MEMPHIS APPEAL

BY

GALLAWAY & KEATING.

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One copy, one month, by mail	$1 00
One copy, one year, by mail	10 00
One copy, six months, by mail	5 00
One copy, one week, in city	25
One copy, one month, in city	1 10

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One copy, one year	$2 00
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First insertion, per square $1 00
Subsequent insertions, per square 50
Eight lines solid nonpareil makes one square, and twelve lines make one inch.
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MEMPHIS APPEAL

SUNDAY, : : SEPT. 16, 1877

WADE HAMPTON'S SPEECH.

In the APPEAL of Friday morning last was published the able, eloquent, and statesman-like address of Governor Wade Hampton, delivered at Rockford, Illinois, to the Winnebago agricultural society. The southern office-seekers, office-holders and office-brokers are frantic in praises of this splendid address, and one enthusiastic hypocrite declares that if the sentiments expressed by the South Carolina statesmen animated the southern people there would be an end to sectional hatreds. We have carefully read Governor Hampton's address, and do not hesitate to say that we indorse every word, every line and sentence, in whole and in part, in general and in particular. Precisely the same sentiments have been expressed through the editorial columns of the APPEAL nearly every day for the past six years. Every southern Democrat, every Confederate soldier, and every original secessionist indorses Governor Hampton's address, not reluctantly, but cordially, heartily and enthusiastically. He is universally recognized as a representative man of the south, and those for whom he so truthfully and eloquently speaks are proud of their representative. If there is any possible difference between Governor Hampton and the great mass of the southern people, it consists in the fact that he expressed more defiance than they are in the habit of uttering. He said: "I, for myself, my friends, have no concealments to make for the past. I have taken part in the war, nor would your respect for me be increased were I to offer any unmanly apology for it. I did what you did; I obeyed the command of my own State, as you did yours. And you, men of the north, were guided by your own consciences, as we of the south were guided by ours. I did all I could to avoid a war, but when South Carolina called her sons, as Illinois did hers, I obeyed her command. And, men of Illinois, I fought you as long and as hard as I could, and I have no apologies to make for it." [Loud cheers and laughter.] What a withering rebuke are these bold and manly words to the snivelling and whining of Postmaster-General Key, in his abject and servile apologies for the "erring brethren." Governor Hampton proclaims the universal sentiment of the southern people when he said, "We seek peace; we plead in the interest of peace." To prove this, he said: "Do you want proof of her sincerity? Look in the recent past and tell me if you can find sympathy more conclusive than is given by her conduct. Need I tell you to look back to those trying days when the Presidential contest was unsettled. What was the course of the south then?" Governor Hampton alluded to the probability of a civil war, in which whole families would have been destroyed—aye, in civil war—had not the south stood firm for peace. "I tell you, men of Illinois, and I speak not as a Democrat—and I don't know and don't care whether I speak to Democrats or Republicans—I speak as an American to Americans, and say to you to-day, that you owe a debt of credit to the people of the south [cheers]; in congress, to what some of the north have called the Confederate brigadiers, preventing filibustering and stood by the result of the electoral commission's work. During the recent strikes and riots, too, she evinced her feeling by upholding the laws and standing conservative. She has given bonds to fate to preserve the peace, and she wants peace; she wants you people of the north to understand her conduct; she wants you to realize precisely what she accepts as the result of the war; she wants you to understand the motives which have actuated her, not only before and during, but since the war." This is the position of the south. Governor Hampton has correctly given the sentiments and desires of the southern people, yet they are called by the officeholders and office-brokers extremists, disloyal—and pray, disloyal to what? To J. Madison Wells, Eliza Pinkstone, Jim Blaine, the South Carolina thieves, the corruptions of the Radical party, and the fraud by which the people were cheated out of the President they had elected. In the estimation of these office-seekers, to be loyal, one must declare Hayes a political divinity, indorse the means by which he stole the Presidency, favor independent candidates for office, and abuse Democrats and Democracy. Governor Hampton correctly represented the sentiments of the southern people when he declared and proved that they had made every sacrifice for peace. But it would not have been appropriate, on such an occasion, for him to proclaim, what he no doubt felt, that we can never have a united country under the Republican party, which, for party purposes, has kept the south in a state of turmoil and discontent, until the Democrats, by a persistent war, created that public sentiment which defeated Radicalism in November last and elected Tilden.

WE devote a large proportion of our space to-day to the private and public schools of the city. THE APPEAL has always been and will continue to be a staunch friend and supporter of the educational institutions of the country, especially those which are located here and are conducted with so much ability, tact and taste; hence, we consider it a duty to keep them before the public and invite to their support the parents and guardians of the country as well as the city. With our railroad and river facilities, the Memphis schools, managed as well as any in the country, ought never want for pupils. The principals and teachers are all persons of experience, of established and well-earned reputations, who are ambitious, wide-awake, eager to keep up with the advance of the times, and determined that our city shall not suffer by comparison with any other so far as they are concerned. We invite attention to our local report, assured that our readers will agree with us that we have abundant cause to be satisfied with our educational facilities.

WE are informed that the library-rooms fitted up in Odd-Fellows' hall, under the auspicies of that order, has been completed, and is now ready for such contributions as the public may see fit to make in the shape of books, or money with which to purchase books. The rooms, it will be seen from our report, have been fitted up at an expense of fifteen hundred dollars, donated by the various lodges in the city, and are excellently adapted to the purpose. One apartment is fitted up for the exclusive use of the ladies, attached to which are dressing-rooms, for their comfort and convenience. By-laws, rules and regulations for the library have been printed, from which the public may learn how memberships may be secured. We hope the Odd-Fellows of Memphis will be properly encouraged in this commendable enterprise until the membership embraces every citizen and the shelves of the library are filled to their utmost capacity with books, so that we may have a library of which every Memphian may feel proud.

HAYES'S VISIT

To Morton—Affecting Scene at the Bedside of the Dying Radical—"Tears, Idle Tears, the Vain Regret of Vanished Years"—Under the Shadow

Of the Grave, the Ablest, Bravest, and Most Persistent of the Enemies of the South Indorses Hayes's Adoption of the Democratic Policy of Non-interference in State Affairs.

Special to the Cincinnati Enquirer.]

RICHMOND, IND., September 17.—There is no denying the fact that, short of something like a miracle, the days of Oliver P. Morton in the United States senate are numbered. Draw a string from your right arm-pit to the base of the brain on the left side; consider everything below practically dead, and every thing above constantly liable to an instant extinguishment, and you have, in a word, Senator Morton's condition. When President Hayes, to-day, kissed him upon the forehead, and with choking sobs bade him good-bye, it was a reasonable conclusion to which lookers-on arrived that it was a last, a long farewell, and that his excellency had, in common with many of the acute observers of this little city, arrived at the conclusion that Senator Morton's days on earth are practically numbered. That the President did a graceful thing in thus coming out of his way to visit the dying senator, his late opponent in the fight for the Presidential nomination, and the champion of the policy which he has been at no little pains and toil to root out, no one will deny, and that the senator did as graceful and noble an act in indorsing the President's policy and promising it his support, should his life be spared, everybody must admit. Hence, the visit, with its results, was a remarkable one, and will be long remembered, both in the history of this cheerful little city and in the annals of the country at large. Arriving

AT THE RESIDENCE

the President and party were warmly received by Governor Burbank, and ushered into the reception-room, an elegant apartment fronting west upon Eighth street, and handsomely and tastefully furnished. The President anxiously inquired after the condition of Senator Morton, and was assured that he had passed a very comfortable night, and was anxiously awaiting his arrival. After an introduction to the ladies and a few pleasant words, the President was shown to the sick chamber, the bulk of the party remaining behind.

THE INTERVIEW BETWEEN THE PRESIDENT AND SENATOR MORTON

was most touching. Mrs. Morton and Governor Burbank, who had been in the apartment conversing with and reading to the senator, withdrew as the President entered, leaving him alone with the senator and his physician, Dr. Thompson. Entering rapidly from the front door to the bedside, with quivering lip and evidences of strong mental emotion, the President grasped the warm right hand of the senator, and with the single exclamation, "My dear, dear friend," bowed his manly head over the semi-prostrate form of the great man and kissed his forehead, while tears of manly emotion fell from his eyes and bedewed the pillow upon which rested the head, the only living portion of the slowly dying statesman. Tears responded to tears, and the eyes of the stern senator, unused to the moisture of emotion, filled and overflowed, and for a moment the two great men, whose voices have swayed the nation, were silent, unable to speak. Then the voice of the senator was heard, husky and struggling with emotion, as he said, "My dear Hayes, Mr. President, I am glad, very glad, to see you." "No more so than I," was the President's reply, as his grasp again tightened upon the senator's hand, and he sank into a seat to calm for a moment his emotions. Then the conversation ran on for a few minutes,

THE PRESIDENT ASSURING SENATOR MORTON

that his thoughts had been with him daily, and that he had anxiously looked forward to the time when he might be permitted to visit him. The reply was earnest and grateful, and the kindness and social regard touching. Then the President referred with evident pleasure to the warm, earnest feeling expressed everywhere for the welfare of the senator, and the unreserved wish that he might be spared to his place in the senate and to a life of usefulness. The reply was characteristic; that he felt a deep interest in the affairs of the country, and that he hoped to be able to take his seat in congress in December next, "to assist," he said, "you, Mr. President, and support your wise policy for the welfare of the nation." This kindly allusion to the policy so much adverse to the principles formerly advocated by Senator Morton greatly affected the President, and he was silent for a few moments as the senator proceeded with some remarks upon the prospectively

PROSPEROUS CONDITION OF THE COUNTRY,

and his joy and gratitude in the knowledge of this fact. Then the President, after speaking of the events of his trip and the evidences of prosperity he had everywhere met, referred to the senator's present condition, congratulating him upon the fact that he had changed but little in appearance, and expressing an earnest hope of his early recovery. Mr. Morton replied in a hopeful strain, saying that he to-day for the first time since his sickness had an unmixed hope of recovery. The conversation then again turned upon national topics, when Dr. Thompson gently interfered, saying that the welfare of his patient would not allow further conversation. Then the President's emotion again overpowered him. Great choking sobs swelled up in his throat, the tears chased one another down his cheeks; he vainly tried to express his feelings in words, and, seizing the senator's hand, he pressed it long between his own, imparted another kiss upon his forehead, and, with choking utterances, bade him an earnest, agonizing farewell, and hurried from the room sobbing aloud. For some minutes

AFTER THE INTERVIEW

the President was unable to speak. He resumed his seat in the reception-room, sobbing aloud, while a silence fell over the company, who, with all respect for the President's kindly heart toward his friends, were not prepared for so violent expressions of grief. During this time

GENERAL BUTLER,

who had, with his party of Soldiers' home directors, arrived on the regular train from Dayton, reached the house, and was granted a short interview with the senator. There were in this no special developments of interest, the general expressing a hope for Senator Morton's recovery and return to his work, and congratulating him upon the little change in his health and appearance which his long and severe illness had caused. One or two other persons were admitted to the sick room for a few minutes, and spoke briefly with Mr. Morton. All expressed surprise at his healthful appearance and lack of emaciation and weakness, which his long illness and abstinence from all solid food was expected to have caused. After a short time spent in conversation on the past and present condition of the senator, and the prospects for the future, lunch was served, and the party took the carriages for the depot.

Regarding the condition of Senator Morton, there has been until to-day

A GREAT DEAL OF UNCERTAINTY,

which uncertainty has, indeed, not yet entirely disappeared. That there has been a studied and continued effort to conceal the true facts in the case is evident. Not a day has passed since his serious, almost fatal attack, some two weeks ago, in which the members of the family or the physicians have not said that he was improving. This is the general reply: "He is better than he was yesterday." Yet, though each day growing "better," and, though he has been reported sitting in his chair at times, his physician to-day stated that he was not in a condition in which he (the physician) could give his consent to his sitting up at all. This does not have the appearance of a constant, daily improvement, as bulletined by his friends and the Associated Press. Another indication—indeed, I may say proof—of a studied concealment of facts is shown in the senator's statement, and also that of his physician, that until to-day he himself had despaired of recovery. The almost daily statement heretofore has been that "the senator is cheerful, and confident of recovery." His physician said to-day: "Until to-day he has been despondent, and expressed the belief that he would not recover;" and in his interview with the President the senator himself said: "To-day, for the first time since my illness, I am led to believe I will recover." Thus the people here are led to doubt any thing and everything given them from official or family sources relative to the matter. Another strange point in the affair is the fact that no one here, not even his most intimate friends, has been allowed to see him during his illness, and not a single physician here, though many of them are of the best standing and also warm personal friends of the senator, has been allowed to get sight of him. To-day, however, two or three friends, besides the President and General Butler, were admitted to his room.

HIS CONDITION

is by far worse than before his attack, even should his pains cease and he become well enough to again take an interest in public affairs. His legs, of which he formerly had some little use when supporting himself upon his canes, are now, it is said, entirely useless, completely paralyzed, and without sensibility. Worse than this, his left arm has also become entirely useless and hangs by his side, limp, without feeling and unable to perform the slightest of its accustomed duties. During the past few days he has expressed some slight pains in this arm, which are considered favorable, and it is hoped by some that he may recover the use of it in some sense at least. Of his limbs, then, only his right arm remains to him. Reports say also that this is paralyzed, but they are probably untrue. His friends say that he has perfect use of this arm, using it to hold books or newspapers, and also in eating. As he has taken no solid food for weeks, however, the operation of self-feeding can not be a very laborious one. His face, the physician now admits, was at first much distorted, and, it is said, that one eye-lid drooped very much and that his tongue was partially paralyzed, he himself believing that his speech was seriously affected.

HIS FACE

has, it is said, now recovered its original appearance, though it is said that one side of his tongue is yet affected in a slight degree. His brain does not seem to be as yet affected. Of the body itself, the involuntary nerves—those which cause breathing, the action of heart, lungs, liver, intestines, etc.—seem to still retain their functions. The conclusion drawn from all this by medical experts is that the disease which years ago destroyed the vitality of the lower portion of the spinal cord, without full action of which the nerves are paralyzed, is gradually crawling upward, and that it has reached and affected, in a greater or less degree, the "fifth pair" of nerves situated at the upper extremity of the spinal cord, which nerves are those by which the countenance is governed. The fact that one side of the face was affected—the same upon which the arm is paralyzed—is considered proof that at least one side of the spinal cord is affected from one end to the other. Next above the "fifth pair" is the brain itself, of which the spinal cord is an extension, and should the dread disease affecting the spinal cord attack the brain, to the base of which it has now reached, death must immediately ensue. Thus the voluntary nerves—those answering to the will—have, on the left side, from the face downward, become paralyzed, while on the right side they are all useless below the face except those of the arm. The "involuntary" nerves, which depend upon a different section of the spinal cord from that controlling the "voluntary" nerves, seem not to have been affected as yet. Should they become affected the result must prove fatal, as the action of the vital portions would then cease. Thus it seems that

THE CHANCES

are very much against the senator's recovery. A slight further advance upward of the disease, which has been constantly moving upward, would prove fatal, as would also a similar affection of that portion of the spinal cord governing the involuntary nerves. As to recovery from this disease, it is possible, but not frequent. Dr. Thompson says of his patient's case that it is not, in his opinion, a renewed attack of the paralysis, but merely an aggravation of that which already existed, caused by constipation and indigestion. He says that he has strong hopes that the system will rally and throw off the dead weight which has been creeping over it, and the senator regain the use of his arms and all the nerves of the upper portion of the body. Everything considered, I conclude that the senator's death at any hour will not be strange, while his recovery, even should he live for months or years, can hardly be expected.

New York Evening Post.]

THE MUEZZIN.

W. J. H.

Hearest thou a cry from Byzas' turret walls
Floating unsullied in the holy hush?
It is the muezzin's warning voice that falls
On thine attentive ear. 'Tis while the rosy blush
Of the soft evening lingers. Hark! He calls
The prayerful Moslem from the toil and rush
Of day's eventful scenes. He stops and kneels,
While to his heart the grateful missive steals.

Over swift flowing Bosporus it flutters.
See! the barbarian holds his dripping oar.
He notes the cry the distant muezzin utters,
And stays his hand to learn its meaning more.
His ear is all untaught; he turns and mutters;
Strangely 'twould sound from Tyras' wooded shore;
Then to his task with sturdier sinews bends,
As his rude prayer with the proud Moslem's blends.

The tawny skeik looks down from Uskudar—
Amazement, awe and joy the scene begets;
He thinks it naught that he has journeyed far,
As he tells o'er a thousand minarets.
Hark! Now above the sound of lute, guitar,
Winning his thought from glittering spire and jet,
The muezzin's call dies on the evening air;
His face turns to the skies—he clasps his hands in prayer.

The muezzin's holy call, it gilds the morn,
Soothes at noon-tide and solaces at eve;
It ebbs and flows by stately Golden Horn,
And dies at last where Euxine's billows heave.
The felon sad, down sluggish Ister borne,
Scorned of the prophet, when night's shadows weave
Sinks in his clanking chain; Hope's star is dim,
He knows the muezzin's voice speaks not to him.

Delight of Istamboul, thine eyes burn brightly,
And richer glow thy cheeks than damask rose;
Thy bosom bears its store of joy so lightly,
Thou heed'st not Love, but triflest with his woes;
Yet bends thy knee at morn, at noon and nightly—
It is as forth Sophia's music flows;
As through the ambient air, of liquid notes
The muezzin's wonted call to prayer floats.

Muezzin, men call thee blest. Oh, when alone
In the deep night, or yet more lonely day,
Thou hark'nest to thy far-receding tone,
And marvel'st that the sportive echoes play—
What then the many thoughts that are thine own?
'Tis not unhallowed pride thy cheeks betray!
As well thy voice in palaces may reign,
As o'er the homeless of the starlit plain.

Doorkeeper Forty-Fifth Congress.

EDITORS APPEAL—As there are numerous aspirants for this position, and observing among them the name of George C. Wedderburn, of Virginia, we deem it not inopportune, at this time, to give his record, and to call for that of his competitors. Mr. Wedderburn began his journalistic career as publisher of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, with Frank H. Alfriend, who is the biographer of Jefferson Davis. In 1865 he revived the *Sentinel*, at Richmond, under the title of the *Commercial Bulletin*, as editor, by permission of Andrew Johnson, took a moderate and conservative course, defending the Southern people and sustaining their rights under the constitution. His paper was suppressed, for these reasons, by General Alfred H. Terry, whereby he lost his investment. In 1868, at the request of Hon. Montgomery Blair, he established a daily campaign morning paper, styled the *Commercial Advertiser*, at Alexandria, Virginia, in the interest of the Democratic party, to advocate the election of Seymore and Blair, and to put an elective ticket in the field in Virginia, which he did, and which was voted for and elected, although the State had not then been readmitted to the union. In this venture he sunk a good sum of money. In March, 1872, he was appointed business manager of the Washington *Patriot*, the organ of the National Democracy at the capital, and was very active in the campaign of Greeley and Brown. In February, 1873, Mr. Wedderburn took charge, as manager, of the Richmond *Enquirer*, the Democratic organ of Virginia, and notwithstanding the fact that Virginia, the year before, had gone for Grant, he was largely instrumental, in the manner in which he conducted the *Enquirer* and the influence thus wielded, in aiding in carrying that State for Kemper by over twenty-eight thousand majority. The National Democracy, when the forty-third congress met, in December, gracefully recognized the service by a complimentary nomination of Mr. Wedderburn for the clerkship of the house of representatives. In 1875, when the forty-fourth congress convened, he withdrew his claims for the clerkship, after having announced his candidacy for that position, in order to preserve harmony in his own delegation, and that Hon. Thomas A. Whitehead, an ex-member, might be presented by a united delegation. Notwithstanding Mr. Wedderburn's friends thought he had been badly treated, and the fact that he also must have thought so, he went immediately to work to cut out party work that greatly crippled the Republican party in the Presidential campaign of 1876. He drew the resolution that, in January of that year, called into existence the committee on investigation of the Freedmen's bank. After drawing this resolution he submitted it to Hon. Wm. Morrison, of Illinois, and, together, they conferred with Hon. Michael C. Kerr, the speaker, who stated that it would prove the most valuable and just of any investigation that could be brought before congress. Mr. Wedderburn then took his resolution to his friend Hon. B. B. Douglas, of Virginia, who was one of the first and ablest men in the house, having both the nerve and ability necessary to such an investigation, and the able manner in which it was managed by him is too well known to every reading man in America, and especially the Radical party, to need explanation here. The report of Major Douglas, and the speeches of Hon. Wm. S. Stenger, of Pennsylvania; Hon. Saul Bradford, of Alabama, and Hon. Charles E. Hooker, of Mississippi, and the campaign document by Mr. Wedderburn himself on the subject, were the most effective documents issued by the National Democratic committee, for the reason that they were impregnable in assertion, and could not be contradicted by either the Radical press or their orators. This investigation made at least one hundred thousand Democratic votes. No official of the house, nor any candidate for office, or hardly any member of the house ever did more efficient work, or labored harder for the Democratic candidates, than did Mr. Wedderburn; hence, we declare that justice demands his election to the doorkeepership of the forty-fifth congress. His claims are above any mere personal preferences for friends of members, for it is their plain duty to vote for him, on the grounds of service, worth and merit, unless some other candidate for the office can show a better and more deserving record. X. Y. Z.

Ask for anything in millinery at Leubrie's.

NEURALGIA.—"Neuril" cures it. Sold by G. W. Jones & Co., Memphis.

THE MODERN PAUL

Pays a Visit to Tom Scott, and Learns from the Son of the Railroad King Something About the Prospects of the Texas Pacific.

The Land Grant is not Forfeited, and the Company will Trust to Luck to Receive that Congressional Subsidy—The Railroads of Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia.

From an Appeal Correspondent.]

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA., September 12.—In Philadelphia I called at the general offices of the Pennsylvania railroad company and inquired for the president of that great corporation, commonly called Tom Scott. An intelligent-looking young mulatto man replied that he was not in, and being told that I wished to make some inquiries in regard to the Texas and Pacific road, replied: "Just go down the street three or four doors, and you'll find his son, Jim Scott. He'll tell you all about it." I found Jim Scott to be a pleasant, unassuming young man of twenty-five, or under, acting as assistant to his father in the presidency of the Texas and Pacific. He thought they would be governed mainly by circumstances as to their efforts to obtain the passage of the Texas and Pacific railroad bill this winter, and he did not know that they had forfeited their land-grant for certain lands west of Fort Worth, for failure to carry forward their road west of that point, as has been stated in the public prints. He replied, in answer to my questions, that his father has been for three years president of the Pennsylvania railroad company, was born in Pennsylvania, is of Scotch descent, and is now fifty-four years of age. Wishing to the son that he might become as great a railroad man as his father, I took my leave, impressed with the idea that they are men of great ability and small pretensions. I ran around to Baltimore, by way of Harrisburg, by daylight, and a delightful trip it is, through the richest regions of Pennsylvania and a hilly and beautiful portion of Maryland. The Pennsylvania railroad company control this route through Baltimore and Washington, and nearly to Richmond, Virginia. At Harrisburg I had a pleasant interview with C. N. Farr, private secretary to the governor of Pennsylvania. He stated that the governor was in the coal regions, in the vicinity of Scranton, and that there were from forty thousand to sixty thousand men at that time on a strike or out of employment; that the calling out of the militia regiments was found to be working hardship to many of the men compelled to leave their business, and that had called for volunteers from all the militia of the State, in order to make up two regiments of volunteer militia; that men were constantly offering to enlist from all parts of the State outside of the militia, but that they preferred to make up their regiments entirely from the militia; that there were no hostilities at present, excepting the strikers occasionally beating a man that wanted to go to work; that the disorderly ones were usually young men without families, and those in fear of returning to work were those with families; that he did not suppose the hanging of the Molly Maguires had anything to do with the outbreak, but that they were led into it by the railroad strike. Baltimore is very rapidly spreading herself on all sides, and is at present building a tunnel seven miles long and twelve feet in diameter, to supply herself with water from Gunpowder creek or river. Washington has a magnificent railroad depot since the extension of the Pennsylvania railroad system to that city, and the capitol stands a monument of beauty among the palaces of earth; but in the absence of congress and the President, the writer had no time to lose in Washington. Alexandria, Virginia, looks old—in places, nearly as old as her namesake in Egypt. One of her railroads leading to the south is in the hands of the Pennsylvania railroad company, and the other, the Virginia Midland, is in the hands of a receiver, J. S. Barbour, Esq. The Baltimore and Ohio railroad is the principal creditor, and will probably obtain the ownership of it. The Baltimore and Ohio have lately effected a large loan in Europe, and their credit is consequently looking up. The Pennsylvania railroad is holding them a strong contest for supremacy at almost every important point—Washington, Baltimore, Pittsburg, Columbus, Chicago, and others, and the great war of some months ago between these great corporations doubtless had its effect upon the Baltimore and Ohio road, and its attempt to keep even by reducing the wages of its workmen was the immediate cause of the most terrible strike in the history of the country. The country around this place (Charlottesville) is very beautiful, the Blue Ridge lying just in sight to the west. The Washington City, Virginia Midland and Great Southern railroad, of which Mr. Barbour is receiver, extends by way of this place to Lynchburg, connecting by way of Chattanooga directly with Memphis, and is certainly the most direct route from your city to the national capital. The coach and sleeping-car accommodations are of the best, and the track appears to be in good order. Charlottesville is the seat of the great university of Virginia, the *alma mater* of Virginia's gallant sons. Not far from Staunton, above this, is Wager's cave, one of the wonders of the world. The weekly *Chronicle*, published here, is one of the best papers of the State, and Mr. C. R. C. Ackerly got me up one of the best pieces of job-work and in the quickest time that I ever had done.

PAUL BAGLEY.

ON THE WING

Through Florida and Over the Border to Texas—Jacksonville, a Thriving, Flourishing Town—The Plantation of Dr. H. W. Peters, Formerly of Memphis.

Cheap Ice and the Difficulties of Transportation—Abundant and Very Remunerative Crops—Georgia as a Great Cotton State—Old Memphians in Texas.

From an Appeal Correspondent.]

ON THE WING, September 10.—We traversed Florida from the mouth of the St. Johns river to Lake Beeresford, some two hundred miles above, and not far from the head of navigation. It is a pretty stream of water, being navigable for ocean steamers to Palatka, seventy-five miles above Jacksonville. It abounds in fish, turtles and alligators, some of the latter being of immense proportions, and can be seen every day in close proximity to the boat. A very peculiar fish, called the porpoise, attract the attention of all strangers. They are quite numerous in the lower St. Johns, are very large, and roll over in the water similar to a barrel in appearance. The river, and especially the upper portion, contains many very fine trout, mullet and perch, and are caught at all times of the year. Jacksonville is the principal city in the State, numbering some twelve thousand inhabitants during the summer and double that number in winter. It presents all the modern appearance of a fast young city. Many business houses are quite large, the merchants holding good stocks. Hotels are numerous, with all modern improvements, accommodating several hundred each, and are filled to overflowing during the winter months. We learn that during one winter hundreds of persons were forced to sleep in halls, omnibuses, etc. Society is first-class, and during all winter it is a gay and festive city, filled with the *elite* from all parts of the country. On our voyage up the river the residence of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe was pointed out to us. It is a neat and pretty country residence, resting closely to the dark waves of the river, at Mandarin. Palatka, seventy-five miles above Jacksonville, is quite a place of resort in winter, and numbers perhaps one thousand inhabitants, which is doubled during the winter months. Steamers ply to this place direct from New York during winter, conveying thousands of visitors. We were told that the arrivals at this place have numbered two hundred per day for a week at a time. There is nothing so peculiarly attractive about the place or its surroundings, except the orange-groves and the genial and pleasant climate during winter. While there, in company with your townsman, Mr. Martin Griffin, we chartered a skiff and crossed the river to take a look at the first extensive orange-grove we had ever seen. It was quite a curiosity to stand and gaze at seven acres in oranges, all hanging full of the green fruit. This is the property of Colonel Hart, and is said to be the largest grove in the State. His income from this grove last season amounted to twelve thousand dollars, so we were told. We also learned that he had been offered fifty thousand dollars for it, but his price was sixty thousand; hence, no trade. Higher up the river we came to Lake George, on which now lives our old Memphis friend, Dr. H. W. Peters, who is engaged quite extensively in orange culture, as well as raising sweet seedlings, numbering some thirty-five thousand. He owns the very richest hammock land, is located on the lake, has a boat-landing of his own, raises vegetables in abundance, and is prosperous and happy. During our stay at his house we enjoyed the kindest hospitalities, as well as the pleasantest boat-riding, fishing and croquet-playing, and will never forget the kindness of his most estimable lady. Long will we remember the last delicious peach presented by the fair hands of the amiable and gentle Miss Mamie, as well as that delightful milk punch (ice-cold) from her Cousin Belle. May they "live long and prosper." But, right here, permit a little departure, as we have a joke on our friend Martin Griffin, of your city, too good to be lost; but as he is such a modest man, we really beg his pardon. The time was the last of July; the place, Jacksonville; the thermometer, perhaps, ninety-eight, active exercise rendering it quite uncomfortable for a banker. Dr. Peters's residence, one hundred miles further south, being his objective point, he concluded to order up a lot of ice—sufficient for family purposes. You see, Mr. Griffin not being as well posted in the price of ice as exchanges on the east, he orders so many dollars worth of ice carried up on the same boat. But you see the ice was far *cheaper* than he imagined, and the quantity much greater than he had any idea of. Upon our arrival at Polatka, he inquired about his ice, and what do you suppose he was told? He was told that it was *too much* in bulk for the boat we were on, and that it would be shipped the next day on a larger vessel! You ought to have seen his pleasant countenance, and a peep at the huge pile of ice reminded one of "Greenland's icy climes." But it did not go amiss; all enjoyed its cooling and refreshing qualities. One is ready to ask if the summer is not extremely unpleasant? We answer, no; not so warm and sultry as in Memphis or Louisville. The nights are delightful, being cool, refreshing and invigorating, and require the use of cover nearly every night. The breeze is stiff and genial, day and night, rendering it quite pleasant in the shade. The thermometer seldom rises above ninety-six degrees. Mosquitos are not as annoying as in Memphis. Fleas are numerous in some places. Roaches are great pests in new houses. Gnats are troublesome at some points. Blind mosquitos are very annoying at certain seasons on rivers and lakes, presenting themselves by millions, dabbing in your eyes, nostrils, mouth, etc. We heard of a preacher who was forced to dismiss his congregation on their account, it being impossible to preach. Alligators will get out of your way. Snakes may be numerous in localities not inhabited by man, but we saw only one while in the State. Many sections of the State are being rapidly settled with good citizens from various States. All along St. John's river, around the principal lakes, and over the line of the Fernandina and Cedar Keys railroad are claiming more attention, and in those sections lands are rapidly going up in price. Alachua county, above and below Gainesville, appears to be the grand center for the cultivation of early vegetables and melons for northern markets. Early peaches and grapes are also claiming attention, as the profits are simply enormous. We ate peaches from a tree two years old from the seed. Grapes ripen the second year. It is said one good hand can cultivate ten acres in melons, netting one hundred to one hundred and fifty dollars per acre. In many instances two crops are gathered from the same soil. Work can be performed all winter in your shirt-sleeves. Oranges, lemons, pine-apples, bananas, pomegranites, cotton, sugar-cane, etc., grow well in this section—Alachua county. The soil pays any man who will work it. But no one need think he can go to Florida and live without work, unless he has plenty of money. Georgia is one of the greatest cotton and vegetable-growing States of the Union. Her towns seem prosperous, manufactories are springing up within her borders, and soon her thousands of spindles and looms will supply the whole south with her cotton fabrics. Crossing the gulf, from New Orleans to Galveston, we enter the great empire State of Texas. Galveston, perhaps, transacts more business and handles more money than any city in the United States, compared to population. We visited all the principal cities and large towns, and noted wonderful changes during the past five years. Little villages and way stations have grown to large and prosperous towns, while towns have grown to cities. Austin, Waco, Bryan, Corsicana, Dallas, Fort Worth, Sherman, Marshall, Tyler, etc., are quite important points of trade, and are improving rapidly. The tide of immigration to all parts of the State is truly great. All incoming trains are crowded. At Austin we met our old friend Colonel Dupre, who is driving the quill as usual, and in his own peculiar and felicitous style. At Fort Worth we met Mr. Ross and his fair bride (*nee* Miss Kate Avent, of Memphis), one of the prettiest and best women that ever bloomed upon the banks of the Mississippi. He will soon take up his abode at Palo Pinto, some fifty miles west of Fort Worth, where he will attend to all law matters that may be placed in his hands. At Fort Worth we also met our old friends Messrs. Gross, senior and junior, who were once heavy leather dealers on Main street, Memphis. While at Corsicana, we had the pleasure of attending camp-meeting, some three miles distant out on the prairie. Being on the Sabbath, the attendance was quite large—perhaps two thousand persons, who were very attentive during the delivery of an excellent sermon. We had the pleasure of dining with Colonel Mills, congressman from the district. He is a good representative, and is enthusiastic in his praises of that section of the State. We passed an exceedingly pleasant day—one long to be remembered—and it was with much reluctance we bid adieu to those whose acquaintance we formed, and more especially the ladies, who treated as so kindly. We could say much of Texas, but other pens, mightier than ours, can and have done the State justice.

J. P. DROMGOOLE.

Governor Nicholls's Speech at a Sword Presentation.

NEW ORLEANS, September 15.—Governor Nicholls, in his speech in presenting General Ogden's sword yesterday, among other things, said: "You will notice that it is sheathed, emblematic of the existence of peace throughout the land; that upon its scabbard are traced representations of all the great agricultural products of our fertile soil, indicative of prosperity and happiness, the result of that peace; that upon its guard are found so near together the arms of the United States and those of Louisiana that the hand which clasps the one clasps the other, signifying that with justice accorded confidence has returned, and with a restored Union the interests of general and State governments are identical and are one and the same. Louisiana is now free; left to pursue untrammeled the path of happiness which God with a most beneficent hand has evidently marked out for her, and wisdom and patriotism have appreciated and recognized that it is not only best, but that it is clearly right that it should be so." Governor Nicholls, by the words, "wisdom and patriotism," evidently personifies the action of President Hayes in his southern policy.

Murder and Robbery.

COLUMBUS, O., September 15.—Edward C. Dyer, a Pittsburg cattle-dealer, drew yesterday nineteen hundred and forty-seven dollars from a bank in this city, and left for Groveport, in this county, to purchase some cattle. This morning, upon the river bank, six miles below the city, a boy picked up a pocketbook, containing a few dollars, and near by a comb, tooth-brush, and part of a vest, which have been identified as Dyer's property. Close to the place where these articles were found there is every evidence of a severe struggle having taken place, and as nothing can be learned of Dyer's whereabouts, it is surmised that he has been robbed and murdered. A farmer's wife in the neighborhood of the supposed tragedy reports that last night she heard screams in the direction of the spot where the articles were found.

Funeral of Rev. Thomas J. Mooney.

NEW YORK, September 15.—The funeral of Rev. Thomas J. Mooney, a well-known pastor of St. Bridget's Catholic church, who died Thursday from injuries received by being thrown from his carriage while driving along Fifth avenue, took place from St. Bridget's church to-day. Six bishops attended; also vicar-generals of this and neighboring dioceses and about four hundred priests. The church was crowded with mourners, and ten thousand people were outside. Tompkins's square seemed packed, and carriages looked countless. Rev. Father Farrell, pastor of St. Peter's church, preached the sermon, in the absence of Cardinal M'Closky, owing to ill health.

Railway Collision and Train Burned.

HARRISBURG, September 15.—The Philadelphia and Erie mail train north, due at Muncys, Pennsylvania, at forty-five minutes after seven, came in collision with a freight train near that place this morning. The baggage and express cars, with their contents, were destroyed by fire. The express messenger, Jacob Steinman, and the engineer, William Attick, were burned to death in the wreck, and two cars of wheat were also burned.

Murderer Arrested.

OMAHA, NEB., September 15.—James Roach, who murdered his traveling companion at Brooks, Iowa, on the night of the eleventh, was captured at Hopkins, Missouri, yesterday. He acknowledges the deed, but claims that his companion struck him with a monkey-wrench and he retaliated with a club. He also says that he does not know the name of his victim. He was taken to the Clarinda, Iowa, jail, to await the action of the grand jury.

A Triple Murderer Arrested.

ST. LOUIS, September 14.—A special to the *Times*, from Centralia, Illinois, says a man was arrested there to-day answering the description of a man who, a day or two ago, shot and killed two men and mortally wounded another while attempting to capture him for burglarizing a house at St. Elmo, Illinois. He will be held till officers or parties can arrive to identify him.

Old Hands at the Business.

CHICAGO, September 14.—Ferguson and Reno, who were arrested yesterday for selling forged tickets to scalpers, turn out to be old experts, and members of a gang of which all but themselves are now in the penitentiary. They were brought into court to-day and put under bonds of three thousand dollars each.

Bad on Myers.

CINCINNATI, September 15.—Lewis Myers, county treasurer, from whose office at Wapakonetta, Ohio, some thirty thousand dollars was claimed to have been taken on the night of September 6th, was yesterday arrested, charged with complicity in the robbery.

A SUMMER TOUR,

In a Series of Letters to the Stay-at-Home Club—Number One—Memphis to Chattanooga—The Send-off—Equipments and Preparations.

First Night on the Road—Scenes by the Way—Arrival at Chattanooga, and Visit to Lookout Mountain—A Sunrise from the Summit.

For the Sunday Appeal.

August 27th.

MY DEAR CLUB—"Every beginning is shrouded in a mist," says the poet; but, as you will probably remember, the beginning of our journey was in the full blaze of an August afternoon sun. Drops of perspiration blended inharmoniously with the dews from loving eyes as we hurried through the leave-taking in the Memphis depot, and the atmosphere of the close car seemed well nigh insupportable. Papa's spice of malice cropped out in his parting admonitions as he placed me in my seat facing Tom and Sally: "Now, mind your dress, my dear! keep cool; have a good time, and tell us all about it. Good-bye." Then—"Here, Tom, you take charge of her funds; she's not to be trusted with money! All right, conductor!" and he was gone. That last straw broke the camel's back. Tom declared that "the ayes (eyes) have it," but *any* girl would have cried. Papa is goodness itself, if he does tease. He knows how it worries one to have the care of money, and keep accounts of expenses. Before leaving the house he handed me a dear little portemonnaie, with an X in it, for "confectionery and comforts," so I shall be quite independent of Tom. So we were on the wing at last. What a relief! It really seemed to me—and I hope nobody will misconstrue this—that with me, as with Bunyan's Pilgrim, a great burden rolled from my shoulders, as we steamed out of the hot city and away through the fields and forests outlying. I had left all care behind me, in that littered room up-stairs and under the cover of the sewing-machine. A glance at the pretty gray travelling suit, of which papa was so jealous, and the thought of that snugly-packed trunk and well-furnished travelling-bag, filled me with complacency. Nothing to do but fold my hands and enjoy, till my full soul can hold no more, the feast to the eyes, the moving panorama from these car windows, or wherever we may choose to wander, for weeks and weeks! It is the blissful realization of all my day-dreams. I do mean to have a good time, and tell you all about it. How thoughtful you all were. Tom began his duties as "dragoman" (Tabby says *dragon!*) by counting the bundles first thing: Three packages, unnoticed before, revealed themselves as mine; a beauty of a notebook, with nicely-sharpened pencils, and "Compliments of the Club;" a plethoric paper-bag, containing peaches, lemons, sugar and butter-scotch, labeled "Sweets to the Sweet," from that absurd "Dick, secretary S. H. C.;" and funniest of all, a large parcel "From Sallie," containing her fresh-laundried linen ulster and a pair of my old slippers! Oh, Sallie! I ejaculated. "Now, sis," began Tom, mopping his streaming countenance, "that looks sensible—that's just the rig you want over this hot, dusty railroad. Sallie's a brick!" An ominous tickling sensation down my spinal column warned me of danger ahead, for my glove-fitting basquine and those lovely kip-boots that Tom had prophesied would prove "my effective," began to seem a trifle snug. But, an ulster and slippers! Could I? No, I couldn't, not just yet, anyway. Tabby began to nod before we had passed three stations, but that will not do for me, I cannot miss anything. I owe a duty to my constituency, as well as to my untraveled self. The shaggy woods that darken about us, with gaunt cypress trees and trailing vines, and little marshy openings here and there, show that we are well away from the bluffs. The country seems monotonous. Every half hour or so we reach a pretty little country town or station, approached through cleared farms with growing crops of corn, cotton, etc. The neighborhood roads, leading out at various angles with the railway track, have here and there a traveler, who reins in his sleepy steed to see us whirl by, or, mayhap, some family party in a two-horse wagon, whose anxious driver springs out and stands at the head of his restive team, to calm the fears of the perturbed sunburnts within. Squads of dusty school-children, satchels in hand, loiter along the lanes, gazing agape as we slow up, and all our heads go out of the windows as the brakeman shouts, "—— station!" Ah! yes. What a pretty thrifty-looking town. Do you remember our school picnic and excursion here years ago? and the charming hospitality that so won our hearts there? That little forest of chimneys on the south side of the track?—chimneys that no longer stood sentinel over hospitable roofs; sole vestiges of desolated homes, standing like the tottering tombstones of many a family circle once gathered by the hearthstones, before the blasting torch of war swept by—those solemn chimneys that haunted our thoughts like specters, are all gone—supplanted by smiling homes and blooming gardens, as if such dark days had never been. "Sweet nature! Loveliest village of the plain!" soliloquizes Tom, rising to stretch his limbs by a walk to the door, while Tabby and I settle ourselves afresh in our seats and lazily watch the passing landscape. Presently Tom comes back leading a dear little brown-eyed Memphis darling of eight years, whom we greet in a chorus of surprise. "Why, Birdie, you here?" And Birdie answers: "Mamma says come back to her seat and have some iced claret." So the E—— are our *compagnons de voyage*—Mrs. E—— and those three lovely little girls going to see grandmama at Knoxville. Our lunch baskets came forth with tempting array. Tom negotiates with the porter for a supply of ice, and we improvise a cozy tea-party on board, while less fortunate passengers spend a dollar each for "supper at Corinth." Tom says we shall miss nothing but the dust to-night, as the country through which we pass is quite prosy; so Tabby and I resign ourselves to the novelty of sleeping arrangements for the night, well content. There was a hot argument about those same arrangements; Tom and Tabby sternly determined to be very unselfish, insisting that I should share the lower birth with her, but I was firm in my resolve not to be a burden to them, and triumphantly mounted my chosen perch, where I rested capitally but for some drawbacks. How melodiously (?) they did purr down below! Tom vows he never snores, but at last patience ceased to be a virtue—besides, the comfort of other passengers was to be considered, and the reputation of the family was at stake. "Tom! Tom!" in a tragic whisper. But Tom has a good conscience; no response but a double *crescendo* of a snore. Growing desperate, I take dark aim and gently let my hair-brush fall. "What's the matter?" growls back the poor sleepy fellow. "Please don't snore so loud," I timidly plead. "Snore! I'd say snore! Why, we havn't slept a wink to-night; it's as hot as an oven in this box. Don't throw anything more at my nose, if you please," and in five minutes he is in full cry again. In the early gray of morning we find ourselves in Chattanooga; and after a hurried breakfast, take a carriage for Lookout, all aglow with expectation. "Two miles and a half to the foot of the mountain," said the driver, "and two and a half more up." We faced about, and there, looming up bold and gray in the distance, I met face to face my first disappointment. A huge, shapeless hump, starting up out of the face of nature like an unsightly but not at all imposing protuberance, about half a mile distant, was, we are coolly told — Lookout! We were so disconcerted. Where were the bold crags, the grand escarpments? Where was the picturesque beauty and towering sublimity our imaginations had pictured? "Oh, Tom, why did we stop here? I don't care about Lookout anyway," said Tabby in despair. "Just bide a wee, my bairns," quoth Tom, surveying us paternally. It was a pleasant, winding road, and we thought of a certain dewy glen hereabouts, where once upon a time, on just such a morning (in one of Miss Evans's novels), a tragic duel was fought. "There was a bloody duel fought a few years ago over to the left there," said Tom, with contracting brow; "there lies the battle-field of Chicamauga!" A bloody duel indeed! Halting at the Half-way house, we watered our horses, and then began the ascent in earnest. Shall I ever forget that ride? Having never since childhood seen a mountain at such close quarters, I was filled by turns with wonder, delight and awe. By a gently-winding way, never an abrupt or startling ascent, yet up and up, and still upward, we rose, clinging to that spiral thread of a mountain-road, often barely wide enough for one set of wheels, and only able to guess at our progress by occasional glimpses of the receding landscape below. Again and again we halted to breathe the horses, the driver staying the carriage by placing a rock behind the wheels. For a time the novelty of the scene was exhilarating, but soon the danger seemed too great, and my unaccustomed nerves recoiled. On the right rose the rock-ribbed mountain-side, precipitous, and threatening to topple over and crush us; at our left, and scarce a hand's breadth from the wheel-track, sank a gulf of depth mercifully veiled from our gaze by a tangled copse of interlacing vines and shrubbery, and branching trees, obscuring, yet adding to the dread possibilities of a fall. My head grew dizzy, my heart faint. What if the horses should become frightened, and plunge over? What if one of those terrible overhanging rocks should break from its fastenings, and come thundering down upon our heads? If the ascent was so fearful, however should we get down? It was such an unspeakable relief to reach a broader ledge, where I could lift my eyes from the wheels without encountering that fearful vision of depth. The sight of a sturdy oak or pine, growing on a little level plateau, with its environment of familiar undergrowth, was so comforting. At last! I scarce knew how or where we made the last turn, and were on the mountain-top, though I should not have guessed it. There was no sharp summit to split the rain-drops, and whence one might tumble off with equal facility either way, but instead, a wide stretch of acres, and by the road-side, inclosed in cultivated grounds, stood a beautiful home—some gentleman's summer villa, with cheerful balconies and inviting verandahs. Further on other buildings appeared, and in few minutes we were being helped from the carriage by courteous attendants at the door of the hotel. Once established in one of the cottages on the slope back of the hotel—our independent home for the nonce—our explorations began. The "Point" was, of course, our first objective point. A brisk walk of ten minutes brought us to the verge of old Lookout's beetling brow, and oh, what a superb view confronted us. We stood amazed and dumb before its immensity, entranced by its beauty. A boundless sweep of space, beneath, around, beyond, and we, like timid children, perched on that sublime hight. In the foreground, like a silver ribbon, sweeping in smooth, graceful curves through the undulating plain below, and losing itself in a mere line of light in the dim distance, lay the beautiful Tennessee river, Chattanooga, like a stereoscopic view, nestling in one of its long loops. Beyond the city and the farther hills, stretching away into the very horizon, we dimly discern the outlines of the Cumberland mountains, in Kentucky. On the right lies an endless succession of hills and mountains; the glass brings out a dazzling gleam of crystal far, far away, that we are assured is the last visible turn of the river—a very diamond in soft blue setting of hills. That faint blue line in the remotest distance, like the clouds of summer evening, is the Smoky mountains of North Carolina, a hundred miles away. The eye sweeps across incredible distances. We were told that within our line of vision lay the territory of seven States—Tennessee, Georgia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Alabama, Kentucky and Virginia. The nearer and intelligible landscape was a perpetual feast. Day after day we returned to this enchanted spot to sit for hours, spell-bound before the glorious picture. Near the crest are many fantastic rocks, strangely heaped together, as if the Tritons had been surprised at play and left their toys—these ponderous crags—in pictueresque confusion. The Devil's Pulpit, or Umbrella rock, miraculously poised in air, is among the most striking of these. They told us strange tales, too, of mysterious caves in the sides of this grand abutment; of the Blowing cave, at the foot of the mountain, where the inward current of air sweeps a man's hat from his head and chills his very marrow. All about us and beneath us is historic ground. A few yards back Captain —— pointed out the old signal tree, a dead skeleton amid the greenness, whence, during the war, a constant lookout was kept over the movements of the enemy encamped on the plain below. The branches had been lopped off, the stubs affording a sort of rude staircase to the agile climber. On this high vantage ground was planted the Confederate battery. The trodden ground and sparse undergrowth looks as if it might have been but yesterday. This is the scene of the far-famed "battle among the clouds." Standing on the hight, Captain —— pointed out to us the positions of the different Federal commands below; the rocky slope at the base of the cliff which Hooker's men crossed under cover of a fog; the precipice which they scaled in the face of Bragg's battery on this rocky eyril, which he might well have thought impregnable. He rehearsed the thrilling story, as only a participant could, the impossibility of depressing the guns sufficiently to repel the assault, and his own personal experiences among these fastnesses as a fugitive. Returning to the hotel, we made a little detour and rested for a few moments on the Saddle rock, which is so near the verge as to command a grand prospect. It was several days before I was mistress of the situation sufficiently to enjoy that seat—or any other outlook not at a respectable distance from the jumping-off place; but this uneasiness soon passed away. Who could be wearied or sick, breathing such pure air? It is a very elixir of life—cool, fresh, invigorating. No mosquitoes here, no dew, no malaria, nor anything that can molest or make afraid. Our nights were deliciously cool; sleep sweet and profound, the mornings glorious, and each day's rambles revealed some new delight. We garnished our bare walls with woodland trophies; trimmed the rude mantlepiece with festoons of trailing vines; packed away good store of leafy treasures in our portfolios; played backgammon and chess with pleasant neighbors from the other cottages; wrote letters, walked, talked, and ate prodigiously. Only once did we muster courage to see the sun rise, and then were well rewarded; but far more unique to me was the frequent experience in the early morning of being utterly isolated from the world below by the rising clouds of fog. It was to me a more profound sight than the boundless prospect from the "Point," to look abroad from our lofty home and seem cradled and afloat in a sea of fog. It must have looked just so to Noah when the ark rested on the top of Mount Ararat. One memorable evening a sudden storm swept over the landscape below. The lightnings flashed, the great black clouds rushed on from the northwest on the wings of the wind, trailing long robes of falling rain over hill and valley and grove, hiding Chattanooga as behind a veil, and finally dashed against the mountain's side, deluging its base, and was gone, while we stood aloft gazing untouched, and filled with mingled awe and delight.

D. F.

WHICH NOBODY CAN DENY.

[Stanzas from the "National Anthem," circulated at the the recent meeting of the British Science association.]

Have you heard of the question the doctors among
Whether all living things from a monad have sprung?
This has lately been said, and now it shall be sung,
Which nobody can deny.

Not one or two ages sufficed for the feat,
It required a few millions the change to complete;
But now the thing's done, and it looks rather neat,
Which nobody can deny.

The original monad, our great-great-grandsire,
To little or nothing first did aspire;
But at last to have offspring it took a desire,
Which nobody can deny.

This monad becoming a father or mother
By budding or bursting produced such another;
And shortly there followed a sister or brother.
Which nobody can deny.

But monad no longer designates them well—
They're a cluster of molecules now, or a cell;
But which of the two, doctors only can tell,
Which nobody can deny.

These beings, increasing, grew buoyant with life,
And each to itself was both husband and wife;
And at first, strange to say, the two lived without strife,
Which nobody can deny.

But such crowding together soon troublesome grew,
And they thought a division of labor would do;
So their sexual system was parted in two,
Which nobody can deny.

Thus Plato supposes that, severed by fate,
Human halves run about, each in search of its mate,
Never pleased till they gain their original state,
Which nobody can deny.

Excrescences fast were now trying to shoot;
Some put out a feeler, some put out a foot;
Some set up a mouth and some struck down a root,
Which nobody can deny.

Some, wishing to walk, manufactured a limb;
Some rigged out a fin, with a purpose to swim;
Some opened an eye, some remained dark and dim,
Which nobody can deny.

See hydras and sponges and starfishes breed,
And flies, fleas and lobsters in order succeed,
While ichthyosauruses follow the lead,
Which nobody can deny.

From reptiles and fishes to birds we ascend,
And quadrupeds next their dimensions extend,
Till we rise up to monkeys and men—where we end,
Which nobody can deny.

Hill Brothers Not Responsible.

EDITORS APPEAL—There is an article going the rounds of the press to the effect that a check was recently sent to Messrs. Hill Brothers, No. 263 Canal street, New York, by a customer in North Carolina, and in due time it was returned with a scroll around the vignette of General Robert E. Lee, and across the face was written "Traitor." As such publication is calculated to do us harm, and our attention having been called to it several times, we have taken the trouble to ferret the matter out, and fix upon the guilty party the malignity unjustly charged upon us. There could be no policy in allowing such a thing to emanate from our office, but would be an ungrateful and strange recognition of the countless favors we have been, and are receiving from our extensive business with all sections of the south. There is, perhaps, no millinery house in the United States so well known south, and we therefore refer the matter to the thousands who know us, and cannot so far misjudge us as has the author of the above subject. We have a letter from the cashier of our bank vindicating us, by proving the mischief to have been done by a thoughtless bank-clerk. We therefore request this explanation published in your paper, as it is one of the most widely circulated journals in the south. Very respectfully,

HILL BROTHERS.

NEW YORK, September 11, 1877.

The Murderous Warm-Spring Indians.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 15.—A San Diego special dispatch from Tucson says: Reliable advices received yesterday from Camps Bowie and Clifton say that the Warm-spring Indians, who recently left San Carlos, have killed fourteen men and wounded eight. They captured one freight train, killed the teamsters, and destroyed the goods. Seven horses were taken from Ralston, and the station abandoned. No mail from Silver City for a week. The Longfellow copper mining company at Clifton lost a team of mules by the Indians, and had to stop operations. Three detachments of Arizona troops and all available ones from New Mexico are after the Indians.

Nashville Infatuated with New Cotton.

NASHVILLE, September 15.—The first bale of Alabama cotton, offered on 'change to-day by Morris, Stratton & Co., was bid off by Adams, Throne & Co. at eighty-five cents, and shipped to Eakin, Adams & Co., New York.

THE WOMEN

Workers of Chicago, Members of the Inland Club—A Noble Band, Worthy the Distinctions they have Won in Journalism.

The President, Mrs. Charlotte Smith, a Native of Alabama, Sets an Example to her Sex as their Friend and Helper.

Chicago correspondence of the St. Louis *Times*: About two months ago Mrs. Charlotte Smith rented and fitted up a handsome suite of rooms in connection with the *Inland Magazine* office, and said to the lady journalists of the city, "Enter and occupy." The invited guests needed no second invitation, for the rooms are bright, pleasant, cheery and home-like. At the first meeting we resolved ourselves into a committee of talkers, and organized the Inland club. Think of it—a woman's talking club! with a woman at the head of it, women members, and all the world at our mercy. The masculine mind may well stand aghast at this temerity, for they comprehend that now or never we are to get even with them, and that their dark deeds and vain tricks may here come to the light. Since the opening the weekly meetings have been of increasing interest; not only journalists, but other workers in literary fields have found it a pleasant resort, and it is rapidly becoming headquarters for authors, artists and musicians, as well as for some of the prominent business women and a few who have noble hobbies, or who are bending the whole force of their energies to carry out certain noble aims. Last Friday I attended the reception, and found among those present many distinguished ladies.

Mrs. Charlotte Smith, the president of the club needs no special introduction to the St. Louis public, as she has long been identified with the interests of that city. Yet a pen-picture even of one you know may be of certain value. She is about thirty years old, with a fine and full physique—tall, erect, dark-eyed, and has a wonderful vivacity of expression and quickness of movement. She is ordinarily pale, but her warm southern blood flashes to her face upon provocation, and she is at any time ready to take the part of the injured and the innocent at any cost to herself. Her writings, chiefly an earnest advocacy of woman's work and an appeal for new avenues of labor to be opened to her effort, have had a wide circulation through the newspaper press of St. Louis, as well as through her own magazine.

Miss Annie Kerr is connected with the Chicago *Times*, holding the position of book reviewer and fashion editor. This agreeable little lady was born in Scotland, and a trifle of the Scotch burr still clings to her tongue and makes her talk unique and pleasant. She is short and plump, has dark blue eyes, dark brown hair, a ruddy complexion and dignified manners. She is said to write the best fashion articles that have ever appeared in the Chicago papers.

Mrs. Virginia Fitzgerald, is a decided brunette, with remarkably lustrous and expressive eyes, and she possesses a fund of telling wit which always produces a ripple of laughter in her vicinity. She holds the position of news editor on the *Inter-Ocean*, and is perhaps the best trained routine newspaper worker of any lady in the city, having been for several years connected with the *Commercial Advertiser*, of New York, and with several other prominent journals of the country. When she came to the city, a few months ago, she did the work of a reporter. The editor said she did the work as well as a man, without losing any of her dignity as a woman. The mantle for reportorial work for the *Inter-Ocean* has fallen on the shoulders of Miss Alice Hobbins, who has proved herself fully equal to the burden. "I do the work assigned me without thinking to express a preference, for it must all be grist that comes to my mill, whether it is to interview a prima-donna or report a dog fight," said this vivacious little blonde to the writer. Miss Hobbins has special talent as a newspaper correspondent, and her bright, spicy letters for the Cincinnati *Commercial* are already attracting much attention. The buzz of conversation goes on from group to group, and through it all sits quiet Mrs. Dedrick, news editress for the *Post*, listening with appreciative attention and giving the talkers the benefit of an audience. Several well-known journalists and members of the club were absent at the last meeting, among them, Margaret Sullivan, editorial writer for the *Times*. This lady stands at the head of woman journalists in the west, on account of her acknowledged ability, her position on the leading newspaper of the city and the quality and quantity of work she accomplishes. Mrs. Hubbard, of the *Tribune*, is something of an invalid, and rarely goes into society, but behind her literary doors she prepares many of the most valuable literary articles and the book reviews for that paper. Mrs. Annie R. White is a hard-working editress, whose busy and facile pen finds constant employment in the pages of the *Young Folks' Rural*. To return again to the club of last Friday, Mrs. Elizabeth Boynton Harbert, the president of the Woman's suffragist society, dispells the generally received idea of the representative of woman's rights. She is extremely lady-like and graceful in appearance, with a delicate, refined face. Her dress, without being the exact copy of any fashion-plate, has still the tone of style, and is prettier and more graceful by far than the extreme pin-backs. Mrs. H. edits "Woman's Kingdom" in the *Inter-Ocean*. She has also published several successful books. One of them, a novel, *Out of Her Sphere*, is acknowledged as one of the most effective political pamphlets of the day. No woman is better known in Chicago than Cynthia Leonard, the former president of the Sorosis, or rather the president of the former Sorosis, and claiming to be now the society *in toto*. She is a stately woman, a decided blonde, and dresses handsomely. She says that the societies heretofore organized by the women in Chicago have failed because they have devoted all their energies to managing Cynthia, and not devoted themselves sufficiently to their own organizations. In the Inland club she is an honored member and left to manage herself, because she is thoroughly understood. Her sympathies are large, deep, far-reaching and sure, and her articles in the Chicago *Times* have the ring of fearless, undaunted womanhood. She is the special champion of the "destitute children" and the "prodigal daughter," whom she believes to be as worthy of social recognition as her prodigal brother. Among the distinguished guests present that afternoon was Mary Bayard Clark, of North Carolina, well known throughout the south under her literary *nom de plume*, "Tenella." After the routine business of the society had been accomplished, Mrs. Clark was introduced by the president. With a few happy remarks about the free-masonry of journalism, Mrs. Clark, though a moment before a stranger, was at once one of us. She is a daughter of Thomas P. Devereux, author of the famous *Devereux's Reports*, and her poem *Clytie and Zenobia* has received a pleasant recognition from the critics on both sides of the water. Her social position, culture, extensive travel and varied experience make her an interesting and charming companion. At the urgent request of the president, she read, in a spirited way, several of her own poems. These were followed by a brief dramatic recitation from Mrs. Laura Tisdale, a well-known elocutionist, whose manner and delivery I think the pleasantest, and at the same time the most forcible, of Chicago's famous readers. But, perhaps, the person in whom I was most of all interested, was a tall, noble-looking woman, who joined but little in general conversation. One felt in looking at her that she had but one theme. There was an expression of earnestness and pathos about her face, and at the same time an abstraction in her gaze, that seemed to announce her a devotee with a single purpose in life. This was Linda Gilbert, the worker for prison-libraries and prison-reform. In New York and in St. Louis the library-fund has been raised, and the entering wedge has been driven, which shall in the happy future make prisons places for reform, not schools for vice. But in Chicago, where Miss Gilbert's initial work was done, no adequate sum of money has been granted to carry out her plans. With such elements as these as the foundation of the club, the Inland cannot fail to develop into not only a pleasant, but a profitable society. And, while sociability is its first object, it has an ulterior aim—to promote the interest of the school of journalism for women, the pet project of the president. The school is already established, and gives instruction in the usual newspaper work, including type-setting; as soon as the society is in a condition to carry it forward, wood-engraving and short-hand will be also added. We cannot help looking to the future and saying, "Give place, give place, my brothers; half of the field is ours." It may be added that the Inland is not an ethereal organization, and does not depend for vitality entirely on "a feast of reason and flow of soul," but such delicious and well-served viands as they know how to furnish in the elegant dining-rooms of the Tremont house were afterward partaken of with an appreciative relish by these distinguished ladies.

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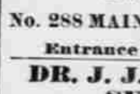

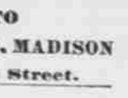

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