MEMPHIS APPEAL

BY

GALLAWAY & KEATING.

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GALLAWAY & KEATING,
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MEMPHIS APPEAL

SATURDAY, : OCTOBER 20, 1877.

HISTORICAL PARALLEL—DEMOCRATIC LEADERS—THE NEED OF A CENTRAL ORGAN.

There is a very striking similarity, in some respects, between the condition of the Democratic party at the time of John Quincy Adams's accession to the Presidency and the present time—a similarity which cannot fail to escape the notice of students of history. Then, as now, the Democratic party had a large majority of the country at its back, but then, also, as now, the Democratic party lost the rightfully-won Presidency through bribery and chicanery. The "bargain" between Clay and Adams—although so vehemently denounced by their respective friends—was then as loudly denounced as the finding of the electoral commission has been in our day. Then, as now, likewise, the Democratic party gained in popular estimation and strength by a ready submission to the law. But here the similarity ceases, and a notable difference, unfavorable to the condition of the party at present, is apparent. Then the organization had a vigorous and resolute leader in Andrew Jackson, while to-day there are a dozen men, and more, who aspire to the leadership of the Democratic party, but who are unable to grasp the top-rung of the political ladder because they are held back by their rivals. Then, too, the Democratic party had the rare good fortune of being able to count among its members some of the most eminent statesmen and politicians who have counseled the country since the days of Thomas Jefferson. General Andrew Jackson, John C. Calhoun, Thomas H. Benton, Felix Grundy, Edward Livingston, Martin Van Buren, Lewis Cass, James Berrian, James Buchanan, William L. Marcy, George M'Duffie, James K. Polk, are but a few among the many who need to be mentioned, whose names live in history, and who, every one of them, was the peer of the leaders of this day. Not that it is requisite or intended to belittle our great cotemporaries, for, in their case, it can be fairly urged that, because the Democratic party has been out of power for twenty years, it has not been able to give its adherents opportunities to distinguish themselves save upon the opposition benches in the halls of congress, or at home in their respective States. Thus it happened that Governor Tilden was less known to the American people, before the St. Louis convention met, than either Mr. Thurman or Governor Hendricks, and so are many others. But there is good stock, as good as ever, within the Democratic ranks, and looking at the *personnel* of the two houses of congress we will find a score of Democratic names well and favorably known throughout the country. The Democratic side of the senate is especially strong in point of talent, and, in this respect, it almost painfully overshadows the Republican opposition, from whose seats we miss such men as Sumner, Trumbull, Fessenden, Henderson, Grimes and Schurz. Now-a-days, generally, Mr. Edmunds has to oppose single-handed, Thurman, Bayard, Beck, Hill, Harris, Lamar, M'Donald and Kernan, all men of talent, of great experience and, also of strength, because they have the right on their side. In the house, the one figure which will be missed most painfully—now more than ever—is that of Michael C. Kerr. Had Providence spared him to his country, there is no man who had a better chance—no man who deserved it better—than Michael C. Kerr to reach the White House. Beck and Lamar, and Payne, of Ohio, are also no longer in the house; if they were there, their claims to the leadership could not be gainsaid. As it is, it must be confessed that among the one hundred and fifty Democratic names, which the clerk of the house bears upon his roll, there is a lamentable deficiency of suitable material for leadership. There are, for instance, Samuel Cox and Fernando Wood, of New York city, prominent and talented both, yet neither fit to be the leader. New England, formerly so prolific in this respect, sends no Democratic leader, and but a few reliable rank and file. A prominent New England Democratic congressman is getting to be a curiosity, at least we do not remember any since the death of Robert Rantoul, jr. Neither has Pennsylvania as strong a Democratic delegation as she could send, none being any way prominent except Mr. Speaker Randall. It is the misfortune of most Pennsylvanians that they are too bound up with Pennsylvania; that they think it is necessary for the existence of the Keystone State that iron and coal and calicoes should be protected at the expense of every other interest, and they are therefore very seldom able to take a broad, national view of the political outlook. Maryland, also, has no men like Louis M'Lane or Reverdy Johnson in congress at present; but, it is true, such men are not born every day. Virginia sends a fair delegation, among whom Mr. Goode and Ex-Governor Walker may be considered as above the average congressman. North Carolina sends mostly new members, who must be tried before judgment can be passed upon them. South Carolina will have some Democrats in the present congress—an improvement, certainly, upon the rascally set who have disgraced and misrepresented the Palmetto State for the past ten years. Georgia sends an unbroken and strong Democratic delegation to congress, all men of note, from Alex. H. Stephens down. The same may be said of Texas, whose Mills, Giddings and Schleicher—the latter a German—are among the ablest men in the house. Louisiana and Alabama send only average delegations in point of talent, while Mississippi, on the contrary, will, with such men as Hooker, Manning and Chalmers, be listened to with attention and pleasure. Arkansas, across the river, sends her old delegation, while Missouri sends more Radicals than usual, because of Democratic dissensions. Tennessee has some good workers in Atkins, Bright, Whitthorne and especially Young, who may be classed among the leaders. In the Kentucky crowd Mr. Blackburn looms up as the chief—a man certainly fit to be the successor of Henry Clay and James M. Beck. Ohio sends three notably good men to congress, namely, Milton Sayler, General Banning and General Ewing, while Indiana, on the contrary, gives us no such men as Hendricks, Kerr, Holman or "Old Blue Jeans." She ought to do better next time. Illinois sends William M. Morrison and William Springer—two good men—but we miss Samuel S. Marshall—"Old Black Sam"—and James C. Allen as representatives. Iowa last year, which accounts for the lack of Democrats in congress from that State. It does not seem probable that of all these men who serve their country and the Democracy in congress, the next National convention will choose the next President. Like the "boys" say at caucus and election times, the lucky candidate is still "hid out in the woods." Whether it will be Tilden, Hendricks, Gaston, or some great unknown, it is useless at present to speculate upon. Yet, one thing it behooves the Democracy to do, and this is to establish a sound National Democratic newspaper, such a one as the Washington *Globe*, under Francis P. Blair, used to be. With such an editor—no *elece* of the Manhattan club—but a man who has the unmistakable odor of the printing office about him, a good journal can be eminently useful in disseminating Democratic truths and principles.

THE RADICAL SENATE.

It seems the two political parties in the United States senate are perfectly organized. A few weeks ago the Democratic party was threatened with a calamity more dire than the loss of the President they had elected. It was intimated a few days ago that Patterson, Conover, Dorsey and Spencer were for sale. But the Democrats regarded such gifts as worse than the wooden horse of Troy, meaning hopeless disaster, and the Democratic party spurned the deadly pollution of a contact with the scoundrels, who are still in the senate, voting with the party that defended them while they were robbing the people of the money by which they purchased their way into the senate. Every man who desires peace and oblivion of sectional hatreds, will read with regret the account of the scenes that occurred in the senate on Thursday. The debate shows that the Democratic party is still for reconciliation, and the Republican party is still for sectional hatreds. The Democrats were anxious to take the Louisiana trouble out of politics forever, and thus terminate a fruitful theme for discord. In discussing this question one party was actuated by a noble patriotism, and the other by the passions of other days. After reading the debate, the country will have no difficulty in deciding which party favors true, genuine reconciliation, and which proposes to perpetuate sectional strife. Read the patriotic words of Senator Bayard. He said: "If there ever was a time when it was for the interest of the commonwealth that the discussion should end, surely that time had come. The affairs of Louisiana had, in the minds of the American people, received absolute and final settlement. He [Bayard] knew how nearly balanced the political power in the senate stood, and yet he begged senators to believe him when he declared that he would not, by any questionable act, give the weight of his little finger to obtain power for the party with which he acted. The man was blind who did not see that the drift of public opinion in this country was against all scheming. Did not the interest of this country require that the best energies of every senator should be bent in behalf of the people, and those passions aroused by party strife be hushed? There was no need of further argument. There was no need of further evidence in the Louisiana case. Senators could not turn their backs to facts which no one denied." These patriotic utterances will find a response in the heart of every southern and northern Democrat. After perusing these words contrast them with the old contemptible party whine of Senator Wadleigh, who said: "If it was expected by the senate that the decision of the committee on privileges and elections on this case should be final, it was asking too much of the committee to report by November 1st. It might be that he, as a member of the committee, would not come to the conclusion that the removal of the State government in Louisiana by military force could settle for the senate the question of who was entitled to a seat therein. He did not think that the white league of Louisiana, with its bayonets, revolvers and guns, could decide for him who was entitled to a seat in the senate from that State. But for the pressure of the league, the Packard government would have maintained itself as the government in fact, as he believed it was in law. He argued that the proceeding, under which Kellogg was elected senator, was valid and correct in form. The testimony in the Louisiana case covered thousands of pages, and the committee could not examine all of it and report to the senate by November 1st." Here is a hoisting of the bloody-shirt in the senate of the United States. Bayard appealed to the patriotism of the country, Wadleigh to its party prejudices. Thus has it been for the last ten years. Bayard was indorsed in his utterances by every Democrat in the senate; but Wadleigh was supported by Patterson, Dorsey, Conover and Spencer. So it seems that the Democratic party is to be congratulated on the fact that Patterson will not knock at the Democratic door, pale with haunting dreams of the penitentiary, and that the Republican party is still to be cursed with Dorsey's, Spencer's and Conover's good will. The first debate and vote of importance in the senate are full of significance. They show that the Democrats will be as true to the cause of peace and reconciliation as they have been during the past ten years, and that the Radicals will labor to keep alive those sectional hatreds, without which the Republicans cannot live.

BOGUS PATRIOTISM.

Truly may it be said that the cry of patriotism is the last refuge of the scoundrel. Many Republicans joined Hayes in his adoption of the Democratic policy of reconciliation. They pretended to be actuated by a lofty patriotism and elevated statesmanship, but it seems they were influenced by low, groveling party selfishness. They saw that the Republican party, by its persecutions of the south, and the weight of its own corruptions, had been repudiated by the American people, and with the hope of breathing new life into it, they indorsed the President in his adoption of the Democratic policy of reconciliation, and, as a last refuge, boasted of their patriotism. But since the conversion of Hayes to Democracy, he has weakened the Republican party, and made the north Democratic, and his Republican supporters show a determination to abandon the President and his policy. This desertion of Hayes, on account of the failure of his policy to strengthen the Republicans, is led by the New York *Times*. This paper admits that the new departure which it has hypocritically sustained, while preaching patriotism as the motive, was inaugurated with the sole view of infusing new life into the Radical party. It says:

In the first place, the Republican organization in the southern States has not received any of the promised benefits. The accession of old Whig deserters from the Democracy is not forthcoming. The crows that were to rally around the Republican banner, in token of grateful appreciation of the doings of a Republican President, have not been heard of in any State. The supposition that the local Republican organizations would suddenly expand into a grand administration party, turns out to have been a dream. The policy which was to have invested southern Republicanism with a giant's strength, and redeem it from the odium that had entailed ostracism and danger upon conspicuous members, has operated quite differently. It has crushed out the Republican party in some States; in others it has left little beside the names. Not in one has it helped the party in respect of character or members.

But this is not all. Even the last hope, to bring about the realization of which the greatest concessions were made, has died in the breast of the *Times*. It asks: "Have we an administration party?" and emphatically answers, we have not, and says:

The most vigilant search has failed to reveal a single instance in which a public man, an established journal, or anybody or anything that can be held to indicate public opinion, has changed his or its attitude toward the Republican party in consequence of the President's policy, or has made that policy a pretext for abandoning allegiance to the Democracy. Not only is there—practically speaking—no longer a Republican party in the south, but there is not the faintest trace of an administration party. Not a nomination has been made, not a declaration has been issued, not a plan or purpose has been promulgated, pointing to an administration party. Not a single Democrat, or even publicanism, or an entity at variance with the orthodox Democracy.

So it seems, according to the reasoning of *Times*, Hayes joined the Democratic party by adopting its policy with a view of strengthening the Republican party. The *Times* says, in so many words, "We have tried Mr. Hayes's policy and it won't do, and now we must return to the old scarecrows and to vindictiveness, vituperation, slander and sectionalism." In a short while the *Times* will be sounding the keynote of a desperate fight that is to be made on the administration, not because the policy of the President is not wise and patriotic, but because it has not divided the southern Democrats who are such ingrates as to pat Hayes on the back and then vote the Democratic ticket and for men who were advocating this policy for ten years while Hayes was bitterly opposing it. The Democratic party will not disband because an old enemy has been converted to its principles. This is a strong and additional reason why it should not disband. The President says he has been actuated by a desire to perform his "duty" under the constitution and laws of his country; but his leading organ says his object has been to build up the Republican party by dividing the Democrats.

THE MONTENEGRINS combine war and husbandry in an admirable manner. After having whipped the Turks of late from pillar to post, captured Nicsics and several other important positions, and not only cleared their own province of Ottomans, but considerable of the outlying territory, the army has gone home to sow the crops. After accomplishing this, they will probably lay down the shovel and the hoe, take up their rifles and spears, and go hunting Turks again until harvest, when, having threshed their enemies, they will turn their attention to threshing wheat. The diminutive character of little Montenegro is sufficiently shown by this suspending of a campaign and sending the army home to attend to the farming. That this heroic little band has not been guaranteed complete independence and immunity from Turkish invasion by the great powers is not to the credit of their generosity or humanity.

GOVERNOR NICHOLLS, of Louisiana, recently on a visit to Chicago, made a favorable impression by his genial manners and pleasant conversation. He assured the doubting Thomases of Chicago that there will be peace and harmony hereafter between the races in his State, and he intends to contribute all in his power to that end.

NOTES OF TRAVEL.

Letter No. 5 to the Stay-at-Home Club—Bristol to Norfolk—Difficulties of a Toilet En Route.

A Fortunate Misfortune—Lynchburg—Treasure Trove on Board the Train—Petersburg—Dismal Swamp—First Sight of the Ocean.

SEPTEMBER 15TH.

MY DEAR S. H. C's—In order to make proper connection at Norfolk it was necessary to leave Bristol on the night train, and thus we missed much delightful scenery through Virginia. Morning found us at Salem, the spires only of the town being visible as it stands back, a mile or so, from the line of railway. Awakened by the stopping of the train, I peeped cautiously out. Two omnibuses awaited possible "fares," and among the few persons leaving our train I recognized the familiar figure of Mr. J. H——, of Memphis, accompanied by his daughter. How provoking. Here I had been, on the same train, all the way from Bristol, and now I dared not even tap on the window to attract their attention, for it was seven o'clock in the morning, and I was not "visible" at that time. But hark! that snore! I would know Tom's snore in Kamschatka, and wide awake in a moment. I rap on the head-piece of my berth. "Is that you, Tom?" and for answer comes Tabby's dear little brown head, parting the curtains of my boudoir. You may imagine our rapturous greeting. It was so good to be safe with them again. "Seems to me you are extra comfortable here," said she; "a whole section to yourself, and only the lower berth made up—really quite spacious. You thought you'd be nervous and frightened all alone last night, and here you've been sound asleep ever since we came aboard." And then she yawned when I asked about the fund gayeties of the springs, and I chattered of my adventures among our dear, dear kith and kin, till we waked Tom up, and he admonished us to be ready for breakfast at Lynchburg. Oh, girls, such larks! making one's toilet on a sleeping-car. You fish out your boots, hat, traveling-bag, etc., from the inextricable tangle of your couch, pull yourself together, cover all deficiencies with that mantle of charity yclept a duster, give a desperate twist to your flying hair, pull down your hat, and then, dressing-case in hand, peer out to see if anybody is in the passage-way. Nobody, though there are various feet and knees protruding from under other curtains; so, gathering courage and your skirts, you make a desperate rush for the dressing-room, meeting that dapper conductor on the way, and—find the door locked! Back you dodge, discomfited, and, by and by, make another sally, with better success. But in the swaying, bumping car, what a struggle to do one's hair or put in a pin without bloodshed. And what a triumphant sense of being mistress of the situation, when some other foolish virgin tries that locked door and retires baffled. One does not want to be ill-natured, however, so we hasten, and Tom's dear old face beams satisfaction in every lineament as he catalogues the results of Virginia hospitality in my appearance. "Blessings on the dear old folks! they've taken good care of you, I see. A thousand times better for you than flirting at the springs." What patronizing airs big brothers do give themselves—as soon as they are married. But oh, the lovely world about us! A constant succession of hill and stream and rich woods, glinting here and there with brilliant touches of autumn coloring—the solemn mountains and the grand old Peaks of Otter, soaring above all in the gray distance. Surely this must be Arcadia. We were a happy trio, that morning—everything to enjoy and not a care, more than the birds among the cedars. Like them, we wanted our breakfast. Presently came a long hail. "What's the matter?" "We lost our smoke-stack running under a sunken bridge, back here a little, and they are trying to improvise a substitute from an old barrel." While this tedious process goes on, Tom gets out for a stroll ahead with some other gentlemen, and I bethink me of the lunch Auntie provided yesterday. Once under way again we ate those delicious biscuits from Auntie's three-legged skillet, with subdued and thankful hearts, for Tom had been telling us of our escape; that only a few rods ahead of where our detention occurred, a previous train had broken and displaced a rail, over which we could never have passed without a fearful accident, but for its seemingly chance discovery. Surely, good angels stopped our train just then. Our disabled engine struggled bravely up the long grades, despite its ignoble figure-head, and brought us safely into Lynchburg, only two hours behind time. The other train was waiting, and we hurried aboard breakfastless but not discouraged. We shall see the Atlantic to-night. Lynchburg took its name, ninety-two years ago, from a hot-headed Revolutionary patriot—one Colonel Lynch—who dealt out summary justice to such Tories as he could lay hands on, without much reverence for the technicalities of law. Hence, Lynch-law; so runs the story. "Old Lynchburg," as her children love to style her, sits serene among the red hills bordering the James river, and almost under the shadow of the Blue Ridge mountains. The late war never desecrated her thresholds, though I never before saw anything approaching the sanguinary color of the James river. Without intending any disrespect to that noble stream, I would suggest that here is ready-made paint for all the brick-walks in christendom. Crossing the turbid flood on a fine bridge, we watched the receding terraces of the aristocratic old city, the windings of the river, and the shimmering line of the grand canal to the last, only regretting that our glimpse was so brief. No more cotton-fields now, and very little corn; tobacco and "goober-peas" seem to be the special crop. "Finest tobacco region in the world," Tom remarks, with an appreciative puff of his Havana. Do you know, I thought the goober-peas were patchy fields of clover. A polite fellow-passenger, hailing from New England, was very much interested in the flora of the country, and Tom, not being much of a naturalist, had referred some of his questions to us. Tabby prides herself on her botanical skill, you know. At one stopping-place our Yankee acquaintance secured a long spray of some curious plant from an adjacent field, and, unable to identify it, submitted the question to us, but we puzzled over it in vain. Tabby made out that it was "an annual of the cryptogamian family," and then blushed hotly at her own pedantry and Tom's twitching mustache, while our northern friend politely waited. Just then a stalwart "Tuckahoe," on the opposite seat, came gallantly to our rescue: "Why, stranger, it's a *sweet-potater vine*, that's what it is!" Oh! oh! I'm afraid Tom lost some of his buttons then and there. Let Miss Higbee's botanical class take solemn warning. At Burkville we stopped for dinner, and I take the liberty of saying that hunger is the only possible sauce for such a dinner. There also we had a little sensation. It was discovered that a large covered basket left in one of the forward cars by some unknown person, at Lynchburg, contained a little baby of a few days old. Our kind-hearted conductor was sorely nonplussed by the situation when his young passenger set up a lusty cry, and had the porter bring the basket back to the ladies' car. Investigation showed that some coarse, new clothing and a bottle of milk was the only portion allotted this poor little waif, thus cast upon the tender mercies of the world by its heartless parents. The eager group of pitying, womanly faces gathered around were full of sympathy and concern, but there was no daughter of Pharoah among us, and the conductor ordered the basket and its contents left at the next station, to be returned to the authorities of Lynchburg by the up-train. The Appomattox river is the next familiar name, and soon we reach Petersburg, perched upon the picturesque hills lining its banks. We eagerly scanned the crowd of faces at the station, vainly hoping that some fortunate chance might give us a glimpse of one resident there, Dr. Witherspoon, formerly so well known and loved in Memphis. A gentleman pointed out to us the peculiar steeple (with its ball) of his church—the Tabb street Presbyterian—and kindly consented to convey our greetings to him. From Petersburg to Norfolk the course might as well be shot through a pneumatic tube, unless he has a fancy for endless reaches of dead level, interminable pine-woods, railway stations all cut after the same pattern and painted the same color, with a run through the Dismal Swamp as a finale. This last feature of the journey sends one's spirits down to zero, and when at last Tom rouses us from our apathy by asking if we do not sniff the salt-sea air, and we withdraw our gaze from the black depths of the slimy woods, all eagerness and expectancy. What vision is this? Where is

"The sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!"

of whose foaming billows we have dreamed—whose roar we have longed to hear, ever since we were old enough to read Barry Cornwall. Can it be—this motionless waste of gray water, leaden in the twilight; this appalling stretch of dead sea calm, cold and pitiless, waiting to swallow up our infatuated train? As we glide along over the pile-supported track, and glance down shudderingly at the silent water, all enthusiasm and courage ooze out at our finger-tips. This is a worse disappointment than was Lookout mountain. "Oh, Tom, let us go by Baltimore," pipes Tabby faintly. And "Just bide a wee, my bairns," responds our philosopher, as the baggage-man comes in with his jingling checks.

D. F.

A few nights since Wm. Goode, colored, assaulted and robbed a young man named W. W. Hanna, at Chattanooga.

Shutting Out the Enemy.

It is better to shut out the enemy, Disease, than to battle with him after he has entered the fortress of the body. Therefore, if health is engendered by hurtful influences, such as a malarious atmosphere, unhealthy occupations, sedentary pursuits, and hose which necessitate undue physical or mental strain or exposure in rough weather, it is the part of wisdom to protect it by the use of a reliable preventive. No article sold, advertised or prescribed, is so well adapted for this purpose as Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, an agreeable and efficacious tonic, recommended by physicians as a medicinal stimulant and corrective, botanic in its derivation, and having for its spirituous basis old rye of the purest quality, which preserves in an undeteriorating form the potent vegetable juices and extracts combined with it. Fortified with this benign preventive, the system may bid defiance to disease, no matter how unfavorable the conditions.

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MEDICAL.

AN OPEN LETTER

TO THE PUBLIC.

NEW YORK, October 1, 1877.

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AMERICAN Soft Capsule Co.'s Metallic Boxed Goods now ready. Address Victor E. Mauger, New York.

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SILK and VELVET COSTUMES

Silk Costumes, Bourette and Faille Costumes, New Velvet Cloaks, Novelties in Matelasse Cloaks, New Silk and Velvet Basques, Cloth and Fur-Trimmed Wraps,

In novel and charming shapes, all entirely new, and of our own "Direct Importation."

Exquisite Costumes for Misses and Children.
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NEW SHAWLS! NEW SHAWLS! NEW SCARFS! NEW SCARFS!

An immense variety, and in elegant and attractive styles—our own "Direct Importation," styles exclusive.

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A.C. & A.B. TREADWELL & CO.

(SUCCESSORS TO A. C. TREADWELL & BROS.),

Wholesale Grocers and Cotton Factors,

No. 11 UNION STREET, MEMPHIS, TENN.,

OFFER FOR SALE

10,000 bundle Iron Ties,	5000 rolls Bagging,	2000 barrels Flour
50 tierces Hams,	1000 pails Lard,	100 casks Bacon,
50 tierces Lard,	100 hhds. Sugar,	200 barrels Whisky
500 brls. Refined Sugar,	2000 kegs Nails,	1000 bags Coffee,
5000 barrels Salt,	500 pkgs. New Mackerel,	1000 pkgs. Tobacco,

Together with a full line of Case Goods.

Consignments of Cotton solicited, and liberal advances made on same. All Cotton insured while in store, as well as that consigned to us by river, unless otherwise instructed.

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300 FRONT ST., Bet. Madison and Monroe.

Agents for Champion Plows and the Celebrated Cheek Cotton Press.

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RANDLE, HEATH & LIVERMORE, Prop'rs,

No. 98 Second Street, : : : : Memphis, Tennessee.

Iron-Fronts, Cotton-Presses, Horse-Powers, Iron and Brass Castings, General Repairs, and everything in the line of

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POWERFUL ADVERTISEMENT!

A very beautiful Trimmed Hat, $5,
Rich and Elegantly Trimmed Hats, $7 50,
Trimmed Hats, as handsome as French Pattern Hats, $10,
200 Pattern Hats at cost,
Trimmed Hats from $1 upward,
Felt and Straw Untrimmed Hats at Bottom Prices,
Black Silks from 75c to $5 a yard,
Black Cashmeres from 65c upward,
Best $1 Black Cashmere in the world,
100 pieces New Dress Goods at 25c,
100 pieces New Dress Goods at 35c, 50c and 75c,
300 Patterns for Overdresses.
500 Cloaks from $3 60, $5, $7 50 to $10,
Kid Gloves, Ties, Ribbons, Embroideries, Corsets, Handkerchiefs at Bottom Prices,
Black Silk Velvet from $1 50 upward,
Colored Silk, $1 upward,
Waterproofs, handsome, for $1 per yard,
Immense Bargains in all departments.

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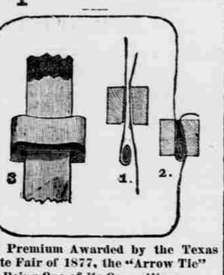
[SUCCESSORS TO RALPH WORMELEY & CO.]

COTTON FACTORS

No. 338 Front street, corner Union, Memphis, Tenn.

COTTON TIES.

Grip Cotton Tie!



First Premium Awarded by the Texas State Fair of 1877, the "Arrow Tie" Being One of Its Competitors.

OFFICE OF J. R. GODWIN & CO., COTTON FACTORS, MEMPHIS, TENN., August 24, 1877.

IN offering to planters and merchants the Grip Tie, the following advantages are claimed for it: Simplicity of application, greater strength both of the Tie and Band, close adjustment and freedom from slip, which prevents any expansion of the bale, and the impossibility of removing the band without cutting it.

The importance of these advantages must be evident to planters, especially the greater strength of the bands. Whenever the band breaks the cotton is liable to be wasted or pilfered; besides, most local freight rates on railroads and steamboats are so much per bale, also drayage and storage. Hence the importance of putting up heavy bales at plantation presses.

The strength of the Grip Tie is from 2800 to 3000 pounds. The Arrow Tie, from 1800 to 2000 pounds. For compressing cotton bales we defy competition—and this, in the future, is to determine the merit of cotton ties, as the closer the cotton can be compressed the cheaper it can be transported from one point to another.

The recent reduction in the price of Ties was probably due to the competition of the Grip Tie. All are aware that the American Tie Company have for years had a monopoly in the Tie business. This year, however, they are only offering the Arrow Tie. This they have placed in the hands of all dealers with whom they could contract to keep no other Tie in stock, endeavoring thereby to drive out all competition. Therefore, we claim it is to the interest of all consumers of Ties to use the Grip Tie: First, because it is superior in every respect to the Arrow Tie; second, because you are assisting to throw off the shackles of a monopoly.

Order through your own merchant, or direct from us; the price in either case shall be as low as the Arrow Tie.

J. R. GODWIN & CO., Agents,
356 Front st., Memphis, Tenn.
J. B. LAFITTE & CO., Gen'l Ag'ts, New Orleans, La

HOOP Cotton Tie!

MANUFACTURED BY THE

ST. LOUIS COTTON TIE CO.

THIS Tie is without buckle or button, but with 3 side-slots, making a most secure fastening, and, as regards strength, we refer to the following certificates:

ST. LOUIS COTTON TIE CO.:

Gentlemen—After repeated trials of your Hoop Tie, I am convinced of the following:

1st. It is as strong or stronger than any other Tie in use.

2d. It is easily and rapidly fastened.

3d. It leaves the ends in neat, clean shape, making better stowage.

In a word, I can find no fault with it, and would be pleased to see it universally used.

JOHN T. BURR,
Sup't Union Cotton Compress Association.

MEMPHIS, TENN., August 5, 1877.

ST. LOUIS COTTON TIE CO.:

Gentlemen—I witnessed the trial of your Tie at the Merchants Press. It is as strong or stronger than any other Tie, and it is easily and rapidly fastened. When tied on a compressed bale, the ends do not turn down and protrude outward, thereby making better stowage than other ties now in use. I look upon it as a superior tie. Very respectfully,

H. A. MONTGOMERY,
Sup't Mammoth Cotton Compress Company.

For sale by all Wholesale Grocers in Memphis.
JOHN K. SPEED & CO.,
Agents, 303 Front st.

UNDERTAKERS.

G. H. HOLST. T. W. HOLST.

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UNDERTAKERS,

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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.

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