable followers, in Virginia manage things somewhat better. The grand question having been at last divided in favor of the civil honors, we at last entered the town, and after some further delay the recipient of all these honors was allowed to warm his almost frozen limbs by a really comfortable fire. Do not believe that here ended the war of etiquette. Since there has been some genteel sparring between the President and Gov. Hancock. What think you is now the mooted question? Nay, I needs must tell, or you'd surely never guess aright. Nothing less than a declaration made by the Governor that, "Whereas, the President was agent of the States, the President should wait upon the Governor, and not the Governor on the President!" Didst ever hear such bold assumption? To what can this Republic be tending? Father counseled an immediate withdrawal; but Washington is again victorious, for a messenger has just arrived bearing a message from Gov. Hancock to the effect that he will do himself the honor of calling upon the President. Who, think you, was the bearer of the message? No other than my hero of the 'kerchief. From father I learn that he is Col. Rufus Langford, one of the boy-heroes of the Revolution, having won his rank on the battle-field when not yet twenty. Father professes unbounded admiration for him. How long would it continue, were he to suspect how warmly his daughter shares the feeling? Mum's the word on this hint, for after all I know him not, and never may; so be not yet alarmed for your own RACHEL."

"There must have been some letters lost or mislaid," continued Mrs. Benton, "for this one," holding up, as she spoke, the fourth faded sheet of closely written paper, "refers to the meeting between Colonel Langford and Rachel Jackson, but does not tell when that meeting took place. The letter was written long after her return to the capital."

"NEW YORK, April 16, 1790.

"Pity me, dear cousin, for I need and crave it sadly! Since my return, Colonel Langford has followed me here, and his devotion has been uninterrupted. Father must have been wilfully blind, indeed, if he saw not the drift of such conduct. Judge, then, of our mutual astonishment, when, having won my consent to ask my father's blessing on our love, he was met with unmitigated scorn! Scorn for him, the noblest and best, because, forsooth, his father was an honest blacksmith! Yea, that is the only reason father can find, and says he wants no other! And this from a man who professes to belong to a republic! He says he cannot forget that he is noble born, and that his mother was an Earl's daughter. A pretty reason, indeed, why my life should be wrecked! We had a stormy interview this morning, and I told him roundly that I should not give up my lover for all the pedigreed gentry he could name. Methinks some plebian blood must, at some time, have tainted the pure current of which my father boasts, and found expression in me. I am far more indignant at my father's conduct than Rufus is, for he hopes to win his ultimate consent. Oh! woman's heart and woman's destiny! what playthings in others' hands! My heart is divided against itself. I cannot forget my father's fond solicitude from earlier infancy, yet it can no more beat back the strong current of the new love than can the banks of the low country the mountain torrent that carries all before it. Nay, I seek not to do so. My lover swears to wait and serve as long as Jacob for my namesake, and I will be as faithful. I dare not look further if all efforts prove unavailing. Do you wonder now that I asked and hoped to obtain your sympathy for all, and more especially for your sorrowing RACHEL."

"The last is scarcely more than a note, yet it tells of a heart stricken and remorseful. It bears no date, and shows a hand palsied by disease;" and Mrs. Benton unfolded a short letter, whose scrawled appearance had little in common with the bold chirography of the others.

"Come to me, my only friend, where my spirit wings its flight to the home where my husband awaits me. Can a father's prejudice never be removed? I have written, asking forgiveness. Will he not come to me in my last moments? I know he will remain implacable; for my husband, on his dying bed, pleaded in vain for me, who had erred only in loving him too well. I do not complain, though since his loving care was withdrawn my life has been barren indeed. But my child, my darling boy ——. My strength fails. Come quickly, or it will be too late! "RACHEL."

"Can you supply the missing links in the chain, Aunt Penelope?"

"Yes; as I heard my grandmother tell it. Rachel Jackson, after waiting so silently for some years, at last left her father's house as Col. Langford's wife, openly and defiantly. She was of age, and demanded, in answer to his threat that he would disinherit her, her portion of her mother's estate. This so enraged the old man, that he swore not a penny of his should ever go to her or hers, and he cast her off forever. From that time Rachel never saw her father's face. I do not believe that, as long as Col. Langford lived she ever regretted the step she had taken, for her love for him was all sufficient, increased as it was by the injustice she felt had been done to him; but after his death, which took place some six years after their marriage, her heart yearned once more for the old man who had nursed her so tenderly from the day she had been left a helpless babe, and she sought a reconciliation, but she had not calculated on the implacable nature she had offended. Pecuniary misfortunes also overtook her, and at the time of her death she had little to leave to the only child that had been spared to her."

"Did the grandfather relent, Aunt Penelope?"

"Yes, as is usual; he found pity and remorse in his heart when too late to comfort his child. He lavished the wildest love on the boy, who, had he not possessed really sterling qualities, would have been ruined by over indulgence. As it was, he grew up to be an honor to himself and to his country, filling with distinction several positions more of honor than emolument."

The *Ozonian* says: "On the 11th inst. six brutes in human shape went to the boarding-house of J. N. Roach, in Isodoe, Kansas, and forcibly violated the persons of his two little daughters, aged respectively twelve and fourteen years, and committed other acts not fit for publication. After the perpetration of the horrid offense the parties fled, but were soon captured by the citizens and hung to the nearest tree."

For the Sunday Appeal.

GOD'S SUN.

BY S. G. D.

AIR—"*God Save the King.*"

On hills with verdure clad,
O'er vales with streamlets glad,
On furrows brown;
Above the city's street,
Among the flow'rets sweet—
On country and on town—
God's sun shines down.

Melting the mountain's snow,
Bright'ning the rose's hue,
His glad beams fall;
Moistening labor's brow,
Deepening beauty's glow,
Blessing both great and small,
He shines for all,

Rip'ning the golden grain,
Augmenting labor's gain,
He sends his rays.
O thou great source of light!
Shining in glorious might—
Show forth through all thy days
Thy Maker's praise.

The Gates Ajar.

From the Muscatine (Iowa) Journal, 14th

Major Charles E. Fulton, a prominent and highly esteemed citizen of Ottumwa, recent mayor of the city, died on the 28th of March under circumstances of a peculiar character. We have read the statement given below with profound interest. We knew Major Fulton, having met him in business circles, and, knowing as we do, that he possessed a sound, practical mind, we give full credence to his dying words. He was not a man to be deluded by any hallucination, or to be carried away in his dying hour by religious fancies. The following account was written to a friend who was with him in his last moments, and was originally printed in the Ottumwa *Courier:*

After an hour's conversation with the family and relations of the late Major C. E. Fulton, I was impressed that your readers, and the community at large who knew his every day life, would be interested in an account of his somewhat remarkable close.

His disease, acting almost wholly upon his nervous and circulatory system, left his mind clear and of its usual vigor to the end. And those who watched by him, day and night, inform me that there was not one hour during his protracted sickness and intense sufferings that reason failed or that his intellect appeared clouded. About three weeks before his death, he had given up all hopes of recovery, and conversed freely on the approaching event, evincing no fear or dread of death, and only desiring life for the sake of his family, and repeatedly saying that the faith that had been his through life was sufficient for the hour of death. During the last days of his life he arranged his business and left kind words of affection and advice to his family and friends, with as great composure as in health he had transacted the ordinary duties of life.

In the early part of Sabbath night, and as early as two o'clock of March 28, he recognized the icy arms of death as they began to be folded about him, and at four o'clock had his children brought and bade them a last farewell, then summoning his failing strength uttered the following prayer:

"O Almighty Father, if yet Thou art a God upon earth, and hast compassion on human woe; if yet Thou art a husband to the widow and a father to the fatherless, look in pity on this, my stricken wife, and these, my fatherless children."

The many words, expressions and prayers of the next two hours, though recorded, and of sacred interest to his family, we must pass over.

At about 6:30 o'clock he sank visibly into the arms of death, all thinking that they had heard the last whisper from his lips. After lying thus for some ten minutes, he aroused with the exclamation, faintly uttered, "Not unto us, O Father, but unto Thee, be all the glory." Pausing a moment, he exclaimed, "Five millions!" His wife, leaning over him, said, "Newton, what does he mean?" Newton replied, "Spirits;" he whispered, "Yes, that is it." Then followed the conversation here given, in the familiar term in which it was accurately recorded by the members of the family, within a few hours after his death.

His wife then asked, "Are they redeemed spirits?" Answer—"Yes. Some came yesterday; others just getting in." His wife then said, "And you, darling, swell the number?" Assented to, "Yes." She then asked, "Are they coming to welcome you home?" Answer—"Yes." Newton asked—"Charlie, do you know them?" Answer—"I know all that I knew on earth." His wife asked, "Do you see father?" Answer—"Which father?" (During the night and day previous, to his failing sight, he had repeatedly been asked if he could see certain persons standing near; Father Mast was then standing by the bedside—hence his reply—he doubting whether she meant spiritual or natural sight.) His wife said, "Father Fulton (died six years ago.)" Answer—"Yes." Question by the same, "Do you see little sister Mary, who died long ago in Virginia?" Answer—"Yes." She then exclaimed, "Then we do know each other in Heaven!" He turned his face toward her with a faint smile, expressive of knowledge and surprise at the doubt, and whispered, "Certainly." Newton then asked, "Charlie, is Heaven, then, a reality?" Answer—"Yes." His wife then asked, "Charlie, do you see?" Answer—"Yes." (At this point the victory over death seemed so complete—the triumph so great—that glory rather than gloom filled the death chamber. A feeling of supreme exultation—a nearness to, and sympathy with, spiritual life possessed each heart in a degree entirely unknown and experienced before.) Between gasps he whispered, "I am so weak—let me rest, and then I will answer your questions."

"After waiting a moment, Newton asked, "Charlie, have you any strange feelings?" Answer—"Yes." Question by same—"Have you any pain?" Answer—"Only general"—pausing, he proceeded between gasps, saying, "Understand me—I mean corporeal suffering, not spiritual." Question by Newton—"Charlie, is there any fear, any trepidation?" Answer—"Oh, no!" Question by same—"Then is it so terrible to die?" Answer—"No." His wife answered this by "is it a door that opens to admit us into a better life?" Answer—"Yes." Question by the same—"Darling, are you really happy?" Answer—"Oh! yes." By the same—"Does it look bright?" Answer—"Sunny and fair." admitting an instant afterward—"I am just catching glimpses." Question by his wife, "Brighter than anything you ever saw on earth?" Answer—"Oh! Yes." He was again asked if he saw Jesus. Answer—"Yes." Question by his wife—"Is he near you?" Answer—"Yes." She then exclaimed, "O death, where is thy sting; O grave, where is thy victory?" Newton asked, "Charlie, has death any sting?" Answer, "No." And again, he sank away, and the last word had fallen from his lips closing in death, and thus ended the triumph which was the natural outgrowth of a life, the motto of which had been the golden rule, and "Peace on earth, good will to men."

AMICUS.

Major Fulton was born in Loudon county, Va.; in early life removed to Champaign county, Ohio; was educated at Iowa Wesleyan University and Harvard Law School, from the latter of which he graduated with distinction in 1860. He immediately began the practice of the law in Cincinnati, from which he went into the Sixty-sixth Regiment Ohio Volunteer Infantry as Captain; was afterward promoted to Major, and served with distinction, until a severe wound received at Cedar Mountain compelled him to resign.

In early life he united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, of which he was a consistent member until death. His mind remained unclouded until the last, and, conscious of approaching death, he met it with as great composure and willing submission as in health he had performed life's sacred duties.

AT LAST.

The Sad Story of the School Fund of Tennessee Officially Told.

Fraud, Peculation and Theft---$20,000 in Bonds Stolen.

George R. Rutter Tells a Tale, and Gives the Real Names of the Actors.

The Greatest of all the Wrongs Inflicted upon our State by our Late Radical Task-Masters.

From the Nashville *Union and American*, of Friday, we copy the following "Story of our School Fund," which will be read, if not with pleasure, certainly with profit by the friends of the APPEAL. It shows up Radicalism in its most hideous form:

Mr. Speaker: The Special Committee, raised by Senate Joint Resolution No. 7, adopted November 11, 1869, and subsequently authorized by an act passed February 23, 1870, to prosecute during the recess of the General Assembly, the alleged frauds connected with the School Fund of the State of Tennessee, having done to the best of their ability all the duties imposed upon them, the said committee desire to submit this their report to the General Assembly. The committee were under the impression that to systematically prosecute the investigation of the so-called School Fund frauds it would be necessary to follow the Bank of Tennessee from the time it left the State in 1863 until the same was returned in 1865, as this bank was the custodian of the fund generally known as the School Fund, and which was said to constitute or make up the specie assets of the bank. It was the custom of the bank to render from time to time statements of the condition of the affairs of the bank and its branches. From one of these statements—the last that was rendered, and published at Chattanooga in 1863—we find that the specie assets of the bank consisted of $663,752 65, gold and silver. This was regarded as the School Fund, and was put up in kegs and boxes, and sealed. From the deposition of H. L. Claibourne, who was for a number of years principal bookkeeper of the Bank of Tennessee, we learn that there were no sources of diminution, except the salaries of the officers of the bank, from the assets of the bank from the time of the statement referred to above, until the bank was turned over to General Upton and brought to Nashville. Pursuing the investigation, the committee learn further from the deposition of the said Claibourne, that when the assets of the bank were deposited in the vaults of the different banks in the city of Augusta, Ga., one keg containing about $50,000 was not deposited along with the other boxes and kegs, from the fact that the vaults would not admit of it, and was under the direction of Mr. Fisher, the Cashier of the Bank of Tennessee, carried to the counting-room of a firm doing business in Augusta, Ga. Some time after this, the witness Claibourne says he saw Mr. Fisher removing some bags of gold from the counting-room of the firm referred to, and that he supposed the bags to contain gold taken from the keg spoken of, and were being removed to a place of greater safety, and that he heard nothing more from this keg or bags taken from it, as he supposed. From the deposition of Mr. L. G. Stewart we learn that he occupied a room with Major Joseph Vanix and John A. Fisher, at Augusta, Georgia, and that a part of the assets were deposited in this room, among which was one keg, marked $50,000, and contained gold, and he was informed by Messrs. Fisher and Claibourne that $50,000 was what the keg contained. In 1865, March or April, Mr. Stewart left Augusta, and upon returning, the keg marked as above was gone, where he does not know, but gave the committee inferences and impressions that go materially to substantiate the testimony of Mr. Richard McCann, who informs the committee that he was in Augusta, Georgia, just before the surrender of General Lee's army in 1865, and stopped in the same room with Mr. Fisher a short time before the assets were seized by the United States authorities. Mr. McCann slept with Mr. Fisher, the Cashier, and in conversation with him he said that "the thing" was about gone up (referring to the rebellion), and for fear of there being a capture of