THE MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL.

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BY THE RIVER TO ST. LOUIS.

Columbus and Belmont—The Scene of Grant's First Engagement and Our Great Victory.

Memory Bells—At Cairo, the Capitol of Modern Egypt—What it Was and May be.

The Growing Towns of the Upper Mississippi—St. Louis and Her Fortunes—The Future of a Great City.

BELMONT AND COLUMBUS.

[From our Special Correspondent.]

STEAMER GRAND TOWER, June 8, 1873.—We passed to-day Island No. 10, Fort Pillow, and are now drawing near Columbus, Kentucky. How many conflicting thoughts these places recall. Island No. 10 has almost washed away, but immediately in its rear a new formation has accumulated since 1861, which is now covered with a vigorous growth of young timber—a type of the Confederacy and of reconstruction. Fort Pillow, too, is shorn of its once precipitous bluffs, and where the Confederate batteries awaited the fleet of the enemy, the sullen waters of the Mississippi roll on in their remorseless course to the sea, still jealous of the banks which they abrade, and ever and anon make less and less. Columbus is veiled in darkness as we pass, the moon having hid her face as if in mourning for the gallant dead who sleep in unvisited graves upon her hills, once white with the tents of a noble army and resonant with the inspiring sounds of

"The neighing steed, the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and pomp and circumstance, of glorious war."

"Glorious war!" destructive, cruel, unchristian, harsh and dreadful war! Heaven spare our country such another. Still, the army once camped at at Columbus, Kentucky, was composed of as brave and gallant gentlemen as ever drew sword in the cause of native land. The battle-fields of Virginia and of the southwest attest the truth of this. The graves of these men are the eloquent monuments of their patriotism, and if a still revengeful government deny the simple tribute of scattering a handful of flowers, annually, on these graves, let us, who suffered with them, hold in reverential love the motives that inspired them to take the sword, and the bravery of the heart that enabled them to wield it without dishonor. The moon is shining on Belmont, just across the river from Columbus, the first victorious field of the southwest vouchsafed to the army under the bishop-general, the pure and lamented Polk. Here the then obscure Colonel Grant, now President of the United States, tasted the bitterness of defeat, and led his men, with alacrity, to their transports under cover of federal gunboats. It was a brilliant affair for the "rebels," but proved barren of important results, like many other of our dear-bought victories. Still it was a victory, and showed the metal of which our troops were made. But the past has no charms for us. Its folly, its violence, and its hopes, are alike buried in their own ruins. We prefer to let it sleep in silence like that which night and moonlight wrap around the battle-field of Belmont, remembering it only through the pained and softened fancy of christian charity, forgiving its wrongs, and learning wisdom from the lesson of experience which it taught. But we cannot forget the men who fought and died in that past. The very graves in which they sleep may be washed away by the floods or perish by the earthquake, but the memory of their deeds shall live, and mankind will revere the cause in whose defense they fell until

"Spring shall revisit the mouldering urn,
And day it shall dawn on the sightless grave."

MODOC.

FROM CAIRO TO ST. LOUIS.

From our Special Correspondent.

STEAMER GRAND TOWER, Monday, June 9.—We passed in the gray of the morning the famous peninsular city of Cairo, some one hundred and fifty miles in round numbers from Memphis. It is not many years since this capitol of modern Egypt was little better than a mudhole—by no means a paradise for travelers, or a safe abode for a stranger whose appearance indicated or business presupposed the possession of a heavy purse. In the days when "Natchez under the hill" bore away the palm in the unlisted field of debauchery and crime, the dens of Cairo gave shelter to thugs and *demireps*, skilled in their shameless trade, and dark with the stains of oft-repeated violence common to the river towns of that day. But Cairo has cut-grown this bad eminence, and now assumes a civic respectability the more sensitive because of the evil days she has seen, and the baleful moral vapor that erst arose from her unpaved streets and rat-infested levees—

"Abodes of violence and vice,
Of rough, wild rowdies, rats and mice."

Though unquestionably redeemed from the depths of alluvial despondency, in which she was plunged in the dark and terrible past, and like a reformed gambler, or "low fellow," raised above impecuniosity, puts on airs and talks patronizingly of other towns and cities; though at present well-lighted, well-paved, and tolerably well-policed, and having some fifteen thousand inhabitants, yet Cairo has not redeemed her promise of future greatness, which her location at the confluence of two great rivers, the Mississippi and the Ohio, originally gave the pioneers who settled on the point. The dawning of the day which ushered in the iron-age of railroads, prevented the fulfillment of that promise. Natural advantages are well, when combined with the artificial agencies, appliances and facilities to trade and commerce, development of science, promotion of art, and the building up of manufactories, which railroads afford; but without railroads, no natural advantage of location, however great, of river or sea, is sufficient to build up a great city—to induce the brain, the muscle and the money necessary to municipal success, to come there. Cairo has found this out; St. Louis discovered it, and applied the remedy long ago, as is evidenced in her rapid increase in wealth and population, in her manufacturing and commercial power and influence, which may end in making her the capital city of the United States. To this, too, Memphis owes her success, and only when she has multiplied her railways and fortified the natural strength of her position, by stretching out iron-arms to St. Louis, Kansas City and through Pine Bluff into Texas, will she realize the full force of this necessary logic of the times. We have did good-by to *La Belle Riviere*, whose clear waters came down from the beautiful vales and clover fields of Pennsylvania and Ohio, telling of happy homes beside the Alleghaney and Monongahela rivers; of orchards white with apple-blossoms; of water-lilied pools, where the speckled trout darts savagely at the mimic fly, only to soon find himself a prisoner in the angler's basket; of busy towns and villages, whose people rarely walk other than the paths of rural life, and neither "flaunt in rags nor flutter in brocade," but live a life of comfort, while mediocrity. We have bid good-by to this suggestive stream, and are now between the States of Missouri and Illinois, heading up the still majestic "father of waters."

As we ascend, the shore on the Missouri side grows bolder and firmer, while shale and limestone begin to crop out under the roots of the trees that line the banks. In the distance we note with great pleasure the same Missouri shore, rising gently from the dead-line of trees, actually dimpling into hills. We are clearly out of the alluvial region, and may look now for more variety in the landscape; more of Bierstadt's line of grace and beauty in the configuration of country giving at us from two great States. We have passed the towns of Commerce and Thebes. Singular contrast of names—Commerce and Thebes! In looking at the latter, one would never be reminded of its ancient namesake, at any of whose hundred brazen gates Homer may have sat and sung, and had a penny dropped into his hat by some literary swell of that day, or *may* have, before he became blind,

"Doffed his own to let Queen Dido pass;"

while a more uncommercial village than Commerce it would be difficult to conceive this side of Raleigh itself. But here we are at Cape Girardeau, a town of some pretensions, pleasantly situated, but whose growth seems to have been checked three or four years ago, or, rather, it may have attained its growth then, and settled itself down to the delights of *dolce far niente*.

We are now some hundred and fifty-seven miles from St. Louis, and the Mississippi begins to assume that picturesque combination of varied outline, color, light and shade, which increase as you ascend the stream, until the scenery on the upper Mississippi becomes as grandly beautiful as any to be found on this continent. Above Cape Girardeau the wooded hills that rise sheer from the margin of the river and stand out boldly against a back-ground of blue sky, are at this moment worthy of more than a passing glance. Here and there they present a front not unlike that presented by the pallisades upon the Hudson river, while the vegetation that wraps its green and glossy drapery about them is more abundant and luxuriant than that which festoons the grim sentinels of the Hudson. Between these hills cultivated farmes stretch down to the water's edge, and cottage homes, embowered in orchards, with here and there groups of cattle grazing green pastures, and children playing in the shadows of the fruit trees, give glimpses of rural happiness very pleasant to the eyes and heart of the care-laden man of the world. Doubtless "distance lends enchantment" to these scenes, as it does to most others of a kindred nature, but the picture they afford the traveler is none the less a pleasant one for all that, and hoping that they are happy homes, we continue our journey the better for having seen them. If we strip life of the adventitious aids of ornament, its summer foliage, so to speak, and see it only in the bare and wintry nakedness of prosaic fact, good-bye much that makes its burdens bearable, that intensify and ennoble its fleeting pleasures.

We are approaching the village of Grand Tower and rock of that name, from which our steamer derives its cognomen. This is the most interesting place on the river between Memphis and St. Louis. The Mississippi is supposed to have cut its way through mountainous rock at this point, leaving on either shore jagged and dismembered fragments that rise up in solemn protest against the sky and river that witnessed and made the disruption of their union. Here the Titans may have warred together, or the retreating bands of Satan supplied themselves with ammunition when they hurled rocks and defiance at the conquering hosts of heaven. On the Missouri side, but separated from the shore, stands Grand Tower, which may modestly be let down as a stupendous humbug. It is an irregular mass of limestone, with nothing whatever of the strange, marvelous or picturesque to recommend it to the artist, scientist or wonder-lover, save the bare circumstance of its being separated from the shore and standing in the river. How it received the name of Grand Tower is one of those things no feliah can find out." On the Illinois shore stands the village, and here we note the charming signs of busy industry. There are two iron-smelting establishments here, the coal for which is supplied from mines in the vicinity of Big Muddy creek, just back of the town, from whence it is brought by railroad. Big Muddy coal is known to Memphis coal-dealers as not the best article in the world to get a clear fireside burn, but for smelting purposes it is excellent, and can be had from barges at the village at from two dollars to four dollars a ton, according to quality. The iron ore used here is brought from Pilot Knob, *via* the Iron Mountain and St. Louis railroad to the river at Sulphur Springs, and thence shipped in barges to Grand Tower, where it is converted into pig-iron and shipped to St. Louis.

Away up the now beautiful river our gallant steamer glides, dashing the foam from her prow, and, seemingly, rejoicing in her strength and speed—for few boats can beat the Grand Tower in a fair race. We have passed the town of Wittenburg, Chester, St. Marys and are now in sight of the ancient village of St. Genevieve. In the olden time this village was the successful rival of St. Louis. An Indian trail running back over the Ozark mountains, some three hundred miles west, had its terminus at St. Genevieve. To this point the children of the forest brought their peltry, and returned to their happy hunting grounds with new blankets, tobacco and rum for themselves, and trinkets for their gentle, sweet-smelling squaws and pappooses. This was in the good old time, ere Cooper dreamed of impossible braves and wigwams. Captain Jack had not then cut up his didos, nor Shack Nasty Jim supplied a new name to novel-writers, which could hardly be deemed "very euphonious." But the glory of St. Genevieve has departed. Like Wyoming,

"The wild flowers on her ruined walls and roofless houses,
A sad remembrance brings."

of bales of blankets no more within her stores, of Indian braves no longer buying at a splendid profit her numerous jimcracks. But lo! St. Louis, her once rival, is in sight, now larger than ten thousand St. Genevieves, and so, all hail St. Louis.

MODOC.

ST. LOUIS.

[From our Special Correspondent.]

ST. LOUIS, June 10, 1873.—What a lesson of enterprise this stirring city teaches to her sisters of the southwest. An old and respectable citizen at our elbow, it may be the veritable "oldest inhabitant" himself, has just been loud in his praises of this civic namesake of the grand old Frenchman:

"In 1837, sir, I found St. Louis with a population of from twelve to fifteen thousand souls, half newly-imported Dutch, at that. A very limited trade, indeed, she had at that time. A stern-wheel boat or two ran up the Missouri and Illinois rivers, and her people were not of the kind nor the place of the character to induce a man to settle there. Look at her now. In a little while her citizens proper will number more than half a million, while her manufacturing interests, her trade and commerce will be the largest and most important in the United States." "Sir," said the antique denizen, stamping, by way of emphasis, his ivory-headed cane on the tessellated pavement of the grand hall of the Southern hotel, "she must and shall become the capital city of the Union! Her geographical position relatively to the other States, making her the commercial center of the union, her commanding situation in the great valley of the Mississippi, the future granary and storehouse of the nation, and, above all, her freedom from any taint of sectional bias, or isothermal prejudices, enabling her to consider the interests of the whole republic, without consulting any pet theory of traditionary local tint; these will, in the end, be more convincing than the logic of feed congressmen, or the gossiping arguments of Washington boarding-house-keepers, and must force the whole American people to fix their capital at St. Louis." So the town that, thirty years ago, was but one-third the present size of Memphis, to-day claims, through her oldest inhabitants, to be made the capital city of a nation of forty millions of freemen! There are whole volumes of suggestive, speculative argument compressed in this outspoken ambition of St. Louis. What magic wand was it that, waving over her bare and stony hills, her low, unhealthy flats and marshes, converted them, in little more than a quarter of a century, into the busy haunts of trade and commerce, and covered them with massive factories, grand and imposing public buildings, temples devoted to science, education, law, and religion, and homes of elegance and refinement? The question is easily answered: St. Louis did not nurse her prejudices—in fact, had no prejudices to nurse. With a large and liberal spirit she invited and honored labor. The mechanic, aye, the man that carried the hod, or daily earned his bread with the pick and spade, St. Louis welcomed and took by the hand. The workingman found here a field where his honest toil incurred not the sneer of snobs, nor the continuely of shallow-brained dandyism. Here his life, relieved from the social ostracism which embittered his past in other cities, expanded itself in works which gradually crystalized into competence, and from competence to wealth, until in a few years he found himself one of the solid men of the city. By these accretions St. Louis has emerged from the condition of a village, and is growing the great municipal colossus of the west. By the magic of labor has she conquered, and by that magic will she continue to conquer. Let our own city learn wisdom of St. Louis. There is much of the absurd leaven of prejudice against workingmen still lingering throughout our whole country; not prejudice against labor *per se*, but an undefined, miasmatic, diseased opinion, that the wielder of a yard-stick is somehow more respectable than the man who wields a hammer or regulates the intricate motions of a steam engine. But in Memphis this effete relic of a slower age is but rarely found. The fault with our people is they do not encourage, with the proper spirit, enterprise and painstaking inducements, skilled labor to come among them. They are, however, wide-awake to the necessity of its coming, and in good time will act. Politically, St. Louis is dead as mutton. There is nothing but "words, words, words" in the daily papers. The *Democrat* complains that out of one hundred and twenty-two thousand one hundred and sixty-eight children of school ages in the city, the average number belonging to the city public school is but twenty-two thousand and ten, while the average attendance is only twenty thousand four hundred and seventy-nine, and that "the almost incredible number of eighty-three thousand five hundred and sixty-eight of our children of school age are absolutely without instruction." This is bad for St. Louis. She will find it cheaper to enforce instruction than pay for the support of criminals produced by ignorance. This same paper gives some excellent advice to the farmers of the Mississippi valley touching the prospect of creating a line of ocean steamers to ply between New Orleans and Liverpool. It recommends the "granges" to talk the matter over, and counsels them to take stock in the enterprise. Among other things, the *Democrat* says: "Only five per cent. will be called at a time, and but ten million dollars will be needed to fit up twenty of the largest and most efficient freighting and passenger steamers that ever rode the water. No political affairs are contemplated, but boats that will take a ten thousand ton freight on twenty feet of water—boats that can carry the grain of the Mississippi basin to Europe at ten cents per bushel, if need be, instead of forty cents, as is now charged; cotton at one dollar per bale, instead of three dollars, and bring over emigrants by the thousands." It contends that this line will compel a reduction in freights over every railroad in the United States, and make the farmers of the Mississippi masters of the situation. It also says that the money to build these steamers should be raised in the Mississippi valley, so as to give control of the stock here, and suggests that New Orleans take a million, Vicksburg and Memphis a million between them, Louisville, Cairo and Cincinnati another million, St. Louis two or three million and the cities and towns along the upper navigable rivers make up the deficit of stock. We deem this the best move ever made to secure the commercial independence of this great valley.

We had an abundance of rain yesterday, and to-day, Tuesday, the sky is overcast and gloomy. There is no cholera worth speaking of in St. Louis. Your correspondent leaves for Chicago to-night.

MODOC.

PERSONAL.

MR. RANDOLPH, of the *Panola Star*, is at the Peabody.

SUNDAY MORNING the APPEAL will contain a poem written by a gentleman ninety years of age, and during thirty of those years a daily reader of the APPEAL.

VAN H. MANNING, Holly Springs; H. H. Barksdale, Mississippi; R. E. Puyear and J. P. Randolph, Tennessee; H. H. Blackburn, Richmond, E. A. Dreery, New York, are at the Peabody hotel.

COLONEL R. B. EDMONSTON, the attorney across the street, has gone into the swamps of Arkansas—"Hide thy head, O the dog," etc. *Similia similibus curantur.* He is afraid of the effects of the little dampness here, and goes in for a plunge-bath into vapor depths. His room was deluged night before last.

THE branch office of J. M. Bradstreet & Son's mercantile agency, in this city, has been reorganized. W. W. Shaw, an old merchant, and for many years of this city, is local superintendent of the institution at Louisville and at Memphis, and George M. Cabler, well known to merchants and bankers, is Mr. Shaw's assistant. These are excellent men, and their selection for the places they occupy will prove most satisfactory, as we are advised, to our business community.

J. D. MURTAGH, Esq., the handsome and thoroughly "business man" of the establishment of Urquhart & Co., on Main, above Union, who has been visiting the Ouachita and Red river country, returned yesterday from a business tour. Like all who are acquainted with that country, he feels confident that Memphis can extend her connections in no direction to equal advantage. He was everywhere assured, by the business portion of the population, that they *already desire* an early railroad connection with Memphis, believing that here they would find an advantageous outlet for their cotton, and a profitable center from which to obtain supplies.

THE *Courier-Journal* says: "Captain John I. Callaway, one of the most prominent young lawyers of Louisville, was married in Memphis at ten o'clock yesterday morning to Miss Lizzie, daughter of the late Judge Phelan, of that city. The wedding was very quiet, the only persons present besides the family, being Ex-President Jefferson Davis and his wife, Judge and Mrs. Eilet and Mr. and Mrs. Selden. The bride's father was a man of large political and social prominence and of great ability. He was senator in the congress of the Confederate States, and before that had edited one of the most powerful of the southern newspapers. Miss Phelan, now Mrs. Callaway, enjoys the reputation of possessing very rare personal and mental qualities, and doubtless Captain Callaway has drawn a prize in life's lottery. He himself is recognized here as a lawyer of unusual ability, and has a fine practice. The newly-married pair started immediately after the ceremony to visit Captain Callaway's relatives in Georgia, and will return to this city after an absence of ten days or two weeks. Mrs. Callaway will have a warm welcome to her new home from the many friends of her husband here.

LAW REPORTS.

Second Chancery Court—Chancellor Walker.

The following are cases set for to-day: 901, Lawrence vs Baxter; 902, Klein vs Goldsby; 904, Bean vs Hodges; 905, Preston vs Ayres; 906, Rhodes vs Winn; 908, Thierman vs Rose; 909, Weller vs Rose; 910, Baker vs Rose; 911, Bingham vs Pomeroy; 912, Davis vs Davis; 915, Turley vs Rolling; 916, Irvine vs Garland; 917, Churchwell vs Fox; 918, Choate vs Spottswoop; 919, Cunningham vs Burke; 922, Becker vs Bidgood; 926, Eddins vs Shelby; 927, Phillips vs Cornell; 928, Ford vs Turner; 929, Kney vs Williams; 931, German bank vs Bingham; 932, 932, Howes vs Hargan; 933, Creen vs Mitchell; 934, Lane vs Burr; 935, Shover vs Marye; 936, Alloway vs Roberts; 938, Smith vs English; 939, Whipple vs Reid; 941, Troupe vs Hammond; 942, City vs Overton hotel company; 943, Benson vs Merriman; 944, Williams vs Bowman; 945, Anderson vs Anderson; 946, Anderson vs Davis; 947, Doyle vs Fowlkes; 948, Stanton vs Sherman; 949, Payne vs Pool; 957, Williams vs Sellers.

Criminal Court—J. D. Adams, Special Judge.

The following cases are set for trial to-day: 434, A. Clark Brewer; 450, R. W. Berry; 585, Jacob Anderson; 855, Jack Hunt; 921, Henry Brown; 580, Charles White; 822, Henry Luherman; 695, J. Buchignani; 746, E. O. Bannon, and L. S. Morris; 683, A. Bartolomie and L. Machletti; 795, George Miller; 801, L. Buchignani and G. Bonena; 858, Geo. Nechett; 862, Mack Moody; 881, Ed. Shaw.

STUPIDITY EXPOSED.

Statement of General Jeff. C. Davis, Showing Up the Blunders of the Interior Department.

A Plain, Soldier-Like Setting Forth of Facts—The United States vs. The Authority of Oregon.

Jack's Sentence, and Reasons Therefor—Preparations for the Execution—The Event Frustrated by Delano.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 12.—A court-martial convened at Boyle's camp, June 9th, and tried six deserters, the decision to be rendered in a few days. General Davis, in a conversation with a special correspondent of the *Bulletin*, June 11th, gave the following statement:

GENERAL DAVIS'S STATEMENT.

When I arrived in the field I found the troops engaged in a war with a band of Indian outlaws and murderers, wards of the general government, who had revolted against its authority, and were fighting mercilessly, without giving or expecting quarters. I then thought that captives taken in the future should be executed on the spot, as the surest and speediest method of settling the Modoc problem. When captured while fighting against the military forces of the United States, and as a separate nation or tribe, I was disposed to deal with them accordingly. Since their capture I have ascertained that the authorities of Jackson county, Oregon, have found indictments against some members of the band, but I have not deemed it proper to turn them over to the civil authorities because they were

WAGING WAR AGAINST THE GOVERNMENT

at the time of the murders, upon which indictments are based, were found also for the reason that after the capture they were prisoners of the government, and not directly amenable to civil laws. During my command here I have observed that citizens, when desiring protection for person or property, or indemnification loss, invariably appeal to the authorities of the United States. But now that war is over and the marauders are captives, both public and local authorities want to take the punishment of the offenders in their own hands. Threats of the people and

THE RECENT BLOODY ACT,

in the neighborhood, when the four old defenseless captives, *en route* from Fairchild's ranche to the camp, were murdered by civilians indicate that a trial by civil law would be a useless farce. The people have made up their minds that the prisoners are guilty. It is suggested that a military commission should be ordered to try the criminals. If this idea is carried out, the officers of the court should be of high rank and men who have had no immediate connection with the Modoc difficulty. Such a commission would probably try each case separately. It would require about six months to perform the work, to say nothing of the expense involved in such a proceeding. It will be an immense expense to the government, besides everybody, civil as well as military, knows that the Indians

ARE GUILTY OF MURDER IN THE FIRST DEGREE,

and ought to hang. I thought to avoid unnecessary expense and the farce of a trial by doing the work myself. Owing to the dilatory manner in which the Modocs were treated in the beginning of these difficulties by those in charge, the Indians obtained a fearful advantage, and slaughtered so many people that the whole country was astonished and even shocked, and now fear that they will get the advantage in the closing scenes. This same fear is disturbing the minds of the citizens on the frontier. Justice has already been very tardy coming, and is now approaching from so many directions and in such questionable shapes and garbs that I doubt success in meeting the requirements of the case. The Indians do not recognize the jurisdiction of civil or military courts, because they are incapable of comprehending its workings. These Modocs cannot understand what is meant by court. They have been interrogated on that subject. They would regard a court trial, with its technicalities and testimony, as

A KIND OF JUGGLERY,

and if convicted and sentenced to death, they could not be made to understand that justice figured in the business at all. They believe that they have committed deeds which merit death—in fact, that they are real murderers, and have expected to be hanged. They believe the military has the power and right to inflict punishment for murder. The arrests occurred in Oregon and California. My proposed course is to settle the question by

A SINGLE STROKE.

The gordian knot was to be cut. I believe it was on account of the prospects of the Indians. They are cooped up in tents, men, women and children. Both the guilty and innocent are fearing a massacre all the time, but they must remain in this condition of suspense for months to come. I had procured a number of chains, rope and tackle, and all the paraphernalia of execution, and had selected Friday last as doomsday. Thursday forenoon, I drew up this declaration of the charges read to Captain Jack later in the day.

CHARGES AGAINST CAPTAIN JACK.

HEADQUARTERS DEPT. OF COLUMBIA,
TULE LAKE, CAL., June 8, 1873.

CAPTAIN JACK—Since white men first began to travel through or settle in the country occupied by the Modocs—people of which you claim to be one of the chiefs—they have been known as a band of merciless robbers and murderers. The history of your tribe is filled with murders upon the white race. Even among your neighbors you are known as a domineering and tyrannical tribe. Old settlers in the country report as many as hundred murders committed by your people, and along the shores of this beautiful little lake, in view of which we now stand, are the graves of over

SIXTY VICTIMS OF MODOC BARBARITY,

all murdered by your immediate ancestors in brutal act. They were peaceful emigrants—men, women and children passing quietly through the country, on a public highway. For these many crimes no adequate punishment has ever been visited upon the guilty, either as a tribe or individually. Upon the contrary, the government has lately overlooked them. A few years ago, regardless of these acts of treachery, it gave you a reservation of that land for a home, where if you chose, you could remain and enjoy the annual bounties of the government unmolested. You all went upon the reservation thus provided, and part of your tribe has remained, but you and your band, it seems have

PREFERRED THE WARPATH.

You left your reservation. You spurned the kindness of the government; even resisted the soldiers in the execution of their duties, which were to force you back to your reservation. You hastened to war, emulating the bloody deeds of your fathers. You again strewed the shores of Tule lake with the slain victims of your bloody bands—all unsuspecting citizens. You then fled to your stronghold, the lava-beds, and prepared for war. Still the President wished to avoid

SHEDDING MORE BLOOD.

All efforts were fruitless. After much delay and many attempts at conciliation on their part, you decoyed the commissioners into your hands, armed or unarmed. These acts have placed you and your band outside the rules of civilized warfare. In other words, you have made yourselves outlaws. Such, since my arrival here as successor of General Canby, whom you murdered with your own hands; I have made unremitting warfare upon you until at last you have been captured, at much expense to the government and the loss of many lives. And now that I have recounted your history, your tribe's recent acts, and the acts of yourself and band, I will close by informing you that I have this day directed that you and your confederates

BE EXECUTED

sunset to-morrow, in the presence of the troops paraded for that purpose, your people and the assembled citizens of the country.

While I was preparing a list of those I intended to execute, a courier arrived with instructions from Washington to "HOLD THE PRISONERS UNTIL FURTHER ORDERS."

After the execution, I intended organizing a force for the purpose of starting for Columbia, probably for Lapwai, seeing and talking with as many chiefs as possible while *en route*. I knew that the prompt execution of the Modoc outlaws would facilitate peace, have a tendency to quiet the Indians all through the country. The Indians all know that we have captured the Modocs, and they will quickly learn the news if the death penalty is inflicted. The achievement would result in mutual benefit to both Indians and whites. With the prestige the troops have gained, we could do great good by such a campaign.

PASS HIM AROUND.

George W. Hyde, Passenger-Agent, Pennsylvania Railroad Company, Jersey City, is a Whole Man.

His Kindness to a Memphis Boy is Remembered by us all—He's a Trump.

A strange story, partaking of romance and reality, kind charity and sad affliction, is the following: A handsome boy, named Willie Jackson, aged thirteen, was employed as a clerk in Miller's confectionery, on Second street. Intelligent and industrious, he performed his duties satisfactorily, and was always attentive and polite. About the twelfth day of May last,

TWO WELL DRESSED MEN

entered the confectionery and bought two dollars' worth of candy, fruit and cakes, giving Willie ten dollars to change. Pleased with the handsome face of the lad, they asked him if he would not like to go with them to New York. Finding he was anxious to live in the great city, the men persuaded him to meet them at the depot that afternoon. They represented themselves to be lawyers, and of large means, promising him a good situation, easy work and remunerative wages as an office-boy. These inducements could not be resisted, and the men, to substantiate the sincerity of

THEIR INTEREST IN THE BOY,

gave him the change, eight dollars, before leaving the store. According to promise, the lad was at the depot on time, and there met the men who took him on the train and gave him a through ticket to New York. Upon arriving at Louisville the men, who were drunk, left the train, and were never seen again by the boy, who proceeded on his journey to New York, and immediately repaired to No. 52 Broadway, inquiring for his lost benefactor, John Thomas, as this was the man's name. He could not find him, however, nor could he learn anything of his identity. Thousands passed the lonely boy on the street, but no familiar face met his wistful gaze. He had only seven dollars left, and knew

NO FRIEND,

to whose assistance he could apply. Strangely enough, he was directed to Jersey City station and the ticket office of the Pennsylvania railroad. He could not buy a ticket for seven dollars, and being told this by

THE AGENT, MR. GEORGE W. HYDE,

commenced crying. The sincerity of his question, the simplicity of his conduct and grief, attracted the attention of the agent. The result is thus given in the following letter received here yesterday:

JERSEY CITY STATION,
PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD,
June 6, 1873.

To the Chief of Police of the city of Memphis, Tennessee:

DEAR SIR:—Will you do me the favor by making the following inquiries as to the truth or falsity of what I am about to ask. The circumstances in the case are as follows: Sunday evening, May 17th, as I opened the ticket-office to sell tickets for the southern express train for Louisville and the south, a boy about fourteen years old wanted me to sell him a one-half ticket to Memphis for seven dollars. Of course I could not, when the fare was nineteen dollars and twenty cents. Then he commenced to cry quite bitterly. I questioned him, and he said a man in Memphis on the Wednesday previous had him to come to New York and work in a lawyer's office, and paid ten dollars on his one-half ticket, his mother giving him twenty dollars. He also told him not to bring any clothes with him, as he would give him a new suit as soon as he got to New York. The boy paying the other or the balance of the nineteen dollars and twenty cents, he occupied a seat in front of the man from Memphis to Louisville. The man has a party with him in the seat, and the boy said they were drinking something out of a bottle they had with them, and appeared very jolly. At Louisville they both stepped out of the car, and the man, saying to the boy that he should sit still, as he would be back right away, but the train moved off, and no man came back, so he came on to New York, but could find no John Thomas at 52 Broadway, where he told him his office was. The boy appeared to be honest in his stories, so I gave him his supper and a note; also, had him passed to Pittsburg, where his seven dollars would buy him a half-fare ticket on a boat to Memphis. I wrote to his mother, for the lady he said was his mother, but received no answer. What I want to know is, whether there is a Mrs. Susan or a Mrs. R. Jackson on Second street, keeping two or three boarders, and follows dress-making; whether she has a son thirteen or fourteen years old, and whether he left Memphis for New York about the thirteenth or fourteenth of May. For the purpose of satisfying myself whether I was doing a charitable act toward the boy, or whether he was or is a fraud. By answering the above you will confer a favor. Respectfully yours,

GEO. W. HYDE.

Agent Pennsylvania Railroad Company, Jersey City, New Jersey.

P. S.—He said that his mother lived within sight of the Memphis and Louisville railroad depot.

G. W. HYDE.

That is the letter, and here is

THE ANSWER.

Through the kindness of Mr. Hyde, the little wanderer came to Pittsburg and there purchased a half-fare ticket on a steamboat to this city. He arrived here last Tuesday, and hardly had the joy at his unexpected recovery and safe return passed, ere the family stood in speechless grief by the death-bed of the husband and father, Mr. P. A. Jackson, who committed suicide by taking laudanum, at his residence on Second street, last Tuesday. After all of his hardships and strange journey to the east among strangers, the boy came back only in time to see for the last time the death-sealed features of his father, and weep at the new-made grave. The act of Mr. Hyde surely must be of no ordinary pleasure, when he knows that by his charity a little, friendless stranger was restored to his home, to be a consolation to a widowed mother in her sad affliction. His kindness is not unappreciated, and the prayers of a widowed mother sacredly remember his good deed.

DIED.

NORTON.—At his residence, corner of Raleigh road and Brinkley avenue, at 11 o'clock p.m., June 12, 1873, STEPHEN A. NORTON.

Due notice will be given of the funeral.

FUNERAL NOTICE.

GREHAN.—The friends and acquaintances of John Grehan are respectfully invited to attend the funeral of his youngest son, WILLIE, from the residence on Robeson street near Elmwood Cemetery, at nine o'clock, this (FRIDAY) morning.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

For Raleigh Springs.

OMNIBUSES will meet trains at National Cemetery for Raleigh Springs.

☞ Tickets from Memphis to Raleigh, and return, $1 25, inclusive of Omnibus fare.

☞ Tickets can be obtained at No. 227½ Main street, and at the Memphis and Louisville depot. J. T. FLYNN, Superintendent.

ATTENTION!

THERE will be a meeting of the WORKINGMEN'S Building and Loan Association, Held on Saturday evening, 14th instant, at 8 o'clock, at the office of the Southern Life Insurance Company, corner Main and Madison street, for the purpose of making LOAN ON 12 SHARES. A full attendance is requested.

R. RAINER, President.
C. T. PATERSON, Secretary.

NEW ARVERTISEMENTS.

MASONIC NOTICE.

THE stated communication of South Memphis Lodge, No. 128, will be held this (FRIDAY) evening, June 13th, at 8 o'clock, for dispatch of business.

All M. M.'s are fraternally invited.

By order HEN. R. PULLEN, W. M.
A. J. WHEELER, Secretary. jel3

Morning—Class No. 137.

6, 77, 31, 11, 30, 23, 63, 66, 55, 17, 32, 57.

Evening—Class No. 138.

15, 29, 49, 6, 22, 24, 17, 53, 56, 57, 19, 35.

Memphis, this 12th day of June, 1873.

1873 RHEA SPRINGS, 1873

THIS popular Watering Place will be open for the reception of guests

June 1st, 1873.

The Hotel has been refitted and refurnished, and the grounds large ly improved.

A FIRST-CLASS LIVERY STABLE is connected with the Hotel. An excellent STRING BAND has been engaged for the Season. Comfort, health and pleasure.

TERMS:

Board per day	$3 00
Board per week	12 50
Board per month	40 00

These Springs are 25 miles from Athens, on the line of the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia Railroad, whence hacks will start daily, on arrival of trains; and 65 miles from Chattanooga by river, from which city the fine, new passenger steamer J. T. WILDER, Jas. Glover master, makes two trips per week.

The waters of Rhea Springs are a specific in the cure of Chronic Diarrhea, Rheumatism, and all diseases of the Liver, Scrofula, Etc.

Resident Physician—Dr. J. C. Abernathy.

Refer to Gen. John T. Wilder, Chattanooga; Rev. Jas. Carmichael, Memphis; Mr. Person, Water Valley, Miss., and many others.

For circulars and other information, address J. C. WASSON, Proprietor,

jel3 Sulphur Springs, Rhea county, Tenn.

Notice in Bankruptcy.

In the District Court of the United States for the District of West Tennessee.—In the matter of Morris Solomon, bankrupt, before Thomas J. Latham, Esq., Register.—To the creditors of the above named bankrupt:

TAKE notice that a final meeting of the creditors of said bankrupt will be held at the office of said Register, in the city of Memphis, in said District, on the 25th day of June, 1873, at 12 o'clock, noon, for the purpose named in the 27th section of the bankrupt act of March 2, 1867; and that I have filed my final accounts as assignee of the estate of the said bankrupt, in said court, and that on the second day I shall apply to said court for a discharge of my said accounts, and for a discharge from all liability as assignee of said estate, in accordance with the provisions of the 35th section of the act of Congress, entitled "An act to establish a uniform system of bankruptcy throughout the United States, approved March 2, 1867. G. WASHBURN, Assignee.

Memphis, June 12, 1873. jel3

PRIVILEGES

—FOR THE—

MASONIC PICNIC

AT JAMES PARK,

ON TUESDAY, JUNE 24, 1873.

BIDS will be received by the Committee until the 17th inst., at 4 o'clock p.m. The privileges will consist of two RESTAURANTS, two BARS, one SMOOTHING GALLERY, one ICE CREAM, Etc.

The bids must be sealed and sent to "Privilege Committee," care Appeal office.

C. G. LOCKE,
G. D. PLUMMER,
J. A. TAYLOR, } Committee.

New Potatoes.

HIGHEST market price paid for NEW POTATOES, by

REID & BRO.,
Com. Merchants, No. 4 Howard's row.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

—OF THE—

MISSISSIPPI FEMALE COLLEGE,

Hernando, Mississippi,

Tuesday, June 17th, at 8 o'clock p.m.

☞ Valedictory to the Graduates by Rev. F. PROSTOR, Pastor of the Baptist Church.

☞ Patrons and friends of the College invited to attend. jel2

RUMFORD YEAST POWDERS!

NOT ONLY THE BEST BUT THE Cheapest Yeast Powders Made.

☞ For sale by all Grocers. a 19

DRY GOODS.

DRY GOODS! DRY GOODS!

ANOTHER SWEEPING REDUCTION

—AT—

VENDIG'S, 226 MAIN ST.

Linen Lawns, Percales, French and English Lawns and Jaconets, at half their value.

Grenadines, Mozambiques and Lenoes, at a great reduction.

Splendid bargains in Table Damask, Napkins and Towel. Also, a cheap line of Linen goods for gents' and boys' wear.

Lace Shawls at Half Price.

Ladies' and Misses' Cloth Gaiters of the best manufacture, at very low figures.

A large line of White Spreads, from $1 25 upward.

Corsets, Hosiery, Kid Gloves, at low figures.

jes SOLOMON VENDIG, 226 Main st.

HARDWARE.

MEMPHIS DEPOT OF THE

Hackett Manufacturi'g Company'

Machineized, Enameled and Plain

IRON MANTELS,

Hackett Patent Grates, Hackett Patent Franklin Stoves, Plain and Enameled Grates,

H. HAINER,

No. 342 Second St., Memphis, Tennessee.

HOOPSKIRTS.

Southern Hoopskirt and Corset MANUFACTORY,

No. 388 Main Street.

☞ Purchasers of Skirts or Bustles will please see that the Trade mark—Southern Hoopskirt Manufactory, Memphis, Tenn.—be printed on the band, otherwise the articles are not genuine. I recommend the trade the Jointless Walking-Skirt, the Folding Bustles, and the verifiable French Corsets. Also, Abdominal Nursing, Misses' and Foy Corsets. Linen and Silk Corsets made to order.