MEMPHIS APPEAL

BY

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MEMPHIS APPEAL

SATURDAY, : : JUNE 28, 1879.

WHITTHORNE'S FIGURES.

One of the ablest and most efficient representatives in congress—W. C. Whitthorne, of Tennessee—has furnished one of the congressional committees a paper containing much valuable information in regard to the recent negro emigration to Kansas. He shows that the utmost good feeling exists in the south between the intelligent whites and the industrious blacks, and that the feeling of discontent and for emigration have been inspired by speculators who expect to make large profits out of Kansas wild lands. Mr. Whitthorne shows that the relations of the whites and the blacks at the close of the war was most amicable, caused by the fact that the Confederate soldier, in returning home, found that the blacks had beed kind to their families, when they had much to incite them to unkindness. The Nashville *American* gives the following summary of Mr. Whitthorne's interesting letter:

Mr. Whitthorne shows the loss in the value of farms alone in the south to have been $771,760,935, to which must be added the loss of hands, live-stock, mills and factories, personal property. Thus the 8,000,000 of whites were situated, while the negro, emancipated, with no protection against starvation or disease, or restraint from crime, had no means of support but labor. From this point he demonstrates the untruth of charges of denial in the south of his legal or political rights and the just proceeds of his labor. He shows that since the war, from 1869 to 1878, there had been an increase of 3,000,000 head of cattle and swine. For eight years preceding 1861, 27,142,285 bales of cotton were produced, while the past eight years have furnished 35,226,581 bales. In 1871 there were 7,557,559 acres in cotton; in 1876 there were 12,000,000 acres. All this could not have been accomplished by labor denied cherished rights, hunted by shot-guns and subjected to the persecutions described by the Republicans, and too often by credulous people who scarcely know as much of one-half of their own country as they do of France or Germany. Mr. Whitthorne shows that $200,000,000 of southern products enter into the manufactures of New England, New York and Pennsylvania and other northern States, and they may well begin to consider whether they are willing to destroy the source of supply, which being destroyed turns their labor loose to ramp or to rot, to become a burden if not a destroying agency. He also gives statistics which show that while labor is paid in the north and west at about the rate of about seven dollars *per capita* of population, the southern laborer is paid about ten dollars, and that, in a year, $114,000,000 are paid. He asks if it is possible that the labor of the south is so disturbed that it is compelled to seek a new home. He finds production indicating the reverse. He finds them better paid than labor elsewhere, and to speculation in Kansas railway lands he looks to find the cause for the movement, and urges a candid non-partisan investigation.

The whole country will be instructed by the valuable information furnished by the ever-watchful member who so ably represents the seventh Tennessee district in congress. It will be seen that Mr. Whitthorne shows that the negroes of the south are paid ten dollars per capita of population, while the laborers of the north and west receive only seven dollars per capita of population, and that in a population of nine million the southern States pay their laborers ninety-seven million nine hundred and seven thousand one hundred and seventy-four dollars, while in a population of fifteen million the northern and western States pay such laborers only one hundred and fourteen million eight hundred and ninety-two thousand three hundred and sixty-four dollars. With such an array of statistics, showing the prosperity of the south, it is evident that this emigration is inspired for party purposes, and that there is no discontent save among the lazy vagabonds who expect to live without work and ready for change, knowing that their condition cannot be worsted. The southern people are growing weary of these oft repeated slanders about their cruelty to the blacks. They have learned to their sorrow how unreliable are colored laborers who care nothing for sacred contracts and violate them with impunity whenever it suits their whims or caprice. These facts have contributed more toward antagonizing the two races than any refusal on the part of the whites to deny the blacks any of their political rights. Before the war, and during the palmy days of slavery, Virginia was rapidly ridding herself of the blacks—and it seems she proposes to continue in this purpose. An intelligent correspondent of the Richmond *Whig*, who signs himself "A Virginian," says:

When the news came sometime ago that all the negroes were about to emigrate in a body, I was not one of those stricken with terror. My only apprehension was that it was too good to be true. For my conviction is that their speedy and total exodus would be for the good of both races, and the very best thing that could happen for the south. In my judgment, there is no future prosperity for this vast southern country with the negro as the base of the industrial system. His labors as a freedman is not remunerative. This is proven by a trial of fourteen years, during which time the south has become poorer and poorer every year—and its lands have no market value, for they are intrinsically worthless. And that for the palpable reason that their products, by negro labor, will not bring enough when sold to defray the expenses of production. Outside of the grazing districts, where little labor, and that mainly white, suffices—none but the small operators, relying on themselves and employing no hired labor—have made tongue and buckle meet. All the large plantations and farms have been operated at a loss—and the result, bankruptcy, is only one of time. The poor land proprietor is consuming his substance—it is, eating his seed-corn; but the employment of the negro defers the crash and conceals the real situation—which is, in fact, that the south is utterly bankrupt—a thousandfold worse off than when the first colonists arrived here. They came with their ax and hoe, the unbroken forest before them, but they were free from debt. Now, we are overwhelmed with debts, public and private, and—the acme of the aggravation—cursed with a government run by money-rings, whose sole object is to appreciate the value of money and depreciate the value of all other property. Let the negro go, say I—and go speedily—and let us help him on his way, for his good as well as ours. He gets now but a bare and meager subsistence, with a prospect of worse time to come. There is no enlancement for him—as a rational being fit for survival—to stay; and his remaining conceals the extent of our disease—prolongs the agony and prevents aid from other sources. A few months ago it was stated by the New York *Tribune* that a company of Germans with a large amount of capital were anxious to invest in timbered lands. They found in Alabama just such as they wanted—but in consequence of the unsettled condition of the country they declined to invest. Now, the actual disturbing element in that case was the presence of the negro; the Germans did not fancy so many black faces, and they were unwilling to cast their lot and money with such a crowd. Yes, let the negro go, and go speedily and joyously—and let us, while making meat and bread in abundance for comfort and civilization, make very little cotton, and still less tobacco. Instead of four million bales of cotton, content ourselves with two hundred thousand, and instead of four hundred thousand hogsheads tobacco, let twenty thousand suffice. Reduced to these figures, those articles might pay the cost of production—which they do not now. And if there should be some howling elsewhere at the small supply, let the howling boom! When I heard recently that some member of congress from the Mississippi valley had threatened to make war upon any steamboat that might come down the Mississippi river to remove negroes, I was reminded of a remark I heard a few years since, that "all the brains of the south were killed in the war."

The APPEAL does not indorse these views, because such a policy would be injurious to the material interests of the south, and especially because it would be cruel and destructive to the negro race. Let it once be established that the blacks and whites of the south, who have been raised together, cannot live together in peace and friendship, and that moment an antagonism will be engendered between the two races; and the blacks will share the fate of the poor Indian. The south needs labor, without which she cannot prosper. If our people are to be traduced and slandered from year to year, accused of treating with cruelty the laborers when it is their interest to treat them kindly, the sentiments announced in the above extract and promulgated in Virginia will be generally espoused by a people weary of defamation. The white people of the south have sought to bury sectional hatreds. It is their interest to live in peace with the blacks, and if they are to be calumniated, denied tranquillity and prosperity, thousands will sympathize with the desire expressed in Virginia to get rid of the negro, the cause of all this slander of the southern whites. The north would be the sufferer by the conflict of their own creation. The question is of vital interest to the north, for the south is the field for supplies of raw materials on which rests the industrial interests of the north. Let the fanatics of the north destroy the source of their supplies, and we can live but not prosper, while they cannot live at all.

FALL OF THE KHEDIVE.

The tekel, tekel, mene, upharsin of the khedive of Egypt has long appeared upon the wall, and now the threatened destiny has become a fact, and the man who has for years governed Egypt has no longer a name among earth's sovereigns. The Egypt of the hieroglyphics and the pyramids, of Joseph and the oppressed Israelites, still holds its place in history, and along its sands the Nile still rolls its no longer mysterious waters, which still make Egypt one of the most fruitful lands on the earth. The Egyptian represented in the hieroglyphical pictures, and who were ruled over by the Pharoahs, no longer exists. The Copts, a people in the land of neither note nor standing, appear to be the only descendants of that nation whose wisdom and knowledge had won for it a world-wide fame. The khedive, under whom the peasants have groaned as the Hebrews did under their Pharoahs that knew not Joseph, was the sovereign head of the Egyytian government, but was himself a vassal of his suzerain, the sultan of Turkey. After his accession to power he showed a vigor and a will in conducting his measures such as are rarely found among Orientals. Although a Mahommedan, he was able to surmount many of the fanatical notions of the followers of the prophets, and he showed himself able to dominate old customs and overwhelm fanaticism when they opposed his proceedings. He was sufficiently intelligent to appreciate the resources of European science and invention, and took many Europeans and Americans into his employment to assist in introducting reforms and improvements. From the sultan he obtained the privilege of making treaties and supporting an army, and from Europe, especially from the English, he obtained liberal loans, by aid of which the resources of civilization were to be introduced once more into the land of the Pharoahs, the sciences and arts were again to flourish there, and the people were to be made happy under renewed prosperity. General expectation turned toward the khedive. It was declared that he united the iron will of the celebrated Djezzar with the refinement of a modern gentleman. Unhappily all these anticipations were vain. The man was, at bottom, but oriental after all. He loved display, and had his corrupting harem. Money borrowed to establish factories and farms, and to furnish the agriculturists with good implements and increased facilities for irrigation, became largely devoted to building palaces and in other ways displaying the ostentation of the vain monarch. Money so spent brought in no interest, habits so thriftless made creditors clamorous, and the khedive, sovereign as he was, and a man of vigor and intelligence, had to succumb to the overwhelming power of debt. He made great efforts. He mortgaged his private estates to the Rothschilds for eight million and five hundred thousand pounds, and devoted the money so raised toward paying the public debt. But, in true oriental style, he "bled" his subjects without mercy. Districts were laid under tribute, and money was wrung from the people by the harshest measures. All failed, and the foreign creditors, principally England, and also France, sent commissioners authorized to conduct the fiscal arrangements of the country. By the aid of these foreign officials the interest on the debt was paid, and seventy-four thousand pounds of the capital. That looked well, but it brought upon the khedive another trouble. The foreign commissioners who managed things so ably for the creditors, displaced the native officials and clerks, who were left destitute with their arrears unpaid, while the Europeans received salaries that, in native eyes, were exhorbitant. A portion of the army was dismissed, also unpaid; public situations were diminished in number and emoluments by the economy introduced. The Egyptians were dismissed, disgraced, plunged into poverty; the foreign debtor was paid, but at home was the wail of the starving, and they were not of the mere herd, but people who had filled places of trust and had a standing in the country. Between the creditor and the hardships suffered by his own people, what was the beset, distracted khedive to do? He grew desperate at the sight of accumulating miseries; he defied his debtors and dismissed their commissioners and clerks. This brought things to a crisis, and his resignation was demanded. England and France demanded it as creditors, Austria and Germany joined in the demand for political reasons. England and France were getting Egypt into their power to a dangerous extent, especially the former, which has so great an interest in the Suez canal, the other powers therefore "took a hand" by way of precaution. These honorable sovereigns and dignitaries never trust each other. So the creditors have proved too much for the khedive, and the crown of Egypt, the authority that Marc Anthony once wielded, is gone from him. The sultan has withdrawn the power of making treaties and maintaining an army, so that the khedive's son, who succeeds him, does so with shorn powers, and thus poor, lacerated, down-trodden Egypt enters upon another page of its "strange, eventful history."

JEFFERSON DAVIS

As a New Zealander Knows Him — A Tribute to the Ex-President from the Antipodes—A Protest Against Calumniating the Great Statesman and Soldier.

An Explanation by the Okolona Messenger of its Objection to Jefferson Davis as a Candidate for United States Senator —Anyone Else Preferable.

Okolona *Messenger*, 26th: "Our attention has been called by some of our friends to an article published in the *Messenger* last week, wherein the following language was used: 'If Jeff Davis is the representative of the Democracy of this State, we are no Democrat, and we do not hesitate to say that the election of Governor Brown, Judge Simrall, General Weat, yea even Bruce himself, would be infinitely preferable, and more conducive to the welfare of Mississippi and Mississippians,' and we have been requested to explain more fully our position, that it might not be misunderstood. We comply with pleasure, and premise by saying, that we have the most profound respect for the great ability, undaunted courage and pure and spotless private character of Mr. Davis, but we cannot subscribe to his political teachings, and we cannot imagine any evil which might befall the south, that would approach in the smallest degree to the dire calamity which, in our judgment, his election to the United States senate would bring upon us. We are a conservative Democrat and believe in a strict party organization. We have never voted with the opposition, no matter what name it assumed, against a Democrat. We did not, therefore, mean to say that we would vote for either of the gentlemen named against Mr. Davis, but we did mean to say that we would not vote for Davis, because he is not a conservative Democrat, and that we would prefer to see the Democratic party defeated with him as its exponent of principles than to witness its success, the result of which would be to place him in the United States senate and commit our party to his extreme views. We think the election of either of the men mentioned above, by their respective parties (which, of course, would be responsible for said election and the official acts of its representative), would be less hurtful to the Democratic party, and to the country at large, than the election of Mr. Davis would prove to be, and while we would decline to support either of them we would imitate the example of Mr. Davis himself, as illustrated in his conduct in the United States senate in 1860, when 'the Crittenden compromise' was pending before congress, and refuse to vote at all."

The Surrender of Jefferson Davis.

From a copy of the *New Zealander*, published at Wellington, New Zealand, of date May 18, 1879, which comes to us marked, we copy the following communication, from which it will be seen that Mr. Jefferson Davis is not without one warm friend in that distant land:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW ZEALANDER—In the diorama of the American war, lately exhibited in this city, Jefferson Davis, president of the Confederate States of America, is represented as fleeing captured in woman's attire. Allowances are always made for the fertile imaginations of sensational artists, and a good deal of latitude by common consent accorded to modern sensational writers, and when this caricature on the Confederate chief first appeared—pandering to the sensational excitement—it was allowed to pass as the creation of a satirical artistic mind. But a repetition of this burlesque called for its emphatic contradiction, and its reliability has been time and again refuted. The body-servant of Jefferson Davis (a negro slave), who followed his fleeing master through the forest, and witnessed his capture, has been again recently interviewed by representatives of the New York press, and the account of his capture as given by Davis's military escort again confirmed. After the evacuation of Richmond and Petersburg, in Virginia, the "rebel" President, with a few attendants, was overtaken at about four o'clock, and at that hour the broad avenue on which the saloon stands is full of men, partly miners returned from their prospect holes and partly new comers just emptied from the stages. A crowd of these were standing round the door when the two men, Grier and Ritchie, speaking loudly and gesticulating, appeared on the threshold. In Leadville a "difficulty" is speaking loud understood, and if it is not well understood, too, that it generally takes the form of lead. So the crowd began to scatter. In an instant shots were heard—some witnesses say two, some three—and Grier's dead body was seen on the sidewalk. The physicians testify that he was shot twice through the chest and died in ten seconds. A jury was summoned on the following day and found a verdict of willful and felonious murder against Ritchie, and he will (probably?) be duly tried. His defense is that Grier struck him with his fist and then fired at him in the street; that he only used his pistol in self-defense. Grier's popularity leaves him few apologists in this town. People are getting sick of all this brutality and violence and fraud and debauchery of all kinds. It is only the other day that a man was shot dead for claiming a town lot, and another, a mining contractor, met the same fate from a laborer who claimed to be paid off on Wednesday instead of Saturday. As to robberies, they are of daily occurrence. Every night some lonely wayfarer is requested to "hold up his hands" by two or three bunkos with revolvers in close proximity to his nose, and punishment hardly ever follows the offense. In the rare instances in which arrests are made the bunko's confederates are always on hand to prove an alibi. A local newspaper desiring to glorify the town states, in a recent article that "though it is scarcely two years since the first building was put up here, it now contains—beer halls, 19; saloons, 120; gambling-houses, 118; houses of prostitution, 35. This is a pretty showing, but the line of argument by which it is made to gratify any citizen's pride is not easily followed. We have imported our vices from the west as well as the east. One institution—known as opium club halls—has been borrowed from San Francisco. The main object of the club is, of course, the smoking of opium. But the deleterious charms of the drug are heightened by the presence of female society, and the meetings of the club are held in rooms closely shut up and heated to such an extent that clothing is unbearable. Here scores of creatures spend their days and nights in semi-stupor, unconscious of everything but the dreamy, sensuous languor which De Quincey so graphically describes. No policeman can enter there, unless, indeed, he desires membership in the club and has money enough to pay his share of the cost. But public rumor is much at fault if on the list of members you could not find some of the leading merchants, lawyers and mine-owners. Life is very hard here. The climate is exceedingly trying; it snows every month in the year. Few men have their wives with them. Hence the inordinate number and vast variety of resorts devoted to what is called pleasure."

Increase of Insanity.

St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*: The superintendent of the Georgia lunatic asylum reports that insanity is largely upon the increase among the colored population of that State, and appeals to the legislature for an enlargement of the colored department of the asylum. It is an acknowledged feature of modern civilization that it requires an intensity of mental application and an amount of brain-work that bears more and more severely upon each succeeding generation. The methods of business and industrial processes continually draw more heavily upon the intellectual resources of the individual. Insanity has grown more frequent in a like ratio, as has been recognized and published for years by the medical faculties. It is perfectly reasonable, therefore, that this superintendent's report as to the colored race should be true. The responsibilities which their new condition placed upon them, the necessity for self-preservation through the same processes by which white men gain their living, and the unaccustomed demands upon their brain-powers which are inseparable from their new independent relations, in which they must provide themselves with forethought and compete intelligently with the white man's shrewdness, will naturally produce more insanity among them than when they were slaves with no call for special intellectual exertion. The Savannah *News* says, in commenting upon the truth of the report: "It is equally as true that the colored insane must be provided for. On this point there needs no constitutional amendment to delare that beyond treating the two races separately, there should be no distinction on account of race, color or previous condition of servitude."

BORIE

Bored by a San Francisco Reporter, Tells all he Knows about the Grant Boom—He thinks the General will have to Accept the Presidency

To Save the Country—In Other Words, he will have to Make a Martyr of Himself at Fifty Thousand Dollars Per Annum—Poor Man!

San Francisco *Chronicle*: A *Chronicle* reporter, who sought unsuccessfully for several hours yesterday afternoon to obtain an interview with Adolph Borie, General Grant's first appointee as secretary of the navy and a companion in his travels, managed a little after eight o'clock in the evening to discover the gentleman so assiduously looked for. Mr. Borie's close-cropped gray beard and hoary locks betokened old age, but the healthy hue of his cheeks and the clear tones of his voice as he conversed with Senator Sharon in the office of the Palace hotel indicated that time had not yet robbed him of his health and vigor. As the representative of the *Chronicle* approached him he was talking in joyous tones of the glad news which had just been flashed across the continent from Philadelphia that his family were well, and telling of the pleasure he experienced in the anticipation of his speedy return to his home.

The reporter having introduced himself inquired when General Grant would return to America. Mr. Borie replied:

"Probably not before the tenth of September next. He is not at all anxious to return home. He is having a fine time and is enjoying himself with all the zeal of a schoolboy who wants to get the most of his vacation."

"Is the general aware of the movements now on foot to make him the Republican nominee for President in 1880?"

"Oh, yes; he undoubtedly knows about that. In fact that seems to be pretty generally understood both here and abroad."

"Then there is no truth in the reports which have recently been circulated to the effect that he knows nothing whatsoever of his party's desire to place him in the Presidential chair?"

"I don't think there is. He must be aware of it."

"Knowing, then, that many Republicans desire to place him in nomination for the Presidency, will he decline, or is he willing to accept the nomination?"

"I hope he will refuse to accept the infernal office. I call it infernal, because I consider it the most trying and difficult position in the world. In fact, so anxious have I been for him to decline that it was for the sole purpose of endeavoring to dissuade him from making a sacrifice of himself that I left Philadelphia and joined him when I did."

"Did you accomplish the object of your journey, and dissuade the general from accepting the honors sought to be thrust upon him by his party?"

"I didn't have an opportunity to talk directly to him on the subject. In fact, I never got any further than hints, insinuations and suggestions."

"Is he willing to become the next President?"

"Personally, I don't think he is."

"Will he refuse the nomination?"

"He will not be allowed to, I fear. I am of the opinion that it will be forced upon him, and that he will be compelled by the people to again become our President. He is the man who will disperse from the political horizon of the country the clouds of impending danger, and that's the man the nation wants."

"Then you have not talked directly with General Grant upon the subject of his nomination, and you do not know positively as to whether he would accept or decline?"

"I think he will be forced to accept it. He does not desire it for himself. He will have to sacrifice his personal comfort to the people's welfare. He is the only man powerful enough and popular enough for the emergency. He is a great and good man, and there was never a country in the world which was more worthy of a sacrifice than this country. I have known him for long years, and love and admire him. Even the Democrats are beginning to feel that he is the man the country needs. I have talked with several of the most prominent Democrats in the nation on the subject, and they told me they would support Grant as a candidate for the Presidency. I have talked with Democrats here to-day, whose names I do not wish to mention, and they promise to sustain him in the next Presidential campaign."

At this point in the dialogue Mr. Borie's knowledge of the probability of Grant's acceptance of the Presidential nomination apparently became exhausted, and the conversation branched off into other topics.

"When did you join the general?" inquired the reporter.

"I met him at Paris in January last, and left him in China."

"What estimate is placed upon his generalship throughout the different countries you visited together? Is he considered as the greatest military genius of his age?"

"He seems to be. The enthusiasm with which he has been received everywhere is indeed astonishing. All nations admire him. Wherever he has traveled he was feted and honored; and I believe to-day that he has the greatest reputation of any man in the world."

"I presume he will travel extensively thoughout the Pacific States?"

"Yes; he will be in no hurry to leave here, and will visit Oregon, the Yosemite, and all other places of interest along the coast."

"Have you heard anything about the grand reception that is to be tendered him; of the hundreds of special cars which are to come loaded with excursionists from the eastern States, in order that the returning hero may be met with suitable pomp and honor?"

"Oh, yes; I heard about such things before my arrival here, but in San Francisco nothing has been said to me on the subject, as I only reached the city to-day."

"Do you believe there is any truth in these reports?"

"Yes, I think there is. I shall probably myself be one of the throng which will assemble here to meet the general. He is a great man, and I have known him for many years."

"When, Mr. Borie, do you intend to start for your home?"

"To-morrow morning."

Here the old gentleman was appropriated by two or three friends, and, touching his white hat to the reporter, he left him alone with his notes.

SOUTHERN NEWS.

In two weeks 2,279,660 pounds of tobacco were sold in Danville, Virginia. The cash paid for it amounted to $242,822.

The *Railroad Gazette* thinks that Hash Knife, the last new postoffice in Texas, may be fairly held to balance Fried Liver, in Arizona.

At Columbus, Mississippi, a Sunday or two ago, a negro armed with an ax chased another into a church, up the aisles and over the pulpit in an endeavor to kill him.

Some carrier-pigeons in Virginia made the trip from Christiansburg to Alexandria, a distance of two hundred and fifty-five miles, in six hours and thirty-six minutes.

Andrew C. Wood, a soldier of the war of 1812, and a prominent citizen, died in Bedford county, Tennessee, last week. He was eighty-one years of age.

The citizens of Bolivar, Tennessee, are discussing the propriety of reviving the Hardeman county fair association. The sentiment is unanimous except as regards the race-track.

Colonel King, a Texas cattle man, has a fence seventy-five miles long, inclosing about three hundred and seventy-five square miles, on which range one hundred and ten thousand beasts.

There is a young lady in Wilkes county, Georgia, who was born blind, and who, it is said, can instantly detect color by touch. When a child she could tell the name and color of her pet cats and chickens by simply laying her hand upon them.

Mr. Nelson, an elderly gentleman, was shot by a midnight assassin in Corinth Sunday night, three of four pistol shots fired at him taking effect and inflicting dangerous wounds—so says the Corinth correspondent of the Pordy (Tenn.) *Sun* of Wednesday.

Paris (Tenn.) *Intelligencer*, 26th: "On the night of the storm, the twelfth instant, a large tree was blown across Salem church, in the sixth district, crushing the building almost to the ground and rendering it wholly unfit for service. The good people of that denomination will have to rebuild."

Fort Smith (Ark.) *Independent*, 25th: "Lee Oliver and Anderson Wilson, two young farmers living near Dayton engaged in a silly quarrel, a few days, about the width of cotton-rows. Wilson struck Oliver over the head with a hoe, fracturing the skull and probably inflicting a fatal injury, and then fled to parts unknown."

J. J. Pennington, of Henryville, Tennessee, asks the loan of two thousand dollars with which to put in operation his flying machine. He claims that he can cross the ocean, explore the region of the north pole, carry freights, and proposes to return two dollars for one loaned him. He challenges the world to test his invention.

Dallas (Texas) *Herald*, 24th: "The force of the city engineer, while digging sand near the Browder springs to-day to put on the streets, excavated a number of large bones, which must have belonged to monster animals of another age. Bones of this character appear to be very numerous in that vicinity, a number having been found there heretofore. Those just found were the bones of some extinct animal."

The Jackson *Tribune and Sun* correspondent tells that in the western portion of Haywood county he was shown a cypress tree on the land of Mr. Thomas Estes, in Lagroon creek bottom, that measured thirty-three feet in circumference four feet above the ground. It is said to be the largest tree in Tennessee except one, a cottonwood tree in Lauderdale county, which measures thirty-six feet in circumference.

Jackson (Tenn.) *Tribune and Sun*, 26th: "On Wednesday morning, of last week, the farmhouse of Mr. William Bumpass and his mother-in-law, Mrs. Esther Lane, six or seven miles east of this city, was destroyed by fire. All the furniture, including the bedding of the family, was also consumed. The outhouses of the place, including the smokehouse and its contents, were also destroyed. The loss to the sufferers is total and severe. Mr. Bumpass is a poor man, and his mother-in-law, Mrs. Lane, is advanced in years, is nearly blind, and quite decrepit. Home was her all, and the loss, especially, is a serious hardship."

Fort Smith (Ark.) *Independent*, 25th: "The news continues to reach us of rich discoveries of silver ore in Montgomery county. New mines are being opened every few days. As soon as machinery for crushing the ore, and smelting furnaces are erected, the work will progress, and we expect to hear of a better and more profitable country of mines than that around Leadville, in Colorado. In fact, the Arkansas silver mines are in a healthy region, with a good climate, pure water and delightful mountain air. These mines, it will be found, lead directly west, and can be traced into the Choctaw Nation. The richest lodes have not been discovered yet. The mines in Sevier and Polk are rich, and it will be found that our predictions are true, for we had specimens of the ore from that region five or six years ago."

ARKANSAS.

A Colored Rapist Hanged at Forrest City—A County-Abolishing Act of the Legislature Declared Null by the Supreme Court.

LITTLE ROCK, June 27.—Henry Taylor, colored, was hung for rape to-day, at two o'clock, at Forrest City. He protested his innocence to the last. Death resulted from strangulation.

Mrs. Anna B. Rapley, an old and universally respected resident, died and was buried here to-day.

The supreme court rendered an opinion to-day that the act abolishing Clark county was null.

COX'S WIFE

Says "He Always was a Mean Nigger, and I Knew when he Left me dat de Devil had done Mark him Out."

RICHMOND, VA., June 25.—Chastine Cox, the negro murderer of Mrs. Hull, belonged to Mr. Anthony White, an old bachelor in Powhatan county, this State. It has now transpired that Cox's wife and sister live in this city. His wife is a large woman, weighing two hundred pounds, aged fifty-five, and is a servant in the family of General P. T. Moore, an ex-Confederate soldier. She states that she married Cox eight years ago. They were married at the residence of General Moore, by Rev. John Jasper, the well-known negro preacher who created so much excitement last year by preaching that "De sun do move," and who contended that the earth stood still. Cox, the murderer, lived with her two years, and most of the time he was a waiter in the Spottswood hotel. He then left her and went to New York to live. When she found that his intention was to desert her, she went to New York and had him arrested for desertion. He repudiated her, said he never saw her and was a single man. She came back to Richmond, got her marriage license, and went after him, but she brought back no satisfaction, and returned to this city. She expressed great satisfaction when she heard he had been arrested, and said she hoped the devil would get his dues now. She said: "He always was a mean nigger, and I knew when he left me dat de devil had done mark him out." Cox belonged to Mr. Wm. Mosby, of Powhattan. His mother is the cook in the family of Captain John S. Wise, son of Ex-Governor H. A. Wise, and she bears an excellent character. She is completely prostrated with grief.

All Quiet and Work Resumed at Fall River.

FALL RIVER, June 27.—The mills are all running this morning with the exception of the Narragansetts, which shut down yesterday. Some of the mills gained a few spinners, while others lost some. On the whole there has been a gain of ten pairs of "mules." There has been no intimidation or act of violence, but the manufacturers say threats have been made, and a number of men at work yesterday were out to-day through fear. The men who came here have been returned by the spinners, who watched the imported help and solicited them to return. A committee of spinners to-day waited on the mayor, asking that the extra police should be withdrawn from the streets and kept at the station, where they could readily be called in case they were needed. The mayor said that he should try to act as desired by the party during the strike, but that he would preserve order, and that the extra police had been put on to prevent a disturbance. The spinners would not be interfered with by the police if they preserved order.

Too Much Self-Abnegation.

Mr. Christian Ross lately wrote concerning his lost child: "Mrs. Ross and myself would both be only too glad to know that our dear Charlie is safe in heaven than to be tortured by the dread that he remains in charge of people who may lead him into a life of misery or of crime. While we have suffered beyond what any mortal can understand, yet we have the comfort to know that many a little fellow has been rescued from want and misery through the search for our Charlie, and we believe the public have reaped largely the benefit of the sacrifice we made, for had I compounded the crime I feel certain we would have had our son long since; but declining to do so, I have suffered and the public have been benefited, for I do not think a child will be taken soon again for a ransom."

Disastrous and Fatal Boiler Explosion.

PHILADELPHIA, June 27.—The explosion of the boiler at Wilts's extensive planing mill, at Front and Brown streets, caused great consternation, the flying brick and iron doing much damage. Several dwellings in the vicinity are wrecked. The dead body of the engineer has been taken from the ruins. The boiler, by the force of the explosion, was driven into the second story of a dwelling occupied by a family named Long. Cloud Long, eight years of age, was killed, and his sister Stella, eleven years old, was badly hurt. Their mother and Mrs. Ann M'Avay are missing, and it is believed they are buried in the ruins. Mrs. M'Avay was found alive in the ruins, but she died soon after being extricated.

The Anti-Polygamy Society.

SALT LAKE, June 27.—The Anti-Polygamy society has prepared letters to President Hayes exposing some misstatements in Delegate Cannon's letter, and asking that Reynolds, convicted of bigamy, and now serving a term in the penitentiary at Lincoln, Nebraska, be not transferred to the Utah penitentiary.

Destructive Fire.

VIRGINIA CITY, June 27.—A fire at Glendale, on the twenty-fifth, destroyed the smelter, quartz mill, office, etc., of the Hecla mining company, the most extensive works of the kind in the vicinity. Loss estimated at one hundred thousand dollars.

Two Children Killed.

CLARKSBURG, ONT., June 27.—To-day two children, eleven and nine years old, sons of Alfred Stoutenburg, took shelter under a tree from a passing storm, when a limb fell and killed both instantly.

THERE is no better remedy than Reed's gilt edge tonic for dyspepsia and indigestion.

AN ADVENTURESS

Plays a Part for Ten Years that Reads More Like Romance than Reality—A Dashing Widow and a Washington Belle — And then, Farewell.

Ten Years of Merry, but Very Fast Life — How She made Vanderbilt's Son-in-Law Pay for Her Caresses and Afterward Took in a Lawyer.

New York special to the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*: The *Star* of to-morrow will print the details of a suit for divorce, based on a charge of fraud, more remarkable than usual in such cases, and which has been agitating certain select circles hereabouts for some time. The case has sensational elements, and the parties involved are well known in the leading cities of the country by reason of their social position. Charles W. Forbes is a lawyer of extensive practice; has been in the navy, but is better known by his service as chief examiner in the patent office at Washington, a position held by him several years. His official duties often required his presence in New York, where he had many friends. It was his habit to stay at the swell boarding-house of his aunt, Mrs. Shears, in Irving place. On one of his visits he formed the acquaintance of a lady of striking beauty, who was living there. His aunt said she was "a widow of wealth," intimate with very prominent people. Forbes fell in love with the beauty at first sight. Ellen Amanda Fields was her name, and she was a finely-formed woman of the brunette type. They were married on November 19, 1875, in a private parlor of the Fifth avenue hotel. The clergyman was Rev. Dr. Miles, of Boston. The newly married couple went to Washington the next day, and engaged apartments at the Ebbit house, where Mr. Forbes introduced his wife to his acquaintances, among whom were General Babcock, General Sherman, Judge Jeremiah Black, Admirals Boggs and Streuble, Senators Morton, Beck and West, and Emory A. Storrs, of Chicago. Mrs. Forbes in this way obtained the *entree* into the most exclusive circles of Washington society. Her butterfly career in Washington was ended in April, 1876. At that time Mr. Forbes resigned his position at the patent office, and changed his residence to New York, engaging at once in the practice of her law. Before her marriage Mrs. Forbes had told her husband that her name by her first marriage was Fields, and that she was married in 1861. She related how her first husband had been originally in moderate circumstances, but by judicious speculation, however, he had become very wealthy. His death occurred several years after at their home on Twelfth street. After that she lived with her sister, Mrs. Lockwood, a widow, at the Union Square hotel. She made a tour of all the well-known watering places during several seasons, passing the winters in New York. This story was implicitly believed by Forbes. Like a thunderbolt from a clear sky came a note from his mother, suggesting that his wife had deceived him. He demanded an explanation, and was told that his wife had remarked to Mr. Forbes's sister that her first husband was lost at sea, and had been buried from the ship. Forbes investigated matters by looking up the antecedents of his wife. He could find no record of a first husband, nor of a certain baby which she said had been born to her, and was alleged to have been buried at Greenwood. A scene followed, and one night when Forbes came home he found that his wife had gone away to return no more. Then he began a suit for divorce. The suit was kept perfectly quiet, and dragged along until last April, when the case was re opened and a referee appointed. His decision, which is in favor of Forbes, has just been handed to Judge Donohue, of the supreme court, to be affirmed or otherwise. From it the following remarkable details in this remarkable woman's career have been ascertained: Ellen Amanda Fowler was born in the village of Westerlo, Albany county, New York, in 1843. Her parents moved to Albany when she was six years old, and resided there two years. Her father at that time was a house carpenter, but his trade was unremunerative. Ellen went to Manton Marble's school, and the future editor of the *World* and the concocter of cipher dispatches took a lively interest in his precocious pupil. Her father then moved to Albany, where his family, consisting of his wife, four sons and four daughters, came to New York, and lived at Thirty-seventh street and Fourth avenue. Ellen was sent to a public school, but subsequently obtained employment in the corset manufactory of Madame Pinchon, on Amity street. Ellen was then in the prime of girlish beauty. She soon tired of the quiet of home, and one day left it. Very soon after, being elegantly settled in Amity street, Ellen desired to be called Mrs. Fields, and to be considered a widow possessed of a large fortune. Mrs. Fields at that time took lessons of Dickel, the riding master, whose riding school was then at the corner of Fifth avenue and Thirty-ninth street, and there formed the acquaintance of Miss Dickel, who introduced her to George A. Osgood, the banker, son-in-law of the late Commodore Vanderbilt. It was in this way that the "widow" became established as the leader of a wealthy and influential circle. Osgood and Mrs. Fields had family jars. A quarrel ensued, and he did not see her again for six weeks, although he gave her large sums of money to meet her household expenses. When he came back the house was deserted. Osgood had been acquainted with her eight years, but that was the last of their intimacy. Mrs. Fields went to the Brevoort house, where she had a suite of rooms, and lived in the Metropolitan hotel. She was known by her fictitious name when Forbes became acquainted with her. Besides her social qualities she had financial ability. Each house in which she resided, together with the furniture, was deeded to her by Osgood, and she made judicious use of the property. In all her business transactions the name she gave was Ellen Amanda Fowler. The name is given in full in all the records of deeds, etc., in the register's office and elsewhere, and were there read by Forbes, and in one single instance is the explanatory phrase "single woman." It was difficult to secure the attendance of Osgood as a witness, but he finally told the truth.

An Old Coroner Sent Up for Perjury.

NEW YORK, June 27.—Jas. Dempsey, now and for twenty years past coroner at Staten Island, has been convicted of perjury and sentenced to the State prison for one year at hard labor. Dempsey presented to the county of Richmond a bill of thirteen dollars and fifty cents for expenses in holding an inquest and swearing that the bill was correct.

Fresh Supplies of Vitality

To renew a waning stock may be gathered from a source accessible to all, and never sought in vain by any whose constitution and vigor are not so much dilapidated as to be wholly past repairing. Evidence direct, convincing and ample, indicates Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as a tonic of unexampled efficacy and perfect purity, and possessed of proper