MEMPHIS APPEAL

—BY—

GALLAWAY & KEATING.

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We solicit letters and communications upon subjects of general interest, but such must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

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All letters, communications, or anything else for the APPEAL, should be addressed

GALLAWAY & KEATING,
M. C. GALLAWAY, } 282 Second street.
J. M. KEATING. } Memphis, Tenn.

MEMPHIS APPEAL

SATURDAY, : FEBRUARY 19, 1876.

COLONEL H. H. CHALMERS.

The Jackson (Miss.) *Clarion* says: "H. H. Chalmers, Esq., one of the ablest members of the Mississippi bar, is spoken of in connection with the place soon to become vacant on the supreme court bench." Colonel H. H. Chalmers is one of the most promising of the rising young men of Mississippi. He has descended from one of the oldest and most talented families in the State. His father was once a United States senator, and he is a brother to General James R. Chalmers, and was cousin to General D. C. Glenn, who was regarded during life as one of the most brilliant men of the south. Colonel Chalmers contributed largely to the triumph of the Democratic party in November last. He never wearied in exposing the corruptions of the Radical party. Upon the stump and by a laborious correspondence he succeeded in arousing his party to a sense of its duty. Colonel Chalmers has worthily won any honors which his party may bestow upon him. He is eminently fit for the position of supreme court judge of Mississippi. He has gained an enviable reputation as a lawyer, and would make still more on the supreme court bench. He has the learning, ability and integrity necessary to make him a safe expounder of the fundamental law, and should be elected to fill the vacancy alluded to by the *Clarion*. As judge of the supreme court his decisions and opinions would be models, marked by great legal research. As a lawyer he has shown that he has a mind that can grasp and comprehend facts and grapple with and master the most abstruse and difficult problems, and would no doubt win imperishable fame as a pure and upright judge of the supreme court of Mississippi.

THE NEGRO AND THE CARPETBAGGER.

The New York *Tribune* draws the following picture of the carpetbaggers in the southern States:

The miserable conspiracy of carpetbag plunderers, which has called itself the Republican party in certain southern States, has existed by reason of its power over ignorant colored voters. In the earlier years of reconstruction any creature who held a Federal office or wore the uniform of a soldier was regarded by the simple colored voters as embodying in his person all the might and majesty of the United States, all the claims of the Union to the gratitude and affection of the colored race, all its power to save them from vague and terrible wrongs in the future, and all the confidence to which the United States government was entitled at their hands. The meanest deputy of the meanest official, by virtue of his commission of authority, was looked upon as the personal representative of the United States of America, and, just as any mob of unreconstructed cutthroats would instantly disperse at sight of one unarmed man in blue uniform, the colored people yielded unquestioning obedience to the mere beck or nod of a Federal officer. Thus the south was organized by carpetbaggers for their own uses, and it need not be said that the least scrupulous of them were often the most successful in securing the control of such an organization. Once in the hands of these men, the organization was used by them for selfish purposes. They cared not a snap of the finger for the rights of colored people or white people, robbed both with absolute impartiality, excepting as the whites paid larger taxes because they owned more property, and selected colored men for office only when it suited their private aims. The colored people became restive. But they were scared with cunningly contrived tales of imminent peril and wheedled with extravagant promises. Ignorant men dreamed of "forty acres and a mule;" others more intelligent dreamed of a seat in the house or the senate. If at any time the scare abated, the fiendish ingenuity of the adventurers was generally equal to the task of creating a disturbance, in which, as Governor Ames is said to have remarked, the murder of a few negroes was very useful to the party. Promises were still trusted because they were made in the name of President Grant or the Republican party, and so, month after month and year after year, this rascally organization of spoilsmen has continued to plunder the south, rule the Republican party there, and hold great power over it in congress and throughout the country by means of its control over the colored vote.

The readers of the APPEAL will readily recognize the fidelity of this picture. It is a true likeness, drawn by a master-hand. But things have changed. Less than two months ago fifteen hundred colored voters marched to the polls and cast their ballots for Judge Flippin, the Democratic nominee for mayor. In Mississippi, twenty thousand negroes ceased to follow the lead of their carpetbag overseers and voted with the Democrats for retrenchment, honesty and reform. The colored members of the Mississippi legislature are clamorous for the impeachment of Ames, Davis and Cardoza, whose corruptions in office caused the defeat of the Republicans. Ames's crimes are infamous, Davis is accused of selling pardons, and the martyred patriot Cardoza will be impeached for such trifling indiscretions as embezzlement, bribery, forgery, extortion, perjury, and several other little weaknesses characteristic of the career of Radical statesmen in Mississippi. Another significant event has transpired recently in the congress of the United States. The Democratic house of representatives refused to unseat a negro member and put in his place a white man contesting his seat. Haralson is a colored Republican member of the house, and his seat was contested by Bromberg, a white Democrat. The committee find evidence of fraud, they say, but not enough to overcome the majority for the sitting member. Perhaps Haralson's revolt from Blaine's lead in voting for amnesty did the business for him, but there is reason to believe that the Democrats really have no intention of following the outrageously partisan example of the Republicans, who generally found some excuse for unseating every Democratic member whose seat was contested. Another event has recently occurred which shows that the carpetbag rule in the south, as pictured so graphically in the above extract from the New York *Tribune*, has been broken. Bruce, the colored senator from Mississippi, has commenced a furious crusade in the senate against Grant and the Republican party. In a recent speech, published in the APPEAL, he says that his colored brethren are being forced into collision with the whites in order to make capital for the Republican party; that politicians of the Morton order are putting them up as targets to be shot at, so that the bloody shirt may be waved effectively. These facts indicate that the color-line in future elections will be abandoned by the blacks, and that there will be an end to that rule in the southern States which the *Tribune* so ably exposes in the foregoing extract. The election of colored men to office by the Mississippi legislature, the appointment of colored men to office by Mayor Flippin, the refusal of the Democratic house of representatives to unseat the colored member Haralson, and to give his place to a white contestant, indicate that the color-line has been abandoned by both races, and that the Democrats are capable of doing justice to the negroes, much as they have suffered by the devotion of the blacks to the adventurers who have robbed the tax-paying people of the south of their hard earnings. The negro has been told for years that if the Democrats ascended to power they would deprive the colored man of his rights and again put him in slavery. But they triumphed in Alabama, Arkansas, Mississippi and in congress, but their victory has not been supplemented by a war upon the negro. They are just as free and prosperous as they were under the rule of Radical adventurers. The colored people will not be forced back to the companionship of the very wretches who duped them by any injustice on the part of Democrats. When the negro acted, as charged in the above extract by the *Tribune*, he was an organized power for evil. The signs of the times plainly indicate that the war between the whites and blacks is at an end, and we congratulate both races on the result. The destiny of both races is the same. They are mutually dependent on each other, and hereafter they should co-operate in everything that contributes to their prosperity and happiness.

WASHINGTON GOSSIP.

Visitors and the People they Visit—Theatrical Celebrities—Earll, the Baptist.

From the Regular Contributor of the Appeal.]

WASHINGTON, February 14.—Social matters last week went with a perfect *whiz* that almost took away the breath of individuals not fully acclimated, and quite discouraged people possessing only limited wardrobes. The highly improbable boy, who set his teeth and only smiled while that stolen fox was setting *his* fangs in his heart, wasn't more of a hero than the lady who courageously wears the same costume to party and reception; does it again for calls and comes out triumphantly elegant every time. At least people are kind enough to say so, but there isn't much variety to the wearer. I guess I know how infinite are the possibilities of one black silk when judiciously managed. Why, bless your heart, Ovid's metamorphoses were nothing to the transitions my best gown has known during the last few weeks! There's lots of fun in calmly raising your head and remarking with composure, that black is your *favorite* toilet. You get credit for good taste and nobody knows the reason why, unless you are goose enough to tell them, as I'm doing now. Thursday I deemed it my duty to investigate the senatorial residences. We started at two o'clock, going first to the rooms of Senator Allison, at Wormley's hotel. We found the little lady delightfully established amid books and pictures and pretty things generally, which seemed, somehow, a part of her natural heritage. She is much younger than the senator, has a low, gentle voice, and the pleasant manners which tide visitors over the bar of formality very easily; then to Mrs. Stevenson's, at the Arlington. That call was accomplished through much tribulation. Some other ladies were trying to forward their cards at the same time we presented our pasteboards. Darkey No. 1 passed the mystical scraps to darkey No. 2, who received them deferentially on a silver tray, but instantly turned the tray down sideways, and kept from slipping by pinching them with his black thumb! Silver waiters are nice. Our next call was upon Mrs. Dawes. Their rooms are on K street. They are extremely pleasant, and then our friends had brought home most bright bits of Berkshire autumn. All about the folding-doors ran a lovely border of tinted leaves and graceful ferns, so carefully placed that it seemed as if they were painted on the wall; the lace curtains showed the same pretty decorations, but that was all we could see in one glance, for the next minute we met Mr. Dawes's cordial welcome and the equally warm greeting of Miss Dawes. Can you guess what a relief one finds, when in a round of calls we do happen to meet a lady whose first remark isn't upon the weather? Our visit to Mrs. Dawes was certainly that pleasant exception, for neither the weather nor prevailing toilets were discussed, and our brief stay was so full of pleasure that we quite comprehended why people like to visit the new senator. We held our Massachusetts noses a degree higher than ever, and forthwith proceeded to another mansion. This house is in a charming location; all its appointments are quite "the thing," but, O dear! did ever you go from the sunny side of the street to the bleakest place on the other side? We felt depressed the minute the solemn waiter opened the door; awe came creeping over us like chilling waves, so when the hostess greeted us, severely presenting her gloved fingers, and introduced her daughter in a melancholy tone, our own smiles faded and ideas took wings. Good gracious! we were extinguished utterly; quenched entirely; subdued beyond any awakening. We made one ineffectual attempt to rally by saying the brightest things we could invent, but bless you! in that atmosphere nothing could be bright two minutes. Half a dozen other guests experienced the same sensation, if we may judge from the sighs of relief which were drawn the minute we were outside the door. No matter about names. Anyone who has ever made that call will know who we mean. Then entering our carriage—one dollar and fifty cents an hour, dear friends—we whirled away to Senator Bayard's. The young lady daughter of the house, who made her debut last week, was chatting with a friend, but Mrs. Bayard received us with an easy grace which marks one who is to the manor born. I haven't the faintest idea of her features, and shouldn't know her again if I met her, but I brought away with me a memory of dark hair smoothly brushed back from a high forehead; a pair of bright, dark eyes, and a sweet voice that knew how to make music out of commonplace words. Senator Bayard is, *par excellence*, the cultivated gentleman, and Mrs. Bayard as true a type of the refined lady. But should I tell you of all my fourteen calls this letter would stretch too far; you will be content, therefore, to learn that the young daughter of Senator Davis welcomes her mother's guests so pleasantly that they are sure to come again; that Mrs. Logan, of Illinois, and Mrs. Cameron, of Wisconsin, receive together since they board in the same house; that Mrs. Conkling and her pretty daughter are the guests of Mrs. Grant; that Mrs. Thurman, though universally beloved, is not entertaining her friends this winter, because of certain carpenters and masons who have their mansion in charge; and that no mortal can possibly do the senatorial circle in less than three afternoons. It is no slight accomplishment to be able to "receive" gracefully. There must be an amount of native tact which cannot be acquired; a swift intuition concerning the social status and mental range of each entering visitor, and an ability to say the right thing at the right moment, which amounts to a sixth sense. Few ladies possess it in perfection, for it is a gift which the gods jealously deal to supreme favorites only; but the woman to whom it is vouchsafed can achieve greater political victories than any man ever effected. I wonder ambitious men do not oftener think of this.

MAGGIE MITCHELL

has been here all the week, drawing crowded houses, and then drawing tears from the countless eyes by her wonderful acting. She might have been more bewitching in her earlier years, but I doubt if she were more powerful. I had never seen her till Friday evening, when she played *Jane Eyre*. That pitiful story has been changed just enough to give it a healthier moral tone than that of the novel, and it was years since I had read it, but its harrowing details made great big men cough violently, while feminine eyes openly overflowed. I had the pleasure of meeting Maggie in a friend's parlor, for this favorite actress has kept the affection and respect of the public through all the years of her professional life. Knowing how incessantly she has portrayed fictitious character, I could hardly understand the possibility of any real individuality still existing. I expected to catch a hint of "Fanchon" in her tones; a trace of "Lorle" in her look, or an outright manifestation of "Jane Eyre." But Mrs. Paddock, who restrained my salutation, is a sweet, graceful little lady, without one bit of staginess in speech or manner. The fair hair fell in a soft fluff over her forehead, and drooped in long curls from an ivory comb at the back of the head. Brown eyes, frank yet keen, met mine with a straightforward glance, and I defy anybody to guess her age from any apparent traces these years of study and work have left. I carelessly asked—making an effort at the aforesaid problem—"How long have you been on the stage?" "Ever since I can remember," quoth Maggie, and I was no wiser than before. She is bright and witty and earnest; her profession is her life, and she loves it dearly. She travels with her own troupe, escaping the vexatious rehearsals with local "stock," and thoroughly enjoys rousing her audiences. "In Boston," she says "the strictest people come to her performances," and Rev. John Weiss actually wrote a new act for the drama of *Fanchon, the Cricket*. She was to substitute this for the rendering usually given, but abandoned it after one trial, since it was too somber and heavy, and the public demanded what they had already approved.

CLARA MORRIS.

This week we have Clara Morris in her emotional *roles*, beginning with Camille, but Clara Morris will never live in the hearts of the people like little Maggie, who can curl herself up in any corner, and stay there like a little pet kitten. Maggie's appeals to her sympathies do us good; the stormier passions Clara Morris rouses leave ruin and disaster behind.

A STORY CONCERNING EARLL, THE BAPTIST,

who is here in the same work as Moody and Sankey. Though the harvest of souls he may have reaped be countless, he is very sure of the amount of convertible filthy lucre which has been his reward, and especially proud of his beautiful suburban home at Newton, Massachusetts. Awhile ago, boasting of its attractions among some Boston merchants, he sighed, piously lamenting that his work would not permit him to enjoy his lovely home more frequently. "Ahem!" said Charley Shepherd, whom everybody knows for an inveterate joker; "ahem, Earll, your house may be very fine, but I own one that will discount it in every item." "Indeed," ejaculated the person, "where is it? I would like to see it." "No doubt of that," replied Charley, "but you never will. Mine is a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens!"

ON THE WING.

From Memphis to Vicksburg by Rail, and Thence to New Orleans by Water.

From an Occasional Correspondent of the Appeal.]

STEAMER MARY BELL, February 16. Taking a respite from that great press of legal business which agitates young lawyers, and escaping the clients who came, as Horace has it, *sub cantu gali*, to my door in Memphis, I ran down here to fulfill some lecture engagements made before I hung out my shingle; and, pursuant to promise, now give you my adventures, observations, etc. There is no region so lovely as the blooming south. Even while I write the jessamine and johnquille, asphodel and hyacinths fill the air with fragrance, the blue bird and wren are jocund in the valleys, all nature smiles, and the fig tree, the plum and peach are putting on their garniture of white, and pink, and green. No lands on the face of the globe are so rich—those of the Nile not excepted:

"Know you the land where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime;
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
Now soften to sadness, now madden to crime?
'Tis the land of the sun, where the stars brighter shine,
And all but the *spirit of man* is divine."

How is that for high? bubbling up from memory, and bathing with balmy breath your careworn brow! But I must come down to work. Starting from Memphis, on the Mississippi and Tennessee railroad, I encountered my old friend, Mat White, still hail and hearty, if not over pious, and ready to communicate, from his great store of practical information. After the war all his bridges were gone, and the stockholders refused to advance a cent, his friends advising him to go into bankruptcy, but scorning the very thought, he borrowed from our generous Memphis merchants fifty thousand dollars, and before the February following had reconstructed every bridge except the Tallahatchie. The interest on bonds has been regularly paid, and his own indorsements on near forty thousand dollars taken up. This is an instance of financial enterprise deserving to be known, and ranks this fine old planter among men of genius. The tug at first was a hard one, and his fat sides shook as he told me his answer to Bulkley. This gentleman had bought some obligations of the road, and demanded payment or additional security. "I told him," said the jolly financier, "that he could have no security but faith, such as the preachers had taught him." Bulkley, of course, looked blank, and felt that he had been shaving himself; but time vindicated Mat's theology. Bulkley was "justified by faith," and his bonds paid up at last. M'Comb, of Wilmington, Delaware, has obtained, you know, control of this line, but Colonel White remains at his post, the real president, and intends to carry it over all breakers. I next encountered Mr. Robert Leech, the well known and gentlemanly conductor. His fine fund of anecdotes in the intervals of his duties, beguiled the monotony of travel, and his long and faithful connection with this road has proven him one of the very first railroad men of the country. Why do you complain of tramps in Memphis? Why feed them? Plenty of work awaits them in the south; many fields, as I came along, were white with cotton, and planters complain that the country suffers for want of labor. "The harvest is plenteous but the laborers are few." Notwithstanding the complaint of poverty in the south, money must be plentiful, for the hotels charge from one dollar to one dollar and fifty cents per meal. I got for one dollar a breakfast of tough beefsteak at my hotel at Jackson, which I left for somebody's dinner, after having chewed it in vain. It had, doubtless, been used before, and I warn you and your readers to get your dollar ready as you approach this famous hotel. I stopped a day in Sardis, where the APPEAL is a great favorite, and a very intelligent merchant of the village (Mr. Thomas Waring) gave me a full account of the recent elections, accounting for the Democratic success on most reasonable principles. There was nothing like intimidation, as some allege, but the Democrats, pursuing a liberal and wise policy, promised certain offices to negroes, and then gave up every kind of business, for electioneering, to achieve success. Neither the whites nor blacks care two straws about either party, except so far as private interests are involved. Taxation had become intolerable for property-holders, and they simply name the word Democrat as a shibboleth, which signifies "down with adventurers;" and the negroes, who have lately ranged themselves under this banner, mean to say, "Dese white folks is mighty unsartin, but we's gwine to try dis last chance to git some money." This is a melancholy statement, but it is the truth, and all your noble articles on political economy fail to move the masses. Patriotism, as a sentiment, is dead, and all love the United States as Tilton does his mother-in-law. Leaving Jackson in a freight caboose, passengers without a seat managed to keep their feet until the train ran off the track, at Clinton. This was absolutely refreshing, as it gave us a rest of some hours. We reached Vicksburg in fourteen hours, from Jackson just forty-five miles, and then bade a long farewell to Mississippi railroads (excepting Mat White's), and took the Mary Bell for New Orleans. A "merrie companie" from Memphis greeted us on this magnificent boat, among whom were Mr. E. M. Apperson, Mrs. Dr. Kenneday, Mrs. Geo. Winchester, Mrs. Cluster, Mrs. Patterson, Miss Winchester, Miss Lou Shelby, Miss Lena Lane, Miss Brooksie Trezevant, Miss Lucie Mosby, Miss Lelia Harvey, Miss Lucie Castleman (Nashville), Miss Mamie Morgan, Miss Emma Lombard, Miss Lizzie Riess, W. A. Gage, E. C. Mosby, Leon Hunt, W. F. Anderson, Mr. Sam Wassle, Fred Miller, R. H. Allen, Mrs. Saunders, Mrs. Clarence Hunt, Mrs. W. A. Gage, Mrs. Trezevant, and my old friend, P. G. Bigley, the life and soul of this charming circle. Vicksburg is improving, and many of her citizens are growing rich—among these a Memphis man (Captain Powers) is prominent. His immense factories turn out oceans of oil, and even olive oil, we understand, is compressed from cotton-seed by this enterprising Irishman. He lives in princely style and gave your correspondent *cood mil e a falthe*. He is a singular compound of practical, plodding good sense and of wild enthusiasm—a very prince and a man of genius. Our lecture delivered the night before still excited him, and seconded by the mayor, Dr. O'Leary, secured the theater for another.

THE HAPPY SOUTH.

Be not astonished when I tell you that the people of the south are the happiest on the globe. At every depot are numbers of colored folks, showing their white teeth, and gazing at the train. Hard by these very interesting groups are white men and women, deeply joyous as they gaze on cars and passengers, no care, not a ripple of sorrow may be read on their brows, and each one seems to say: "This is a land of plenty, and we have no need to struggle as the poor Yanks do." I mentioned this, as my interpretation of what I had seen, to a gentleman at Jackson, and he suddenly lost his equanimity, saying: "Had it not been for the d—d Yankees, the niggers would all be at work." "But," rejoined your correspondent, "instead of working constantly, they now have leisure and bask in the sun. The wild jessamine regales them, and the magnolia offers incense to the skies." "No, no," he interrupted me angrily, "d—n 'em, they wont work. They used to make big crops. We had fine carriages and buggies. Some of our carpets cost two thousand dollars, and some ladies had laces that cost five hundred dollars a yard, and diamonds worth thousands. D——n it, they can't buy such things now." "*Cui bono*," we asked in childlike simplicity, "dost see yonder black snake of a boy stretched out upon the platform? He represents a yard and a half of the lace you speak of—say seven hundred and fifty dollars—and is he not doing quite as much good as the lace did on madam's neck, or the diamonds in her ears? He is only a huge jet cross on the fair (?) bosom of the goddess of American liberty. The fact is," we continued, "the north suffers more than the south. A. T. Stewart made, in old times, twenty-five dollars on each yard of that lace; the government made still more by *ad valorem* tariff. The poor blackamoor now has leisure, and both A. T. Stewart and madam are deprived of their amusements; for liberty claims their jewels and all their finery and tomfoolery. Want and starvation stalk through the north; the poor are penniless and cry for bread; the reflex influence of emancipation crushes the whites of the north, and sorrow is written on millions of faces, while the south is comparatively poor, but plentiful and happy." J. N. R.

Memphis Appeal

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PROSPECTUS.

PROSPECTUS.—On or before the eighteenth of March next the undersigned will commence, in the city of Knoxville, the publication of a newspaper, daily and weekly, to be styled the Knoxville *Tribune*. The *Tribune*, politically, will be Democratic, but as free to censure errors or wrongs within its own party as to expose and condemn hurtful policies and acts on the part of its opponents. In its general tone and conduct it will be conservative and national, and, in such spirit, will labor for the deserved success of the Democratic party in the state and nation, as now opposed by its Republican adversaries. Locally, it will earnestly promulgate such ideas and advocate such means as may be deemed best promotive of the development, advancement and general prosperity of the section from which it will claim its support. The *Daily Tribune* will be a full-sized seven-column paper, containing each day the telegraphic news from all parts of the world, complete commercial reports, and a greater quantity of miscellaneous reading matter than any daily paper in East Tennessee, north Georgia, or southwestern Virginia. The *Weekly Tribune* will be an eight-page paper, filled with choice editorial and miscellaneous matter, embracing all the departments of approved journalism—making it a first-class family newspaper. The local and business departments of the *Tribune* will be in charge of gentlemen of well-known experience, capacity and integrity. The *Tribune* office will be new in its entire outfit, comprising also a well-selected job office. Terms: Daily—One copy one year, $5; one copy six months, $1; one copy three months, $2; one copy one month, 75c; one copy one week, 20c. Weekly—One copy one year, $2; one copy six months, $1; ten copies one year, $15. Advertising rates same as those now prevailing in Knoxville. All subscriptions cash in advance, though on payments for either subscriptions or advertisements will be asked for until the publication of the paper shall have been commenced. For the support of this enterprise we respectfully solicit the patronage of the public.

JOHN M. FLEMING,
SAM M'KINNEY,
Editors and Sole Proprietors.

KNOXVILLE, TENN., February 4, 1876.

The undersigned, in justice to himself and all concerned, takes this occasion to say that owing to personal and professional disagreements between himself and partners in the office of the Knoxville *Press and Herald*, he has not been acting as editor of that paper since the fifteenth of December last. The same disagreements still continuing, legal proceedings have been instituted for their settlement. JOHN M. FLEMING.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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L. B. —Laramie City is on the Union Pacific Railroad, 55 miles west of Cheyenne. 6ow

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BIDS FOR WORK.

BY order of the Executive Committee, bids will be received until February 29, 1876, for the Clearing, Grading and Furnishing Crossties on the following divisions of the Memphis and Kansas City Railroad; payments in County and Town bonds, as specified on each division.

First.—Between Hatchville, Independence county, Arkansas, and Jacksonport, Jackson county, Arkansas. Payment in Independence and Jackson County Bonds.

Second.—Between Jacksonport and Augusta, Woodruff county, Arkansas. Payment in Jackson and Woodruff County Bonds and Bonds of the Town of Augusta.

Third.—Between Augusta and Wittsburg, Cross county, Arkansas. Payment in Woodruff and Cross County Bonds.

The Board reserves the right to reject any or all of said bids.

Bids to be addressed to

JOHN OVERTON, Jr.,
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Memphis, Tenn., January 18, 1876. ja23

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☞Fruit and Packing Boxes of all kinds on hand.☜

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NOTICES.

NOTICE.

To John F. Stratton, formerly of Appomattox Co., Virginia, or his Heirs.

BY a decree of the Circuit Court for the county aforesaid, in the State aforesaid, in the suit therein of Wheeler and others, vs. John Stratton's executors and devisees, I am directed to ascertain whether the defendant, John F. Stratton, has departed this life, and if so, who, as his next of kin, are entitled to receive about $900, now under the control of said court in said suit. All persons interested are hereby notified to appear before me, on or before the 19th day of March, 1876, at my office, at Appomattox C. H., Virginia, and make known their interest in the estate of the said John F. Stratton.

CH. H. SLACKETT, Com'r in Ch'y.

f917 Appomattox Circuit Court.

Notice of Stockholders.

THE annual meeting of the Stockholders of the Memphis Gas Light Company will be held at the office of the company, 12 Madison street, Memphis, Tenn., on

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 1ST,

to elect Seven Directors to serve the Company the ensuing year. Election from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m.

JOSEPH CRAIG, Secretary.

February 1, 1876. fst

UNDERTAKERS.

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FLAHERTY & SULLIVAN,

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Always on hand, a large assortment of Metallic Cases and Caskets, and Wooden Coffins of every description.

Orders by telegraph promptly filled, and Cases shipped C. O. D.

BANKRUPT SALE.

BANKRUPT SALE.

Several Beautiful Little Farms on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad—4000 Acres of Land on White River Arkansas, near Dovalls Bluff.

At Memphis, Tennessee,

Friday, March 10, 1876, at 12 o'clock M.,

on the southwest corner of Madison and Main streets, I will sell at auction, to the highest bidder, the following de scribed real estate, belonging to the estate of D. H. Townsend, bankrupt, to-wit:

One hundred and three two-thirds [103⅔] acres of land in range 5, section 1, Shelby county, Tennessee, more particularly described as being on the State Line road and the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, near Germantown, and being composed of parts of grants in the name of James Tinsley for 640 acres and Henderson and McLemore for 640 acres, and bounded as follows: Beginning at a stake in the center of the present plankroad; thence north 37 east 4 chains and 75 links to a stake; thence north 10 east 10 chains and 75 links to a stake; thence north 34 chains to Madison Brown's corner—a stake which stands south 61½ east 19 links from a blackoak marked "N;" thence west 11 chains and 87 links to a stake and 50 links from a hickory tree marked "T;" thence south 1¼ chains to a stake 39 links north from a poplar, non tree marked "T;" thence west 19½ chains to a stake in ravine; thence south 19 chains 50 links to a stake 2½ from the north line of said 640 acres; thence west 12 chains to a stake; thence south 6 chains to said State Line road, and with it south 41½ east 10 chains and 60 links to the beginning.

Also—ninety-one and 55-100 [91 55-100] acres of land lying in Shelby county, Tennessee, comprising lots 2 and 3 of the subdivision of the lands of B. Duke, dec'd, and described as follows: Lot 2 drawn by and allotted to James Duke, being bounded as follows: Beginning at a stake 50 feet from the center of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, on the north side, opposite the northeast corner of Joseph Brooks's lands running thence north 75 50 100 chains to a stake in the south line of lot No. 3 of said subdivision in the field; thence west 13 50 100 chains to a stake in the south side of lot No. 4, with one postoak and two whiteoak pointers; thence south 12 38 100 chains to a stake 50 feet north of the center of the M. and C. R. R., with small redoak pointers; thence south 75 east with said road to the beginning, containing 45 10 100 acres.

Lot No. 3, dr