MEMPHIS APPEAL

BY

GALLAWAY & KEATING,

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MEMPHIS APPEAL

SUNDAY, : : JULY 29, 1877.

THE MISSISSIPPI STATE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

On Wednesday next the Democracy of Missisippi will meet in convention for the purpose of nominating a full State ticket. The fact that the Republican party has withdrawn from the contest, and that this is the first time in many years that our party has had anything like a certainty of sweeping the State, invests this meeting with more than usual interest. Much more than ordinary care will have to be exercised to prevent internal feuds and save the party from the dissensions sometimes occasioned by disappointments. The Republicans are playing a deep game. They will not put any candidates in the field; they will hold back and await events, ready, should an independent make his appearance, to support and, if possible, elect him, and with him a whole State ticket. In this they are but acting under orders from headquarters. All the talk that we have heard about Hayes's southern policy, the benign influences of the administration, the reformation of the Whig party, or the formation of a Hayes-Reform party, is based upon such efforts as may be made in the south by the office-seeking Independents, with Radical help, to secure respectability for Republicanism by the defection of disappointed Democrats. Against anything like this the convention will have to guard. The candidates offering for the first place on the ticket are so many, all so distinguished, have such strong following, and have had their "claims" so persistently and so ably presented, that a contest not unattended with bitterness and acrimony is feared by many well versed in the politics of the State. The friends of each are sanguine, indeed sure, that all the delegates ought, if they do not, regard their leader with the same degree of admiration and respect as they do. They are impatient of all opposition, however respectfully couched, and will exhaust all the tactics that experience and diplomacy can invent—perhaps threaten a bolt if their wishes are not conceded without a dissenting voice. No State in the Union has ever had stronger names before it for the highest office in its gift than those of Stone, Featherston, Lowry, Humphreys, Brown and Walthall. The first has administered the affairs of the State most acceptably to the people. Considering the circumstances of its transfer to him after years of Radical robbery, he deserves well of his constituency for his successful efforts to maintain the peace in the face of Radical predictions of riot and bloodshed worse than last week disgraced the northern States. The Kemper tragedy was the only breach in the uniform maintenance of the public peace, and that was due more to enmities that anti-dated the war than to politics, though Redpath, the New York *Tribune* and the New York *Times* have sought to give it that coloring. Of Featherston—after all that we have said in eulogy of the gallant soldier and able statesman—we need hardly more than recall his name to remind the readers of the APPEAL of his claims on popular consideration, or to remind them that his name is a tower of strength, especially in the northern part of the State. No man in Mississippi has stronger friends, or friends who will more tenaciously cling to their chief. In sunshine or in storm, on the battle-field or in party councils, they have followed him with a respect and consideration that deepened with every day that passed. Lowry, another brave soldier and able counselor, will make himself felt as a candidate worthy of the confidence of the party under any circumstances or extremity. His friends are among the most diligent and sensible politicians in the State, and have been busy as beavers in urging his claims upon the attention of the party. They will doubtless go up to Jackson a solid column of workers, lead by astute politicians, who know the worth of their candidate, and believe that the time has come for the Democracy to reward his constancy and devotion. Humphreys has peculiar claims—claims that unite a very rough experience at the hands of the Federal government with long years of devotion to the party, and unselfish and patriotic services as a soldier. These will not be overlooked. They cannot well be. His friends in and out of the convention will see that they are not. His record will be faithfully recited and ably seconded by discreet friends. Of Brown much can and will be said that is most creditable to him as one of the most distinguished statesmen Mississippi has ever produced. Only recently brought forward, he will prove none the less a formidable opponent, especially when the strength of the gentlemen named has expended itself in a vain attempt to nominate either one. Walthall, the gallant soldier and able lawyer, who, so far, has refused to be considered a candidate, has, no doubt, immense strength throughout the State. A gentleman of very striking and handsome presence, he has hitherto made his way in life by the discreet exercise of more than ordinary powers as a public man, and a magnetism that few are strong enough to withstand. His name is a tower of strength with the Democracy of his State, and when presented to the convention, as it will be—despite his protest—we are much mistaken if it does not unite all the discordant elements. There are, besides these, other gentlemen equally worthy the consideration of the convention, altogether, we believe, numbering twelve or more, "either of whom," to quote the words of the Jackson *Clarion*, "is worthy to be intrusted with the banner whose folds are radiant with the enduring principles of justice and equal rights." From them, individually, we do not fear either dissension or division, but from their partisans. If these can only be brought to acknowledge that the unity of the party is of primal importance, and to agree to the acceptance and hearty support of the nominee, whoever he may be, all fears of "aid for the enemy lying in wait" will vanish, and victory all over the State will be assured. The APPEAL, anxious for the success of the Democratic party of Mississippi, urges upon all the delegates to the convention the necessity now more than ever of "unity, peace and concord." Division at this time will be fatal to our hopes in 1880, when, on the larger field of the Union, the enemy is to be met and overthrown again. Let every Democrat, then, agree to abide the result of the deliberations of the convention, be it what it may, and to work with as much discretion and zeal as a year ago, when Radicalism, backed by the Federal government, was defeated and overwhelmed, by the people.

Low middling, 12 7-16c. Tone of the market good middling, 12 7-16c.

BORDER BARBARIANS.

David P. Greer's Experience with the Redskins—A Wife and Two Daughters Sacrificed, Himself Shot All to Pieces, and a Son Scalped.

Kansas City Times.]

JACKSON, MICH., July 16.—David P. Greer, a man about forty-five years old, and his son Charles, a boy of ten, reached this city two or three days ago, intending to remain here for a week or so among relatives, and then proceed to Bennington, Vermont, where Mr. Greer has two sisters and other relatives. Both father and son are in a weak and nervous condition, and the reader will not wonder when it is stated that the boy is partly scalped, and has a tomahawk wound in the shoulder, while the father has a rifle bullet in his shoulder, a bullet wound in the leg, a stab in the cheek, and a bad wound on the head, where an Indian clubbed him with a rifle.

Up to a few weeks since Mr. Greer was a citizen of Idaho, having a cabin on the Cottonwood river, near its mouth, and just where the most hostile Indians have put in their most savage work. He had a wife and three children, and the boy Charles is the only member of the family now left to him. The pioneer says he was comfortably situated, having all the necessaries of life and saving up something. He had a sort of trading-post connected with his cabin, and was well patronized by Indians and hunters. When asked what caused the sudden out-break he replied:

"I haven't felt safe for an hour during the last five years; it was like standing beside a boiler which you knew would sooner or later explode. While there had been no open rupture until this came, the redskins picked off a white man whenever they could safely do it. They were always boasting of what they would some day do, and the longer peace lasted the more they seemed to be spoiling for a row. A few old heads among the tribes were against war, and their counsels have put it off until now.

"Then you knew that war was brewing?"

"We all knew it, sir; but all we could do was for each man to look out for himself. I had real estate and live stock worth five thousand dollars, and I didn't want to jump the country unless forced to. And I was fool enough to believe that the red-skins would pass me by if they killed all the rest; for I've fed 'em, given 'em credit, made 'em presents, and treated every mother's son of the gang like a brother. These wounds here are proof of an Indian's gratitude, d—n 'em."

When asked to detail the particulars of the first outbreak, Mr. Greer said:

"Well, I was ready, and yet I wasn't. The reds had been skulking around for a week, and every one entering the store wanted ammunition, and nothing else. I had overhauled the houses as well as I could, knowing that I would have to defend them until help could come, and one mornin I didn't open the store at all, but set out to bring in three horses which were grazing about a mile down the river. I gave my wife orders to keep all the doors fastened, and not to let any Indians in, no matter how friendly they appeared. She had a Spencer carbine and a revolver, and I took with me a Henry rifle and another revolver. I was in a hurry, having my mind made up that there would be trouble before night. Having a good horse under me, I soon reached the valley, but my movements were guessed at the day before by the Indians. I didn't wait around there long, as I feared an ambush, and I was about half way home when I heard shots and yells, and knew that my post had been attacked. The trail was along the river, and I couldn't see the cabins till close on them. While I was riding that half mile I heard the Spencer carbine growling away, and I knew that my wife had not been taken by surprise."

"Well, sir," he went on, his voice trembling, "there were at least forty yelling devils around the place, and I rode right into the crowd before they saw me. My wife had all the doors and windows secured, and was firing from the loop-holes. I saw two dead Indians on the ground as I dashed up, while a wounded one was crawling away. My horse was perfectly wild, but, sir, I rode around the post at least five times, popping at the Indians calling to my wife, and being shot at and struck at every second. I don't think my wife recognized my voice, as all of us were yelling at once, and when I found that she wouldn't open the door, I made for the bluff, half a mile away, followed by over half the gang, some on foot and some on horseback. While riding around the post I got this stab in the cheek, but I didn't even feel it for a quarter of an hour. My little gallopine for cover the brutes put a bullet into my leg here, but I didn't know it until I was running over the rocks to find a sheltered place. I dropped among some boulders after a bit, and it wasn't a minute before I had shot down two of them. That cooled the pursuit, but they surrounded me, got secure positions, and I was block'ded."

"And your family?"

At this question the little boy began to cry, and the father could hardly control his emotion as he answered:

"It was awful, sir. The boy here says that the Indians appeared soon after I left and asked for powder. She refused to open the doors and they got a log and were going to batter their way in, when she killed the two I saw as I rode up. They then surrounded the building, and the battle opened. There wasn't a better wife and mother in the world, sir, and I never dreamed that she had such pluck. When I think—when I think, sir, of how she must have looked for me back, and how she wondered what had become of me, and how despair crept into her heart, I—I wish I was dead. The other two children were girls, one aged twelve and the other seven. The boys say that Mary, the oldest, used the revolver from one of the doors, while her mother defended the other, and that little Clara carried cartridges to both of them from the closet. There was a half-story chamber to the cabin, and the boy was stationed up there to look through the crevices and watch for me. When his mother knew that part of the Indians had suddenly withdrawn, and when she heard the firing on the bluffs, she called him down from his post and gave him a rifle which I had laid away to sell to some Indian. He says that she was pale, and that her hands trembled, but she kept the Spencer going. Lying among the rocks, nearly a mile away, and with an Indian rifle popping at me every second, I heard that carbine above all the din. My post couldn't stand an Indian attack, and I knew it, as there were too many windows and doors to defend. The house and storeroom were connected by a doorway, but there were no loopholes at the end of the storeroom, and the Indians could gather there and be safe. It was about eight o'clock in the morning when I took to the bluff, and when noon came I could still hear that carbine going. I was wondering all the time why the devils didn't set fire to the post, but they had other plans. I had three kegs of powder, lots of lead, two barrels of flour, twenty pairs of blankets, fifty powder-horns, and various other goods in there, and they knew it. They scared some cattle into driving my wife to surrender, but she kept up her fire, and encouraged the children. About one o'clock all the Indians surrounding me, except about half a dozen, drew off and joined those around the post. I was in a safe place, and yet it was a bad place. They couldn't reach me with their bullets, and yet they had positions from which they could have killed me had I stood up or moved six feet to right or left. The excitement kept pain away for an hour, but after that I was pretty badly used up, having not a drop of water to wash my wounds or quench my thirst.

"About one o'clock," he went on, after a short rest, "all firing ceased, and I believed that the post had been captured. Half crazy with anxiety and distress I rose up, determined to dash out, but the bullets came so fast that I was frightened under cover again. I've been over put in such an afternoon as I did there. Pain and thirst were terrible enough, to say nothing of my mental distress. I hadn't the least hope of getting out alive, and along toward night I got reckless as to consequences. I should have made a dash for the river, which was in plain sight and not over half a mile away, and was just on the point of rising up when yells and shouts from my cabin held me back. For about five minutes there was a lively roar of fire-arms, and above all other noises I could hear that carbine go boom! boom! boom! The Indians who had been left to watch me now opened fire like a regular yelping, and it wasn't long before I began to suspect the truth. You see, as I suspected, and as the boy afterward related, the murderous devils found they couldn't capture the post by assaults on the doors. The brave little woman and those poor children were too much for forty or fifty Indians. After losing nine or ten killed and over a dozen wounded, the reds collected at the west end of the storeroom, out of range, and went to work to knock down the logs. They were three or four hours getting things ready, but when the time came nearly all the end of the building went down at once. My wife and children were ready for fun. They defended the doorway for full fifteen minutes, or until all but this boy were shot dead. When the Indians finally swarmed in he was the only one left to wreak vengeance on. They tomahawked him, started to scalp him, and he was the same as dead for hours. He is sure the others were dead before the Indians got through the door, and I praise God for that consolation, while it nearly drives me crazy to think of it."

There was a period of silence, the boy weeping bitterly, and then Greer braced himself anew, and continued:

"And what did I do? God forgive me, but I couldn't do anything! I was wild with excitement, and while I was trying to plan something the reds made a dash at me. They poured down at me as if there was no end to the number. They were right on me the first I knew, shooting, stabbing, and stricking at me with their guns. I got this shoulder, but they didn't finish me. I fought 'em, but how long I don't know, for I was crazy. I remember of them dodging around me, of striking at them, and of feeling the rage and strength of a wounded lion. It was long after dark before I cooled down and knew my situation. I was then carrying this boy in my arms to the river. Where I found him I don't know. After plundering my post the Indians set fire to it. This child must have crept out and hid in the bushes, while the bodies of the dead were burned. He says he was conscious when I crept upon him, and that when he begged for water I took him in my arms and started for the river. Well, wounded as I was, I felt better in the cool night air. I wanted to save the boy, and that helped nerve me up. The cool water eased our hurts and refreshed us, and between ten o'clock that night and daylight the next morning I walked twenty-two miles, carrying the boy half the time. You wonder that we are not dead, but it wasn't to be. The boy has been pretty tenderly treated, but I haven't fooled with the doctors much. They dug out some of the lead, bandaged me up, and I'll soon be all right again. I'm going to take Charlie to Vermont, and then I'll go back to Idaho and kill Indians as long as I live. I've made a vow—I've sworn by all that's good and sacred—that I'll enter into no other business and have no other plans but to kill Indians whenever and wherever I can find them! I'll shoot down old and young! I'll keep right on killing, through war and peace!"

He was asked if he had read Generals M'Dowell and Howard's official dispatches, and he excitedly exclaimed:

"I have, curse 'em! They are making a great blow and brag, while some of them are besieged or have already been murdered. The government was informed months ago that everything pointed to war, but it slept on and left us to meet it when it came. When these generals telegraph that only a few settlers have been butchered, they lie, sir—they deliberately lie! Dozens and dozens of pioneer families, situated as mine was, have been wiped off the face of the earth, and the red fiends are still at it. Folks said the boy and I would die if we didn't go to bed for six months, but I wouldn't wait a day. We've traveled lying down, sitting up, standing up, and every other way, but we both feel better than when we started. I will go back! I'll stalk, and shoot, and destroy till death takes me. I'll be a shadow to strike terror into the heart of every Indian in the Territory, and I'll be a tiger which shall quench its thirst in nothing but blood!"

So said the man over and over, and he will keep his word.

For the Sunday Appeal.]

THE FAIR, FALSE FACE.

SALLIE ADA MALONE.

I tread the deck of a stately ship—
My native land lies far behind—
The blue wave lifts its quivering lips
To the tender kiss of the evening breeze;
My heart and steps are free to rove
The painless ways of the ocean sea,
And the fair, false face of the woman I love
Will never—never come back to me.

The setting sun drops down from the west
A mingled splendor of crimson and gold;
Each wave has caught to its throbbing breast
A jewel that never was bought, or sold;
Like of her floating, golden hair—
Of the gems that she wore on her soft, white hand—
The hand that has wrought my life's despair,
And driven me forth from my native land.

A low, sweet wind sits up aloft,
And tender whispers are in the air
Murmuring tones I have heard so oft
In beautiful dreams that brought despair.
Once more I gather the roses sweet,
The wild dove coos in the far-off dell;
Once more my heart lies under the feet
Of the fair, false woman I love so well.

Oh, gallant ship, you speed in vain!
There is no land beyond the sea
Can fill my wasted life again
And give its ripe fruit back to me;
Where e'er my wandering footsteps rove—
Where e'er the bending skies are fair—
The sweet, false face of her I love
Will haunt me there, and everywhere.

COURTLAND, MISSISSIPPI.

HOLLAND ON MILLER.

The Editor of Scribner's Congratulates the Doubting Presbyterian on his Reception of a Certificate of Christian Manhood.

In *Scribner's Monthly*, for August, Dr. Holland discusses the recent trial of Mr. John Miller for heresy. He says:

"This time it is the Presbyterian body that undertakes to prove Dr. Blauvelt's charges of Protestant Vatican ism, and Rev. John Miller is the victim. Does anyone wonder that from this matter stands? Does any one now claim that there is anything like free thought or free speech within the precincts of a creed? Is there a christian minister who does not recognize that his brain is imprisoned and that his hands are tied? Can there be one who does not see that it is positively disastrous for him to look outside of his creed for truth? Is it not a pretty position for a man to be compelled less for a man whom Christ has made free to be in? We do not wonder that ministers are vexed with us for alluding to it. It must be exceedingly humiliating, not only to realize the bondage, but to feel bound to justify it; and we assure them that they have our most profound commiseration. Now let us see exactly what has been done. Mr. Miller, with a keen intellect, with competent learning, possessed by a great love of the christian denomination with which he has for many years been associated, tenderly inquisitive of truth, and heroically loyal to conscience, investigates three questions suggested by his bible. He comes to certain conclusions at variance with those that have found expression in his creed. Whatever these new opinions of his may be, they are 'trophies, not traditions.' He found them, and formed them in the conscientious exercise of christian liberty. He proclaimed them, knowing that they would harm him in the eyes of those whom he loved; but better than these, he loved God and truth, or what he believed to be truth. The consequences he did not lie far away. His case was taken up with a promptness worthy of the Inquisition, and he was suspended from the ministry. We do not learn that any flaw has been found in his moral character, or that any charge is covered in his christian spirit. Exactly what we do learn is, that in this nineteenth century, inside of the christian church, there is proscription for opinion's sake—that, practically, Protestantism undertakes to fasten bands upon the christian conscience and the christian intellect. Men may try to disguise the nature of this act to themselves and the world in any way they choose, but proscription for opinion—an organized and constituted suppression of christian liberty—is just what it is, beyond all possibility of denial. We look back in these days upon the blunders of our fathers with pity; but as we turn the pages of colonial history we find a touch of manliness about the old trials for heresy which makes us execrate heresy-hunters do not seem to possess. When Mr. Pynchon, of the Massachusetts Colony, wrote a book in which he attempted to prove that Christ suffered not for us those unutterable torments of God's wrath commonly called hell torments,' the authorities deposed him from the magistracy and publicly burned his book in Boston market; and then they had the decency to appoint Mr. Norton, of Ipswich, under very handsome pay, considering the times, 'to write an answer to the book.' Mr. Pynchon's heresy has become modern orthodoxy, and now, if any minister dares to assert that Christ suffered genuine hell torments, down goes his house! The whole matter is pitiful, because it is so childish. How does this case look, for another instance? Robert Breck, less than a hundred and fifty years ago, said: 'What will become of the heathen who never hear of the gospel, I do not pretend to say; but I cannot but indulge a hope that God, in His boundless benevolence, will find out a way whereby those heathens who act up to the light they have may be saved.' That utterance was considered such a breach of orthodoxy that he was arrested by an officer with a drawn sword, to be carried from Massachusetts to Connecticut for trial, and refused bail on the ground that the offense with which he was charged was 'high treason, not only against the king of England, but the King of Heaven!' And the poor ass who made this utterance, and compelled us to laugh at him, was tremendously in earnest—as much in earnest, say, as the bodies that placed their little ban on Dr. Blauvelt and Mr. Miller. And the time is rapidly coming when the action of those bodies will be regarded precisely as we regard these mistakes of our forefathers. The world does move. Opinions are modified. Creeds are broadened or shortened, or thrown away altogether, and a generation of preachers is even now coming forward who have discovered that the christianity of the head is the christianity of the past, and that the hold of our religion upon the world, and the hope of its progress and prevalence are in the life, the character, the life. As for Mr. Miller, we congratulate him on the reception of his certificate of christian manhood. Dismissal from the ministry, as a punishment for the independent study of the bible is getting to be quite common, and, barring its monotonousness, quite popular. People now would like to know what Mr. Miller has to say. They have heard all there is to say inside of the creeds, *ad nauseam*, and they are not fond of official mouthpieces. There was a time when proscription for opinion tended to blast and blacken a man—when there was a measure of disgrace connected with it. Now it is an honor among all men who are free and who are determined to be free. The best and brightest men in the world will rejoice in the spiritual enlargement of all who, breaking away from everything that hinders, investigate for themselves and come to their own conclusions. God gave them their reason for just this work, and all pity should be saved for those who, for any cause, consent to be hampered in its exercise."

NEURALGIA.—"Neuril" cures it. Sold by C. H. Jones & Co., Memphis.

PAN-PRESBYTERIAN.

Proceedings of the Closing Day of the Great Council—A Love-Feast—Liberal and Patriotic Views—American Compliments to Queen Victoria.

The Edinburgh correspondent of the New York *World* gives the following account of the closing day of the great Pan-Presbyterian council, one of the most important religious gatherings of the country:

The closing meeting was held this evening, Dr. Adams, of New York, presiding. The hall was crowded to excess, many being unable to obtain admission. The opening devotional exercises were conducted by the venerable Dr. Beatty, the oldest member of the council. After their conclusion Dr. Adams made a very graceful address, alluding, to the fact that he, an American, should have been chosen as convener of the committee appointed to prepare an address to the queen; but, he added, the representatives from the United States of America in the council would yield to none in the assembly in their expressions of respect and admiration, and he almost ventured to use the word affection, for that noble woman who, in the providence of God, had been called on to preside over the vast British realm. Though they were representatives of a republican nation, they could not withhold a manifestation of respect for Queen Victoria, who seemed to be invested with all those personal virtues to which all their hearts rendered a spontaneous tribute of loyalty. [Applause.] There was a special propriety, so far as the United States delegates were concerned, in the time in which they were permitted to make this expression—just when the British government and people had been so lavish in their expressions of civility and courteous toward one who, now a visitor to British shores, was recently President of the United States. These expressions they most heartily reciprocated. There was a time when sorrow invaded the home of the British sovereign. When the sad tidings of that event reached America, his hearers would have been surprised and touched could they have heard, that Sabbath morning, the prayers which went up from so many of their pulpits on behalf of her whose position was so eminent. Forms of government and dynasties faded away, but the sympathies of our common humanity were immutable and universal.

The address to the queen, or rather its most significant passages, was as follows:

"We rejoice in the large opportunities allowed under your constitutional government for the free propagation of the gospel and for the orderly action of churches in accordance with the conscientious persuasion of their members. While wish success to all efforts put forth in sincerity and faith by the branch of the christian church within your territories, in order to promote the knowledge and belief of scriptural truth, we venture to indicate the deep interest which we take in the circumstance, that, when residing in Scotland, your majesty joins in Presbyterian worship and communion. We pray together for your majesty's temporal and spiritual welfare. We beseech God, for Christ's sake, to prolong your precious life, and to prosper you, both in your public and in your private relations. We further beseech Him to enable you, by the power of His holy spirit, to enjoy all the blessedness and peace which faith in Jesus can impart. We also pray that this influence at once of the British nation and of the United States of America may combine with that of those continental States and kingdoms in Europe which are in the enjoyment of living under the banner of peace, to speedy end, to mitigate them in the meantime, and to restore confidence and good order. We respectfully present to your majesty the expression of sympathy in the anxieties which the existing European disturbance must create. And we do so all the more readily from our past experience of your friendly disposition toward foreign countries in their difficulties."

Rev. Moses L. Hoge, of Richmond, Virginia, moved the adoption of the address in a speech in which he said that the two great Protestant armies of the world at this day were the British islands and the United States of America and Canada. Anything that brought these into nearer relation was to be recognized as something for which they were to be grateful to God. If the principles represented by these two great countries triumphed throughout the world, it would doubtless be owing to the agencies of these two great lands as instruments in God's hands in bringing about the establishment of the moral authority of Christ's kingdom right in the vulgar. Although coming from a country which was republican in its form of government, no one recognized the fact more thoroughly than himself that there was not a lower, loyal more patriotic subject to their queen the limited monarchy over which their gracious queen presided—not one in which there was more thorough freedom of life, liberty and freedom of opinion. It was not only her office and position to preside over a larger number of subjects than any other sovereign that swayed a sceptre on this globe, but she was the strongest of all others in the loyalty and love of all those over whom she presided. He had known her fortune for more than forty years over the purest court of Britain, and that she had promoted and secured by her own transcendent virtues. Dr. Pressense, of Paris, seconded the motion in a speech in French.

The customary complimentary resolutions were adopted, Dr. M'Cosh moving them in a speech wherein he said that the meetings had more than fulfilled all the expectations which he had entertained of them, and added that he had lived to see the day, which he did not expect to see, when so much of the spirit of unity and love prevail among Presbyterians. They in America had been accredited with possessing an unenfranchising spirit, and he was so, but since he had come across he had heard some Scotchmen say, "What have you done with your eccentricities, because they have not appeared here?" [Laughter.] There were fewer eccentricities in America than in other countries. They did not mean to send eccentric men here; they sent men whom they could trust to thoroughly represent their feelings. He believed had it not been for the eccentricities of the Puritans they never would have had such a meeting. Dr. Begg seconded the motion, and cordially reechoed what had been said in regard to these remarkable meetings.

In London, as in London, said critics were watching for the grounds on which the new alliance would justify itself. They had only taken one cautious step, and that was the collection and comparison of facts; but the question of opinion—an organized and constituted suppression of christian liberty—is just what it is, beyond all possibility of denial. We look back in these days upon the blunders of our fathers with pity; but as we turn the pages of colonial history we find a touch of manliness about the old trials for heresy which makes us execrate heresy-hunters do not seem to possess. When Mr. Pynchon, of the Massachusetts Colony, wrote a book in which he attempted to prove that Christ suffered not for us those unutterable torments of God's wrath commonly called hell torments,' the authorities deposed him from the magistracy and publicly burned his book in Boston market; and then they had the decency to appoint Mr. Norton, of Ipswich, under very handsome pay, considering the times, 'to write an answer to the book.' Mr. Pynchon's heresy has become modern orthodoxy, and now, if any minister dares to assert that Christ suffered genuine hell torments, down goes his house! The whole matter is pitiful, because it is so childish. How does this case look, for another instance? Robert Breck, less than a hundred and fifty years ago, said: 'What will become of the heathen who never hear of the gospel, I do not pretend to say; but I cannot but indulge a hope that God, in His boundless benevolence, will find out a way whereby those heathens who act up to the light they have may be saved.' That utterance was considered such a breach of orthodoxy that he was arrested by an officer with a drawn sword, to be carried from Massachusetts to Connecticut for trial, and refused bail on the ground that the offense with which he was charged was 'high treason, not only against the king of England, but the King of Heaven!' And the poor ass who made this utterance, and compels us to laugh at him, was tremendously in earnest—as much in earnest, say, as the bodies that placed their little ban on Dr. Blauvelt and Mr. Miller. And the time is rapidly coming when the action of those bodies will be regarded precisely as we regard these mistakes of our forefathers. The world does move. Opinions are modified. Creeds are broadened or shortened, or thrown away altogether, and a generation of preachers is even now coming forward who have discovered that the christianity of the head is the christianity of the past, and that the hold of our religion upon the world, and the hope of its progress and prevalence are in the life, the character, the life. As for Mr. Miller, we congratulate him on the reception of his certificate of christian manhood. Dismissal from the ministry, as a punishment for the independent study of the bible is getting to be quite common, and, barring its monotonousness, quite popular. People now would like to know what Mr. Miller has to say. They have heard all there is to say inside of the creeds, *ad nauseam*, and they are not fond of official mouthpieces. There was a time when proscription for opinion tended to blast and blacken a man—when there was a measure of disgrace connected with it. Now it is an honor among all men who are free and who are determined to be free. The best and brightest men in the world will rejoice in the spiritual enlargement of all who, breaking away from everything that hinders, investigate for themselves and come to their own conclusions. God gave them their reason for just this work, and all pity should be saved for those who, for any cause, consent to be hampered in its exercise."

NEURALGIA.—"Neuril" cures it. Sold by C. H. Jones & Co., Memphis.

WALNUT, MISS.

Cotton is Doing Very Well, Everything Considered—Corn Very Promising—An Average Wheat Crop and Plenty of Hogs.

From an Appeal Correspondent.]

WALNUT, Miss., July 25.—Noticing a piece from a friend in Sardis, stating that the farmers are badly in the grass, and knowing your readers would like to know the prospects of crops in this section of country, prompts me to write a short card. I am surprised to hear that our friend's farmers are so indolent. It is very reasonable to suppose that they would be in the grass, and their crops looking sorry. Our crops, up to June 1st, were in good order and clear of grass and weeds. Since that time rains have fallen every few days, and, in some neighborhoods, were very heavy. Such long-continued rains have made it impossible to keep our crops clean, but they are not as badly in the grass and weeds as those of our Sardis farmers. Cotton and corn are growing rapidly, and I think we will make at least three-quarters of a crop, and some uplands will make full crops. And the reason our crops are looking so much be ter than those of our friend Henderson's farmers is in working them and not idling around. We must go to work, and not depend on rains to make our crops. We have made an average wheat crop, and have plenty of hogs; and if we have a late and favorable fall, we will reap three-quarters of a crop. We are having but little sickness.

R. B. MITCHELL.

SOLDIER TALK.

Grant Pays Pemberton a Compliment and a Tribute to the Vicksburg Garrison—H'Mahon's Opinion of Grant, Joe Johnston and the American Troops.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, writing from Paris, and who traveled with General Grant from England to the continent, writes as follows:

"I often desired to befriend many of my old companions in arms, though they were afterward against me," said General Grant to me as we journeyed over to Folkstone. "Do you remember Pemberton?"

"Perfectly, General."

"Well, Pemberton was in Mexico, and a more conscientious, honorable man never lived. I remember when a general order was issued that none of the junior officers should be allowed horses during the marches. Mexico is not an easy country to march in. Young officers not accustomed to it soon get footsore. This was quickly discovered, and they were found lagging behind. But the order was so strictly enforced, no verbal permission accepted, and nearly all of them remounted.

"Pemberton alone said: 'No, he would walk, as the order was still extant not to ride, and he did walk, though suffering intensely the whole time. This I thought of all the time he was in Vicksburg and I outside of it; and I knew he would hold on to the last. "Yes, he was scrupulously particular in matters of honesty and integrity, I know," said I, "for I had occasion to be a witness to his character in this respect. "Do you know why he capitulated Vicksburg on the fourth of July?" said the general. "Pardon me, he did not; it was on the third of July the actual capitulation took place, as per records. The surrender of your troops, General, took place formally on the fourth. But the reason was, or one of the reasons was, at that time a general believed that you would attack in force the lines in front of Vicksburg on the fourth, and in conjunction with the fleet, soon bring Pemberton's weak garrison into submission, and have the terms afterward all your own way, beside destroying much life. Then General Pemberton, on the second day of July, called a council of his commanding officers, and they all said they approved of capitulation whereby they and their commands would get easier terms; be paroled and soon return home, when they are reached by Russia's withering hate.

Why smote ye not the giant whilst he reel'd?
O fair occasion gone forever by!
The hatchet lies in pieces in their northern field
Innocuous as the phantom chivalry
That flames and hurtles from yon boreal sky!

* * *

Brute hosts, I own; but Sparta could not write,
And Homer, perhaps, never heard of Britain's chain;
So Russia's spirit 'mid Slavonic night
Burns with a fire more dread than all your polished light.
"But Russia's lights!"—so blinded statesmen speak—
Yes, Russia's lights are too intensely sober!
O lamentable weakness! reckoning weak
The stirring Titan strengthening year by year,
What implement lacks he now that Britain engaged to
That grows on earth or in its floods and mines?
Russia's fleet, the Mediterranean sphere,
Whom Persia bows to, China ill confines,
And India's homage waits when Albion's star declines.

These lines may well strike the most infatuated like as "the trumpet of a prophecy!"

HEBREW MEMORIAL SERVICE.

Solemn Tribute in the Synagogue at Newport on the Late Judah Touro's Virtues and Beneficence.

New York Herald.]

NEWPORT, R. I., July 23.—A very notable event occurred in this city this afternoon. The Jewish synagogue was opened for the first time for regular service since 1854. It was opened for the purpose of holding a service in memory of the later Judah Touro, the great benefactor of the Hebrew race, who, with his brother, Abraham Touro, died so much for Newport. The Redwood library, Touro park and the Jewish cemetery, objects of pride to every resident of Newport, were their work. The synagogue was built in 1762, and up to the Revolutionary war was regularly open for services, and at that time it numbered no less than seventy Jewish families residing here, and many of their members were influential citizens. It was the only place of worship in New England where Hebrew was chanted and read weekly. Abraham Touro left twenty thousand dollars in trust of the municipal authorities, the interest to be expended in keeping the synagogue and grounds in order.

THE GATES OF PEACE.

The meeting this afternoon was suggested at the late conference of the American Hebrew congregations, which assembled at Philadelphia. The president of the congregation, Hon. Benjamin F. Peixotto, and Rev. Dr. Sunnenshein, a rabbi, of St. Louis, who were present to-day, were appointed a committee to go to Newport to organize a congregation, which they did yesterday with a membership of eighty, and named the society "Shaaray Sholem," which means gates of peace. At the close of the meeting, yesterday, it was decided to visit Newport to-day in a body and hold a memorial service. Rev. Dr. Sunnenshein offered prayer first in Hebrew and then in English, and at the close of which he also preached a memorial sermon. His remarks breathed a spirit of charity to all the world. And he paid an eloquent tribute to the dead, saying that he was one of the noblest, best and purest of the men that had ever been identified with his people. He took occasion to say that he was pained to read in a Providence paper of today that some of the arrivals at Newport hotels were many Jews whose wives and daughters were decked with jewelry and diamonds. "It may be," said the preacher, "that our people are distinguished by wearing jewels and glittering stones; but I know that they have a different significance than that which the writer of the article attributes to them. I ascribe the wearing of this jewelry to another reason. It is the scripture lesson, 'Obey the teaching of thy father and mind the lessons of thy mother. This shall be a royal diadem on thy head and a brilliant chain of jewels around thy neck." These jewels our mothers, sisters and daughters wear are symbolical of the cardinal virtues of chastity, morality, temperance and charity, which we carry along in obedience to the lessons of our forefathers.

TRIBUTE TO JUDAH TOURO.

Hon. Benjamin F. Peixotto, of New York, late United States counsel at Roumania, then addressed a pathetic and able eulogy on the life of Judah Touro. He briefly referred to his many acts of benevolence. Churches, christian as well as Hebrew, hospitals and other institutions were scattered about the land that owed their existence to his generosity. His name was honored throughout the land—more honored even than those who had fought great battles. He rejoiced that to-day the Jews were a free people on Columbia's soil, and were not hunted down or denied a foot of land or the privilege of cultivating the same as in days gone by. He urged the young to read and imitate the life of Mr. Touro, and he desired them to live so that they would know them for their merit rather than their nationality. He recognized no one but Americans in the land sacred to the memory of Washington and those who signed the Declaration of Independence, and in conclusion he referred to the solemnity of the occasion. The appropriateness of meeting in the synagogue dedicated to his people, and in the city where over a quarter of a century ago Judah Touro had peacefully passed away.

AT THE CEMETERY.

Rev. Dr. Sunnenshein then read the prayer for the dead, after which the company proceeded to the Jewish cemetery, and there, over the grave of the deceased, Dr. Sunnenshein read the Hebrew prayer for the dead. The cemetery was the gift of Mr. Touro, who in 1843 caused the massive granite gateway and fence which surrounds it to be built, at an expense of twelve thousand dollars. His father, mother, and other members of his family are interred there, and the inscription bears more the appearance of a elegant flower garden than of the "silent city of the dead." After the exercises the company dispersed.

PANOLA COUNTY, MISS.

The Crop Prospect—Wheat and Early Corn Yield Gloriously—May Corn in the Grass, and Cotton having a Hard Time—Politics Quiet—Colored Labor Doing Well.

From an Appeal Correspondent.]

ELDORADO, July 26.—Seeing that your paper is the most popular among the citizens of this county, and knowing it to be a very widespread and influential paper, I send you a short report of the political times and the present aspect for a crop in this portion of Panola county. The wheat crop is now being threshed out, and I am glad to say that where it was well protected from the weather, it is giving general satisfaction to the producer—a much greater yield than was anticipated. But there is great complaint among those that only had it in the fields in shocks, of its being very much damaged from rot. The early planting of corn is now in full roasting-ear, with enough season in the ground to generate a good yield. But the late or May planting has a very precarious prospect for a crop, on account of too much rain, causing a superabundance of grass and weeds; and, unfortunately for this county, the bulk of the corn crop is of that planting. Cotton, I will say, never was as sorry at this date as it is at present. On or about the nin