MEMPHIS APPEAL

THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 17, 1873

THE GOVERNING ARISTOCRACY AND THE PEOPLE.

The New York *World* publishes a list of the lords and ladies from Fifth avenue, New York, and from Beacon and adjacent streets of Boston now spending an average of two hundred and fifty dollars each, per diem, at Saratoga. This is very wrong of the *World*. The line of demarcation between the rich and poor in eastern cities is already drawn with terrible and growing distinctness. The whole country is governed, and its legislation shaped, even as Grant is harnessed and driven, by three hundred thousand capitalists, while forty millions toil and struggle only that they may create riches to be absorbed by this reigning absolute aristocracy. The whole system of government, to the extent that its machinery is employed to enrich the rich and furnish sinecures for sycophants of the rich and powerful, must be changed; the number of place-men must be lessened; the tariff system is doomed. The granges signify the first coming of the storm. Popular indignation was partially roused by developments that distinguish every page in the history of the construction of the Union Pacific railroad. Therefore the tempest of fury, real among the people, fictitious among the politicians, when the hideous words "Back-Salary Grab" were written in vulgar, glaring letters across the stainless marble of the federal capitol. The people are weary to disgust of navigation acts by which agriculture is plundered, that shoddy aristocracy at Saratoga may amaze even fashionable Europe by dazzling equipages and lavish expenditures and gilded opulence, such as was never seen since the corruptest days of vulgar Roman vanity, debauchery and decay. Grant has surrendered himself to unaccustomed delights and fascinations which riches and power and wealth wrenched by means of fraudulently conceived laws from the toiling millions of America, may command. Those whose representative names appear in the *World* are the favored few, the masters of America, and we of the west are nothing more than peasants of the remote provinces, only fit to pay taxes to governments and stupendous corporations, that the nobility, whose names fill columns of the court journals, may riot in wealth and splendor at Saratoga and Long Branch. Perhaps the *World* is becoming a genuine "democratic" or people's, as distinguished from a Democratic newspaper. It would draw deeply and clearly the line of demarcation between the three hundred thousand masters and their forty million serfs. It would revive memories of the famous prediction which we heard fall twenty years ago from the lips of Elwood Fisher, that "America, in destroying slavery, would become enslaved." These three hundred thousand masters of the government, owning the banks, controlling the wealth of Wall street and the action of the government, and always buying a majority of congress, are distinguishable enough without the intervention of that detestable jenkinsism which parades their gilded glories with obsequious baseness in the pages of an admirable newspaper. If these three hundred thousand were wise they would be foremost of reformers. Thus they would win popular confidence and retain the mastery of the country; but the greed for gold grows with its gratification, and Grant's pimps and flatterers will grasp more and more each year, and each year the country's wealth is more and more thoroughly monopolized by these few, and the more insatiable becomes all-grasping cupidity. Finally their reign must become intolerable, and the first mutterings of the storm that will sweep over Saratoga and Long Branch, and scatter the splenders of the three hundred thousand aristocrats to the winds, is heard in the granges, in which more than a million men have asserted eternal enmity to centralization of States and to the consolidation of wealth through the intervention of the country's laws.

TOM SCOTT AND HIS IMPERIAL CAPITAL.

San Diego, in latitude thirty-two, is five hundred and fifty miles south of San Francisco and seven hundred and fifty north of Mazatlan. The harbor, varying from twenty-one to fifty-one feet in depth, is thirteen and one-half miles long, and so perfectly land-locked that the fiercest tempests that sweep over the Pacific hardly ruffle its surface. A thousand ships could here find safe anchorage. The climate of the country is faultless, and coal and iron and gold abound in mountains not far away. There are foundries and banks—certainly one national bank—and every species of industry known to western and southern towns is prosecuted in this growing city beneath the setting sun. With the view of utilizing the advantages of San Diego and having an harbor on the Pacific the nearest possible to cities on the Mississippi and Atlantic coast, Tom Scott must make San Diego the Pacific port for oriental steamship companies. He has, therefore, bought a controlling interest in all the great California roads, including eight hundred miles of the Union Pacific and that which connects San Francisco with San Diego, and thus the master of the fortunes of all cities in this valley is also supreme on the Pacific coast. At this hour Tom Scott wields greater power than Grant. Unless some resisting force, or some untoward calamity befall, he will soon control the commerce of the world. Shaping the policy and fortunes of ten thousand miles of railroad, and of a steamship corporation that will soon belt the globe, Tom Scott becomes the master of myriads of our race, and more thoroughly rules and defines the destinies of mankind than the stolid, weary idler who keeps his mouth shut when an idea would have exit, and opens it only when whisky seeks *otium cum dig.* The fortunes of Memphis are involved in all these facts. We have told how Scott is at war with Memphis, how he intends, if it be possible, to force this people or our roads into his own terms, and then down into his capacious maw, always absorbing, but never full, and how it happens that our only recourse is found in the extension of Mahone's roads through Kentucky to Memphis and Little Rock. Then we would still be at Scott's mercy, were it not that St. Louis is sending the Atlantic and Pacific railway line to the western ocean. This Mahone and Louisville and Cincinnati must reach through Memphis, and from this city the wealth of Arkansas and of Indian wilds must be borne away to eastern markets by Mahone and the cities of the Ohio above designated. But Tom Scott intends to transform San Diego into a city greater than any now existing on the world's map. He would rather there the world's navies, and ruling these and interminable railways he becomes greatest and most powerful of the world's rulers. The sword will rust and fall from Grant's nerveless grasp, while commerce is crowned the world's imperial mistress, and Tom Scott is proclaimed prime minister.

THE GREAT ARKANSAS MASSACRE.

We publish in another column an article from the Macon (Ga.) *Telegraph and Messenger* that does our neighbors of Arkansas gross injustice. Had some European ignoramus, in an attempt to expend sympathy on the "man and brother" by the column, in the London *Times*, written such an article as this we quote from our usually quiet Georgia contemporary, the whole American press would make haste to defend the much-abused State of Arkansas from so gross a libel. We can assure the *Telegraph* that the people of Arkansas will compare, in all the essentials of civilization with the people of any other State; that they are as impatient of crime and criminals, are as honest and enterprising and as little given to robbing or deceiving negroes or other people settling within their border. Our contemporary has been imposed upon, and we hope will make haste to advise its readers of the fact. The colored people of Arkansas occupy a place in the body politic of that State which gives them all the power necessary to redress the real grievances of even the humblest of their race, and we know, from what has already happened there of riot and disorder, that they are only too apt at defense of each other, even in cases of fancied grievance. This massacre in Arkansas is a mere bugaboo to frighten negroes from removing to and settling in Arkansas, a State whose rapid settlement requires "constant and steady reinforcement of its laboring population," and we hope the telegraph will so state. Colored people need not fear Arkansas. It is quite as orderly and law-abiding a State now as Georgia.

BLESSED VERMONT.

Vermont is a pious, godly little State. In fact, all Vermont shudders whenever the crimes of the south are barely mentioned. Recently the doings of the saintly, wall-eyed Pharisees, who have long been masters of Vermont, were investigated. It is found that the long-faced knaves have stolen and bankrupted the Vermont central road. The same class of "heavenly-minded" Radicals have been in charge of the insane asylum. It was found that sane people were commonly confined as insane, if potent relatives paid for the kindness, and seventy of these wretched victims of Vermont's godliness were in dungeons under ground, and when the hapless wretches protested against the villainy of those who robbed and incarcerated them, the poor creatures were plunged into warm baths, while streams of icy-cold water were turned upon their bursting heads. They went mad. And all this has been going on in the year of our Lord 1873, even while Vermont has been howling through the capitol at Washington with tearful eyes over the crimes and iniquities of the south. We are well pleased that Vermont may at last find vices within her own narrow confines enough to monopolize the prayers of her own people and the indignation of heaven through all time. The south will be peculiarly blest by the introversion of the ghastly moral gaze of blessed little Vermont.

GOVERNOR HENDRICKS has issued a proclamation against unlawful assemblages in Indiana, such as recently forcibly entered the clerk's office in Crawford county and abstracted papers therefrom, and mutilated the records in the Crawford county railroad case, and another which lynched Heffren at Salem. The governor assumes that these lawless actions are committed by organized bands, and declares that the safety and welfare of society imperatively require that such organizations be at once broken up, and that their continued existence, with their leaders, their purposes and their proceedings concealed, is a danger and a cause of terror not to be endured. He therefore calls upon all men connected with such organizations to withdraw from them at once, and upon all officers to ferret out and bring the offenders to punishment. All good men will applaud this timely movement of the governor. Mob-law should be put under foot even though it take the whole power of the State to do it.

THE "reason why" for granges is thus forcibly put by Mr. Wade, of Maury county, in this State. He says: "When it was known that Georgia, South Carolina, Florida and Alabama were paying annually fifty-four million dollars for corn produced in the west, and that the farmers who made this corn were receiving only sixteen million dollars, while the railroad and other transportation companies pocketed the remaining thirty-eight million dollars, the tillers of the soil were aroused to action and recognized the necessity of raising an army powerful enough to meet in open combat the hydra-headed monster—monopoly."

NEW ORLEANS having "unified" her population, and by the voice of fifteen hundred of a miscegenating crowd turned its attention to outvraling New York in the murder business, we print in another column this morning the particulars of a tragedy that reminds one of the bloody deeds of the Roman coliseum, when Nero pitted human brutes against each other for the amusement of a *blase* and brutal population. Kate Stoddard will have to give place to Nelson Severin. He is now the criminal hero of the hour.

THE authorities of Kansas are determined to find the murderous Bender family, and bring every member of it to justice. The *American Register*, published in Paris, says an officer from the New York detective agency, is now in that city, looking up the remorseless and soulless murderers, who are supposed to have taken up their residence there, or in the vicinity. If so, and we hope so, they cannot long escape the lynx-eyed Parisian police.

ACCORDING to the San Antonio *Express*, information has been received at headquarters in that city, that General Escobedo, with the fourth division of the Mexican army, has been ordered to the Rio Grande. Whether this means a preparation for war, or is done to keep down marauders, and preserve the peace on the frontier, we are not informed. Perhaps Grant will take time from his little game of "third term" to tell us.

DR. JOHN C. PETERS, a learned leech, sent out from New York to inquire into the cause of cholera here and elsewhere, says "there is no cholera without cholera poison that comes not through the air, but what we eat and drink." Cholera saves more than it destroys, because it enforces cleanliness, and prevents fevers and other plagues. Who denies that it's a good thing—in very small doses?

THE last judge that was sent out to Utah went for the polygamists most vehemently, and the many-wived Mormons trembled. Great was their relief when wife number one of the judge brought suit for the place of wife number two. The judge eloped, leaving both, and hereafter Grant will institute competitive examinations in morals when he selects judges for Utah.

THE fellow who told us yesterday that he was "under the weather," *tatidem verbis* consigned himself to perdition. In any event it was fearfully hot.

SOUTHERN NEWS.

Latest from Our Southern Exchanges—Singular Suicide—"Farewell, My Mary Ann!"

Diabolical Murder—Not Dead—Remarkable Old Man—The Women of Canton Taken In.

The Shot-Gun—Killed by Lightning—Murderer Arrested—Serious Accidents—Military Dictator in Mississippi—Etc., Etc.

"FAREWELL MY MARY ANN."

From the Coushatta (La.) Citizen.]

On Thursday evening, about sundown, Simon Bell, *alias* Old Cy, a negro man, drowned himself in the river in front of our town. He was considerably under the influence of liquor at the time, and went under the bank it was thought for the purpose of taking a bath. He remarked to some one previously that he was going to his grave, but no one thought he meant suicide. Eight or ten persons were standing on the bank when he stripped himself and plunged into the water saying, "Farewell, my Mary Ann." He paddled around in the water awhile until he got twenty or thirty feet from shore, when he began sinking, at the same time saying, "Come to me!" Efforts were immediately made to rescue him. He sank in water eight or ten feet deep. Several men jumped into the water and dived for him. A skiff was procured as early as possible, but it was twenty-five or thirty minutes before he could be found, and efforts to restore him to life were without avail.

DIABOLICAL MURDER.

From the Mansfield (La.) Reporter.]

A few days ago a man by the name of Lee Vines, a notorious character in Sabine parish, assisted by his son, killed a Mr. Pye and his son-in-law, a Mr. Smith. We cannot learn anything positive in regard to the affair, but if the rumors on our streets are correct, it was one of the most diabolical murders ever perpetrated in any country. We have heard two versions of the affair, and as they greatly differ we forbear giving either. We will say, however, that at the time of the shooting the parties killed were in a wagon, and that Mr. Pye was seated beside his daughter; they were met by Vines and his son; Lee Vines put a shot-gun almost against Pye's face and shot his brains out, Pye falling over his daughter's lap. Young Vines then shot Mr. Smith. The deceased were unarmed, and for the good name of the "Free State of Sabine," we hope the guilty parties will be arrested, and receive the punishment they deserve.

NOT DEAD, BUT LIVING.

From the Vicksburg Times.]

Frank Moran, whom our readers will recollect as the murderer of Mrs. A. S. Hill, in McComb City, some weeks since, died in the Vicksburg jail, of voluntary starvation.—*Canton (Miss.).*

Not so fast, friend Bosworth. Our jail is one of the best kept hotels in the city, and that is saying considerable, you know. Now, as to the voluntary starvation of Frank Moran, we must say that he has a peculiar nack of starving himself to death and coming to life again, as he was in a healthy, kicking condition two hours since from the present writing. Tell your informant to try it again, and when he does try it, inquire into the facts of the case before you publish it, as such men as Frank Moran feel uncomfortable when you report them dead.

A REMARKABLE MAN.

From the Kosciusko (Miss.) Star.]

John Owen, who died some days ago at his home, in East Mississippi, at the age of one hundred and fourteen years, was a remarkable man, in more respects than one—for although he admitted he used whisky for his stomach's sake and his frequent infirmities, and the latter, we are told, were very frequent—and that he had smoked and chewed for one hundred and three years, he never claimed that he was an eye-witness of the pleasant scene that occurred between little George Washington and his father, when the former, in a fit of emotional insanity, cut down his paternal relative's favorite cherry-tree. In fact, he never claimed that he had ever seen Washington at all, and that's how we know that he never did, for, like George Washington, he "could not tell a lie."

HARD ON THE WOMEN.

From the Canton (Miss.) Mail.

Our citizens, especially the ladies, will remember two women (?) that were here some time ago selling patterns and teaching how to cut clothing. They visited almost every house in town. Well, one of these women was no woman—in fact, was as far from being one as nature allows, as she belonged to the other sex. It was the tall and gawky one, with the base voice and the long strides. O, horrible! horrible! most horrible! Suspicions were aroused at some point above here, and this nine-days wonder was unmasked. At the time they were here several ladies were suspicious of them. Still no one could have expected such a development as this. The old woman (!) pretended to be the young woman's mother (!). The people of Canton have been sorely afflicted with "sells," "frauds" and "dead-beats," Dr. De la Ravelle, the "charity" swindle on our music-loving young men, Horton, and these women.

WORK OF THE SHOT-GUN.

From the Jacksonport (Ark.) Statesman.]

We learn that J. K. Murphy was seriously shot on Thursday last by Charles Brewer. We are unable to learn any of the particulars, but understand there was a woman at the bottom of it. A colored man named Gibson Cook, well known in our town, was accidentally shot on the evening of the fourth instant by another ebony gentleman named Martin Lewis. The men were sitting in front of Abbott's stable, jesting and otherwise amusing themselves, when Martin suddenly picked up a double-barreled shot-gun belonging to Mr. Abbott, and playfully presented it toward Gibson, when it was by some mischance discharged, the load taking effect in Gibson's under lip.

A DEATH-STROKE.

Jefferson (Texas) Republican.]

Osman Corkins was killed instantly by lightning Thursday morning, during the heavy rain-storm that passed over our county. Mr. Corkins had but recently immigrated from Michigan, and was engaged with H. G. Cady in working the county farm. Over exertion induced Mr. Corkins to seek rest in the shade of a tree, which, during the storm, proved the conductor of a fearful bolt of electricity, that robbed our county of a life that bid fair to make a most useful citizen. Mr. Corkins was an old man, but hale and hearty. We deeply deplore his taking off.

A PERILOUS FEAT.

From the Lynchburg (Va.) Republican.]

A gentleman named McDonald, while leaning over the cliff at the Natural bridge, in the vicinity of the late "cedar stump," accidentally dropped his pocket-book containing a considerable sum of money, valuable papers, etc., which lodged on a shelf of a rock about one hundred and twenty feet from the top. After consultation, he determined to lower his brother, Master Hunter McDonald, of Lexington, a youth of about twelve summers, and the latter, nothing loth, entered into the spirit of the thing as if it was a matter of fun. Having purchased about two hundred feet of inch rope, which was doubled, the young man was lowered, guiding himself by a crevice in the wall, on the left of where the famous cedar stump once grew, and after descending about one hundred feet, walked around the narrow shelf to the front of the cliff, where the pocket-book lay. Having secured the treasure, he was successfully raised, and received the warm congratulations of some dozen ladies and gentlemen—among them a daughter of General R. E. Lee—who witnessed the daring feat from the top of the bridge.

MURDERER ARRESTED.

From the Dyersburg (Tenn.) Gazette.]

It is charged that, two weeks ago, in Lauderdale county, a man named John Lane murdered Mr. Joseph Jester for his money while he was asleep. Last Thursday Sheriff Alsabrook, assisted by Messrs. Burt Tigrett, John Pierce and J. G. Jester, the brother of the murdered man, arrested Lane concealed in a house in Dyer county, eighteen miles from Dyersburg, and took him to Ripley. Sheriff Alsabrook deserves great credit for the fearless and untiring manner in following Lane up after he struck his trail, near Chestnut Bluff.

IS MISSISSIPPI'S GOVERNOR A MILITARY DICTATOR.

From the Vicksburg Times (Rep.), 8th.]

It will, perhaps, be remembered that we asserted in our last issue that we possessed unquestionable authority for stating that the verdicts of juries and sentences of the courts of the country were being rendered nugatory by the acts of the executive, and to establish the truth of that statement, we now lay before our readers the following letter, promising a full account of all the facts connected with this particular case at no distant day:

STATE OF MISSISSIPPI,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
JACKSON, MISS., July 3, 1873.

To Captain J. D. Moore, Sheriff of Lincoln county:

SIR—It having come to my knowledge that Mr. Gilbert Smith, of Lincoln county, who is now out of the penitentiary by virtue of authority granted by me, has lately acted in a manner unbecoming a law-abiding citizen; now, therefore, said authorized leave of absence is hereby revoked, and you are authorized and directed to arrest and cause to be delivered to the superintendent of the State penitentiary said Gilbert Smith, without delay.

R. C. POWERS, Governor.

By the Governor:
H. H. REVELS, Secretary of State.

FATAL FALL.

From the Nashville (Tenn.) Banner.]

Lee Briggs, six years of age, fell out of a tree in a yard in the rear of the express office, a distance of twenty feet, upon a pile of brick, and so badly injured himself that he is not expected to live. He is supposed to have received internal injuries, as no bones were discovered to have been broken.

MORE TROUBLE.

From the Nashville (Tenn.) Banner.]

At the election on the first Thursday in next month three magistrates from the first district, school commissioners from all the districts but the first, and constables from the second, sixth, tenth, twenty-third, twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth districts are to be chosen by the people. There are forty candidates for the magistrates' offices in the first district. The question will be submitted giving the county discretionary power to dispose of the county's interest in all railroads.

FATAL ACCIDENT.

From the Nashville (Tenn.) Banner.]

A man named L. N. Hill, was killed by a locomotive attached to a freight train on the Nashville and Decaturroad, at Hick's Bluffs, two miles south of Pulaski, at half-past nine o'clock Saturday night. It appears that at the point where Hill was struck, is a sharp curve, and that the engineer did not see him in time to stop the train. Hill was accompanied by two other men, who got off the track, but he failed to do so, and was knocked off by the locomotive. He died of his injuries within two hours after the accident.

THE COPAL OR AILANTHUS TREE.

It turns out that the ailanthus or heaven tree is useful as well as disagreeable and ornamental. A correspondent of the Dyersburg *Gazette* gives its history. It seems that about the year 1835 some fellow sent the seed in letters to all the postmasters in North Carolina, with instructions to sell the seed for twenty-five cents for three or four, and some few were sold, and the balance given away or thrown into the street. When they grew up and some parties came along that knew what they were, we found them to be the copal tree. If you top them you get the genuine copal gum, out of which the copal varnish is made. Now, if we can't have the nuisances cut down, root and branch, let us "develop our resources" to the extent of a copal varnish factory.

FIFTEEN PERSONS MAKE A NARROW ESCAPE FROM DEATH.

From the Nashville Banner.]

The passenger train on the St. Louis and Southeastern road, which left here at two o'clock Saturday afternoon, was thrown from the track five miles south of Henderson by a broken rail, that night, and the ladies' and sleeping coaches precipitated down an embankment, the former turning over on its side, and the latter making two revolutions. Fifteen persons are reported as having been more or less injured, one man having three ribs broken, and Miss Jennie Hough had her head badly hurt, but not seriously. An Evansville brass band which had been down the road on a frolic suffered most, nearly all of its members receiving contusions. The train due here at seven o'clock Sunday morning did not arrive until twelve o'clock noon, in consequence of the accident.

DESTRUCTIVE STORM.

From the Knoxville Chronicle.]

From a gentleman who resides in that vicinity, we learn that Powell's Valley was visited on Friday night of last week and again on Saturday, by one of the most destructive storms in the memory of the "oldest inhabitant." The oat crop, which is one of the finest ever known, was prostrated to the earth, and can only be saved by reaping in the old style. The wheat crop was blown down, scarcely a shock being left standing. Corn was also blown down and much damaged. The rain fell in torrents. Powells river and other streams in the valley were swollen beyond their channel, washing away fences, and playing havoc with the farmers.

A DOUBLE.

From the Denison (Texas) News.]

On Thursday a Mr. Jean A. Lane desired Maxwell to telegraph to the "Jean A. Lane" at Sherman, Texas, to meet him at Galesburg, Illinois. Thereby hangs a romantic tale, or a tale of romance. It seems that Jean A. Lane, No. 1, was informed by the banker at Sherman that, through a New York banking house, he was authorized to draw on a London house for almost any amount of money. Jean A. Lane protested that he knew nothing of the matter; that he was not aware any rich relatives or other persons had placed to his credit in London any sums of money, great or small. The Sherman banker informed him that he must be the man; that he knew him to be Jean A. Lane. Whereupon Jean A. Lane proceeded to draw in his own favor ten thousand dollars, and in favor of his brothers and brother-in-law thirty thousand dollars, making in all forty thousand dollars. The drafts were honored, and forty thousand dollars in gold paid thereon. In a few days Jean A. Lane No. 2 turned up. Jean A. Lane then telegraphed to No. 2 to meet him at Galesburg, Illinois, at the best hotel in that thriving city, where he turned over to him the forty thousand dollars, he having protested from the start that he didn't think that he was the genuine Jean A. Lane.

BEAUREGARD INDORSED.

Ex-Governor Mouton, of Louisiana, writes to General Beauregard: "My first impulse, when I read the proceedings having in view the reconciliation of the two races now existing our State, was to write to you giving you my thanks for the frank and manly part you took in it. I tender you my humble but sincere approbation in favor of the movement. It is a pity we did not do so previous to the last November election, instead of affiliating with bad men. The colored people are not our enemies, the freedmen particularly, and if they do not act with us to redeem Louisiana from ruin and shame it will be our fault. Let us in good faith allow them all the rights of citizenship, including a fair proportion of the public offices according to their merit and capacity. As to this thing of social equality, it is but a scarecrow. No law can regulate, much less control it; it must be left to seek its own level. Every man is responsible for his associations, but his neighbor will do as he pleases and judge for himself."

ONE-TRACK RAILROAD.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.]

Opelika, Alabama, claims the honor of making a practical use of the prismatic or one-track railway, which was exhibited at the Columbus fair a year or two ago. A track, laid on posts some ten or twelve feet high, has been constructed from the Opelika house to Young's fish-pond, about half a mile from town, and a small passenger car makes frequent trips over it daily. So successful has it been thus far that the builder is now at Atlanta putting up one from that city to the Ponce de Leon Springs. As it was considered a failure at the fair, its success at the present time will no doubt be gratifying to our readers.

The government of Spain finds it necessary to maintain a strong "precautionary" force in Barcelona to nullify the efforts of the Carlists to create disturbances which may enable them to seize the city.

One hundred and twenty thousand dollars worth of Louisiana warrants were sold in New Orleans Tuesday, in sums ranging from five hundred to five thousand dollars, at from one-forty to one-forty-two. The State treasurer has enjoined further action in the premises.

A brother of the Spanish minister of marine is reported to be a leader of the insurgents at Cartagena.

RESCUED.

A White Boy, Stolen by the Comanches, is Purchased From them by General Davis—His Story.

He Loves the Wild Life of the Plains, and Intends to Become a Hunter—Personal Freedom has Charms for him.

From the Evansville Courier, 12th.]

A lad named Merrit Castell applied at the mayor's office on Wednesday for transportation to Newport, Kentucky, where his relatives reside. He was about fifteen years of age, with sunburnt complexion and a wild look, and was dressed in faded trousers and an old blue army blouse, and wore no hat. He told a romantic story of his captivity among the Comanche Indians near Fort Sill, which bore the impress of truth. In January last he left Newport with his uncle, who for more than twenty years has been a cattle-buyer on the Mexican frontier. When they reached Fort Sill, Merritt and another boy went to water some horses at the stream. While doing so they heard sounds like the call of wild turkeys in the woods. Being armed with a rifle, Merritt left the horses in charge of his companion and started in pursuit of the turkeys, which moved further into the woods as he approached. After proceeding some distance, an Indian suddenly sprang up in front of him, and the boy leveled his rifle and fired, the bullet grazing the neck of the savage. Another Indian came behind him and knocked him down with a blow from his tomahawk. He was stunned for a moment, and, on recovering, found his gun taken possession of and his hands pinioned behind his back. He was then rapidly and silently conveyed to the village of the Indians, and given to understand that he was a prisoner. He was well treated, however, and soon became attached to his captors. They frequently took him on their hunting excursions, taught him to ride the untamed mustang, to chase the buffalo, and to circumvent the beaver. The wild life of the savages and their rude customs proved congenial to the adventurous spirit, and he was fast losing all desire to return to the haunts of civilization, and becoming a proficient in the savage arts of the red man. But the mercenary savages had no idea of adopting him into their tribe and making him a "big medicine" or blood-thirsty chief. They had captured him on speculation, and designed to sell him as a slave to whomsoever might be disposed to purchase such a chattel. They had other white boys in captivity for the same purpose, and had sold many to other tribes and to the Mexicans. They did not care to steal men, because they were too troublesome to watch, and generally made their escape and brought the vengeance of the "Long Knives" upon the poor Indian. Boys soon became naturalized in the tribe, and in a few months made "good Indians." The savages sent word to General Davidson, at Fort Sillsi, that they had a white boy for sale, and the general, thinking it was better to buy the lad than to attempt to take him by force, opened negotiations, and purchased Merritt Castell for two barrels of flour. He sent the boy to Fort Gibson, under escort, and thence he was forwarded to St. Louis by rail as a dead-head. Mayor Overstolz listened with deep interest to the story of the lad, and questioned him closely, receiving candid and straightforward answers. The boy stated that he liked the Indians much better than the whites; there was something in the free air of the plains and the wild life of the red man that accorded with his views of personal liberty, and he declared that he intended to return to them and take up his permanent residence among them. He delighted in the exciting sport of the buffalo chase, and felt able to tackle the biggest black bear of the forest, and had made some progress in the art and mystery of throwing the lasso. The spotted mustang suited his taste better than the gentlest thoroughbred of Kentucky, and the howl of the coyote was more musical to his ear than the sweetest notes of the piano. The soft turf of the prairie furnished a better pillow than the downy cushion, and the blue sky was roof enough for him. He was "bound to be a Comanche," and if he carries out his purpose he will no doubt rise to distinction in the tribe, and learn to take a scalp as gracefully as Spotted Tail or Big Thunder. The mayor gave the boy a ticket on the Ohio and Mississippi road to Cincinnati. He went on his way grateful for the favor, but resolved to return to the plains in a short time.

RHODE ISLAND.

Money as a Voter—A Case for the Supreme Court—The Fourteenth Amendment Invoked.

From the Kansas City News.]

In the State of Rhode Island, there is a law which provides that naturalized citizens only must have property qualifications to become a voter. The amount required is small, being only one hundred and thirty-four dollars' worth of real estate, but it has nevertheless been found very oppressive, and many attempts have been made to do away with it. But as nearly all of those entitled to vote, are willing that the restriction should remain, and as those who feel it the most have no voice whatever in the elections, it has been found almost impossible to work a change. The matter has now assumed a new form, however, and one that will probably decide the question as to the power of the State to limit the right of suffrage or to make it dependent upon the nationality or condition of a citizen. At a late election Charles Gorman, who was a legally naturalized citizen of North Providence, offered his vote. It was challenged on the ground that the voter was not possessed of one hundred and thirty-four dollars' worth of real estate, and the moderator rejected it. For the purpose, chiefly of making up a test case, Mr. Gorman brought a suit in the United States circuit court against the moderator for having forcibly deprived him of his rights as a citizen; and whatever the result may be it is said the intention is to carry that case up to the supreme court of the United States for a final settlement of the constitutional question. However much one might desire to have some limitation to the right of suffrage the qualification that is required by the laws of the State of Rhode Island, has brought about a deplorable condition of affairs. There is no State in the Union where the people really have less to say in the administration, nor where politics is more corrupt. For years the State has literally been in the hands of a few men of wealth, who have managed the government machinery to suit themselves, without asking anyone "by your leave." Nor is this a difficult thing to do. The State is small and the votes are few. There are hundreds of naturalized citizens who are not possessed of the required amount of real estate—one hundred and thirty-five dollars' worth—and hence are not permitted to exercise the right of franchise. What is easier, then, than just upon the eve of an election to transfer to these men, temporarily, a sufficient amount of property to meet the requirements of the law. Ten thousand dollars expended in this way would make itself felt most seriously upon election day, and might insure the success of one bestowing these gratuities. The amount of money that has been thus spent by some of the wealthiest capitalists and manufactories of Providence, to obtain distinction and honor, might be counted by hundreds of thousands. Thirteen years ago, when the republican party held its regular nomination for governor, William Sprague, then only known as a wealthy manufacturer, stepped in as an independent candidate, and by means of a lavish expenditure of money, to the astonishment of every one, succeeded in winning the race. And since that day the balance of political power in the State has been in the hands of himself and his friends. When he saw his way clear to buy a seat to the United States senate, the gubernatorial chair was filled with a sworn disciple. At the close of the war General Burnside, another friend, became governor, while the present incumbent was elected through his influence. And it is due simply by leading the poor foreign born, or the poor native as well, to the polls by the smell of gold, and there openly buying their votes. And these very laws that were intended to guard the rights of the people and the credit and integrity of the State, have been the very means of destroying both.

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COMMENCING SUNDAY, JULY 6, 1873, and until further notice, trains will run as follows:

Mail Train leave Memphis, daily	3:25 p.m
Freight and Accommodation Train leave Memphis, daily except Sunday	5:45 a.m

Direct connection at Little Rock with trains on C. and F. R. R. for Hot Springs, Arkadelphia, etc. Direct connection at Argenta with trains on Little Rock and Fort Smith R. R. for Lewisburg, Russellville, Clarksville, Fort Smith, etc.

Mail Train arrives at Memphis	7:15 a.m
Freight and Accommodation Train arrives at Memphis	5:55 p.m

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For information and tickets apply at 237½ Main street, 273 Main street, or at Depot, Center Landing.
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N. MONSARRAT, General Ticket Agent.
Memphis, June 25, 1873. je25

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