MEMPHIS APPEAL

[—BY—]

GALLAWAY & KEATING.

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J. M. KEATING. } Memphis, Tenn.

MEMPHIS APPEAL

SUNDAY, : : : AUGUST 27, 1876.

NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT.

SAMUEL J. TILDEN,

Of New York.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT,

THOMAS A. HENDRICKS,

Of Indiana.

FOR GOVERNOR,

JAMES D. PORTER,

Of Henry.

TO THE COLORED PEOPLE.

The colored voters in this section of the State accuse the party managers of using them at Nashville, in refusing to make a nomination for governor. They are also dissatisfied with the prospects in this district. While they are thus consulting as to their best interests and duties under the circumstances, they are prepared for the dispassionate words of friendship we propose in this article. In appealing to their good sense and judgment, the Democratic party has nothing to gain, as its majority in the State is nearly fifty thousand, and the negroes can never hope to overcome this majority on the color-line which they adopted by voting to disfranchise the whites, and in every election hurling themselves against the interest of themselves and their employers. The Democratic party has nothing to fear from the colored vote in Tennessee, as it has uniformally triumphed over their united opposition. It is in the interest of both races that we ask the negroes to pause, now that they are dissatisfied with their own leaders, and ask themselves what they have gained by their persistent war with the whites, and disobedience to the Radicals? The Richmond *Dispatch* is making the colored people a few questions which should be propounded to the blacks throughout the south. In advising the colored people as to their duty, it asks what profit has accrued to you by handing yourselves together under the color-line? Has it won you friends among those with whom you were born and raised, and with whom you are bound, willing or unwilling, to live and die? Has it brought to your assistance friends from among strangers to feed and nourish and sustain you? Has it saved you from the plunder of bad men under false colors of christian love and charity? Has it elevated your moral or your material condition? Has it, in a word, led you into the green fields promised by these strangers who have come down to seek and to grow fat? Where is the mule and forty acres promised to you? Where the beneficent blessings of the Freedman's bureau? Do you not worship God undisturbed under your own vine and fig tree? Have you not your charitable orders, military companies, your political societies and clubs? Do you not discuss, without let or hindrance, all questions of religion and politics? Do you not vote as you please? Do you not hold your real and personal properties without annoyance? Are you not married and given in marriage without question? Are not your children educated at the public expense, mostly from the pockets of the whites? Do not the laws respect and protect your rights of person and property? Is what does your status in the south differ from your white fellow-citizens? Then, why array yourselves longer under the color-line? Why not cheerfully join lot with the people on whom you depend for sustenance? Are you ever to be tools to be used by designing men for their advantage and to your detriment? Are you ever to be moved as pawns on the chessboard by the will of those whose life is dependent on your quiet submission to their dictation? Are you inferior in intelligence or moral worth to the customhouse rings of this and of other cities, who undertake to manage your political rights for you? Your color-line, for years, has been greatly diminishing, and year by year the work of disintergation has been going on, and the time hastens when it will be obliterated. It is the duty of wisdom, it is the demand of your interest, to hasten this time. Let us be understood. Whites and blacks are in the same boat. What affects one race for good or evil equally affects the other, and just so long as you shall, as a race, array yourselves against the whites, just so long will you and they be delayed in the full enjoyment of the happy fruits of true liberty. Clan against clan, class against class, race against race, color against color, can but be prejudicial to the happiness and best interests of the whole community.

THE INDEPENDENT CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR.

The mountain has labored and brought forth a mouse. For some time the Radicals and Independents, who are nothing but Radicals in disguise, have been bartering, and it seems they have at last struck a trade. When the Republican State convention failed to nominate a candidate for governor, it was understood that they had agreed to unite on some Independent Democrat who had signified a willingness to be used by them. Indications unmistakably pointed to Dorsey B. Thomas as the unfortunate man. He is a gentleman toward whom fate has generally seemed to wear a smiling face. He has prospered far beyond the average of men; he has attained position and excellent repute among his fellow-men. But it seems his prosperity did not repose on a substantial basis, for no man worthy of public confidence will desert his party and become the tool of Radicalism. Mr. Thomas's treachery is without anything to redeem it; he has a morbid craving for every kind of office and power, and it seems he resorts without scruple to any chance instrument or expedient which may give him a temporary prospect of getting office. The Republicans cannot support him without the most abject stultification, for they accuse the Democratic party of favoring repudiation, and in their two State conventions held during the past summer have declared in bold and severe language against repudiation, and they know that the policy which Mr. Thomas proposes is nothing but open, undisguised repudiation. Mr. Thomas's record in the legislature of Tennessee is in strange and striking contrast with his present position, as will be shown during the pending canvass. It is useless to say that Mr. Thomas will be overwhelmingly defeated. No one has the slightest idea that such a man can be elected governor of Tennessee. He will be taught better. But his apostasy to the party whose honors he claimed two years ago, and his becoming the unworthy instrument of the Radicals, proves that he has the presumption to think that there is some chance of success. But he will be undeceived, and the lesson, to make it impressive, should be given in the most effective manner. His conduct shows that he is guided by no principles; the expediency of the moment is his only rule of action. He can do no good to any party or any cause, and after he has wrecked himself in this canvass he will find no political party will own him. The Republican party of Tennessee care nothing for high taxes, as the burdens of taxation fall upon the white Democrats. They have declared for maintaining the State credit at all hazards, and if by any accident the Radicals should triumph in the November State elections, the rate of taxation in Tennessee would be increased, as it has been in all the southern States under their rule.

SOUTH CAROLINA'S HOPE.

The Democrats of South Carolina are not without hope in the desperate effort they have undertaken to redeem the State. In the last three elections in South Carolina the Radical majorities have been as follows:

In 1870	33,594
In 1872	33,305
In 1874	11,589

These majorities are large, but they can be overcome. As an incentive to the South Carolina Democrats we will give the figures showing the majority over which the Democrats in Mississippi triumphed. In former elections the Republican majorities in Mississippi have been as follows:

In 1869	48,069
In 1872	35,101
In 1873	20,931

It will be seen from these figures the Radical majority in Mississippi was larger than that in South Carolina. By a bold determined effort the Democrats rescued our sister State from the rule of the plunders, and it is not impossible for South Carolina to accomplish the same result. We believe she will do so.

Wade Hampton is leading the people to victory. He has taken the field and is everywhere received by serenades, illuminations, processions and the cheers of an aroused and enthusiastic people. He shows that in these elections the Democrats had united with those Republicans who professed a desire for good government, and each time had been defeated. But he shows that the Democracy have assembled in convention and given to the people a platform, pure in principle, perfect in construction, and broad enough and strong enough for every honest man to stand upon; and he invites those Republicans who desired reform and a stable, just and economical government to unite upon that platform and support the candidates of the people. General Hampton will canvass every county in the State, and with the Democratic banner thrown to breeze, he will triumph if the people are as zealous and determined as they were in Mississippi.

COMING HOME FOR BUSINESS.

About the time Sirius is taking leave of the sun, and sultry August is melting into melancholy autumn, the troops of runaways desert their country seats or mountain hiding-places, and for the next few days there will be a steady current of the incoming tide pouring in from all directions. All welcome the returning prodigals and congratulate them on the hopeful signs for a prosperous business season. Nearly every prominent business man will reach the city by Friday, the first day of September, and at once launch into business with renewed zeal. The signs indicate that the fall trade will be more active than ever before known. Memphis has had a hard struggle of late years, but it is believed by thoughtful men that on Friday next she will take a new start in greatness and prosperity. Nearly every business man in the city has promised to advertise most liberally on the first of September, and this is an unerring indication as to the confidence of men in a prosperous business season. We propose to furnish the public a compact, intelligible and complete statement of the business of Memphis during the past year, and as that issue of the APPEAL will have an immense circulation, we are gratified to know that advertisers propose to avail themselves of the opportunity to make known the various business in which they are engaged.

Tricks of Indian Servants.

[Pall Mall Gazette.]

Domestic servants in India occasionally display an amount of ingenuity in dealing with their employers which would not discredit their European brethren. A Calcutta paper relates that a knitmatgar in the employ of a gentleman in that city, having the other day completed his month and feeling disinclined to remain in the service of his employer, probably because he had a better engagement elsewhere, feigned illness at the end of his month and took leave earlier than usual. The following morning his employer was waited upon by a host of people, men and women, who, claiming relationship with the dead servant, attired themselves as if in mourning, and exhibiting the deepest emotion announced, with tears in their eyes, the death from cholera of the unfortunate man, at the same time begging the master to pay up his "dues," which were urgently required to defray funeral expenses. The master, sympathizing with their distress, "paid up," and even offered to meet the charges attending the demise, when it was ascertained that the man reported dead was in perfect health, in good spirits, and employed elsewhere. The ruse was discovered by one of the native servants observing a woman, relative of the alleged deceased, wearing her ornaments, which, if his death had been a fact, she would, according to native rites and ceremonies, be prohibited from using.

Sunday Magazine.]

TWO FRENCH HYMNS.

HENRY DOWNTON.

[From the French of Fred Chavannes.]

I.

"Tu ma's amis, seigneur, avant que la lumiere."

O Lord, thou lovedst me, ere shone the light
Upon the worlds Thy voice had called to be;
Ere yet the sun, rejoicing in his might,
Sped life in floods athwart their orbits bright;
My God, thou lovedst me.

Thou lovedst me, when hung the lifeless frame
Of Jesus Christ upon th' accursed tree;
When, to redeem me from the eternal flame,
Thy holy Son endured my sin and blame;
My God, thou lovedst me.

Thou lovedst me, when fires of love divine,
Lit in my heart by Thy good spirit free,
Opened new heavens upon my soul to shine;
When peaceful fruits of righteousness were mine;
My God, thou lovedst me.

And Thou wilt love me—whom Thy love hath crowned,
Nor sin, nor earth, nor hell shall pluck from Thee;
Where sin abounded grace doth more abound;
O ily my love to Thine be answering found;
O Thou, who lovedst me!

From the French of Pierre Corneille, called Le Grand Corneille.]

II.

"O Dieu de verite, pour qui seul je soupire."

O God of truth, for whom alone I sigh,
Knit Thou my heart by strong, sweet cords to Thee;
I tire of hearing; books my patience try.
Untired, to Thee I cry;
Myself my all shall be.

Speak Thou alone. For me no human lore
Nor human sage shall now expound Thy word;
Let creatures hold their peace and Thee adore,
Let voice of man no more,
But only Thine, be heard.

Lord, be Thou near and cheer my lonely way,
With Thy sweet peace my aching bosom fill.
Scatter my cares and fears; my griefs allay;
And be it mine each day
To love and praise thee still.

My God, Thou nearest me, but clouds obscure
E'en yet Thy perfect radiance, truth divine!
O for the stainless skies, the splendors pure,
The joys that aye endure,
Where thine own glories shine!

PERSONAL.

The widow of Jules Janin died a few weeks ago at Paris, aged fifty.

The Italian government has decided to complete the armament of the whole army with the Vetterli rifle.

Jonas Cutting, for twenty-one years associate justice of the supreme court of Maine, died at Bangor on Saturday night.

Garibaldi has accepted the honorary presidentship of the Italian league for the liberation of the Slavo-Hellenic peninsula.

The grand cross of the legion of honor has been conferred by the French government on the Spanish Generals Quesada and Martinez Campos.

Isaac Strohm, for fifteen years the principal engrossing clerk of the house of representatives, has been removed by the clerk of the house owing to the late retrenchment legislation.

The last survivor of the veterans who had charge of Napoleon I. at St. Helena, Joseph Pitman, was buried two weeks ago at Kemerton, near Tewkesbury. He had attained his ninety-third year.

Sir Charles Dilke is about to contribute to the *Fortnightly Review* an article giving the result of his most recent observations in China and the East. The article will in fact form a new chapter of "The Greater Britain."

Mme. Lulu, the famous gymnastt while performing on the trapeze at Dublin missed the bar and fell from a considerable hight, but her injures were not dangerous. Of course nothing was done to stop her making the attempt again.

Henry Riviere, a well known French dramatic writer, commands the frigate La Vire. He writes to a friend at Paris: "We sail to-morrow for Noumea, passing by the Wallis' isles, where we are to leave a hand-organ that the Government has presented to the queen.

Immanuel Hermann von Fichte, son of the celebrated philosopher, completed at Stuttgardt, on the eighteenth of last month, his eightieth year. He has recently published a book, consisting of letters to Professor Zeller, entitled "Questions and Considerations Relative to the Progress of German Speculation."

The position which Sir Garnet Wolseley is now occupying at the colonial office conferences on the affairs of South Africa lends some color to the rumors that he may perhaps succeed Sir Henry Barkly in the governorship of Cape Colony. On the other hand, it is said that Sir Garnet is passionately wedded to his profession.

History repeats itself. Froissart tells us that the English swore so terribly in France during the Angevine wars that the French people habitually spoke of them as *"les goddams."* And now a recent traveller in Japan informs us that the jack tars of England and America are called by the coolies *"dammuraisonsito"* or "d—n-your-eyes-men."

The national library has just received the voluminous correspondence between Napoleon III and his foster-sister, Mme. Cornu, extending from the time that the future emperor was ten years old to within two months of his death. The letters are sealed up and not to be published till 1885, when M. Renan or M. Duruy will superintend their publication.

The irrepressible Charles Reade has written a long letter to the *Scotsman* defending himself and James Lambert, his "Hero and Martyr," from the Glasgow *Herald*, which has intimated pretty plumply that Jamie Lambert was a good deal of a fraud, and that Mr. Reade had either been imposed upon by him or had aided him in his imposture.

Earl Russell has addressed a letter to Lord Granville on the eastern question, to which he says: "It seems to me that we ought, with our fleet at Besika and our ambassador at Constantinople, to insist upon an instant termination to the the atrocities practised in Bulgaria and other parts of Turkey. A thousand men landed from our fleet would accomplish the object, and if they fail, they might be reinforced. Ultimately, if we cannot keep the Turks from being barbarous and cruel, we might ally ourselves with Russia, and concert means to accomplish our objects. The whig party toast is, 'Civil and religious liberty all over the world.' From this cause I shall not depart."

Mr. M. D. Conway is visiting France. In a letter from Calais to the Cincinnati *Commercial* he comments on the large number of able authors France has produced, and the small constituency of readers they find among their own countrymen. He says: "There is no country in which there are so many able, learned, earnest men, who write such excellent books for the people, whose audience is to such an extent beyond the borders of their own nation. It would at this moment be worth infinitely more to France than MacMahon's republic if every man in it could be induced to read seriously that most serious study of French history which has just appeared, M. Taine's *L'Ancien Regime*. Yet, while thoughtful men of all conditions in England, and no doubt in America, are perusing it with profoundest interest, you may inquire for it in vain in the majority of French bookstores. Here in Calais the booksellers are not aware that such a book has appeared."

The late Miss Martineau's will was proved recently in Birmingham, England. It is dated March 10, 1864, and has two codicils dated respectively 1885 and 1872. All her manuscrips, private papers, and copyrights are given to her nephew, Mr. Thomas Martineau, with this injunction: "I emphatically forbid the publication of any private letters written by me, and do strictly enjoin upon my executors to prevent by all means at their command any such publication." Her autobiography is to be published by Mr. Thomas Martineau, in conjunction with her friend, Mrs. Chapman, late of Boston, Massachusetts, who is authorized to make such biographical additions as she pleases and to whom a fourth share in the profits of the work is bequeathed, together with a legacy as editor. The will contains one peculiar provision which should be mentioned as indicating the character of the testatrix. "It is my desire," she says, "from an interest in the progress of scientific investigation, that my skull be given to Henry George Atkinson of Upper Gloucestershire-place, London, and also my brain, if my death should take place within such distance of his present abode as to enable him to have it for purposes of scientific observation." By the second codicil, dated October 5, 1872, this direction is revoked; "but" the codicil proceeds, "I wish to leave it on record that this alteration in my testamentary directions is not caused by any change of opinion as to the importance of scientific observation on such subjects, but is made in consequence merely of a change of circumstances in my individual case."

OUR CAPITOL.

Impressions Made by a Visit to It—The Portraits of Our Great Men, Etc.—Jackson, Johnson and Brownlow.

Correspondence St. Louis Times.]

The crowning ornament and attraction of Nashville is the statehouse. It is a splendid piece of architecture, and situated on an elevation two hundred feet high that springs up right in the midst of the city. The descent is gradual and regular from every side of the capitol building. Drives and terraces have been made, and the grounds are beautifully ornamented. From a distance and close at hand the appearance is truly magnificent. No such natural advantages for a capitol exist anywhere in America. The architect caught the inspiration and made the building to suit the work that nature had done so well. The inside of the building sustains its outward appearance. There is nothing incomplete or inharmonious about it, and it is so substantially constructed that it will stand for ages. As I wandered through its halls and galleries, I called vividly to mind the names of half a score of men who were great in this State and great in the nation—men who had beneath this roof wrought conventions and assemblies up to the highest pitch of feeling and action. About these foundations walked Andrew Jackson after he had become immortalized by deeds of war and policies of State craft. Many a time have these walls turned back the echo of the voices of Andrew Jonson, Brownlow, Harris, Haskell, Haynes and Pickett. They are all gone but Harris and Brownlow, the two antipodes in Tennessee politics. When I came to the library kept by the widow of the renowned Haskell, I was struck with the vast number of portraits hanging on the walls. The people of this State certainly have not been neglectful of their distinguished men. Here was a portrait of every governor since Sevier up to Porter, the present incumbent; portraits of the supreme judges, and others who have won a name in either battle or statesmanship. One might sit down and look at these pictures half a day with a thought or interest for every moment. Over the door leading into an outer chamber is an ancient-looking double portrait of Andrew Jackson and his wife. There are two other portraits of "Old Hickory" in the building, one in the representative chamber representing him as a young man, about as he looked just after the battle of New Orleans, and the other in the governor's private room, representing him as a very old and feeble man, being a portrait painted the year he died. They all make him appear tall and thin. This is correct. Andrew Jackson did never weigh over one hundred and forty pounds, but the engravings of him generally make him out a strong, heavy man. Here are two portraits of Andrew Jackson, both good, and one of Abraham Lincoln. Conspicuous in this lot are two life-size, full-form portraits, one of General Taomas, and one of Brownlow. They were ordered by the Tennessee carpetbag legislature in 1865. They are both striking likenesses, General Thomas standing on a southern battlefield, with a background of clouds and Cumberland mountains. Brownlow looks like a messenger from the underworld, as he points to the right, and looks with a terrible gleaming eye. Here at a glance you see the faces of three of the greatest eccentricities in American politics—Johnson, Jackson and Brownlow—all sprung from the common walks of life, and succeeded by the power of native intellect. As one looks at their faces, he may turn to the future, and ask who of the sons of Tennessee will be famous?

Baltimore Gazette.]

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.

INNES RANDOLPH.

Night lay on mine eyelids,
Lead lay on my breast;
With heart and brain in torpor
I slept the sleep of death.

How long it was I know not;
I slept among the dead;
I woke, and heard a knocking
On the mound above my head.

"Wilt thou arise, my Heinrich,
The darkness breaks away,
The dead are all arisen
To the everlasting day."

"I cannot rise, my loved one,
Nor see the light of day,
For with my burning tear-drops
I've wept my eyes away."

"But I will kiss them, Heinrich,
Kiss the darkness from thine eyes,
And thou shalt see the angels,
And the splendors of the skies."

"I cannot rise, my dearest;
I bleed as from a sword
Where in the heart you stabbed me;
Stabbed me with a cruel word."

"I will lay my head upon it,
On thy torn and bleeding heart,
And it will bleed no longer,
Its pain shall all depart."

"I cannot rise, my darling,
My head is shattered—see!
A bullet through my temples
When you were torn from me."

"But I will bind my tresses
Around your bleeding brow,
And it shall ache no longer
The blood shall cease to flow."

She prayed so soft, so sweetly,
At last I seemed to stir,
I tried to lift me from the grave,
To rise and go to her.

Then all my wounds burst open,
And forth the torrent brake—
From head and breast the blood stream,
And lo—I am awake.

BALTIMORE, 1876.

TELEGRAMS.

London, August 25: The amount of bullion gone into the Bank of England on balance to day is £187,000.

New York, August 25: The ship Golden State, which sails from New York September 1st for Shanghai, will take out four thousand five hundred bales of domestic drillings and sheetings, the largest shipment of American cotton goods since 1860.

Little Rock, August 25: Deputy United States Marshal Kline to-day brought in six men, arrested for illicit distilling in Newton county. This makes eighteen men and six illicit distilleries captured by the revenue officers in the mountains of Newton county within the last month.

London, August 25: Christos Baumebas, a Greek sailor, who, with others, mutinied on the bark Caswell, while on a voyage from Antifogasta to Queenstown, and who was convicted of murdering Captain George E Best and other officers of the vessel, was hanged at Cork to-day.

Berkeley Springs, Morgan Co., W.Va., August 24: S. W. Crawford, a quack doctor, confined in jail here and awaiting trial for the poisoning of William Johnson, a respectable citizen of this county, two weeks ago, was taken from prison last night by a body of seventy-five masked men, and hanged.

Philadelphia, August 25: There was much excitement among the brokers to-day, caused by fluctuations in the Philadelphia and Reading railroad stock, consequent upon the collapse of the coal combination. Stock closed last night at forty-four and opened at about the same figures this morning; toward noon it took an upward flight and stopped at fifty.

Philadelphia, August 25: In the main exposition building, this morning, a man named Winters, one of the guards, met with a serious accident. He was pulling open one of the swinging windows in the barracks, in the main building, at the west end, when a large pane of glass, from which the putty had fallen, fell out of the sash. It struck him on his upturned face and then broke, cutting him on the forehead, cheek and nose, and severing an artery and several small veins.

Erie-a Bee.—Scribner, for September.]

PRECEPTS AT PARTING.

BY IRWIN RUSSELL.

Well, son, so you's gwine for to leab us, your
lubbin' ol' mammy an' me,
And set you'self to ses a waiter, abo'd on de
Robert E. Lee,
Along wid de'n fancy young niggers, what's
shamed for to look at a hoe,
And acts like a passel ob rt'n folks, when dey
isn't got nuffin' to show.

You's had better trainin' dan dey has—I hopes
'at you'll 'tribit more sense;
Seek niggers is like a young rooster, a-settin'
up top ob a fence:
He keeps on a-stretchin' and crowin', and
while he's a blowin' his horn
Dem chickens what ain't arter fussin' is pickin'
up all ob de corn.

Now listen, and min' what I tell you, and
don't you forgit what I say:
Take advice ob a 'sperienced pusson, and
you'll git up de ladder an' stay;
Who knows? You mought git to be President, or justice, perhaps, ob de peace—
De man what keeps pullin' de grape-vines
shakes down a few bunches at least.

Dem niggers what runs on de ribber is mos'ly
a mighty sharp set;
Dey'd fin' out some way for to beat you, if you
bet 'em de wer wuz a debt;
You's got to watch out for dem fellers—dey'd
cheat off de horns o' a cow—
I knows 'em—I follered de ribber 'fore ebber I
follered a plow.

You'll easy git 'long wid de white folks—de
captain and steward and clerks—
Dey won't say a word to a nigger, as long as
dey notice he works;
And work is de oneries' ingine we's any 'casion to tote
To keep us gwine on t'rough de currents dat pesters de spiritual boat.

I heard dat idee from a preacher—he 'lowed
'at dis life was a stream,
And ebergone's soul wuz a packet dat run
wid a full head ob steam;
Dat some ob 'em's only stern-wheelers, while
oders wuz mon'ous fine—
And de trip was made safe' an' quickes' by
boats of de Methodis' line.

I wants you, my son, to be 'tiefar, and 'sociate only wid dey
Dat's till d to go in de cabin—don't nebber
hab nuffin' to say
To dem low minded roustabout niggers what
handles de cotton bey-o;
Dem common brack rascals ain't fittin' for no
cabin waiter to know.

But nebber git airy—be 'spectful to all de
white people you see,
And nebber go back on de raisin' you's had
from your mammy an' me.
It's hard on your mudder, your leabin'—I
don't know whatsber she'll do;
And shorely your fader 'll miss you—I'll alluz
be thinkin' on you.

Well, now, I'se done tol' you my say-so—dar
ain't nuffin' more as I knows—
'Cept dis: don's you nebber come back, sah,
without you has money an' clo's.
I's kep' you as long as I's gwine to, an' now
you an' me we is done—
An' calves is too scarce in dis country to kill
for a prodigal son.

SOUTHERN NEWS.

Bentonville, Boone county, is to have a new Presbyterian church.

Monroe Ginn, of Rome county, has been appointed deputy United States marshal.

At the lynching of the negro who had outraged and attempted to kill a white girl near Jefferson, a crowd of over four hundred persons were present. A vote was taken as to whether he should be hung or not, and every person present in the crowd, with one exception, voted "aye." The prisoner's wife, who was present, voted for his execution.

Little Rock Gazette, 23d: It was reported yesterday that Mr. Ben. Mosely had attempted to commit suicide by hanging himself, and that he was rescued by the exertion of Mr. J. M. Giles, who cut him down. The attempt was made on the other side of the river, near the round-house, and protracted dissipation is alleged to be the cause. Mosely disappeared, and his friends express fears that he has persisted in his attempt to destroy himself.

About five o'clock on Saturday, with scarcely any premonitory symptoms, a terrific cyclone, lasting several minutes, swept over Savannah from a northeastern direction. Fortunately no serious damage was done, though a number of fine shade trees were partially shorn of their limbs, and several fences and small outhouses in the southwestern section were blown down. It is not known how far the cyclone extended, or whether any of the shipping below suffered.

Gainesville (Ga.) *Southron*: The mica mine is being rapidly opened, and to-day we were shown a boxful of the mica, cut to order for a large manufacturing house in Utica, New York. The sales are at from two dollars and fifty cents to three dollars per pound, and the prospect is that they will soon find plates of twelve by eighteen inches. It is in the old work of the mound builders, who have been extinct for countless ages, and who, when a powerful nation, worked the mica mines for their mirrors.

Bentonville Advance:- We learn of a terrible cutting affray which occured at Hickory Creek meeting-house on Saturday night last. William Graham and J. V. Beck, two men well advanced in years, got into a fisticuff, and during the melee both men were badly cut. We believe each exonerates the other from the cutting, and it is surmised that the sons of his parties did this part of the work. Beck was cut twelve times with a small knife, and, as we learn, was doing pretty well—was able to get up and eat breakfast next morning. Graham was cut five times, but with a larger knife, and it is feared he will die from the effects of his wounds.

Natchez (Miss.) Democrat: John J. Smith, formerly of Claiborne county, was appointed State agent under Ames's infamous administration to recover what his party chums had stolen of the public funds, he to get half of what he should so recover. After John J. had instituted divers suits as State agent, there came a political revolution which swept away and demolished his grand hopes of fortune on the fifty per cent. plan, and he disappeared from the State. The result has been, finally, that John J. Smith had to pay the costs, and will have only that and his labor for his pains. The sheriff and clerks of Adams county were made happy yesterday by the payment of some of these costs.

Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser: As Governors Smith and Mayer call on their followers to send in reports of intimidation and outrage, it would be well for the Democrats to gather up all the information attainable as to the way in which Radical negroes intimidated Democratic negroes, or prevented negroes from voting the Democratic ticket. There are plenty of such cases in all localities, where the negroes vote in any considerable number. This county can furnish instances of the most flagrant kind, and a little time devoted to this investigation will show to the world that the negroes and their white leaders were the only intimidators in this State, and the only ones who tried to get up disturbances on election day.

Columbus (Ga.) Enquirer: It is the very rarest occurence that the whites and blacks differ in this county. Crime is rapidly diminishing. Where freedmen own property, as they do in this county, they become strongly conservative, and desire the best class of rulers—men who are gifted with intelligence and business habits, and will make taxation as light as possible for the general good. We find the colored men have increased their possessions in this intense Democratic county and State in the last twelve months. They now report the possession of 3797 acres of land, about 800 more than last year, and $39,140 of city property, $3900 more than in August, 1875. They own in this county $88,575 of taxable property, notwithstanding the great depreciation in lands and city property. It is currently reported one colored citizen is worth some $25,000 to $30,000, principally in United States bonds and stocks of corporations that pay well. Such a statement of facts is a complete refutation of the arguments of Morton, Sherman, Boutwell & Co.

Humboldt (Tenn.) Journal: Mr. Jas. Perry, living in Madison, near Poplar Corner, while placing new pillars under his crib, saw several rats run into a hole. He dug down to the hole, and began to pull them out by the tail one by one and kill them. When he finished he counted them, and found that he had killed sixty-two in the one hole.

Brownsville (Tenn.) States: The colored Republicans of Haywood county, as elsewhere, believe that Wheeler and Wilson, the sewing-machine men, are the candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency.

SAM J. TILDEN.

Recollections of One of his Schoolmates—His Early Oratorical Efforts—The Boy Father of the Man.

The Governor at Home—His Inflexibility as an Executive—His Surroundings—Gossip in Regard to his Family.

Mr. Charles M. Hall, a lawyer of this city, says the New York *World*, who was born and brought up in the town of New Lebanon, Columbia county, New York, and whose early home was within a quarter of a mile of Mr. Tilden's, gives the following reminiscences of the boyhood of our next President: Mr. Hall and Mr. Tilden lived in the same school district, and consequently attended the same school. Mr. Tilden's father was one of the wealthiest men in the town. He had acquired his fortune by his own exertions, and had the reputation of being an upright, shrewd and able business man. Mr. Tilden's mother was an estimable woman, and was celebrated for her charity, being particularly kind to the poor and sick of the neighborhood. Young Tilden was a student, his father's wealth enabling him to avail himself of every educational advantage. At school he was exceedingly studious, seeming to prefer his books to the sports and pastimes of his schoolmates. He rarely joined in outdoor games, and was generally considered a retiring youth. His schoolfellows, while acknowledging his superior abilities, had no feelings of jealousy or envy toward him, for the reason that he was never boastful nor ever evinced a consciousness of his superiority. He was invariably kind and courteous, yet always dignified. He spent nearly every moment of his school hours in reading or studying. At one time what was known as a "high" school was kept in a house in which one of Mr. Tilden's brothers now lives. "Sam" Tilden, as he was familiarly called by the boys, did not attend the sessions of this school, but took private lessons with the principals, and studied at home. At this time Mr. Tilden was fifteen or sixteen years old. At the close of one of the sessions of this school a public exhibition was given. The exercises consisted of reading, declamation, etc. It was privately arranged between the principals and young Tilden that the latter should take part. The day came and the exercises passed off according to the programme until "Sam" Tilden advanced to the platform and began the delivery of the well-known piece, entitled "Lord Marmion." Every one present was breathless with astonishment, for it was young Tilden's first attempt at public speaking, and his retiring disposition had caused those who knew him to have doubts as to his eventual success as an orator. His declamation proved to be the feature of the occasion, and was the subject of conversation round about. His reputation as an elocutionist was established among his friends, and ever after on such occasions "Sam" Tilden was required to take a prominent part. Young Tilden next attended a private school or academy in the town of Lennox, Berkshire county, where his associates soon acknowledged that he was far ahead of them in learning and ability, and made the admission without the least envy. Two or three years afterward he joined a debating society or "club" which met in a building about a mile distant from Mr. Tilden's home. Semi-political and social subjects and topics of the day were discussed. Most of Mr. Tilden's fellow-debaters were older than he, but many of them were worsted by him in the frequent contests. In fact, he was the principal attraction of the debates, as every one far and near had great curiosity to know "what 'Sam' Tilden had to say on the subject." His original ideas, and logical, direct and practical manner of presenting them, were remarked by all who listened to him. Among his fellow-contestants were S. Milton Skinner, a prominent Whig, and afterward a Republican, who, in after years, moved to Illinois, and became recorder of the county in which he lived; Henry Wood, of New Lebanon; the Gilbert brothers, one of whom, Nelson Gilbert, became a prominent Whig and Republican, and who now lives in Washington City, and Dr. Stephen D. Hand, of Binghamton, New York, who was a member of the constitutional convention of 1866. One winter alternate debates were held at the district schoolhouse and the rooms of the debating club, when the interest in the contests became widespread, greatly owing to Mr. Tilden's popularity as a debater. His voice was excellent in those days, better, if anything, than it has been in later years. The debating club is still in existence. During the years 1845 and 1846 Mr. Hall lived in Albany, and was quite intimately acquainted with Governor Silas Wright. They had many conversations in which the subject of Mr. Tilden's public actions was frequently introduced. Governor Wright always expressed the greatest faith and admiration for Mr. Tilden, and laid particular stress upon the conviction that Mr. Tilden was a man of extraordinary ability and of the strictest integrity and honesty of character—always bound to serve the best interests of the people without regard to personal or party considerations. In proof of this Governor Wright related the following incident, which occurred when Mr. Tilden was a member of the legislature and Mr. Wright was governor: A prominent Democratic member drew up a bill which he proposed to introduce. He showed the bill to his Democratic colleagues, some of whom expressed the opinion that if passed it would be beneficial in its effects to the Democratic party. The bill was shown to Mr. Tilden, who examined it closely. He told its framer that the bill was wrong in principle, and if passed would wrong the people at large. He urged that no steps be taken for its introduction, and firmly declared that if it should be introduced he would oppose its passage with all his might. This was the end of the bill. It was killed simply by the opposition of Mr. Tilden. Governor Wright after relating this incident predicted that Mr. Tilden was destined to "make his mark" in the world. Mr. Hall was in Albany during the session of the constitutional convention, and listened to many of Mr. Tilden's arguments. In his opinion the amendments to the constitution in reference to the canals would never have been adopted if it had not been for the efforts of Mr. Tilden and Mr. Michael Hoffman. He also thought that Mr. Tilden's efforts prevented the adoption of unjust and oppressive amendments regulating the right of suffrage.

GOVERNOR TILDEN AT HOME.

Albany Correspondent N. Y. Graphic.]

Access to the princely home of the governor is very easy. A servant answers your ring at the bell, and in reply to your inquiry shows you into the parlor if the governor is engaged, and if not lets you walk right into his presence in his work-room. The slight built man at the table usually rises, and without a word extends his hand to you. He discerns at once, probably from a study of your features, whether you have called upon business or curiosity, and whether that business is slight or important, and he disposes of you in an instant. If that business is slight he has one formula, "See Pelton," and he motions you possibly toward the inner work room, where the colonel is engaged. If the business is something beyond the ordinary, he bids you sit down and devotes himself strenuously at once to your case. He looks you openly and frankly in the eye. There is no dodging your glance. He listens rather more than he talks. He appears anxious to hear whatever you may desire to say. And when you have said your say he soon sums up the importance of it and gives you an answer. He is able to say "no" upon reflection as readily as "yes." If he were not, his executive business would never have been kept so well in hand as it is. Recently one of the most fascinating and gifted women in the State begged him for the one boon for the obtaining of which her whole life is devoted—the pardon of a loved one from a life sentence. So strong and moving was her appeal that the governor's private secretary and the lieutenant-governor each joined their appeal with hers. With a tear in his eye, his hand clasped, and every muscle of his face betraying his emotion, he governor said: "Madam, I cannot." This is the governor during business hours. Socially, among a chosen few, he is pleasant and jovial as the best *bon camerade*, and is not incapable of smart and bright things. As there is no Mrs Tilden, the sister of the governor, Mrs. Pelton, would be the chief lady of the White House in case of the governor's promotion. She is a few years younger than the governor, and has a decided resemblance to him, though her face is much fuller. There is a pink about the complexion and a freshness in the face that tell of youthful beauty well preserved. She is affable and sociable, and considered among all who have been the recipients of her hospitalities to be a most charming hostess. Her daughter-in-law, Mrs. William T. Pelton, would assist her in dispensing the hospitalities of the White House should win the race. She is also a charming woman, with a pleasant face and agreeable manners. A daughter of Colonel Pelton, twelve years of age, completes the feminine list. Colonel Pelton, the chief-of-all-work for the governor, holds the position of military secretary and the rank of colonel and aide-de-camp on the governor's staff. He is a nephew of the governor, and is his De Witt Clinton. All the great enterprises which the brain of Tilden has conceived have been pressed to a conclusion by Pelton. To his hands have been intrusted the business and political interests of the great manipulator for many years, and it was to his executive capacity that the interests of the candidate were intrusted at Utica last spring and in St. Louis this summer. He is a man thirty-seven or thirty-eight years of age, tall and erect, with something of a martial aspect in the manner of carrying his head, and a slight military air in his way of continually pulling his mustache. He is dark-haired, dark-eyed and dark-complexioned—somewhat abrupt in conversation, possessing little of his uncle's suavity, but happily supplying the needs of that more o