WANTS.

MAN—A young man about 14 or 16 years old. Apply at R. F. Rosenfeld & Co., 310½ Main street. mh22

RESIDENCE—To purchase, a residence containing five or six rooms, with improvements; would prefer a place within a mile or a mile and a half of Court Square. JAMES S. CARPENTER & CO., Room No. 2 Kit Williams' Block, corner Second and Madison streets. mh22

TEAMS—To buy on ninety days' time, two heavy draft teams, horses or mules; must be good to work; or will hire for 9 months. Address this office, where I can be seen, with full name. [mh22] O. K. SAWYER.

CANVASSERS—Active subscription canvassers at the office of THE SOUTH. Men who utter "can't do it" need not apply, as none except those of character and purpose will be employed. Call immediately at THE SOUTH office, No 2 Center alley, near Madison street.

SITUATION—A situation as housekeeper, by a white woman (with one child 11 years old), in a private family or boarding house. Apply at 176 Jefferson st. mh21

ROOMS—Two rooms for housekeeping in a respectable family, by a man and wife. Inquire at 81 Madison street. mh21

SAWYER—An experienced sawyer to take charge of a saw mill to saw shingles for the 100. Good reference required. Apply at No. 85 Charleston avenue. mh19

HOUSE—With eight to ten rooms, within two or three blocks of Court Square. Would have no objections to board occupants, if a small family. Address W., Ledger office.

FOR SALE.

HOUSE AND LOT—To sell at a bargain for cash. Address X, this office. mh22

PIANO—One Chickering Piano, of the style of Louis XIV; cost originally $750; used but a short time, will be sold at a bargain, at 275 Main street. [mh22]

HORSE—A No. family Horse and Rockaway, nearly new, and of modern design. Apply at No. 40 Pontotoc street, or to DR. R. W. CRUMPTON, No. 11 West Court st. mh19

MENKEN PLACE—The Menken Place, on Brinkley avenue, in lots to suit. Inquire of Menken Bros. mh19

SODA FOUNTAIN—A large Marble Soda Fountain Stand, in good order. Apply to R. O'BRIEN, 402 Main st. mh18

COTTAGE—A comfortable Cottage in the heart of the city, built on leased ground. Will give low lease for a term of years, and sell the house at cost of lumber. Apply to S. E. SEVIER, 44 Monroe st.

BOILER AND ENGINE—A second hand Boiler and Engine, of six horse power. Inquire at 85 Charleston avenue. mh15

BLUFF CITY MILLS, 197 Poplar street; in good repair; will sell on easy terms, or rent. D. E. MYERS, 297½ Main street. feb

LEASEHOLD—Of sixteen years on a fine brick Residence, well suited for a speculative boarding-house, and offering unusual advantages in ground-rent and taxes. Will be either sold, rented or traded, at a great sacrifice. ROYSTER, TREZEVANT & CO.

SECOND-HAND COTTON MACHINERY FOR SALE—Consisting of Openers, Lappers, Cards, Drawing Frames, Speeders, Throstle Frames, etc. This machinery is but partially worn—all in good condition, and will be sold cheap. For description and price, apply in person or by mail, to THOMAS S. SHAW, Agent Fremont and Suffolk Mills, Lowell, Mass. [mh7 eoLaw

FOR RENT.

BOARDING-HOUSE—A splendid location, in the Gayoso House. Apply to M. L. TOPP. mh22

OFFICES—Five Offices in the Stanton Block. Possession given April 1st, 1871. Apply to GEO. D. CROCKETT, 17 Union street.

STORE—After April 6th, 1871, No. 8 Howard's Row, now occupied by Walcott, Smith & Co., as grocery store. ROBT C. WILLIAMSON, Trustee, etc. mh15

OFFICES and residence, Apply to NELSON & TIFFS, No. 342 Jefferson st. mh14

ROOM—The room lately occupied by Hite & Corwine, as Job Printers, in Appeal building, No. 34 Union street. Apply at Appeal office.

Hite & Corwine can be found in Rooms 27 and 28, Lee Block.

STORE—No. 37 South Court street, a few doors from Main street; store-room and basement each 27 by 74 feet, for lease. Possession given immediately. Apply to R. C. BRINKLEY, No. 25 Madison street. de18

FOR RENT OR SALE.

FARM—A valuable farm of 191¾ acres—70 acres in cotton; well fenced and improved; good house, orchard, garden, lots, etc., on Lagrange road, one mile south of Raleigh, and near Mt. Pleasant. Will sell cheap, or will lease for 1871. For particulars call on M. D. L. Stewart, Memphis. mh19 ANDREW STEWART.

LOST.

GOLD CROSS—Yesterday afternoon, a gold cross, set in diamonds, supposed to have been lost on Court street, between Fourth and Third, or on Jefferson street, between Third and Avalanche office. A liberal reward will be paid for its delivery at this office. mh22

MONEY—Yesterday, on the street, two one dollar greenback and bank bills; one of them with a patch across the back. A liberal reward will be paid for their return at this office. GEORGE McGINNIS.

CHAIN—A gold watch chain, on Saturday evening March 18th. The finder will be liberally rewarded by returning the same to this office. mh19

ROOMS AND BOARD.

ROOM—BOARD—A furnished room with board, suitable for a gentleman and wife, or two single gentlemen. No. 340 Madison street; day boarders accommodated. mh22

ROOMS—BOARD—Furnished rooms with board, at Fisher's Restaurant, cor. Second and Union streets. mh19

BOARDING at 426 Main, corner Beale street. mh14

NOTICE.

PARTIES suffering from corns, bunions, club or inverted nails, will do well to call on Dr. Ferguson, at the Worsham House office hours, from 12 to 2, and 5 to 7. mh19

TAKEN UP.

COW—One red cow, blazed face, which the owner can have by applying at 325 Main street. mh22

LOCAL NEWS.

—Leddin's College.

—Attend Robertson's College.

—Tom Cubbins, bricklayer, 234 Main.

—W. Z. Mitchell's school, 303 Third St.

—J. J. Suter, Furniture, 282 Second st.

—The DAILY APPEAL, five cents per copy, can be had of all newsmen in the city.

—Fine lunch spread daily at Hole in the Wall. Don't fail to call on George, No. 19 Monroe, opposite Peabody Hotel.

—Will. Mansford, at his book and periodical store, has all the late magazines and illustrated and weekly papers.

—The DAILY and the WEEKLY APPEAL can be had of all the newsmen in the city—Joe Locke, on Main street, Mansford, on Second, and Emmons & Son, on Jefferson street.

GAS FITTING, 315 Second street.

LAST WEEK of the Clearing Sale. WALKER BROS. & CO.

A DIALOGUE IN WALL STREET.—It is a vulgar error to suppose that the chatters of Wall street converse about nothing but stocks and gold. Sometimes they talk about their health; and they all seem to have one trouble—"biliousness. The wear and tear of speculation invariably tells upon the liver.

"How do you think I'm looking?" said a well known "Bull" to a friend in the Long Room a few days after the late smash-up in gold; "Do I look panic-stricken?"

"No; by Jove!" was the reply; "you look as if you had to fight for a man's life. Never saw you looking better."

"Let me tell you a secret, my boy," returned the great operator; "I drink no wine, no brandy, no bar-room stimulant of any kind; but I just keep my stamina up with an occasional dose of Plantation Bitters; and if you'll do me the favor to try it for that bile on the stomach you're always complaining of, I'll furnish the margin for your next spec. if it doesn't cure you."

The gentleman referred to (the initial of whose Christian name is not very far from the end of the alphabet) has unbounded confidence in the restorative; and his bright eye, firm nerves and wonderful powers of endurance, prove that it is well founded.

LAST WEEK of the Clearing Sale. WALKER BROS. & CO.

STAINED, etched, embossed and enamelled glass; Memphis stained glass works, 302 Third street.

CHICKERING'S PIANOS, and others of superior make, fully warranted, at lowest prices and easy terms, at 274 Second street.

PHALON'S NEW PERFUME.
"I LOVE YOU,"
"I LOVE YOU,"
"I LOVE YOU,"
"I LOVE YOU,"
"I LOVE YOU,"
"I LOVE YOU."
THE MOST LASTING PERFUME.
THE MOST FRAGRANT BOUQUET.
THE SWEETEST OF PERFUMES.

STARTLING REVELATION.—The cheapest grocery at F. J. Coleman's, 167 Beale street, opposite the Market.

CITY PARAGRAPHS.

METEOROLOGICAL RECORD.

MEMPHIS, March 21, 10:45 p. m.

Height of barometer	29.97
Change since last report	.10
Height of thermometer	61°
Change in last 24 hours	14°
Relative humidity	74
Direction of wind	S. E.
Velocity of wind—miles per hour	6
Pressure of wind—pounds per square ft.	0.18
Force of wind—Beaufort scale	fresh
Rain fall in last 24 hours—inches	0.00
State of weather	clear

T. J. BROWN, Observer.

—General Forrest speaks at the Opera House to-morrow evening.

—All Eastern and Northern connections are now made by the Memphis and Louisville road.

—The Barnum clock gets along very well at night. The new glass and new light do first rate.

—It is understood that a fine block is to be erected on the corner of Main and Beale streets this spring.

—Steps will be taken this spring to have the splendid church of Dr. Ford finished before the fall.

—The DAILY APPEAL can be had at Brownsville, Tennessee, of Emile Tamm; who also keeps Northern and Eastern journals.

—The argument in the Poston-Graves motion for a new trial was concluded yesterday. The decision of the judge will not be given for a short time, at least.

—There is not a son of toil in the city, or one who would have a million dollars expended in this city among working men, who will not hear General Forrest.

—There is a special treasury agent in the city. It is also said that the special United States detectives have arrived from Washington to investigate the mysterious disappearance of Mr. Kendrick.

—General Forrest would gladly have the ladies of the city attend at Greenlaw's Opera House to-morrow evening, where he will tell why and how they are interested in having direct railway access to the coal and iron fields of Alabama.

—A great fire occurred at the "Bankhead place," on the Arkansas river, on the night of the 4th instant. The place was burned. Cotton gin, gin house, machinery and eighty bales cotton were destroyed.

—The wood and coal men say that the past season has been the worst that Memphis saw in ten years. This is to be the more regretted because some had made their calculations for the nicest sort of "bulling" operations.

—In consequence of the totally destruction by fire Sunday morning, March 5th, of the principal Exhibition building of the Mechanics' and Agricultural Fair Association of Memphis and New Orleans, its fair is postponed from the 8th of April to the 18th of November.

—The horse thief, Luck, had his case fully investigated by the Recorder yesterday. Two big equine pecuniloes were proven against him, and he was required to give $2000 bail in one case, and $5000 in another case, failing in which he was sent to jail.

—A large whisky case is to be brought before the United States Circuit Court, on Monday. There are some two hundred barrels whisky, that were seized from J. C. Harris in Obion, now Lake county, involved in this suit. About forty witnesses have been summoned, and, by mutual agreement of counsel, the cases advanced on the docket and will be brought up on Monday.

—P. A. Brawner, Esq., for a long time a citizen of Memphis, and late of the Memphis APPEAL, has removed to Chattanooga, Tennessee, where he is engaged in the practice of law with Colonel J. S. Mayre, also late of Memphis. Messrs Brawner and Mayre are gentlemen of good business qualifications, and we wish them success.

—The Brownsville *Bluff, State* says: "On the place of James Rodgers, Esq., near Hatchie river, a cold-blooded murder was perpetrated by a negro boy sixteen years old, on the body of his step-father. The deceased inflicted some slight punishment on the parties, by which the latter became angered, and having made the necessary preparation by securing an axe laid in wait and inflicted the fatal blow."

—A pair of gentlemen send us a letter putting the query: "Whose property was the jar got on, and by what right was it dug up?" We can't tell, neither can we answer the other query: "Cannot action be taken for trespass in the case?" The whole affair belongs properly to the police. But that body, though it may take pinches of snuff and laughter, cannot take cognizance of a grinning ghost.

—Governor Alcorn will probably occupy the office which he now fills till next winter, in order to secure a perfect system of State government. At the expiration of that period he will represent Mississippi in the United States Senate. It is needless to say that the maintenance of order in the present condition of affairs is very difficult. There are black *sans culottes* in Mississippi, just as there is in Paris. An ignorant mob, black or white, suddenly invested with supreme power, is a terrible force in government.

—Some of the most highly esteemed barkeepers of the city propose that a special tax be levied by the Legislature upon drum-shops, and the proceeds be applied to the establishment and maintenance of a reformatory institution, for those insane, helpless people called drunkards. The proposition is well conceived, and we ask for it the attention of Messrs. Crews, Harris, DuBose and others, who have constituents of this unhappy class of *non compassers*.

—Mr. G. W. Powell, who tells us, "my home is where I am," and who comes heralded with the strongest testimonials to the Christian world from the mountains of Arkansas, gives us the following card: "The messenger has arived in our City With the proof that the SCRIptures are true. Sawyer, dentist, who appeared in Judge Hickman's court to-day, to plead against him for he is a Stranger And has no diploma nor means to Publish these truthes and must be shake off the Dust off of his feet and leave our City. He may be Countacted at the Gayoso House for a few days opposite the worsham house "G. W. POWELL."

—There was talk of "foul play" about town, yesterday, in connection with the abandonment of a skiff on Mulberry at the Memphis, which was found outside a door wrapped in a blanket Monday morning, and which, it was said, died a short time afterward. The times being very much out of moral joint, every little circumstance that can possibly be tortured to one's disadvantage is seized upon with eager avidity by the public. These little things require to be officially cleared up. The Coroner ought to get a verdict from an inquesting jury in the case.

—A lively scene occurred on the levee yesterday. While a lot of mules were being driven on board a steamboat, one of the animals jumped out into the river, and was floundering around there at a fearful rate, and would doubtless have been lost, had not two enterprising darkies gone to the rescue and, after much trouble, saved the animal. They were very properly holding the beast for salvage when a policeman interfered to settle the question of right according to his notions, and forced the darkies to give up the mule. The colored gentlemen were naturally wroth at this, and went around town seeking redress. They went to the United States Marshal's office, looking for a lifted, and afterward they went to all the lawyers *seriatos*. What success attended their efforts has not transpired.

—The other day John Gaston found one of his trusty colored boys dropping eggs into a basket, for amusement. He was taking them out of one basket, and counting them into another. But after counting about four dozen eggs out of one basket it was found that there was not an egg in the other basket, but there was a confused mass of yolk and shells. The colored worthy smiled broadly at this amusement, but he grinned more loudly when John tool him forth on the sidewalk. Squire Miller had to fine John five dollars for his amusement. But said he, in mitigation of the severity of the punishment, "My friend John, if you have not taken five dollars worth of fun out of that darky, the fault is your own, not mine."

—We but obey a natural impulse and perform a duty in giving place to the following:

MEMPHIS, March 20, 1871.

Editors Appeal—Will you be so kind as to inform the benevolent public, the Masonic fraternity and Confederate association particularly, that there will be raffled off an elegant Masonic gold medal. My child is sick, and I am needing the money very much. I have employment, but my salary does not supply my wants. I am alone in the world, have no one to depend on, no relatives—neither father, mother, sister or brother—and my child, who would have been a protector and support, was offered up a sacrifice on the altar of his country. He belonged to General Forrest's command. The medal can be seen at Thompson's drug store, 26 Vance street. The raffle to be there on Saturday evening between the hours of seven and nine o'clock. Respectfully, MRS. THOMAS.

—There was a hexagonal litigation going on at Squire Miller's yesterday, arising, principally—like other suits at law—out of bad temper. The titles of the warrants were suggestive of an arithmetical puzzle—how many were each three or four names be placed without having any one set alike? Taylor Stock appears to be the principal complainant, for his name figures extensively on the warrants. There is "Taylor Stock vs John Hines," "Taylor Stock vs Thomas Hines," "Taylor Stock vs Susan Hines," "Taylor Stock vs Jennie Hines," and, then, there was "Jennie Hines vs Annie McGinin" and "Susan Hines vs Taylor Stock." Among the charges and cross-charges were "open and notorious lewdness," "assault and battery," "disturbing the peace," "threatening to do great bodily harm," etc., etc., to the end of a long chapter. The Squire was puzzled how to get along with this tuft of pugilistic humanity. The only case he could clearly unravel was that in which the two doves—Jennie and Annie—were concerned, and this he thought demanded more of a fatherly reprimand from him than punishment; he thought that would be punishment enough, so he administered it and fined Annie two dollers. The other squad had their cases held over for further consideration.

—Coroner Moffatt was called upon yesterday morning to hold an inquest on the body of a man who had died aboard the Henry Ames on her way up to St. Louis. His name, as given by the second clerk of the boat, was John Heaney. He was evidently an Irish laborer. He got on board at the mouth of Red river Sunday evening, with a very severe chill upon him. He immediately afterward became unconscious. He was supplied with whisky and then with brandy. He was vigorously rubbed, but without avail. He did not speak, except the few words he uttered immediately after he got on board. He gradually sank, and died at four o'clock on Tuesday morning. The jury brought in a verdict to the effect that he died of congestion—congestion of the brain, of course.

—The miseries of fashion are not confined to corns and slim waists. It reaches even to the horny hands of aspiring darkeys, who wish to fix up for a pleasant sojourn, which is given occasionally by the *ton* of Africa. A case in point: Last night a clerk in a dry goods store on Main street missed a pair of kid gloves. It was about closing up time, and the elegant "cullud pusson" of the house was sweeping out. It occurred to the clerk that the fashionable "cullud pusson" might have secreted "dose glubs," so he lightly vaulted over the counter, seized the lineal descendant of the renowned Prince Muffaff, of Congo, and dexterously searched him in less than no time. "Dose glubs" was "fotched up" from his pocket, and Mister Robert Haywood was marched away to the station-house, where let him rest for the present.

—We have received a very strong letter from an Italian; we know that is his nationality, because he uses the expression "Our fathers who worshiped in the catacombs," in which he "goes for" the present system of church music with a vengeance. He says it is "operatic," "infided," "infamous." It is evident the concord of sweet sounds has no charms for him, which is singular in an Italian. He regrets exceedingly that poor Victor Emmanuel interfered with the Vatican Council before it had time to demolish every organ on the face of the earth and force to hush the melodious voices of the sweet singers. Our Italian friend (from "Darry") must imagine that the bishops are all a fearfully severe and uncouth set to thus demolish church music by one fell canon. It is to be regretted that he wishes to rush into print to expose his profound ignorance of music by avowing his belief that church music which is any way excellent is therefore operatic. There be vast numbers of people who can appreciate the street ballads and the "variety songs," but who would consider the oratorio of the "Messiah" an unbearable humbug or a vile "operatic" compositION. If our Italian friend would strive to master the force and meaning of a simple *Amen*, as it is given in what he calls "operatic" style at St. Peter's, he would forever hush his voice in opposition to "the church music of the present."

PERSONAL.

Ex Senator Fowler has our thanks for public documents.

General R. D. Lilley, agent for the Board of Trustees and Committee of Endowment of Washington-Lee University at Lexington, Virginia, is now in New Orleans for the purpose of presenting to the citizens of the Southern metropolis a scheme which has for its object the enlargement of that institution and the relieves the impression that something good is in store for somebody. We cannot but trust that the worthy guest commissioners in this matter are wide awake and go fully empowered to be elevated to the top round of a St. Louis machine. We look to their return with an interest equaling that of our San Domingo enterprise. This elevator question is of vital interest to a St. Louis corporation, which should be generally known among our merchants, and by all means put through without delay, granting them exclusive privileges and franchise—remembering always that they have done much, the past season or so, to enrich Front Row, jobbers, bankers, real estate owners, transportation lines, baggage companies, etc.

We are friends and advocates for immediate structure of elevators, and, at the same time, a strong commention of all railroads terminating at Memphis. Let us have an easy, quick transit for all commercial purchases. Extend your open hand to the moving masses, the traveling public, their merchandise and everything connected therewith. Offer every inducement to facilitate their intercourse via and through your city.

A pr per interest was manifested in behalf of this question by our business men will rapidly increase tenfold every interest surrounding our beautiful city. By all means build the elevator, make railroad connections through your city; but remember, be wise, and build them yourselves. Never surrender this franchise to a corporation outside of your own city. Action, prompt action, in this matter.

ELEVATOR.

Memphis, March 20, 1871.

WHO MUST PAY TAXES?

An Important Decision in an Agreed Case.

Every salaried gentleman of the city, and every laborer and professional man, is interested in the law and facts of the suit determined yesterday, between E. W. Halsey, dentist, who appeared in Judge Halsey's court as plaintiff, vs. J. Harvey Mathes, Tax-Collector on Privileges for the State and county, defendant. The proceedings were had on *certiorari* and superseded to quash a distress warrant issued by the Tax-Collector. The proceeding determines the right of the Tax-Collector on Privileges to assess and collect a privilege tax upon all physicians, surgeons and dentists whose income *exceeded eleven hundred dollars* per annum, under an act of the Legislature, passed in 1867-8, and in which the point at issue, was, whether the tax applied to a party *whose income did not exceed* the sum of $1100, after deducting all the necessary *expenses* of his said business. The State contending that the tax applied to *all* whose *gross income* was over $1100, and the petitioner that he was entitled to deduct all his necessary *expenses*, such as rent, cost of dental material, salary of an assistant, etc., etc. After very elaborate and able argument by W. W. McDowell, County Attorney, for the State, and George Gilham, for the petitioner, the Court, in an able and exhaustive opinion, quashed the distress warrant, thus settling, finally, a most perplexing question, in which many of our citizens are directly interested.

EXTRAORDINARY EVENT.

Monarchy and the Mob.

The St. Andrews' and St. Georges' Societies of New York will have a banquet to-day in honor of the nuptials of Princess Louise and Marquis Lorne. Princess MacLean will spread a feast to-day at the Bay Horse, in honor of this union of royalty and of the people. Go to-day at 11 o'clock and witness the curious ceremonials. Our dispatches this morning tell what resulted from the marriage yesterday in England.

MEMPHIS AND LOUISVILLE RAILROAD

Notice to Passengers.

Commencing to-day, 21st inst., trains on this road will run on regular schedule time—leaving Memphis at 4:15 a.m. and 1:45 p.m.—making regular through connections as heretofore.

The time to New York is twelve hours quicker than by any competing route from Memphis.

Baggage checked through.

JAMES SPEED.

"OLD TIMES."

The First Sea Fight at Memphis---The Flatboat War.

In early times most of the products of the Western and Southern States was brought down the river in flatboats, which frequently came in fleets, particularly from the smaller rivers, which were only navigable during a freshet. These boats were generally built, freighted and manned by the same persons who raised the crops with which they were loaded, and who, when at home, were good, moral citizens, and not unfrequently strict church members, some of them deacons, class leaders, exhorters and even rough preachers, who perhaps thought religion too sacred a thing to take on board a flatboat, particularly as they were going among a set of barbarians, as they considered the settlers on the Mississippi to be, and it was by no means uncommon for those who displayed the most religion at home to be the greatest rowdies abroad. The trick was looked upon as a frolic, and that it was their privilege and perhaps their duty to clean out and regulate the little towns along the river, particularly those that had the audacity to charge wharfage, which they held to be not only a great outrage, but, as they expressed it, the *ton* of Africa. A case in point: Last night a clerk in a dry goods store on Main street missed a pair of kid gloves. It was about closing up time, and the elegant "cullud pusson" of the house was sweeping out. It occurred to the clerk that the fashionable "cullud pusson" might have secreted "dose glubs," so he lightly vaulted over the counter, seized the lineal descendant of the renowned Prince Muffaff, of Congo, and dexterously searched him in less than no time. "Dose glubs" was "fotched up" from his pocket, and Mister Robert Haywood was marched away to the station-house, where let him rest for the present.

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THE THREE TOWNS.

It may be proper to give some history of this Bluff at that time. It was divided into three corporations, or rival towns, known as Memphis, South Memphis and Fort Pickering. The last name seemed to think that their only hope of success was in the overthrow of Memphis, or at least the northern part of it. Unfortunately for Memphis, she was divided against herself from Poplar street down. The flatboat landing extended from the mouth of Wolf river to the foot of Adams street, and was the general market, not only for the bluff and for all the surrounding country, but a great city it had not so continued, for then provisions could be purchased at a fair price. Combinations succeeded in breaking up that market and rendering Memphis the dearest market place in the United States for a population to be able to support a family. The removal of the flatboat landing, below Union street, became a great object with the two lower towns, believing that whenever that was effected all other kinds of business would enter there. Emissaries went among the flatboat men daily, urging them to drop down to where they should have a free landing forever, and perhaps more bitter and malicious feelings never existed between two sections than was witnessed on this bluff at that time.

A FATAL BLUNDER.

But the South committed one of her peculiar blunders, and set her pegs too far south, declaring that "Pinch" extended to Adams street, and refusing to affiliate with anything north of that line. The consequence was that "Pinch" triumphed; but, as I intend writing the history of that classic region, with all its varying fortunes, I must not encroach upon it here, particularly as I find myself running into one of my peculiar errors, and making my story too long.

Such was the state of affairs, and such the relations of the boatmen and citizens, when the "reform board" went into office—and I will venture to say that no board, before or since, has done as much for the welfare of Memphis—to say nothing of the trying circumstances under which they were forced to act. Any one familiar with the history of Memphis for the last thirty-five years must know that 1841 was the date at which her real prosperity commenced. In their selection of wharfmasters, they were guided by the idea that hard fighting would be required, and having settled upon a man whom they thought possessed that qualification, they went to him and offered him twenty-five per cent. on all collections, promising to stand by to him. He went in and made a good thing of it, not only for himself but for the town; but not without some pretty severe blows. Since then, wharfage has contributed a big item to the city's revenue. The following year Mayor Hickman having been elected, the other officers being generally retained, he encouraged them to continue, as under his predecessor, paying all necessary skill and protection. The previous year proved to have been one of the most productive ever known. In the month of May, 1842, all the rivers being up, upward of 500 flatboats were lying at the Memphis landing at one time, quite a number of which were out of the Wabash. Among others, there was a man by the name of Trester, of very desperate character. He had not been down the previous year, but had heard from others that he had a Wharfmaster at Memphis, whom there was no getting around or dodging. Trester swore that he would show them that he could do it, and provided himself with a big haw stick thickly set with limbs which he cut off at a projection of about half an inch from the stem. This he proposed to comb the Memphis Wharfmaster's head with, and when that functionary called upon him, "Who are you?" he demanded. "The Wharfmaster," was the reply. Trester stepped back to the hatch, and called for his stick. "Do you see this?" he asked, addressing the officer and flourishing his cudgel; "I cut this on purpose for you, and I am going to use it on you if you ever show your face here while I remain, and if you don't leave quickly, I will give it to you now. I am the master of this landing." By this time a crowd had collected, who were cheering him on, and the Wharfmaster thought it prudent to withdraw.

AN IMMORTAL CONSTABLE.

He went to the Mayor and obtained a warrant and got the town Constable, Col. G. B. Locke, to serve it, which he attempted to do. But again the ugly club was waved. "I have a warrant for you," said the Constable. "And I have one for you," replied Trester, advancing with his stick. Locke stood his ground, however, but seeing the crowd of boatmen gathering the two officials thought it best to obey orders and leave. In less than an hour they returned with Capt. E. F. Ruth, of the Guards, and ten or dozen of his men armed and equipped. The sight of the glistening bayonets had the effect of dispersing the crowd, and Trester hastily shoved his boats back some twenty feet from shore. Feeling himself beyond their jurisdiction he let loose upon them with his tongue, denouncing them as cowards and daring them to fire. The ferry flat came rowing by. "There," said he, "take that flat and come out here if you want to fight," and, to his surprise, we obeyed, they took him at his word. He and his men immediately resorted to their oars, and succeeded in reaching the current before the flat with the soldiers overtook them. Seeing that there was no escape by flight, for there were two heavily loaded boats lashed together, with some eight or ten men in all on them, Tr ster prepared for fight. With an ax he cut poles in convenient lengths for clubs, with which all his men were immediately armed. Their first effort was to shove off the flat with poles, but, falling in this, they seized their clubs and stood ready to strike any who attempted to board them, and the barges being five feet higher than the flat placed the latter perfectly in their power. The wharfmaster went forward to have a parley.

TERRIBLE TRAGEDY.

No sooner did he come within reach than Trester, without waiting to hear a word, brought his club down on the officer's head, who threw up his left arm in time to save his skull, but not to prevent being laid sprawling on the flat. Ruth, Locke, and another whom I do not now remember, attempted, simultaneously, to board, but were each knocked down. Ruth, however, had succeeded in gaining the deck, when Trester having, as he supposed disposed of the wharfmaster, was aiming a final blow at the head of the prostrate captain, when several citizens who had accompanied the squad cried out "Fire! Fire!" Four of the soldiers obeyed; yet, strange, but one ball took effect, and proved fatal. Trester leaped in the air, uttered a piercing shriek, and fell dead on the deck. The balance of the crew took refuge in their cabins, while Capt. Ruth took charge of the boat, manned the oars, and landed them at the foot of Beale street. The difficulty was not over. In fact, it appeared to have barely commenced. Full two thousand excited boatmen were seen crossing hastily down to meet the captured boats. Quite a number of them were armed with guns. While on the bluff the citizens rushed en masse to the fray. Our male adult population did not then exceed one-half that of the boatmen, yet a far larger number of them were armed. Ruth ordered his men to load and form in line, notwithstanding which the boatmen made a belligerent demonstration, just at which time several of the Blues went rushing down the bluff. "Arrest those men," cried Ruth. Immediately the bayonets of the Blues were at the breasts of some half dozen of the most demonstrative, who were marched into the ferry-flat as prisoners. One of the citizens attempted to address the boatmen, but Ruth forbade it. Both companies were soon full and and in line, as were also the armed citizens. For a few minutes breathless suspense reigned, and the slightest hostile demonstration on the part of the boatmen would have emptied one hundred fire locks into their midst. Gradually the boatmen gave way and returned to their boats, while the military quietly marched their prisoners, soon after released, up town. The Mayor forbade the slightest display of triumph. A strong guard was deemed necessary for two or three days. During the time most of the boats left. A board of magistrates from the country were requested to investigate the matter. The boatmen were invited to be present and bring forward such witnesses as they desired, but they declined to take any part in it. The court fully justified everything done on the part of the city and citizens in the matter. Among the boatmen was an uncle of Trester's, who stated that he had done everything in his power to persuade his nephew to obey the law, but to no purpose. The wharfmaster continued his duties without molestation, although threats were said to be made against his life; but no more of whipping the town or resisting the payment of wharfage. The newspapers throughout the country, as has happened since, represented the affair in a manner terribly prejudicial to Memphis. They alleged that the man was pursued and shot down for simply refusing to pay one dollar unjustly demanded of him. The Legislature of Indiana passed some terrisly warlike resolutions, and poor little Fort Pickering thought she saw the certain downfall of Memphis and herself going up. After keeping up a ferment for about a month, she commenced moving up, and never stopped until everything in the way of business, worth moving, had "gone up." Memphis rose with flying colors, and from that time until the commencement of the war her growth and prosperity were unequaled by any other city in the South.

OLD TIMES.

ELEVATORS.

Our Commissioners—What Should be the Policy of the City in the Matter.

Editors Appeal—Can we exchange a word or so without giving offense in behalf of a Memphis improvement? Memphis and all her various interests, connections, etc., ever should be guarded with unabated watchfulness. May I ask the object of this parade *en masse* to St. Louis by our city servants—presuming it means business. No evidence of charges on the bill of fare, for the round trip, leaves the impression that something good is in store for somebody. We cannot but trust that the worthy guest commissioners in this matter are wide awake and go fully empowered to be *elevated* to the top round of a St. Louis machine. We look to their return with an interest equaling that of our San Domingo enterprise. This elevator question is of vital interest to a St. Louis corporation, which should be generally known among our merchants, and by all means put through without delay, granting them exclusive privileges and franchise—remembering always that they have done much, the past season or so, to enrich Front Row, jobbers, bankers, real estate owners, transportation lines, baggage companies, etc.

We are friends and advocates for immediate structure of elevators, and, at the same time, a strong commention of all railroads terminating at Memphis. Let us have an easy, quick transit for all commercial purchases. Extend your open hand to the moving masses, the traveling public, their merchandise and everything connected therewith. Offer every inducement to facilitate their intercourse via and through your city.

A pr per interest was manifested in behalf of this question by our business men will rapidly increase tenfold every interest surrounding our beautiful city. By all means build the elevator, make railroad connections through your city; but remember, be wise, and build them yourselves. Never surrender this franchise to a corporation outside of your own city. Action, prompt action, in this matter.

ELEVATOR.

Memphis, March 20, 1871.

A FEMALE BRIGHAM.

A Neat Little Scene in the Station-House.

Matrimonial Entanglements and Conjugal Antipathies Illustrated.

Detective Dick Marsh was called upon yesterday to arrest a man for the novel crime of bigamy, which he did. He brought the individual to the station-house, and entered the charge against him on the docket. It stands there, the first of the sort this year: "Henry Farmer, American, bigamy." This nice young man was followed to the station-house by his wife. She was bound to stick to him "through joy and through sorrow, through sunshine and tears," and so forth, therefore taking her two children along she hied on the wings of love to the Adams street station-house to see what fate might betide him. Her arrival was the cause of a "little scene." Her other husband, from Kentucky, who had Farmer arrested, was there, and he naturally expected that after so long a separation, or several months, and after he had trod the devious ways of error during the trying months of winter, she would gladly return to her first love during these balmy days of spring; but no, the perverse woman wouldn't see it in any light, she repudiated the man with whom she had consorted for seventeen years, and who, she said, was the father of her children. She turned her back upon him, and, throwing her shriveled arms about the neck of the person that calls himself Henry Farmer, she sighed forth the overflowing of a full heart in language that would have done infinite credit to Mrs. Micawber. "Mr. Micawber, I shall never desert you." She boldly and frankly avowed her love, lofty, pure, ardent and true for the new man, "which the same I am free to maintain." She then divided the little family squarely with her former lord, giving him the boy and she retaining the girl. This female person appears to be the Brigham in this case; but it is said, by those whose business it is to know, that Henry Farmer has two wives scattered about the State of Illinois. He and this female person struck up together in Kentucky recently, and had come here to live. The husband of the female person came to the city recently, and discovering the condition of things, had Henry Farmer arrested and placed behind the bars in the Adams street station-house, where he rests for the present.

A TRAIN ON THE TRACK.

It is Bound for Memphis—Its Wonderful Freight All to be Discharged Here.

One of the most remarkable compounds of shrewdness and sublime folly, of wit and wisdom and "hyperbolical" and diabolical nonsense, of impudence and luck, of madness and sanity, of tender, soloquizing expressions and heterogeneous nonsense, of courage that never falters and of capacity for any task, is the remarkable gentleman who announces himself a candidate for the Presidency. We do not refer to Mrs. Victoria Woodhull, or to the effeminate Schelfiers, who crowns Memphis with the honor, for the first time, of presenting an aspirant for the lofty position. Neither of these, nor the smooth elocutionist, Sumner, whose womanly instincts are wonderful, though he often wears breeches—is of none of these that we speak. In fact, there is but one man living whose virtues and faults, wisdom, wit and eccentricities make him the embodiment of all the physical and intellectual propulsive forces of the nineteenth century. He is a cyclone, he is a tornado, he is of an earthquake; his sire was the lightning's flash; the stars were his swaddling clothes; he was rocked in the trough of the ocean's waves; grew by absorption from the rich, fertile soil of nature, and was developed in perfect manhood by the genius of Fenianism and the revolutionary fiasco in France. Full to bursting of all, these extraordinary elements or powers drawn from all these extraordinary sources, this extraordinary man sends the following dispatch:

"EVANSVILLE, IND., March 21, 1871.

Peter Tracey, Esq.—Will be in Memphis on Tuesday, 4th of April, and will deliver a series of 12 lectures.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN,
The next President of the United States."

Seriously, Mr. Train is a terse, vigorous, eloquent speaker; a gentleman of infinite wit and humor; an orator who often achieves the sublime; a commentator, and an original thinker, whose lectures will attract and delight a multitude of people.

TEXAS TRADE.

How to Secure It—Its Value.

The necessity for the establishment of a line of packets from Memphis to Shreveport becomes imperative. If we can maintain the ocean line of steamers from Norfolk which furnish Shreveport and Vicksburg the shortest and cheapest route to Liverpool, there is no escaping this necessity.

There were something over *one hundred and twenty thousand* bales of cotton weighed and marked at the Shreveport warehouses last season, and the crop of the present year bids fair to exceed that of the last. The Southern Pacific railroad, with only fifty-six miles running west of Shreveport, moved *forty-four thousand* bales of cotton from the 1st day of September, 1869, to the 4th of April, 1870. This road is now built to Lone Star, Texas, a distance of sixty-seven miles from Shreveport, and the Southern Pacific bill makes Marshal, Texas, the beginning point for the great Southern Pacific railroad to the Pacific. This, with the road finished from Vicksburg to Shreveport, will give direct railroad communication from the East and North via Vicksburg and Memphis.

The Texas trade is now at flying tide, with a profitable business, and another just established between Cincinnati and the former city, the Edinburg being now on her second trip from the latter. Papers say that that city will put one or two boats in the same trade. Memphis, with her important railroad communications, can successfully compete with either of these cities.

Mr. Richardson, of East Texas, informs us that there is not a cotton press in Marshall, Jeffer