MEMPHIS APPEAL
BY
GALLAWAY & KEATING.

Terms of Subscription Daily & Weekly

DAILY:

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

WEEKLY:

One copy, one year	$1 00
One copy, six months	60

GALLAWAY & KEATING,
M. C. GALLAWAY, } 252 Second street,
J. W. KEATING. } Memphis, Tenn.

MEMPHIS APPEAL

SUNDAY, : : DECEMBER 21, 1879.

TENNESSEE SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND AND DEAF AND DUMB.

The school at Knoxville for the education of the deaf and dumb is one of those charities inaugurated by the men of the last generation, which, in connection with the hospital for the insane and the school for the blind—both at Nashville—are monuments of honor to the law-makers of that time. Each has been a perfect success. But the wonder is how children who never heard a sound or uttered a syllable can be taught to express themselves in writing, with the clearness and coherence of the little pot of our fellow-citizen, Judge Snead, a specimen of whose writing is given in the following letter, which we publish *verbatim et literatim*. The writer, Charley Myers, is a little Memphis orphan, who, it will be seen, wants to know the whereabouts of his sister:

DEAF AND DUMB SCHOOL,
KNOXVILLE, TENN., DECEMBER 15, 1879.

MY DEAR FRIEND—I am very well; how are you? I study my Sneicher's third reader and arithmetic. I learn to print. I like to print. It is very hard. You must write a letter to me. You must not write a letter to me delay. You must write a letter to me every week. I love you very much. Next December 25th, 1879, the pupils will buy firecrackers for twenty five cents. I like to see the firecrackers. I have been six years in school. Mr. Houghton is my teacher. He is so kind to me. I am nine years old. I want to live with you in Memphis. Do you may to live with you? You must hunt my sister in Memphis. If you found my sister you must tell me. I join my sister in Memphis. We given up sculpture history. The pupils many; one hundred and nine. Last Thanksgiving we had a good time. We play with marbles or balls. Sunday, Prof. Hammel could not lecture in our chapel, because he was not well so Prof. Beaman lectured for him. Last Sunday, the nineteenth, was Mr. Houghton's birthday; he is thirty-three years old. Please excuse my long delay; I could not write sooner, because I have been very busy. To-day, I have been taking photographs gallery with Frank. He had his picture taken there. I have written long enough, so I must close now. Good-bye to my dear truly friend. CHARLES MYERS.

Any information concerning the sister of little Charley will be gratefully received at the office of Sneed & Greene, attorneys, No. 39 Madison street.

A BUSY WEEK.

More business was done in Memphis during the past week than was ever transacted in any previous one since the corporation of the town, fifty years ago. The rush has been unprecedented. The business has been equal to that of the flush times immediately after the war. It is true our population is not so large as then we had a large floating population. Then every house was occupied and rented at ravenous prices. But the boom of last week exceeded the business of 1865 and 1867. Business men retired last night worn out with the labors of the week, and with glad countenances, in view of the prospect which they will enjoy to-day, preparatory to another week's whirling excitement. Many strangers visited Memphis during the week, and as they peregrinated our streets they expressed their profound amazement at the evidences of prosperity that greeted them on every side. Hon. John S. Kennedy, a prominent lawyer of Alabama, and formerly the owner of several extensive cotton-manufacturing establishments, has spent the last two weeks in Memphis. He is the agent for Kennedy's celebrated buckle for baling cotton, which necessarily throws him in contact with our merchants, and on leaving, he expressed the opinion that Memphis was the most marvelous city on the continent. His agency forced him to visit Pittsburg, where his buckle is manufactured. Thence he visited Cincinnati, Louisville and all the leading cities of the south. He informs us that, when he came to Memphis, he expected to find a city without population, business depressed, and everything indicating decay. But, to his surprise, he found here more evidences of prosperity, a greater rush of business than was seen in any of the many cities he has visited since the first of September. He left Memphis enthusiastic in its praise, and the belief that nothing could prevent its becoming the largest and most prosperous city of the southwest. Every man who has visited Memphis since the first of November is struck with the pluck and energy of our merchants, and the recuperative power of the city. It could not be otherwise, for the teeming masses on Main street, the rush and hurry-skurry on Front street, the stores crowded with goods and streets blockaded with thousands of cotton bales, tell the story of the business transacted in Memphis and the bright future that awaits our people. This is not the dream of an enthusiast, for no mind has ever yet comprehended the future greatness of Memphis. With all her misfortunes, she is to-day the most prosperous city in the south. With her natural advantages—so soon as she is free from epidemics—she will secure the trade which legitimately belongs to our people, and in time will be a population of one hundred thousand by the next decade. So soon as the city is made impregnable to the approaches of its old enemy, our energetic business men, while offering inducements that compete with eastern houses, will command the entire trade for a radius of hundreds of miles, which will make Memphis the city of the south. Our city is on the high road to prosperity. The business transacted during the past week demonstrates that the prospect is magnificent and glorious beyond description. No other city in the Union can look forward to the realization of so many well-founded anticipations. But to make those anticipations realistic, we must have new pavements and a sanitary system which will make filth give place to cleanliness. Then Memphis will no longer be the hothouse for generating yellow-fever.

ODD-FELLOWS LIBRARY.

The meeting of the old trustees of the Odd-Fellows library and the election of new ones, affords an appropriate occasion for speaking in commendation of this institution, which is the gem of the city. The Odd-Fellows library was organized at a time of great commercial depression, but the trustees were fortunate in electing Captain William R. M'Clune as librarian. So soon as his election was announced he entered upon the discharge of his duties with all the zeal of his ardent and enthusiastic nature. He made the library his pet, the idol of his life, and his labors to make it a success have been untiring. The first thing he did was to secure, free of charge, a magnificent bound book in which to register the name of each visitor. He next commenced soliciting the contribution of books to the library, and through his constant exertions several hundred volumes of standard works have been added to it without cost. In the library is the regular receipt of a large number of periodicals and newspapers, the result of Captain M'Clune's personal efforts, unaided by the members of the order or the trustees. We understand that the records have been kept so as to show the number of visitors each month, the number of books loaned, while a recapitulation has been furnished by him as to the contents of each book, whether history, travels, science, poetry or fiction. So great has been the interest of Captain M'Clune in the success of the library, he has managed to keep it prominently before the public—and this he has succeeded in doing on account of his popularity with members of the press. As librarian, he has made the Odd-Fellows library one of the favorite institutions of Memphis, and under his management it will soon become the pride of the city. He is polite and attentive to visitors, and has been untiring in his exertions to give that success to the library which it enjoys. A visitor to it, as he gazes upon the shelves burdened with books, realizes the immortalities the mental and spiritual enrichment that lie within their covers. They contain the living truths that are molding society and enlightening the world. This library should be made the common treasure of the city—the nursery of genius. We have talent slumbering in our midst, like coral in the sea, and this library should be made the flint to extract the fire. Good books, such as can be found in the Odd-Fellows library, not only enrich the mind, but they stimulate it to action and develop the creative faculty. We would be glad to know that there was an increasing interest manifested in making still more successful the library, for which Captain M'Clune has labored so faithfully and efficiently. Every man in Memphis should contribute something, either in money or in valuable books, to this library. The young but poor aspirant for literary fame, or a higher knowledge, should become interested in it. Here every variety of books can be found; and mental food is just like bodily food, it needs to be varied. Here can be found the solid books and the pungent condiment and the dainty pastry and sweetmeats. Fiction can also be found, and we believe that it is generally conceded that the day has gone by when the good influence of the novelist is denied. The only care to be observed with regard to them is that young persons be not allowed to form a taste for unnatural pictures and tales of crime. Young persons should not be urged to attack books too mature for their mental development. Injudicious parents often urge upon the immature minds of the young the reading of books of which they themselves only know the titles, and which are distasteful to children. The real test of the value of a book after all, to a reader, is whether he likes it or not, but as in all training of youth, the thing to be done is to teach them to like the best books. We congratulate the Odd Fellows of Memphis on their valuable library and in securing the services of so efficient a librarian as Captain M'Clune. Having accomplished so much under so many disadvantages, now with the return of good times he will be able to make the library still more prosperous.

(For the Sunday Appeal.)

THAT BROKEN LINE.

LUCIS.

In all the journals of the day, among the printed sheets appears
A pictured head and there I pause and gaze at it thro' foolish tears.
A plaintive face of a gentle cast, with sweet, grave mouth that seems to say
Purely his mother's good-bye kiss. An open brow, short-curled hair,
And eyes, their thoughtful crystal depths unstirred by warm's fire,
Unfettered by Ambition's fever, or by wild, disturbed hope.
Yet I see there a certain calmness of the first estate; a head
Which could have worn a crown with placid strength; a courage which would shed
His own heart's blood like water for a cause—a cause that he called right.
Not the father's pride, nor yet the uncle's strength, but a proud might
In its own said, unshrouded calm. Fate had not clouded that young face
Which trusted in its star and strove to work up to its high place.
The gilded eagles hung above his cradle, he could not but regain his birth-right.
Destiny was in the Napoleon's blood and Reichstadt's life a blight!
Reichstadt died. But Louis was this boy's sire; he had reigned o'er France.
And on his line of Bonapartes no dark dishonor burns and hauts.
The blood of Bonaparte and Beauharnais pulses from his fresh young heart,
His forced grandeur is a fearful legacy, almost like doom his part.
We cannot dwell on it—the plotters planning that the peaceful days at Chiselhurst, the quickly ended school days of exile.
Is it a weariness of looking on that hills those graves, sweet eyes
With that pathetic smile? or is it an expression of the pulse
Life's continued hopes and loves must wear for him—denied before they come?
Empty for him. Shaped heart and mind and soul for that great sum.
A violet in his button-hole; not that some maid has pressed it there.
Won by that sweet mouth's words of soft entreaty, made. No, he does not wear
Love's gage. The emblem of the Prince, and by his life, is meant
As modest as the flower, he will not turn aside from Duty's chart.
From destiny, which at his natal hour had fixed for him his part.
Was it to die in Zululand! by unknown savage hands to fall?
In the wormholes of that dark, unlicensed land to end it all!
Across the ocean by St. Helena's lonely rock to England's land
Never has he the name, the weight, the livery of empire worn.

Lee's Confidence in Grat.

Colonel J. Stoddard Johnston, in the *Courier Journal*: "Projects for emigration to Mexico, Brazil and other foreign parts were discussed, but finally it was concluded that the safest course with regard to Grant and Lee was to do the probable fate and what was best to be done. At an informal meeting General Echols, of Virginia, and myself were appointed a committee to wait on General Lee for this purpose. We both knew him, and were cordially received. Upon stating the object of our visit, General Lee replied very unexpectedly that our condition and the condition of the whole south was very deplorable. By the terms of General Halleck's order we were left without the protection of law, while the south was in ruin, her people impoverished and the youth of our country growing up without education. That we had but one conviction, which was, that whatever fate might be in store for us, we, who had been leaders, should not leave the country and abandon our people, but should share their fate. We should consult with them, seek to build up the waste places, alleviate their troubles and educate the youth. 'As to my own fate, said he, 'I know not what is in store for me. I believe the politicians at Washington are bent upon the most extreme measures, and, if they have their own way, will stop at no humiliation they can heap upon me. My sole reliance is in General Grant. I believe his is his honor and his integrity as a soldier, and do not believe that he will permit the terms of my surrender or the parole given me to be violated. The sequel showed that General Lee was correct in his estimate of General Grant's character. Stanton had intended to arrest and imprison him, when General Grant learned of it and prevailed on Stanton to let the terms of the surrender should be strictly complied with, and declaring that, if General Lee was molested, he would break his sword. Knowing life as a practical fact, he was opposed in the past, and expecting to be in the future, to General Grant, politically, I have always felt that he was entitled to the gratitude of the Confederate soldiers for this act."

The Electric Light at Sea.

New York, Monday.—The Inman steamship City of Berlin, on her passage from Liverpool to New York, which ended yesterday, was fitted up with a new system of electric light, produced by a machine capable of supplying six different lamps. Four of these were placed in the grand saloon and two in the steerage. Each one of these has a lighting power of four hundred standard candles. The light was tried on the passage from Queenstown. Mr. Inman himself and several other gentlemen of the company came out to witness the trial—the result is said to instances being pronounced quite satisfactory. The passengers who arrived on the City of Berlin yesterday signed an expression of their opinion about the lights, in the course of which they said: 'The undersigned hereby express their hearty and grateful appreciation of the progressive enterprise of the Inman Steamship Company in utilizing for the comfort and pleasure of patrons of the line the electric lighting system. From the time of leaving Liverpool throughout the voyage, with brilliant light and uninterrupted intermissions, the splendid saloon of the City of Berlin has been illuminated, while artificial light was required, by four large electric burners, whose effect seemed to turn night into day and render luxurious with light (superior even to that of gas) one of the finest lighting palaces of the world. The immense saloon, forty-five feet square (an area of nearly two thousand five hundred square feet) has blazed with light, so that reading, writing, and even sewing, have been possible in every part of the room, and this, too, under circumstances of ease and comfort heretofore unattainable through any process of illumination on shipboard. And that which has so delighted us as cabin passengers has been an infinitely greater boon in the steerage of the steamer, where two of these electrics have shed generously shed a brilliancy hitherto unknown in the steerage part of any vessel.'"

English and American Farmers.

New York *Tribune*: "Mr. Bassey's address on American competition with English agriculture has not helped to reconcile the British public. His ground of encouragement presupposes a change in the relations between landlord and tenant, which cannot be effected speedily. He shows that the wheat-growing area of the western States of America, leaving out the still richer Manitoba, is practically unlimited. The rise in the rate of freight on American railroads might rise to the level of English rates and not be prohibitory. If, also, the various operations of agriculture varied as the rate of wages, the English farmer would have little to fear. In the northern counties the wages are in 1879 about eighteen shillings, in the southern twelve shillings, while in America the average was twenty-four shillings, and the cost of provisions was lower. He did not pretend to say that wheat or other cereals could ever realize old prices again; and the chief value of his address is that it serves to prepare the public for a permanent change in the conditions under which English agriculture can be profitably carried on. The *Pall Mall Gazette* points out that in Minnesota the moderately large farmers were among the poorest. Most of them began with nothing, and now are well-to-do yeomen, owning their own farms. The sober laborer soon develops into a prosperous landowner, and this man can feed the English cities at a profit even with wheat at forty shillings a quarter. Surely it is too probable that, save in exceptional circumstances, wheat-growing will shortly become a losing game on English farms."

Jones, of Nevada.

Senator Jones, of Nevada, is English by birth, but spent nearly all his childish years in Cincinnati, Ohio, where all his education he acquired was given him in the public schools. The *Leader* of that city says he was considered an apt scholar. When he was twenty years of age he made, with one of his brothers, the voyage round Cape Horn to California—a voyage which occupied seven months. After a short experience as a clerk in San Francisco the young man went into the interior in search of a fortune, nearly losing his life in snow drifts, serving in various political offices, and ending as superintendent of mines at Gold Hill, Nevada, at a salary of ten thousand dollars a year. Here, after twenty years of resolute work elsewhere, he came upon his fortune. He got control of the Crown Point mines, which developed largely soon after they came into his possession—actually paying, the *Leader* says, "a million dollars a month in dividends." Senator Jones is an energetic and shrewd man, who, it is said, never loses control of his temper, and who is devoted to his family, nearly all of whom are now in California.

Look Out for Leprosy.

Globe-Democrat: "The medical journals see danger ahead from the leprosy which has been introduced to this country. Quite a number of unmistakable cases have been reported from the southern States, and the disease is disagreeably common among the Chinese in California. On the coast of New Brunswick there are several colonies of lepers. Physicians who have had good opportunities of investigating the character of the disease are of the opinion that it is contagious in the full sense of the term. It took place in Norway to the same extent that leprous subjects freely associate with uncontaminated persons. Some salubrious little island in the Gulf of Mexico ought to be set apart for these unfortunate people, to which every new case of leprosy should be promptly transported. Immediate and complete isolation has always, from the most ancient periods, been held to be the only safe way of treating the loathsome complaint."

A BIRTH-MARK,

Transmitted from Father to Child, Tells a Tale of Seduction by a Priest, who, with his Paramour and her Infant, is Murdered by

The Infuriated Husband—A Horrible and Atrocious Crime, that Reads Much Like the Days of Darkness in the Middle Ages.

A Delegation from the Indian Territory en Route to Washington—What they Say Against Projects to Break Down that Chinese Wall.

St. Louis *Globe Democrat*, 19th: A delegation from the Cherokee Nation, Indian Territory, arrived at the Planters' house last evening *en route* to Washington, city, composed of J. H. Adair, secretary of the board of education; Richard Wolfe, member of the senate, and R. Bunch, a full-blooded Cherokee, who was a candidate for the office of second chief with Chief Buchyhead, but was defeated by W. P. Adair. The latter accompanied the delegation, at the request of the council, as far as Jefferson City, where he left the train and will arrive in this city to-day. A *Globe-Democrat* reporter met Mr. J. H. Adair at the Planters' house last night, and during the conversation which followed, interrogated him as to the nature of the business to be transacted in Washington.

"Our business," replied Mr. Adair, "has nothing peculiar in its character; it is simply to protest against all schemes for the securing of territorial government, and to represent the Cherokee people at Washington in all matters that relate to its interests."

"In what manner was it appointed?"

"By the national council, to make a general protest against the took after some of our lands lying west of the railroad in the ninety-sixth meridian."

"What is there in the claim that a portion of the territory is public land and open to white settlers?"

"Oh, that is a statement that was made some time ago by Colonel E. C. Boudinot, but it has all quieted down now. There are no public lands in the Territory and the United States government itself has acknowledged that fact. There are lands there which the government holds in trust for the settlement of Indians who are friendly to the Choctaws, Cherokees, Chickasaws and Creeks, but they are not open to white settlers. We have no objection to any of these lands are to be sold to friendly Indians the price is to be determined by the President of the United States. He has entire control of the lands, holding them in trust, but they are not public lands of the United States."

"How much of the Territory is there held in trust?"

"Well, I don't remember now exactly how much. There are seven million acres on the western Cherokee outlet."

"Was Mr. Boudinot responsible for the statement that the lands of the Territory was open to white settlers?"

"Well, I don't want to say that. I know that he issued maps upon which the matter was explained, but I do not remember in what way. I think it was done simply to induce immigration, but who I cannot tell."

"Are there many residents of the Territory who favor the admission of Kansas?"

"Oh, no, none at all; at least, none of the Indians. There may be some who have been adopted there, or have obtained a residence there in some way, who favor it, but the masses are opposed to it."

"Why is your present trip to Washington necessary?"

"To oppose the bills which have been introduced in congress every year to establish Territorial government. If the Indians didn't protest against them they would be taken from them right to twelve bills of this character introduced at each term, by railroad influence probably. They want to open up the country and settle it with people who have no rights. They may not want the lands themselves, but if they open up the country to white settlers it will make the railroads more profitable. Another reason why we are here is to protest against the reinvestment of our invested funds in bonds bearing a smaller rate of interest. We have about three million dollars invested in government bonds at the six per cent., and we want to protest against having the interest reduced to four per cent."

"Are there any important enterprises being advanced in the Indian Nation?"

"No, nothing of special importance, except in the matter of educational interests, and in this improvement is going on constantly. We have eight public schools and two high schools, male and female, besides our orphan asylum. Our insane and deaf and dumb are cared for in Arkansas. Our jail is a piece of bad taste. Our penitentiary is the entire Nation, was recently damaged by a cyclone to the extent of about five thousand dollars. One of the wings was torn away, and the roof twisted off. It was originally cost about twenty-five thousand dollars."

Colonel Adair's Tall Talk.

EDITORS APPEAL:—The utterances of Colonel Adair, one of the Cherokee chiefs, at St. Louis, on Friday, brings the American people face to face with the Indian problem. The victualed and protected Indian is "sore in a good, indeed, a better condition than the people in the adjoining States," but "that he will have to arrange a loan from the government to pay his expenses to and from Washington in the matter of the proposition to withdraw the Democratic protection, to which he is entitled, and to secure the removal of contraband intruders." Before doing anything paid Indian individuals have done for years encroachment on their property. As soon as the road was in running order, they complained to the government that intoxicating liquors were introduced between Schurz, with a pusillanimity unprecedented, and pandering to their exclusiveness, gave orders and insisted that the road be torn up. Mark Twain, Bret Harte, regretted it, as the road gave them employment, but the chief, playing the part of "big Indian," danced round and assured his people that he had conquered the pale face. He claims that the Indians he mentions can bring fifteen thousand warriors into the field. Suppose he can, does he think this will frighten the hearts of the American people. We know better, five or six thousand is the most the tribes he mentions can muster. In conclusion he comes to the point and boldly declares that the blood that would be shed on the borders if a conflict would come. He may well shudder for himself and his people, when he thinks of the fate of Stand Watie, Stand Ridge, the Boudinots and others, who were the pioneers of civilization and christianity. We well remember when poor Mr. Labadie, of New Orleans, was unceremoniously shot down on his way from Fort Smith to Fort Gibson, and those who know the history of the Cherokees, know that it was unsafe for a white man to pass through their country until the United States marshals made their presence the protecting power of the people.

From Fun.]

L'INGENUE.

I had never thought of her: we walked
Along the meadow path together,
I had never thought of her: we talked,
Yet I never noticed her as she walked
I fell on flowers with my lout's long feet.
I shocked the solemn old oaks with laughter;
I droned the weather, the way, the wheat;
She was beside me, and I never noticed
Kind counsels dropped from a clement sky;
The way was made, as it were, for two;
I could only hear the cricket's cry;
She heard, higher up, the white doves coo.
I—sightless, crude, and ashamed to please;
She—sightless, too, but with a looking-glass;
The birds sang love to her in the trees,
The crickets hummed love to her in the grass.
She rifled I errles in many a bush,
The white arm flashed in many a turn;
A sunbeam broke on it like a blush;
The cricket ceased; the dove rise from fern.
A brook ran rollicking on our way;
We stopped a moment, and, as we stood,
(Time, sweet, sweet, stopped) I heard her say
Hymned Hymen, Hymen through the wood.
Her voice had tender and timid tones,
And a frightened laugh, and a laughing scream:
Her fine fleece lean on the stepping stones
I watched the trout turn against the stream.
I found not a thing to say—an I talked;
I heard her sigh, and I saw her smile.
She was beside me, and I never noticed,
I wished it were over all the while.

We had left the woods, ere I saw the red,
Meek mouth, the sweet, sweet, pitying lips;
"Let's think no more of it, then," she said—
And I have thought of it ever since.

Bayard at Home.

Of Senator T. F. Bayard at home, a correspondent of the Boston *Globe* says: "In his family Senator Bayard is the kind husband and the model father. His wife and his children are his jewels, and he cherishes them with a true knight's love and care. His family are his companions, and where he is not engaged in his public duties at the capitol, you are almost sure to find him with his family at home. He is a regular stay-at-home, pretentiously here at Washington, in a plain brick mansion, large and roomy. The house is furnished with a view to the comfort of the occupants, rather than as an exhibition of the wealth of its owner, and therein it differs from the homes of most wealthy men here in Washington. The engravings and paintings upon the walls are rare rather than numerous; the furniture is comfortable and artistic rather than fashionable and showy. A favorite rendezvous of the senator's is the dining-room—a large, substantial room with a great, hospitable open dining-table and cheerful open grate fire always burning on the hearth in cold weather, and a solid, substantial-looking side board, the look of which is never turned, and which never seems to be barren of good cheer. Here the senator likes to gather about him his friends, both public and private, and there is rarely a day, I fancy, during the session of congress, when Senator Bayard does not have one or more notable guests at his table. Although I have served in the Indians he mentions can bring fifteen thousand warriors into the field. Suppose he can, does he think this will frighten the hearts of the American people. We know better, five or six thousand is the most the tribes he mentions can muster. In conclusion he comes to the point and boldly declares that the blood that would be shed on the borders if a conflict would come. He may well shudder for himself and his people, when he thinks of the fate of Stand Watie, Stand Ridges, the Boudinots and others, who were the pioneers of civilization and christianity. We well remember when poor Mr. Labadie, of New Orleans, was unceremoniously shot down on his way from Fort Smith to Fort Gibson, and those who know the history of the Cherokees, know that it was unsafe for a white man to pass through their country until the United States marshals made their presence the protecting power of the people.

GARY ANSWERS HAMPTON,

And Reiterates that Tilden was Slaughtered for the Benefit of the South—He Adduces the Testimony of General M'Gowan in Support of his Charge.

The Junketing with Hayes—He Does Not Care to Make a Personal Issue—Tilden is the Only One Likely to be Benefited by the Controversy.

Columbia (S. C.) letter to the New York *Herald*: This afternoon, with a view of ascertaining what the gallant general was going to do about it, I called upon him at his hotel, and with some difficulty induced him to reply to my interrogatories, as follows:

Correspondent—General, I suppose you have seen the interview with Senator Hampton published in the New York *Herald*, in which he stated that Tilden was slaughtered to the infidelity of some of the leaders of South Carolina to Tilden in 1876, and in regard to the proposition made by Governor Hampton to you to withdraw the electors of the Democratic party for President and Vice-President at the mass-meeting at Abbeville, in 1876; also concerning the meeting at night at which Hampton, Coombs, M'Gowan, Cothran and others were present, is utterly and absolutely false?

General Gary—I have.

Correspondent—Have you anything to say in reply.

General Gary—Well, yes. In the first place allow me to say in that interview concerning Mr. Tilden I assert simply what every one knows, and what has long since been published all over the United States, viz: That Tilden was sacrificed for the benefit of the south, and the allusions to Senitor Hampton were to show that the disposition to withdraw the electors of the Democratic party for President and Vice-President existed in South Carolina early in 1876, and culminated in the electoral fraud by and through which, Hayes and Wheeler were one substitutionally declared elected, the Republican party secured the continuance of their party in power, and the south, to some extent, the recognition of the doctrine of local self government. Whether it was a wise trade or not is a grave question which the future must decide. This State is redeemed now, and we are all discussing the question as to who shall be President, and when asked my honest opinion I have given a frank reply, in which I have stated that Tilden was sacrificed by some of the leaders and not by the people of the south, and that it be received the nomination for President the mass of the south would again give him a hearty and cordial support.

HAMPTON DID ASK HIM TO "WITHDRAW."

Correspondent—What about the question of withdrawal, which you made yourself?

General Gary—It is evident that Senator Hampton is angry with me for alluding to what has been an open secret for three years, and (as the state himself) has been discussed in the papers of Georgia and this State. The distinguished senator is again mistaken as to my being the author of the article alluded to by him. I did not write it, and I intend to see, no doubt, that has led and will continue to induce him to believe that I am the author or inspirer of every article that dares to criticise his action in the 1876 campaign. I must, without complaint, receive a just criticism from the people, whose servants we are. Every one in South Carolina knows that he takes a personal interest in the news dispatches "holy water." He seems to nurse his wrath to keep it warm, and occasionally lets it off at some unfortunate victim, who may be called me "impertinent," and then had me "gagged" by the State executive committee. I decline to exchange epithets with him, but am willing to stand by the record. Now, to come down to the gist of the matter.

THE REPLY TO HAMPTON.

I reiterate that Hampton did approach me on the question of withdrawal at the close of my speech at the Abbeville mass-meeting in 1876, as I had stated in my former interview, with the proposition to withdraw the Democratic electors, and to this proposition I replied:

First—That as South Carolina had sent delegates to and fairly participated in the national convention and nominated Tilden, the withdrawal of the electors would be a piece of bad faith.

Second—I said it could not be done without calling another convention.

To this Senator Hampton responded that it might be done through the State executive committee. I then acquiesced, and asked Hampton that if he and the rest were resolved to do it I would not make war upon the conclusion. It thus appears that I told Hampton then and there I regarded it as a piece of bad faith to the national Democratic party, and I here repeat that I have always regarded it in the light of a treacherous disposition to the Democratic party, and, in stating that if he (Hampton) "and the rest were resolved to do it, I would not make war upon the conclusion," I meant that I would obey orders, and that I would support the Democratic party, my judgment then and now being that it would have proved fatal to the campaign, as it would, to have made an attempt to change front, and that, in the presence of the enemy, but in the midst of the night. It will be seen that the reported interview with Hampton represented himself upon the proposition that I have stated that he made to me, for he says "that I consulted with General Gary on this matter, or say, during the canvass, that I was carried by the wave of enthusiasm, and, ever since, I have entirely escaped my recollection, if this ever occurred." Now, let Senator Hampton's memory be as treacherous as it may, the whole conversation which occurred between us at a mass-meeting at Abbeville, in 1876, is the truth and nothing but the truth.

THE "HOT TIME" AT MRS. NORWOOD'S.

So far as the next point upon which we differ is concerned, I have to say, I regretted it, viz.: "I've since heard that a meeting was held at night, which I did not attend, but at which Hampton, Coombs, General M'Gowan and Cothran were present; I heard it was a hot time; M'Gowan wouldn't agree no how, and the project fell through." I have only to say that I did not state it upon my own knowledge, but from information received by some of those who were present. I believe it is true, because made to me by responsible parties and corroborated by General M'Gowan in an interview with General M'Gowan, he has stated to me in the presence of three gentlemen—first, that a meeting was held in the house of Mrs. Norwood, in the town of Abbeville, on the night of the day of the mass meeting at Abbeville, in the year 1876; second, that Hampton, Coombs, M'Gowan, Colonel Cothran and others were present; third, that he gave the following description of him: "The 'claimant' is at present in her majesty's convict prison at Portsmouth, where he is employed in stacking Tinkers' wares, which company he seems to be quite at home. He does as much work as any tinker men in his party, and this—as he himself confessed to me—is a great compliment, for he is a big man, and possesses strength that he possesses, but from a 'knack' of shifting logs, which he acquired in the backwoods of Australia. By his fellow-prisoners he is considered a good sort, and a good sort,' always ready and willing to lend a hand to a fellow-prisoner. About three years ago he was transferred from Dartmoor to Portsmouth, where he was put in a tailor shop to repair prison clothing, but having had a quarrel with one of the men in the shop, he applied to the governor to be put out of it, and was accordingly transferred to the stacking party, where he has remained ever since. As he has never been a prisoner on public works created considerable excitement, crowds flocking to the prison eager to catch a glimpse of him as he marched to and from labor, but he novelty has worn away, and he now marches in and out of prison scarcely noticed. Although his health is good his prodigious bulk has considerably decreased. He does not weigh more than fifteen stone. He is allowed extra food to the extent of about one-fourth more than the ordinary allowance. Since the introduction of brown bread about twelve months ago the claimant complains very much of hunger. When the white bread was served out he says he could afford to give away three or four loaves for a piece of bacon, and was compelled to forfeit to send back his potato peelings. On Sundays he takes exercise with the other prisoners in the yard appropriated to that purpose. The prisoner is generally seen walk together in threes, so that the claimant has two companions with whom he can converse. He attends the services of the Catholic chapel, but never goes to confession or communion. Some time ago he petitioned the secretary of state for some reduction of sentence, when the governor was instructed to inform Arthur Orton, alias Roger Tichborne, *alias* Roger Tichborne, that there were no grounds.' This answer the claimant felt very keenly."

The Prince Imperial's Nativity.

Utundi correspondence Natal (Africa) *Mercury*: Colonel Villiers found the prince imperial's uniform, or at least an agent sent by him succeeded in doing so for him. Klaas, the agent, was brought up in a Boer family and speaks Dutch fluently. Klaas went to the neighborhood of the kraal where the prince was killed. Here he discovered, by careful inquiry, that the Zulus who had slew him, had been killed at Ulundi. He was of the Bonamoi regiment. Klaas had some difficulty in discovering the relations of Xabango, who had the uniform of the prince, but by various means succeeded in finding the different parts of the uniform in different kraals. He brought a patrol jacket, riding-breeches, leather waistcoat, shirt, belt, revolver, an ammunition pouch with twenty-one rounds in it, and a small bag with some coins. All the clothes, except the breeches, were pierced in front with numerous assegai holes. The revolver is smashed. It appears he was wounded by an assegai and shot through at a distance of about ten yards. He emptied his revolver at his enemies, who closed too quickly to allow him to reload, so he shied his revolver at his nearest assailant, and drew his sword to defend himself. The prince's watch has not yet been discovered. The Zulus deny having ever seen it. There can be no doubt as to the identity of the uniform, coarse shirt, which, I believe, belonged to one of the escort. Klaas interviewed one of the people who attacked the prince, and it is wonderful how any of the white men escaped at all. The Zulus discovered them approaching long before they reached the kraal. Before they had off-saddled the prince and his party were hemmed in on two sides, and Mars were brought to a climax by the basuto discovering the Zulus in the long grass. Had it not been for this none would have escaped. The Zulu stated that the prince's horse bolted and broke away as he was trying to mount."

AN AVENGING NEMESIS.

Augusta Cunningham, the Daughter of the Alleged Murderess of Dr. Burdell, an Inmate of Blackwell's Island, Tells the Story of a Fateful Life.

The Last of Her Race, She Believes Herself Pursued by a Nemesis That Will not be Satisfied Until Burdell is Avenged—A Haunted Heart.

New York *Mercury*: There is now lying at the point of death at the hospital on Blackwell's island, a woman who claims to be the last survivor of the inmates of the house No. 31 Bond street, where Dr. Burdell was murdered twenty-two years ago. As she has been fully identified by persons who were well acquainted with her and the other members of her family years ago, it is probable that she is what she claims to be—Augusta, THE YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF MRS. CUNNINGHAM,

who was suspected of and tried for complicity in the foul murder. But it was apparent that the woman could not survive many days, and therefore a *Mercury* reporter determined to see her and learn her story regarding her life and wanderings, and whether she could shed any new light on the dreadful mystery. The woman, who was committed there by Justice Smith under the name of Augusta Smith (for she is a widow, or, at least, has been married to a man of that name), was sent up on a charge of intoxication. She is thin, emaciated, in the last stages of consumption brought on by exposure and want, and even by the time this is read may be a corpse. She is possessed with the idea that a Nemesis is following her, and that it has pursued relentlessly all the persons who figured in the case, all of whom, except her, are dead, and nearly all of whom perished under circumstances of ignominy or violence. Before letting her remarkable story, as she narrated it to the writer, it will be necessary to recall, very briefly, the circumstances of the

DISCOVERY OF THE CRIME.

Dr. Burdell was a wealthy dentist who owned, among other valuable property, the house No. 31 Bond street, which, however, he rented to Mrs. Cunningham except the parlor floor, which he used as his office and sleeping apartment. One morning about twenty-two years ago one of the servants, in going into the front office, discovered the dentist lying dead in a pool of blood upon the floor, with several stab wounds inflicted on various parts of his body, and the evidence that a violent struggle had occurred. The gas jet was still burning; the safe door was standing open, and it was plain he had been surprised while looking over some of his papers, which were scattered about in great excitement, revealed throughout the community, and Coroner Connery began an investigation into the case. It was revealed that the occupants of the house, Mrs. Cunningham, who at once claimed to have been secretly married to Dr. Burdell; her two daughters—Augusta, who was then finishing her boarding-school, and Helen, a young lady assistant to her mother in the household duties; John Eckel, who was reputed to be quite intimate with Mrs. Cunningham, and Augustus Snodgrass, a harmless young man, who was chiefly noted for playing on the banjo and paying some attention to the young ladies. There were two persons no other servants claimed to have heard any noise in the house during the night, although the evidence of a terrible struggle was at hand. Then began a public persecution, which has never ceased to follow me, and which has brought me, as I well know, to the verge of the grave. My mother moved from Sixteenth street to a secluded part of the city, up town—I think it was in Seventy-ninth street. We escaped observation for a time, but soon our identity became known, inquisitive people harassed us, and we concluded to break up housekeeping. My sister had become acquainted with a gentleman who was introduced to her at a friend's house in Boston, after she took the name of Lacey. He visited her at our up-town home under that name, and became deeply attached to her. The regard was mutual, and they became

ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED.

We all began to take courage, for the match was regarded as a desirable one. Helen determined, before finally consenting, to reveal her identity, feeling assured that as no stigma attached to her he would as an honorable man regard it as perhaps unfortunate, but no more. Her story was then certainly, he began to upbraid her for her 'duplicity and deception,' as he termed it, coolly left her in tears, and then sent her a note declaring the engagement broken and a future union impossible. This nearly broke Helen's heart, and a pall seemed to settle down upon us. Soon after, in a spirit of recklessness, she married a man named Williams, much her *inferior to her*, and he abused her terribly. They moved out west, where she endured his taunts about her

"MOTHER BEING A MURDERESS"

until life became unendurable, and in a moment of frenzy she swallowed a dose of laudanum. It did not prove immediately fatal, as antidotes were freely administered, but she never entirely recovered from the effects of the deadly drug, and finally lingered away and died."

MRS. CUNNINGHAM'S CAREER.

"Mother went to San Francisco, leaving me in the care of an aunt in Philadelphia. She hoped to escape public notice there. She managed meanwhile to keep a boarding house. She did pretty well for a time, but some people recognized her from her pictures which had appeared in the illustrated papers all over the country, and her house was soon desolate. She went to Australia, and endeavored to earn a living there. She had no idea that in that country, which had been made rich and thriving by convicts, she would be ignored; but as soon as it became known who she was even the people there gave her the cold shoulder. Thence she returned to California, and in Sacramento tried to live along, but the hand of Fate was against her, and becoming disheartened and despondent, she

ENDED HER LIFE BY TAKING POISON.

In Philadelphia I completely sunk my identity, and, under an assumed name, fell in love with and married a man with the very prosaic and common name of Smith. I desired to be as absolutely lost to human knowledge as possible. Well, we got along well enough for two years, when some demon put it into my head to tell him whose daughter I was. After that he changed toward me. He got to drinking, and, when in that condition, became violent, and then actually accused me of participation in the murder. This continued so long that it made me melancholy, and I began to brood over my troubles, and took to drink. Then we fought and quarrelled, and finally separated. I have endeavored since then to earn my living by sewing, or as best I could; but, whenever it became known, as it surely would be wherever I might locate, after a little time, I was ignored and sneered at. This preyed on my mind, and I endeavored to

KILL THOUGHT WITH LIQUOR.

Well, being poorly clad and without adequate protection against inclement weather I took