MEMPHIS APPEAL

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE CITY.

THURSDAY MORNING. : : FEB. 29, 1872.

THE PROPOSED COTTON EXCHANGE.

The effort to establish a Cotton Exchange in our city seems about to culminate in success. It will be a good institution if conducted on the proper principles, and without militating against the prosperity of existing organizations. By proper principles it is meant that the market should be left free, as the influence of the new organization may extend, from the fatal grasp of speculation, from dealing in "futures," to bear the market, and from all "kiting" and "cornering." Woe! to the Memphis market and a double woe! to the commission merchants and factors of Memphis, if these New York malpractices be introduced. The Memphis cotton trade has hitherto been conducted on the soundest principles known to commerce, and in the interest of the planters who built it up, and without which it would never have had an existence. This is the reason and the only reason why cotton has commanded a higher price here comparatively than at any other market in the United States. And it is the reason besides why the planters, far and wide, have sent their produce here, seeing that justice has been done them and that the great body of the cotton merchants, being reared in their midst, have felt an interest, as well as pleasure, in sustaining them fully and under all circumstances. Of course, the cotton buyer is naturally a "bear" in the market, while the planter's factor is a "bull." But the harmless pastime of "bulling" and "bearing" has only existed heretofore with us when a dull market rendered it necessary to a little diversion. An active market and stimulated demand has always served to bring the views of buyers and sellers together. Hererofore, also, buyers have congregated in our city, because of the character of the market—its accessibility, and the before-mentioned consideration, that its popularity has drawn hither, such a variety of classification. They manifestly do not come to buy cheaper cotton, for this they cannot do, but to obtain better classifications, and because transportation, time, insurance, good classification and all things considered, they secure better bargains for spinners. Memphis thus unites every grand requisite for bringing buyer and seller into juxtaposition. Upon these sound principles this cotton market has become famous and flourishing, and by maintaining and perpetuating them, whether inside or outside of the walls of a cotton exchange, we can make it yet more famous and properous. If the Cotton Exchange conform to the principles we have indicated, making the interest of the producer paramount and not promoting gambling or jobbing, it will and ought to be a success. This being the great staple upon which not only the wealth, but the very existence of our section depends, it is too serious a matter to every producer, and to every citizen, for that matter, to cast its interests in our very midst, into the whirlpool of reckless gambling and irresponsible speculation. Nor can we see any reason why the Cotton Exchange should be severed from the old and time-honored Chamber of Commerce. It would give confidence and facility to its management and to its inauguration to place its fortunes under the auspices of the Memphis Chamber of Commerce, which has ever been principally sustained by our cotton factors, who are the representative men of our commerce and the true "solid men" of our city. It may be that the Chamber of Commerce is not sustained as it should be, and that the interest which should concentrate around a commercial city's organ of statistics and oracle of opinion, does not exist. We are painfully aware that such is the case, and that it is a stubborn fact. The Chamber and organ, and the deficiency in its vitality can only be attributed to the listlessness and inattention of the members themselves. But this constitutes an additional reason why we should graft upon it every aid that may give it strength and vigor, instead of weakening it by withdrawing whatever interest now attaches to it. The objects of the two are the same, only the Chamber of Commerce is more enlarged and comprehensive in its aims. But the latter has kept up faithfully the cotton statistics of Memphis, and can as well add to its present duties the details of a Cotton Exchange, without increasing the additional expense of the halls, two sets of officers and two incidental expense accounts. If the present hall does not answer the purpose, another may be procured, more suitable to the purpose. If the present officers are not acceptable, we know them too well not to pledge them to make any sacrifice necessary to the commercial interest of the city, though individually we should prefer them to any exchange for "new-found, unfledged comrades" for their *adaptation* has been *tried*, and we would "grapple them to our soul with hooks of steel." We would prefer them on the same ground that we recommend the Cotton Exchange to be placed under the wing of the Chamber of Commerce, because we would then be sure that no New York stockjobbing, speculating and gambling—no kiting, bearing and cornering—would be attempted, to the scandal of our merchants and the irreparable injury of our city as a cotton market, where the producers have heretofore looked for justice, and will ever expect it as long as their interests are in charge of the present high-toned factors who control our trade.

WHENCE MUST COME OUR GREATNESS.

"Every able-bodied man who becomes a member of the community is worth one thousand dollars in gold to the commonwealth," says Lieutenant Maury. His bone and muscle are worth it, estimating his value just as you would that of a horse or an ox—as a producing animal. But that is not all. The money capital brought to this country by the immigrants proper is no inconsiderable item. We mean the steerage and deck passengers, who land now at Castle Garden, New York; and have no reference to those who, coming from abroad, are able to pay cabin passage. From tables carefully kept at the immigrant depot at Castle Garden, running through a period of five years, it was ascertained that the following amounts of money were brought to this country per capita—that is, man, woman and child—by the different class of immigrants named, taking American gold as the standard.

Of the clas of immigrants named within that time, there was brought by each Scandanavian, $60; by each Scotchman, $50; by each German, $40, and by each Englishman $20.

That is, an average, as to these four nationalities, of $42 50 per capita. This is the mere money wealth they bring to us. This has nothing to do with the comparative value of these people as citizens in other respects. As to the wealth brought by citizens from foreign lands, who are able to come as cabin passengers, there is no computing the amount they bring to this country. Some of them transplant immense private fortunes to our shores. Suppose a thousand Scandinavians were induced to settle in Shelby county to-morrow. Four hundred able-bodied men would be worth, say, four hundred thousand dollars. The money they would bring with them, say, sixty thousand dollars, making a total of four hundred and sixty thousand dollars, nearly half a million dollars the moment they land on the bluff, not counting the women and children. Then as to their value as an additional element of our population, there is no mode of computation by which we can calculate it. So much added to our producing class, so much more trade, so many new branches of industry, so much skilled and educated labor, so many acres of our waste lands again under cultivation, so many acres of swamp and bottom lands reclaimed, so much forest cleared, so much to encourage and sustain manufactories—so much and so many things, in short, that will make our country wealthy, prosperous, happy and independent, that we cannot stop to enumerate, much less to estimate them. This immigration will come to us from one source only, and that is, from the same source that we may expect to secure an influx of small farmers—skilled cultivators of the land: wefrefer to the great Northwest, and they will be gathered here only by the construction of a railroad that will pierce the heart of that section. Complete the Memphis and Kansas City railroad and you will soon have both these classes of immigrants crowding down over the dividing line that separates the Northwest from the South, and seeking the more genial clime we offer them—bringing us the wealth of their capital, industry and enterprise. It is only from that direction they will come. Experience has shown we cannot induce them to come from any other direction. It is the natural direction to look for such an immigration. The Memphis and Kansas City road will furnish the channel or inlet for it. Then our people have only to make known the advantages and resources of this section, offer such inducements as they can, extend the open hand of welcome to the immigrant from any quarter or country, treat him properly and kindly, and respect the dignity of labor. Then will our waste places be built up, our land blossom like the rose, the hum of happy industry resound in every direction, and the South prosper as never before.

REVOLUTION ON COTTON PLANTATIONS.

Heretofore, farmers have sent cotton bales to market of such shape and bulk that these bales must needs be recompressed in order to be shipped. The Plantation Compress, of which a model may be seen at this office, obviates the necessity for resort to the compressing establishments which so won the admiration of the Russian Grand Duke. The Plantation Compress, employing a single mule at the gin-house, on the farm, as cheaply, and as easily as the best plantation presses now in use, will reduce the bulk of a five-hundred-pound bale to the shape and bulk of bales that have gone through the hydraulic and other power presses used in compressing bales in cities. The saving is naturally enormous. Instead of one cotton bale is "packed" but once. The cost of compressing in the city, and of drayages and handling, is saved, and thus one dollar at least is saved on each cotton bale produced in the South, and this simple invention is worth for one year from three to five millions of dollars to the cotton States. Moreover, the Plantation Compress costs less than the ordinary "screws" and presses on plantations. It is simple, all of iron, and will last a century. Most farmers buy a new press decennially, subjecting the cotton-producing States to a loss of at least seven millions annually. Such is the perfection of the simple mechanism employed that one mule exerts a pressure of three hundred tons, and the mule is multiplied fourteen hundred times. The Scientific American says of the Plantation Compress, that the whole arrangement is "simple, compact and evidently powerful." The same mule and the same "compress" may be used in expressing oil from cotton seed and this oil will be sold instead of cotton seed to refiners and the refuse of the seed may be used as stock feed or manure. Thus farmers will gain for themselves the whole profits arising from their tolls. It is estimated that the profits from this utilization of cotton seed will be nearly half that derived from the cotton itself. The cost of this Plantation Compress is $300. The working model may be seen at the business office of the APPEAL and none who have examined it think it possible to exaggerate the merits of the invaluable invention.

EARTHQUAKE.

A Slight Shock in East Tennessee and Georgia.

Knoxville Press and Herald, 27th.]

About four o'clock, yesterday morning, many of our citizens were awakened by the jarring of the houses, rattling of the windows, and a loud noise resembling a roll of thunder, which seemed to come from the northeast and go away to the southwest. That the strange noise was the shock of an earthquake is the general impression. The same mysterious noise and jarring was remarked in different places in the vicinity of the city. To the frightened inmates of the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia railroad buildings, it seemed as if some heavy, solid mass had been cast against the structure, or two ponderous masses had come in contact, the concussion causing the building, which is very long, to creak and train. From reports of residents at Powell's Station, on the Knoxville and Ohio railroad, ten miles from the city, the shock seems to have been heavier than it was in this immediate neighborhood, one gentleman declaring that he believed it had started all the shingles on the roof of his house from their fastening.

CROCKETT.

The Newly-Born County of Tennessee—Its Capital, and the Origin of its Name—The Heroes of Tennessee.

The establishment of a new county not far from Memphis, properly named in honor of the most famous of the pioneers of Tennessee and the designation of the county's capital—Alamo—induce us to recur to events which are vague memories of the few and unrecorded facts among multitudes now inhabitants of this and adjacent counties. Necessarily traditions of the South, like local prejudices, will be swept away unless associations like that of the Old Folks preserve records and excite interest that should pertain to memories of the olden time. There is much that was good in our old system of thinking and peculiar civilization. All this should be preserved, and that spirit of exclusiveness, that local selfishness, which induced the conviction that in all respects we were a superior and distinctive race, must be tested by contact and competition with the multiplied concurrent forces of all modern civilizations. It becomes us while telegraphs, the press, steamships, and, above all, railways, transform our habits of life, never to forget that which was honorable and ennobling in the past, and to cherish sacredly the names, deeds and memories of extraordinary men to whom the people have recently awarded a lasting memorial by appellations given a country and its capital. Therefore we would tell of David Crockett, and tender a tribute to the immortal worth of the defenders of the

ALAMO.

On the 23d of February, 1836, General Santa Anna entered San Antonio de Bexar, and took possession of the town without firing a gun. The small garrison of one hundred and thirty men, under the command of William Barret Travis, retired, as he advanced, to the Alamo, on the opposite side of the river, determined there to offer such resistance to the progress of the tyrant, as their energies and resources should permit by a direct appeal to the God of battles. Flushed with the conquest, so easily effected, of the town, the Mexican commander prepared for an immediate attack upon the Alamo. He ordered breastworks to be thrown up on every commanding point, and artillery pointed wherever it could be made most effective. One battery was completed on the right bank of the river, by the 25th, and without waiting for others, the siege was at once commenced.

IT IS A DARK AND GLOOMY MORNING,

devoted to a dark and unholy purpose. Exulting in the work of death upon which he is entering, Santa Anna crossed the river in person, and established his headquarters in a small stone building—yet standing—from which he may the more accurately perceive the progress of his designs, without exposing himself to his enemies. The signal is given, and ere the sun has risen upon those hostile hosts, the roar of the Mexican battery awakens the echoes far and wide, and rouses from their slumbers the yet unconscious inhabitants. But the defenders of the Alamo have not for a single moment lost sight of the movements of their wily and implacable foes—they watch the studied direction of every gun, they see the match lighted, they listen breathless, as if even at that distance, they could hear the command to fire; and when the walls of the citadel tremble under the shock of the iron hail, and the fragments of the parapet are whirled aloft by the sudden impulse; they send back a shout of defiance, mingled with a discharge from their own guns, as distinctive, if not as deafening, as the thunder of their assailants.

BEFORE THE SMOKE

is swept away, and the reverberations are lost in the distance; while the shouts of the besieged still linger in the ears of the besiegers, the cannonade is resumed, and for seven hours without pause or relaxation, fiercely continued upon the walls of the Alamo. But these walls yield no more than the spirits of their defenders. The fire is returned, and though stones are shivered around them, their stout hearts and willing hands are ready to repair every breach, and to restore from the interior whatever may have been destroyed from without. Earth is thrown up, or crumbled, by the eager efforts of those who will permit no evidence of success to cheer the hopes of their enemies. The sun has almost sunk behind the western plains, when there is a pause in the work of demolition. The firing of the besiegers ceases for the day, with the Mexican thirst for blood unsatiated: not a single drop has been shed within the Alamo. Many of Santa Anna's men have bit the dust before the artillerists and riflemen of the fort; but thus far they are unavenged. Darkness falls upon the besiegers and besieged. The former raise new intrenchments to prosecute the assault; the latter establish a close watch for the night, and endeavor to seek that repose which shall renew their vigor for the contest which they know will come with the morrow.

THE MORNING OF THE 26TH

dawns, and reveals to the occupants of the fort the effects of the midnight labors of their enemies, in the establishment of two additional batteries within the Alameda of the Alamo. The bayonets of the infantry, which have crossed the river during the night, glitter in the morning beams, and the plumes of the cavalry are seen waving on the eastern hills, to intercept the expected aid from that quarter. The contest is renewed by a small skirmish between a small party of Texans, sent in quest of wood and water, and a Mexican detachment under General Seama; but this is a mere overture to the grand performance of the day. The thunder of the heavy ordnance, under the direction of Colonel Ampudia, are soon aroused into action; volley after volley is poured into the fort, and only answered at rare intervals by the shouts of those within. There is no pause—no cessation. Still the cannonade goes on; shells fly hissing through the air, and balls bury themselves within the ramparts; but night again comes on, and the Mexican general in vain looks for evidence of success. Baffled, but not discouraged, he advances his line of intrenchments, and prepares with the morning light, to resume his bloody task. The north wind sweeps over the prairies, as it only sweeps in Texas, a lullaby to the stormy passions of those contending hosts. The darkness is broken only by the feeble blaze of a few hut-fired by the Texans—which had furnished cover to the enemy. The flames curl upwards with a sickly glare, and their fitful flashes throw a lurid light for a moment upon the slumbering army, and expire. The reign of darkness and silence is restored.

THE NEXT DAY

the Mexicans appear inactive, though engaged in the construction of additional batteries. There is but little firing on either side. Travis and his men, with spirits unsubdued, and with energies weakened, but not exhausted, are applying their contracted resources to the purpose of defence. No heart falters; no pulse throbs with diminished power; no hand shrinks from the labor that necessity imposes. All is confidence and determination; and in every breast there is firm reliance springing from the holiness of the cause and certainty of its final triumph

SUNDAY FOLLOWS,

but brings no rest to those whom God has created in His own image, and who, in violation of his commands, are thus yielding to their erring and unhallowed passions. Perhaps within the chapel of the Alamo, consecrated to the worship of the Almighty, and distinguished by the emblem of suffering and of salvation, which surmounts the dome, heads may be bowed in prayer to the God of battles for deliverance from their sanguinary foe; but that foe takes no heed of Sabbaths. Exclusive followers, as they proclaim themselves, of the true church, they doom to destruction the very temple they have erected for its worship; and kissing the cross supended from their necks, and planted before every camp, they point their guns upon the very symbol for which they profess unbounded reverence. The fire of the Mexican artillery keeps company with the minutes as they roll on. Morning, mid-day and evening are passed, yet there is no faltering among those brave defenders of the Alamo. Another sun rises and sets, and yet another; still the indomitable hearts of Travis and his companions quail not before the untiring efforts of their enemy. In spite of that enemy's vindictive vigilance, the little garrison receives from Gonzales a reinforcement of thirty-three men, additional victims to the funeral pyre, soon to be kindled to Santa Anna, on the surrounding hills, as a human hecatomb to Mexican vengeance.

NEW BATTERIES,

are erected by the beslegers, from every point around, the missiles of destruction concentrate upon the Alamo. The final hour must soon come. Provisions are not yet exhausted, but the ammunition cannot last many days longer. Water has long been supplied solely by the daring efforts of a Mexican woman, who, through showers of grape and musketry has threaded the way to and fro between the river and the citadel, while her own blood has marked the path. She bears within her the stern and lofty spirit of her illustrious ancestor, stretched upon the racks of Cortez, and it is not the fear of torture or of death, that can swerve her from her purpose.

THE SIEGE,

has continued for ten days. The Mexican general has received large reinforcements, and his army now numbers thousands. He has been unceasing in his efforts to batter down the walls, but has thus far failed. The triumph is with Travis; but it is written in the heart of his ruthless foe that he must die, and when the cannonade is suspended on the 6th of March, a small breach has been effected, and Santa Anna has determined, without a summons to surrender, that the hour of assault has arrived. During ten days a blood-red flag has been streaming from the spire of the church in San Antonio, proclaiming that no quarter would be given to the champions of Alamo—that blood alone will appease the fury of Mexican malice. When the sun again goes down, the flag is no longer seen, for the deed of which it was a sign has been accomplished.

IT IS MIDNIGHT.

Stars are smiling in the firmament and the repose of Paradise seems hovering over the armed hosts, and hills and plains which encircle the Alamo. The calm is so deep and solemn that the angel of death seems to pause before the strife and carnage which are to follow. A low murmur rises upon the air, which gradually becomes more and more distinct. Lights are glancing mysteriously in the distance, and indicate some unusual movement. The besieging army is in motion. There is no advance by columns; the force of the Mexicans is so great that the fort may be completely surrounded, leaving intervals only for the fire of artillery. The place is girdled by a deep line of infantry, and these are hemmed in and encompassed by another of cavalry. If the first falter and shrink, they must be thrust forward to the assault by the sabres and lances of their comrades. Suddenly the batteries are in a blaze, and from their concentric positions, pour forth radii of fire from the circle of

SANTA ANNA'S VENGEANCE,

verging to a single point. Amid the thunders thus created, their own shouts hardly less terrible, and the martial blasts of a hundred bugles, the Mexicans advance to the Alamo. A sheet of flame, from Crockett's rifles that never failed, is the answer to the charge. The infantry recoil and fall back upon the cavalry; their ranks broken and disordered by the deadly fire of the besieged. The shouts from the fort are mingled with the groans of the wounded and dying on the plain, while the officers are endeavoring to reform their scattered masses. They return to the attack, but the leaden shower which they again encounter, fells them to earth by platoons. Travis shows himself on the walls, cheering his undaunted followers. Ecumanh, roused to the last struggle, for they know their doom is sealed. In quick succession rifle after rifle is discharged, sending hundreds to their long account. Mexicans are again repulsed; they fall back, dismayed and disheartened by the dead and dying around them. The battalion of Toluca—the flower of Santa Anna's army—is reduced from four hundred to twenty-three. Men have become for a moment regardless of their officers, and are almost delirious from the cries of anguish of their fallen and expiring comrades, yielding to influences which no discipline can restrain, and no efforts repress. But the breach now appears practicable; the disjointed forces, by the aid of threats and entreaties, are rallied, and once more return to the assault. The fire from the Alamo has for some time been growing slower and slower. Rifles have dropped from many a vigorous hand, now cold in death, while others cling to their weapons even in the agonies of dissolution. Ammunition, too, has been failing; one by one the muzzles drop, and ere the last rifle is loaded and discharged, the Mexicans have gained the well. Fearfully conspicuous in that awful moment, Travis receives a shot, staggers and falls. He dies not unavenged. A Mexican officer rushes upon him, and is about to plunge his saber into the bosom of the fallen man; when, gathering energies for a desperate effort, he bathes the sword to which he still clings, in the blood of his enemy, and they die together.

In the meantime,

THE CONFLICT HAS BEEN RAGING HOT AND THICK.

The Mexicans have poured into the citadel like famished wolves furious for their prey. Each man struggles with his adversary with the energy of despair, dealing the death-stroke, with rifles, sabers, or whatever missiles may be within reach. The Texans are almost buried beneath the numbers of their opponents. The carnage has been so terrible that the slain are piled up in heaps. Death stares each survivor in the face, yet still he struggles on.

CROCKETT

has been most conspicuous in the melee, wherever the blows fell hottest and fastest. He has forced his way over piles of dead bodies of his enemies, and has reached the door of the chapel. Here he determines to make his last stand. At one glance of his eye he sees that the fate of the Alamo rests upon himself alone, and that that fate nothing can avert. Travis has fallen; Evans is no more; Bowie expires upon a bed of sickness, pierced to the heart by a Mexican bayonet; Bonham falls directly before him; and he finds himself the only living warrior of the one hundred and sixty-three who had been his companions. Perhaps at that moment the life-blood creeps to his heart by a natural impulse; but it is only for a moment.

THE DESPERATION OF HIS POSITION

sends it back with the force of an avalanche. His foes glare on him with blows from muskets, lances and sabres. The strength of a hundred men seems concentrated in his single arm, as he deals out death to his pitiless and unsparing assailants. Their bodies have grown into a rampart before him. Blackened with fire and smoke, besmeared with blood, and roused into frenzy, he stands like some fabled god of antiquity laughing to scorn the malice, and the power, and the fury of his enemies. New fire flashes from his eye, and new vigor nerves his arm. On his assailants rush, but it is upon death, certain immediate. They fall, but their places are still supplied; and so quickly that the dead seem to rise up before him like armed men from the teeth of Cadmus. At length a ball from an unseen rifle pierces him in the forehead; he falls backward to the earth, in the streams of gore which curdle around him. No groan escapes his lips; no cry of agony gratifies the implacable rancor of his enemies; he dies—and the Alamo has fallen.

$120,000,000.

The Sir Francis Drake Estate—A Fortune for Somebody—The Tennessee Drakes.

The Bowling Green Democrat published the following a few months ago: "An interesting piece of intelligence has been upon the air in Bowling Green for some weeks, but we have hesitated to give it publicity through the columns of the Democrat lest it might prove too good to be true. We have taken some pains to get at the bottom of the glad news, and we find that there is really a sound foundation. It's all about an English fortune coming to heirs in the United States, some of whom are our neighbors and dear friends. This is the story:

"Eighty-five years ago Sir Francis Drake, of England, left a large estate to his American heirs. The property has remained since then unclaimed, the heirs themselves being indefinitely unknown. Some fifteen years ago information of the existence of the unclaimed fortune came to the family of Drakes in Kentucky, Middle Tennessee and Virginia, but no clear steps were taken to establish their claims upon it, and so the matter quietly rested. Some ten months ago the subject gained new life, an investigation was put on foot, and the lines of descent were carefully traced to the great ancestor. That investigation has led, with apparent certainty, to the establishment of the fact that the Drakes of Middle Tennessee and their near kin are the true heirs, and that there are unclaimed in the Bank of England $120,000,000 to be divided among them.

"Steps are being taken to bring this whole matter to a definite result, and most gratifying information on the subject has been conveyed to the claimants within the past few weeks. These facts we gather from one of the heirs in this city; for we rejoice to state if the chain of evidence, now apparently complete, shall be unbroken, we shall have several heirs to the English fortune in the very midst of us. Mrs. H. D. Glenn, who resides in the vicinity of Oakland station in this county, and her three sons, H. D. Glenn, T. J. Glenn and E. O. Glenn, of this city, are direct and near descendants of Sir Francis Drake. This fact is regarded as indisputable. Mrs. Glenn is one of the oldest and closest representatives of the original family in this country, and several other members of the family reside in Todd county in this State. Certainly this is very gratifying intelligence. There is not a more estimable family in this county than the Glenns. The gentlemen of the name who are engaged in business here are upright, intelligent, industrious citizens, and are universally esteemed. They will become very rich in the division of the English estate, their property ranging from $300,000 to $400,000 each. Sincerely do we hope that all they have such reasonable grounds to hope for will be realized, and that we shall see them soon enjoying the prosperity which is now foretokened for them."

We hear that the Tennessee Drakes have employed General W. B. Bate, of this city, and J. P. Benjamin, of London, to prosecute their claim as heirs of the great navigator.

KANSAS POLITICS.

The Radical Republicans Whistling to Keep Their Courage up.

ST. LOUIS, February 27.—A special to the Democrat from Topeka says, a meeting is called here for to-morrow night to organize a State committee and call a State convention in the interest of the so-called Liberal Republicans with the intention of sending delegates to the Cincinnati convention. The movement is headed by ex Senator Ross, Mark J. Parrot, S. N. Wood, ex-Governor S. J. Crawford, and T. H. Walker. While some of these men are to a certain extent representative men and will take with them quite a number of Republicans, yet they have not the strength to any considerable extent. Kansas will support Grant in the Philadelphia convention and if he is nominated will cast its electoral vote for him.

It is said that the Fort Scott Monitor will support the movement, and the Lawrence Journal and Leavenworth Call are expected to come out for it, and possibly one or two weeklies.

A careful reading of the report of the bribery investigating committee hardly bears out the statement that the president of the Kansas Pacific railroad offered to pay thirty thousand dollars for Caldwell's election. Caldwell demanded that amount, but only got ten thousand. He claimed that such a promise was made, which was denied by the president of the road.

THE ROYAL JAPS.

Civilities to the Foreigners in Chicago—Leaving for Washington.

CHICAGO, February 27.—The Japanese embassy were taken in charge to-day by a committee from the council and a number of leading citizens, and shown about the city, visiting the leading curiosities. At half-past twelve they reached the Board of Trade, where they were warmly received, over five hundred members being present. The president addressed them in words of welcome, to which Minister Delong responded in a happy and interesting manner. The entire embassy left this evening for Washington. It is understood that they will go through without stopping.

GLOBE MUTUAL

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Example: Age 38, $10,000; premium, $261 50. In twenty years assured receives in CASH, $11,57[illegible]; in case of death within the period, amount of policy payable to representatives.

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BANGOR Penrhyn, Port Dinorwic and Port Madoc slates for roofing—by cargo or small lots, to suit purchasers. Slate Slab Cisterns—made any size to order. Hearth Slabs, Urinals for railway Depots, etc. English Ridge Tiles, FIRE BRICKS in quantities to suit.

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Just opened, a large shipment of our popular

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of excellent finish and rich luster, at 30c, 35c, 40c and upward. See our quality at 45 cents.

COLOR'D ALPACA,

Handsome Spring Shades—good quality 33 cents.

SPRING POPLINS, JAPANESE SILKS,

OPENED THIS WEEK.

BLACK GROS GRAINS AND COLORED SILKS,

In new and seasonable shades, at very low figures.

New English and American Prints. Our stock of Ladies' Underwear now complete. Novelties received daily. Orders solicited.

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PURE, SWEET, POWERFUL, DURABLE!

Is working a Revolution in the mind of Musical Critics. Unquestionably the requisites in a Piano are VOLUME and QUALITY OF TONE, and DURABILITY. The Mathushek is constructed on new principles, far-surpassing, beyond all question, GREATER DURABILITY. Its STRINGS, ON AN AVERAGE, ARE LONGER than in other makes, thus GIVING GREATER VOLUME OF TONE.

The registers are splendidly balanced, the tones are RICH, MELODIOUS, MAGNIFICENT—it gives forth no thin, wiry, tinkle-bee tones. Its compass of power is wonderful. It can THUNDER and WHISPER with equally pleasing effect.

NEEDHAM'S SILVER TONGUE ORGANS!

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February 16, 1872.

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NOTICE IN BANKRUPTCY.

In the District Court of the United States for the District of West Tennessee—At Memphis, the 16th day of February, A. D. 1872.

The undersigned hereby gives notice of his appointment as assignee of H. H. Sempson, of Memphis, in the county of Shelby, and State of Tennessee, within said district, who has been adjudged a bankrupt upon his own petition by the district court of said district.

W. A. HAMPSON, Assignee.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., February 17, 1872.

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Cures all diseases caused by self-abuse, such as premature decay, Seminal Weakness, Impotency, Nervous Debility, Loss of Memory, Diseased Bladder, Pains in the Back, Diseases of Kidneys, Gravel, Gleet, Inflammation, Stricture, Syphilis, Gonorrhœa, Consumption, and all diseases consequent upon indulgence or youthful indiscretion.

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