MEMPHIS APPEAL

BY

GALLAWAY & KEATING;

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First insertion, per square	$1 00
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MEMPHIS APPEAL

WEDNESDAY, : MARCH 20, 1878.

WHY MEMPHIS IS THE STARTING POINT.

The reason why Memphis is the proper place for the transcontinental railway to start from on its way to the Pacific ocean, is because of its geographical position. St. Louis, as is well known, has thrown difficulties innumerable over getting a southern railway route to the Pacific at all, by striving, through the instrumentality of Tom Scott, to have it serve her purposes and be her instrument. Failing in that, she is trying another scheme, and that scheme has for its object the neutralization of the road when built—that is, so to place it as to make it of small utility, to put it where its chances of commercial success would be reduced to the lowest possible point. In this way that city thinks its special interests would be promoted. This neutralization is to be accomplished by placing the head of the road as far as possible from the commercial centers, by pushing its starting point down south as far as can be done, so as to be out of the way of any possible rivalry with herself. To have Memphis the starting place would not suit St. Louis, Tom Scott and his supporters and prompters, at all. Further south, deep in the agricultural regions, with the sea to the south and the sea to the east, and but little distance between, far from the commercial centers, the transcontinental railway would be "shelfed" comfortably away, and do nobody any harm, because it would do nobody any good. But have the starting point of that road at Memphis, and goods that come from the Pacific coast would come to just the spot on the Mississippi river where they could best be distributed, and goods coming south for the Pacific coast would find Memphis the best point that can be discovered, below Cairo and on the Mississippi river, for their conveyance to be put on board the cars and dispatched across the continent. We wish every one who reads these remarks would refer to a map of the United States, stick a pin on it at Memphis, another at each principal town on the Mississipp down to the gulf. Having marked all the places on the river he can think of as adapted for the starting point of the road, let him look, one by one, at the country around each, the communications they all have, the facilities they offer for receiving freight and passengers for the Pacific coast, or distributing them when received from thence, and say whether there is one spot that has advantages equal to Memphis. Let him also reflect whether it would not be doing the whole scheme deplorable damage to make the road start from any other point on the lower Mississippi, for, to give it any other initial point than the best point would be to damage the whole work. Let the reader carry his eye east to Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, and to the whole Ohio valley, southern Missouri and to Arkansas, and see the net-work of navigable streams and the lines of railroads in communication over these districts, then judge whether Memphis has a rival that can compare with her as a proper starting place for the great southern route to the Pacific. The whole examination will convince any unbiased person that the true initial point for a railroad to start from for the Pacific coast, on a southern route, is from Memphis, and to start it from any prominent place below Memphis would be an injury to the whole project, by depriving it of the proper initial point as a head and start. This being the case, it is the duty of every man in Memphis, as a friend of the road, to proclaim, at his loudest, the advantages Memphis offers, and to claim that it is the right and proper starting point. If Memphis citizens do not proclaim the true facts of the case, who can be expected to do so? We should be false to our professions as desiring the road at all if we failed to do that. It is a duty we owe to our city, and it is a duty we owe to the country by whose aid the road is to be built, for the country wants nothing short of the best. But, argues Governor Brown—and, strange to say, the respected gentleman has echoes that repeat his error even in Memphis—if the claims of Memphis are too ardently pushed, the prospect of getting a railroad at all where we want it will be endangered. This is clearly a mistake. If Memphis is the best starting point that can be found, to start from any other point would be a blunder injurious to the road, and therefore the claims of Memphis ought to be urged with all the earnestness, zeal and energy that it is possible to display. Governor Brown favors one of the bills that has been presented to congress upon this subject, and he opposes others. He does this with all his might, never fearing that the main project will suffer because he struggles and labors to obtain the victory for the scheme he favors. How comes it that this course of proceeding should be safe when the governor follows it, and unsafe when Memphis does precisely the same thing? No, no, Memphis is not to be silenced and laid aside with a wave of the hand in this magisterial manner. Willing that all should exercise the rights he claims for herself, Memphis claims and Memphis will exercise her right to express her opinion, exert her influence, and accomplish her aims just as is done by the supporters or opposers of any particular bill in congress.

STAND FAST IN THE DEMOCRATIC FAITH.

Such is the advice of the New York *Star*, in a long and able article, in which it shows that the Democratic voter should bear in mind, before attaching himself to the "Workingmen's party," or the "Greenback party," or the "National party," or to any independent organization whatever, that there are but two great political parties in the country today, and that its interests, for an indefinite period, will be controlled by either one of them. Our people are so much the creatures of habit that they do not break away from the organizations with which they have been accustomed for years to act unless there is some momentous cause operating to divert their sympathies. The reasons which have led to the independent political movements above referred to do not constitute such a momentous cause. The great body of voters are not shaken in their allegiance by the theories that underlie the "Workingmen's," "Greenback" and "National" organizations. It is obvious, therefore, that the future policy of the nation is still to be determined by the issue of the coming contests between the Democratic and Republican parties. In certain localities the independents may occasionally achieve a victory, where there is no other than a purely local question at issue, but when commanding national or State interests are at stake, the vast majority of the people will array themselves under the old familiar standards, and fight the battle under the leaders whose skill, judgment and powers they have been accustomed to respect. In the next Presidential election the real battle will be waged between Democrats and Republicans, and any outside organizations will be as useless as the fifth wheel to a coach. It is therefore the duty of Democrats to stand by their party, which is the friend of the workingman, and through its powerful instrumentality alone can he achieve the rights for which he sighs and struggles. Ever since the war that party has been doing good missionary work in the Republican camp, and succeeded in converting tens of thousands. It is stronger to-day than ever, and is daily increasing that strength. It holds the house of representatives now, and next year will hold the senate. In 1880 it will elect the President of the United States, and "by the Eternal," inaugurate him, too, the following March. Upon the very eve of its restoration to power, it would be the hight of folly for the workingman, whose patience has been tried by years of defeat, to desert the only flag that can truly shelter him, and cast his lot with the Philistines or the stranger. Let him, rather, persevere a little longer in the old faith, and trust to the coming of that better day, whose harbingers are already visible in "streakings of morning light" that suffuse the whole eastern horizon of Democracy.

CAPTAIN EADS TO SPEAK IN MEMPHIS.

When a business man wishes to open a store in Memphis, or elsewhere, his first aim is to get on a well-frequented street. He wants to have as many people passing in front of his place of business as possible, sure that the more pass by the more will step in and look at his goods. If he has it in his power to increase the number of passers-by, he will exert that power to the utmost, conscious that in doing so he is adding to the profits on which he lives. What is true of an individual street is true of a whole city. The more persons pass near it the more will visit it, and its business will increase accordingly. So, if the commerce of the western States with the gulf of Mexico should be largely extended, as there are good reasons to expect will be the case, then the number of boats passing along the river in front of Memphis will be much more numerous than at present, and the city will be benefited accordingly, just as the store does a larger trade when the traffic of the street in which it is situated becomes more crowded. Viewing matters in this practical way, many of our business citizens ardently desire to see commerce between this country and Mexico, Central and South America, and the islands of the gulf, extended to its utmost limit. They wish to see treaties of a reciprocal character made by which the sphere of our trade operations shall be given a wider field to operate in, and our manufactures and products find a free and unlimited outlet. To make this extension of commerce beneficial to our own city, it is necessary that the grand work done at the jetties by Captain Eads should be extended up the river in such a way as to accomplish two objects—to diminish or prevent disastrous overflow, by which our best bottom-lands may be rescued from danger and so the amount of our productions increased, and to secure such a depth of water up the river as will enable us and the western country to send our produce to market at the least possible expense. Ample means of transit, at low rates, such as Captain Eads's plan promises, would cause an immense amount of trade to pass along the river in front of Memphis that now goes, by a more expensive route, to the east. On the system of river improvement proposed by Captain Eads, this grand consummation would be secured. There is another important advantage offered by Captain Eads's plan. Hitherto the west has been striving for the improvement of the river bottom so as to secure good navigation, while the south has been intent upon obtaining safety for the banks of the river by means of levees, so as to prevent disastrous overflows. The two have been working at their separate objects without union, and often antagonistically. Captain Eads proposes a plan by which these two objects will be combined, so that deepening the channel for navigation will be also providing a safe outlet for the waters to the sea without floods. In this way west and south can join forces, and obtain from congress all that is necessary to carry out the two objects so imperatively necessary for their prosperity. Under these circumstances, a large portion of our merchants and business people, and, indeed, of the citizens at large, desire to hear Captain Eads in person upon this matter, in this city, that he may explain his views and point out how these objects so closely connected with Memphis interests can be accomplished. We therefore respectfully suggest that our chamber of commerce and the cotton exchange call upon Captain Eads to visit Memphis and explain his views for the improvement of the river before the citizens. We are certain that that gentleman would be a welcome and an honored visitor here, and that a large audience would fill the most spacious hall that could be obtained in the city when his address was delivered. The people of Memphis greatly esteem Captain Eads for what he has already accomplished, and entertain entire confidence that even greater feats will be performed by his genius, his industry, and his indomitable energy.

EASTERNERS WILL REAP MEMPHIS PROFITS.

It is a noticeble fact, which we have frequently pointed out, that the advantages offered by the south are more correctly estimated by those outside of it than here in Memphis. As an instance, we find the New York *Bulletin* stating that the humid warm temperature of the south is better calculated for the production of fine cotton yarns than that of New England. This statement it ends with the following suggestion: "May it not be worth considering by some of our most enterprising printing cloth manufacturers, who are so closely pressed by competition, whether it would be possible to gain any advantage by the transference of some of their machinery and hands to this or some other section of the south? The venture would at least serve as a valuable experiment toward the solution of a much-disputed question." It appears quite probable that it will be easterners, and not southerners, that will reap the profits that can be made when cotton-mills are established in Memphis.

WE are hearing good news! The consumptives who were expected to die this spring, health has come again to the wan cheek by taking Dr. J. H. M'Lean's cough and lung-healing globules to cure their throat and lungs, and Dr. J. H. M'Lean's strengthening cordial and blood purifier to give them vitality, life and strength. Dr. J. H. M'Lean's office, 314 Chestnut, St. Louis.

A sweet, blue-eyed Nevada bride, clad in gossamer tulle, remarked, as the clergyman joined her hand with that of her lover: "I'll be gol darned if I don't believe that plaster 's striking through the back of my dress."

JOHN MORRISSEY.

Sketch of his Life and Career—The Romance of an Iron Age.

Cincinnati *Enquirer*: The career of John Morrissey, while it may not seem to adorn a tale, may yet point a moral, as it shows what pluck, nerve, honesty and indomitable energy may accomplish in this land, even when handicapped with such terrible odds as obscure origin, defective education, and a debasing profession. He was born in Templemore, county Tipperary, Ireland, in 1829, and was brought to this country by his parents, "Tim" and "Peggy" Morrissey, when but a mere child. His first residence in America was in New York city, but his people soon removed to Troy, and it was in that city that he was raised, or, rather, grew to manhood; for his parents, though good enough in their way, were not remarkable either for industry or thrift, and the youthful scion of their house had to shift for himself at an age when most boys have no greater cares than school, marbles, kites, or tops. John had a hard time getting along, if the old residents of Troy, who knew him in his youth, are to be believed; and but for the kindness of Patsy M'Cormick, of that place, he would often have had to go to bed hungry. However, by hook or crook, he managed to get along some way, and he grew into as fine a specimen of physical manhood as there was in the State. He worked at whatever came handy during his extreme youth, but as he grew older he found employment first in a brush factory, and afterward in the Clinton stove foundry in South Troy. In those days every journeyman moulder had his helper, or "Berkshire," as they were called, and it was in this latter capacity that John worked in the Clinton. Old Trojan moulders relate that Morrissey was so strong as a boy that he could, while standing barefooted, take a ladle of moulten iron in his hands and raise it at arm's length as high as his head—a feat of strength and courage that not one man in a thousand would dare attempt. The iron-workers of Troy and Albany are famed for their physical powers, and most of them are "very clever with their hands." This was especially the case when John was a "Berkshire," and as he "never took water" from anyone he was often engaged in fisticuffs with the "best men" of the town. There was a dozen of the "feelers" in Troy who could make Morrissey's face look like a raw beef-steak in ten minutes, for he was a slow and rather unskillful fighter; but none of them could "get away" with him. As one of them explained one night after having attempted to mount him: "Anyone could get onto Johnny Morrissey, but just about the time you got tired of thumping him he kind o' got his second wind, and then there was no sort o' use trying to make headway agin him." A still stronger testimonial to his staying qualities was given by the famous Izzy Lazarus a year or so later, when he saw Morrissey engaged in a bar-room fight with a lot of roughs in New York. "A good man," said Izzy, "couldn't lick him in half an hour with a hickory stick." When gold was discovered in California, Morrissey was one of the first to visit the auriferous shores, though to do so he had to stow himself in the hold of the steamer sailing from New York, and keep hid for two or three days. He walked across the Isthmus of Panama and "beat" his way to San Francisco as a "stowaway" again. He was not a great success as a miner, however, and he turned his attention to gambling and other kindred pursuits in order to make both ends meet. In 1851 George Thompson, an English pugilist, who was known in the "old dart" as "Peter Crawley's Big Un," and who had been brought to this country to train and second Tom Hyer in his fight with Yankee Sullivan, visited California, and a prize-fight was arranged between him and Morrissey. Thompson had the best of the battle, and it is asserted that he could have whipped his opponent off-hand, but Morrissey had the "gang" on his side, and Thompson, becoming alarmed at their threats, struck him a foul blow, and so got out of a very nasty dilemma. Growing tired of California, and longing to see the scenes of his youth, Morrissey returned to the Atlantic States, where, much to his surprise, he found that his fight with Thompson had given him quite a pugilistic reputation. His friends were desirous of seeing him perform in the "squared circle," and soon pitted him against the renowned Yankee Sullivan, who had lain idle since his defeat by Tom Hyer. The men met in the fall of 1852 at Boston Four corners. Morrissey knew nothing of science, but was as stout as a bull and as game as a pebble. Sullivan was chock full of science and full of vim, and the result was that he made a chopping-block of poor Morrissey, who was unable to return the punishment. Indeed, during the fight there were rounds in which Sullivan never received a blow. Morrisey never flinched from the gruel, however, and fairly appalled Sullivan by his wonderful endurance. At the end of the thirty-sixth round, "Awful" Gardner, who was seconding Morrisey, got into a fight with "Dublin Tricks," who was handling Sullivan, and the latter went to the assistance of his friend. While he was thus engaged time was called for the thirty-seventh round. Sullivan did not hear it, and kept on thumping Gardner. Morrissey went to the scratch, and the referee gave him the fight. Sullivan was chagrined beyond measure at the unexpected termination of the battle, and called to Morrisey, who was being carried away by his friends, to come back and renew the fight. Of course he did not heed the request. He was taken to Boston, where the coagulated blood had to be cut out of his throat with instruments, to prevent him from strangling to death. He soon got over his beating, and, nothing daunted by it, he tried to get a match with Tom Hyer, who then claimed to be the champion of the world. At the Fashion race-course Hyer and Morrissey had high words, and the latter threw a glass of ale into Hyer's face. Friends interfered, and the parties were separated for the nonce, though by agreement they met a few days afterward at "The Abbey," near M'Comb's dam. They did not meet in hostile array, however, for Hyer advanced and offered Morrissey his choice from his pistols. John disclaimed any idea of fighting a duel, and wanted a combat with nature's weapons. Hyer would only fight with pistols, and the result was the men separated without the effusion of any gore. Hyer had a warm friend who was considered the boss rough-and-tumble fighter of New York. This was Bill Poole, who was a leader among the butcher boys of Washington market, while Morrissey was now king-pin among a crowd of returned Californians who had left the El Dorado to escape the attentions of the vigilance committee. Poole and Morrissey "had words" in a saloon one night, which culminated in an engagement to meet on Amos street dock next morning at seven o'clock and fight it out rough and tumble. Promptly on time Morrissey put in his appearance, unattended by a single friend. He was met by Poole, who had fully a hundred men with him. Morrissey objected to the crowd, but was taunted into fighting anyway. He had hardly struck at Poole when he was downed by the crowd, who nearly kicked the shins off each other getting at him. Notwithstanding this treatment he stood the united beating of Poole and his gang for twenty minutes, when, seeing he had not the ghost of a chance, he cried "Enough!" for the first time in his life. The fight produced much bad blood between the friends of both parties, and eventually led to the killing of Poole in his own bar-room, Stanwix hall, by one of Morrissey's friends, Lewis Baker, a short time afterward. A year or so after Poole's death Dominick Bradley, who had become somewhat famous as a fighter, went over to New York and ineffectually tried to "get on" with Hyer. Morrissey, who had been Bradley's friend, felt sorry to see that he could not get Hyer to make a match, and told him that sooner than see him go back to Philadelphia unmatched he would fight him himself. Bradley declined the kind offer with thanks, getting out of the hole by saying that he was opposed to seeing one Irishman fight another. This was travestying Captain Rynder's famous excuse for preventing Tom Hyer meeting Matt Gooderson, who had challenged him. Morrissey at this time was cock of the walk of the fighters, and a famous man, but an event soon happened that changed the current of his life and led him to be ambitious to excel in other more lucrative and honorable avocations than prize-fighting. This event was his marriage to "Susy Smith," the beautiful daughter of Captain Smith, a rich and well-known Hudson river steamboat commander who lived in Troy. After his marriage Morrissey kept a fashionable bar-room in Troy, and began to be a patron of the turf. Hearing that Commodore Vanderbilt was much enamored of a certain horse, whose owner would not sell to him, Morrissey succeeded in buying the animal and presented it to the commodore. Vanderbilt was not the man to ignore such a favor, and from that moment he took Morrissey into his good books. John was very fond of cock-fighting, and one night at a "main" fought in West Troy, he got into a dispute with a father and son named Heenan, which ended in his trouncing the pair. John C. Heenan, "the Benicia Boy," who was the son of one of the beaten men and the brother of the other, was in California at the time, and when he heard of the indignity that had been put upon his relatives he vowed he would be revenged, and he started forthwith for New York. As soon as possible he tried to get a fight out of Morrissey, who, nothing loth, met him in a barn above New York, but before the fight began, the police came on the scene and the men were driven away. They were determined to fight, however, and a match to meet in a ring for five thousand dollars was made between them. They fought in Canada, eleven rounds in twenty-two minutes, when fortune again favored Morrissey, and he pulled through a victor. Heenan broke Morrissey's nose in the first round, and gave him such punishment as none but a glutton would stand, but Morrissey did not seem to mind it, and won as above described. This was his last appearance as a pugilist. Shortly after he became the proprietor of one of the largest gaming institutions in New York, and a power in politics. His first essay in the political ring as a principal was as a candidate for congress. He was elected, and, if he did not make any great reputation as a statesman, he did prove that he was a good representative, and an honest man. Two years ago last fall he ran for member of the State assembly against Fox, and beat him handsomely. Last fall he was a candidate for State senator against Augustus Schell. The canvass was one of the hottest ever known in New York, but Morrissey was again victorious. He has never been able to take his seat, however, in the body of which he is a member. Mr. Morrissey's motive in desiring political promotion shows his kindliness of heart. It was that he might make a record that his son and namesake might be proud of as an offset to the reputation as a fighter which he had earned in his younger days. This son died about a year ago, just as he had attained his majority, and his death was a terrible blow to his father. Mr. Morrissey for many years past has been the principal owner in the Saratoga race-course, which he has made the leading course in the country, and one on which no unfair practices are ever permitted. Take Morrissey all for all, he is a wonderful man, and, in view of his honesty, manliness and integrity, we can better spare a better man.

CRIME IN ARKANSAS.

A Citizen of Arkansas Makes a Narrow Escape from being Murdered by a Negro Desperado.

The Searcy (Ark.) *Record*, of the 16th, states that for "some time there has been a desperate negro, by the name of Brewer, prowling around on the north side of the river, in the neighborhood of Captain James M'Cauley's, for whose apprehension there is said to be a reward offered, he having committed some crime, but what or where we did not learn. A few days ago the negro put in an appearance at Dick Bond's residence, and Bond, finding it out, soon had him in tow. He started immediately with his prize to Judsonia to deliver him to the proper authorities. When they came to the bridge below Captain M'Cauley's field, Bond's pony got contrary and did not want to cross, and while working to get the pony along, the negro managed to get behind Bond, grabbed him and jerked him off his pony, which was very small, jerked his double-barreled shotgun from him, and bursted both caps at him. Finding the gun would not shoot, he struck Bond over the back of the head, knocking him down, and then struck him in the face, bursting the gun to pieces. He then threw the gun down and made his escape. Bond is in bed, and says he is not hurt much, but it is feared that he is seriously injured."

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

How it was Celebrated in this City by our Irish Fellow-Citizens—Street Parade of the Irish Societies, Etc.

It is generally believed that St. Patrick died on the seventeenth of March, and M'Gee, in his history of Ireland, places the year as A. D. 493. Different authorities place his birth in many localities, and at many different dates. St. Fiac says he was born at Holy Tours, in France; others say he was born at Bristol, or in Cornwall, England; other writers, again, believe he was born in Wales, at St. David's. The saint himself, in his confessions, says: "My father was Calpurnius, a deacon, a son of Patitus, a priest of the town of Bonaven Tiberniæ. He had, near the town, a small house, Enon, where I was made captive." Now, the question is, where was Bonaven Tiberniæ? Dr. Lanagan says it is the town of Boulogne-sur-Mere, on the northern coast of France. It is claimed by some, however, that the unknown place is the old town of Kilpatrick, near the mouth of the Clyde, in Scotland. This is what gives origin to the saying that St. Patrick was a Scotchman, but Dr. Lanagan's conclusion seems the most reasonable, that he was born in the north of Gaul, in the province that was afterward Normandy, and that his mother came from Tours. The French origin of the saint is further supported by the fact that an Irish monarch in the fourth century is said to have made an invasion of Gaul. There seems to have been two invasions, and in the second the leader was killed, but the men captured a large number of the natives and brought them back to Ireland. It is reasonable to suppose that the boy Patrick was among the captives, and this idea is supported in his own confession. In sharing the spoils of the war the boy became the property of a northern chief. Here he was held in slavery, doing the worst of drudgery, or tending the flocks and herds on the bleak moors. Whether he remained in this condition six years or six months, is a matter of dispute among different authorities; probably six months is the correct duration of his bondage. He prayed, it is said, all the time, and God admonished him in a dream to return to his own country in a ship that was then about to sail. He ran away, reached the port in time, and obtained a passage in the vessel in which he reached his home, retired to a monastery, supposed to be St. Martin of Tours, where he spent some years in study, and finally became consecrated as a priest. A vision now appeared to him in an angel's shape, holding in his hand a scroll, whereon was written "The Voice of the Irish." During his silent walks in the cloisters of the monastery he imagined that he heard the voice of the Irish people calling upon him to come to their aid. He then formed the determination of converting the heathen to christianity. He went to Rome and Pope Celestine, at his request, ordered him to Ireland as assistant to Polladius, a monk who had been sent there some years before. The young evangelizer departed and landed at the mouth of the river Dea, in Wicklow, where, it is said, the natives gave him a rough reception, hurling stones at him. He then sailed down the coast and made some landings in Down, where he converted a few of the natives, celebrating his masses in old barns. Finally he reached the neighborhood of Tara, where he was informed that the priests of druid were about to have one of their grand pagan celebrations. He pitched his tent and lighted his fire in front of it, in defiance of their law, which forbade this until a flame was seen on Tara hill. They asked him to preach before them the next day, when the king commanded them to do him no honor. It was here that it is said he held aloft the shamrock as an emblem of the holy trinity, and told them of the christian religion. The daughter of the king and the arch-druid were converted and baptized. The queen afterward became a christian, and although the king remained a pagan he allowed them the liberty of making proselytes to the new religion. The victory at Tara was a final defeat of druidism, and St. Patrick succeeded in converting the whole island to christianity. The stories of the many miracles he performed are well known. One of them is said to have occurred at Tara. A priest of the druids went into a burning house clad in the saint's garment, which he had taken from him. The priest was consumed, but the garment remained uninjured by the fire. St. Patrick died in the monastery he had founded at Gaul, and he was buried at Down Patrick. On Sunday last, headed by Arnold's band and under Chief Marshal James Reilly and Assistant Marshal Ryan, the Hibernian mutual relief association, Knights of Innisfail, Father Mathew total abstinence and benevolent society, engaged in a street parade and marched from the corner of Second and Adams street to St. Patrick's church, on DeSoto street, which church was elegantly decorated. Rev. Father Meagher, of Nashville, preached a brilliant and learned discourse on the "Life of St. Patrick, and the Irish People." Right Rev. Father Riordan acted as master of ceremonies; Father Wm. Walsh, celebrant; Father Edward, deacon, and Father M'Namara, sub-deacon. The choir rendered Von La Hache's mass, a portion of Weber's mass and selections from Verdi in a brilliant and musical manner. When the interesting ceremonies closed the societies reformed and marched to their respective halls.

ARCTIC NAVIGATION.

How the Last Great Geographical Problem is to be Solved—Dr. Hayes's Views—No Real Difficulty South of Smith's Sound—A Bold Dash Will Win.

New York Herald, March 15th.]

ALBANY, March 13.—Dr. I. I. Hayes, whom I found in his room last midnight after the adjournment of the assembly, wrestling with a pile of correspondence shoulder high, had still time to turn away a moment from the affairs of canals and cities, and revert to the old and (to him) familiar problems of the pole. The conversation was as follows:

"I want to ask you, doctor, what you think of the proposed Howgate expedition, and what are your views with regard to the results likely to come from it?"

"The Howgate plan is essentially my own, and in its general features meets with my cordial approval. You know that I have been there, and ought to be acquainted somewhat with the difficulties attending Arctic exploration. I was two winters with Dr. Kane, and, in command of an expedition of my own in 1860-61, wintered in Smith's sound, and reached with sleds the northernmost point of land then known upon the earth, which was my own discovery, and within four hundred and eighty miles of the pole. Afterward, in 1872, Captain Hall, in the Polaris, followed me and went sixteen miles further north. Then, in the same direction, went Captain Nares with a British expedition, with the two ships, Alert and Discovery. My vessel was a schooner, of one hundred and thirty tons burden. I failed for lack of steam to penetrate the Smith's sound ice and was forced into Winter harbor, at the mouth of Smith's sound, and wintered at Port Foulke, from which port I made my journeys of exploration. Hall, with steam, and Nares, with steam also, pushed through the sound, which I, with a sailing vessel, failed to penetrate. Hall reached the same open water which I saw after a long sledge journey of sixty days in the spring of 1861, and Nares reached what he called the 'paleocrystic sea,' something which, in my opinion, is an absurdity, as I have already more than once said in the columns of the *Herald*."

"As to the Howgate expedition?"

"That is what I am coming to. Captain Howgate proposes to follow upon the track first marked out by Dr. Kane, then followed by myself, then by Hall, then by Captain Nares."

"Do you think his plan feasible?"

"I do. As I have told you before, the plan is my own, in this, that I proposed, on my return in 1861, to found a colony at the entrance to Smith's sound, and there build up a permanent basis of exploration."

PLENTY OF FOOD TO BE HAD.

"On what could such a colony subsist?"

"The sea and air teem in summer with animal life. Waterfowl are there in great abundance during the breeding season. In the valleys grow moss and grass in profusion, and reindeer are numerous. We shot more than two hundred in ten months while we were imprisoned in the ice, and in addition thereto caught and shot any number of walruses and seals and a great number of polar bears, which you know are only found on the ice, and are easily captured with dogs, or, in summer time, with boats."

"You had, therefore, no trouble in obtaining sufficient fresh food for your party?"

"None whatever."

"You had nothing to contend with such as most Arctic expeditions have had in the way of scurvy?"

"No, sir; we had not a sick man on board during the whole voyage."

"You think, therefore, that a colony could be maintained at Port Foulke?"

"I have no doubt of it; and this I have said on many occasions to the American geographical society, and in the paper which you represent. The whole secret of the matter of Arctic exploration in that direction lies in this—you must either make a bold dash for the north pole with a stout steamer, or you must make up your mind to settle down in some quiet place within reach of the pole, and having sufficient support, bide your time."

"Suppose you bide your time, what, then, are the chances, say in the case of the Howgate expedition?"

"The chances are that it will succeed if conducted with skill and intelligence. But Captain Howgate proposes to found a colony at Lady Franklin bay, which lies in latitude eighty-two degrees, where I looked out upon the open Polar sea. I think this is a mistake, and for a very simple reason. In order to found a colony anywhere the locality must be within certain reach of the civilized world, and that within a given space of time not to exceed a year. Notwithstanding the horrid ideas people have of the icebergs and ice-pack there is precious little more difficulty in getting to Smith's sound than there is in getting from New York into St. George's channel. The dangers of Arctic navigation have been so widely exaggerated by travelers, poets and romancers that the Arctic zone seems even now to be a region of terror. It is nothing of the kind. There is no more danger in sailing the Arctic seas than in sailing any other seas. You may be wrecked in the midst of ice or wrecked upon shore, and upon my word I believe your chances are best in the ice."

SMITH'S SOUND ICE.

"If this be true, why is the point selected for the Howgate colony a mistake? Why is it not within certain reach of the civilized world? What are the difficulties, the dangers that intervene?"

"The ice-pack in Smith's sound is a very uncertain quantity, while the ice-pack below is always navigable, with skill and judgment at the helm. I will undertake at any time to put a ship into the mouth of Smith's sound, but to get to Lady Franklin bay is an uncertain venture. I would undertake to go to Port Foulke with as little thought of danger as I would have when starting for Liverpool; but to go to Lady Franklin bay is to plunge into uncertainties similar to those which beset Stanley when he dropped down the Lualaba from Nyangwe into the Congo, and took his chances on the rapids and the falls that led him to the sea."

"Then you would not favor a primary colony at Lady Franklin bay?"

"I would not, for the reason already cited, that if a colony is to be the base of operations for an attack on the north pole you must have certain communications with civilization."

DANGER FROM NOSTALGIA.

"But supposing the colony to be established and to maintain itself, keeping up communications with civilization in its rear, what, then, would be its prospect, from the base of Lady Franklin bay, of reaching the pole?"

"In the event of its being able to bring up supplies and new recruits every year, I believe success would be assured. But, again, I do not think Lady Franklin bay would have that certainty of access essential to success, in this, that if you are detained more than one year without relief from home, your men become demoralized, and are utterly worthless. Man is a social creature. Without new companionship, new aspirations, he is without courage. He longs for the great world behind him, and life is miserable without it. Life is worthless because it has nothing, to him, that has relation to the world he loves. If he cannot see the fruits of his toil and energy he ceases to struggle. He cares not for that which brings no social approval, no apparent reward for his earnestness and energy. He gets homesick, and nostalgia is more wasting to his energies than the scurvy."

SECURING CERTAIN COMMUNICATION WITH HOME.

"Then what motive have men to seek such fields of adventure?"

"Simply adventure, nothing more; and that dies out very soon unless there is an inspiration of ambition which may override all obstacles and all consciousness of the lapse of time. This is the chief danger of planting a colony at a point where it is liable to be shut off from communication with the outer world."

"Granting all this again, doctor; but supposing anew, that this isolation would not occur, what would be the main difficulties between Lady Franklin bay and the pole?"

"In the first place, I would begin at the mouth of Smith's sound, as I said before, and there build up the colony. I would then establish a certain communication with home. Thence I would penetrate into the uncertain and mysterious sea beyond to Lady Franklin bay, as I might be able to do with a steam vessel, and over the frozen sea establish communication with the original colony at Smith's sound. From that point I would send back the faint-hearted, sick and weary, and receive annually new recruits. With that as a principle of operation I would have confidence of success. I do not believe in any such thing as a paleocrystic sea. The ice encountered there by Captain Nares, of the British expedition, I believe to have been the mere accidental circumstance of the winds, and I believe, also, that had his party not become demoralized by the uncertainties of their situation, and been content to remain there another year, they would have found the ice drifting away before them, and a sea, navigable, would in all human probability have been opened before them to the pole. I think I have answered your questions. Once fixed at Lady Franklin bay, with a certain base of support and a certainty of escape in the event of disaster open behind them, a party at that point would have the courage and assurance to attempt the heroic effort to launch a boat upon the polar waters and strike out upon the unknow sea in any craft, were it but a common whaleboat, that they might have at hand."

THE OPEN POLAR SEA.

"You believe, then, in an open sea?"

"Most assuredly I do. And I have no doubt that if any one could succeed in establishing a station at Lady Franklin bay, with a base of operations behind him, and with support guaranteed, he could launch his boat—doubtless with much ice to embarrass him near the shore—but with the certainty of reaching the open water and sailing away to the North Pole with as much ease and safety as though he were navigating the waters of the Atlantic ocean."

A DOG-SLEDGE LINE.

"You leave out of the consideration the Esquimaux dogs and sledges recommended by Captain Howgate, or would these be needful for hunting?"

"They would be absolutely essential, not only for hunting, but for keeping up communication between the colony at Port Foulke and the colony at Lady Franklin bay. You will recollect that your colony at Port Foulke is to be your colony in communication, annually, with the civilized world, where lies your base of supplies, while your colony at Lady Franklin bay is in an unknown, uncertain region."

HOW THE PRIZE IS TO BE WON.

"In any case, wherever the colony may be established, it must reach the pole across an open sea?"

"Yes."

"And at a propitious time, by a brave and opportune dash?"

"Certainly."

"Why, then, would not a stout steamer, well coaled and manned and commanded, which should be so fortunate as to reach Lady Franklin bay, or some point as favorably situated, at the right season, or within a few months of the right season, have an equally good prospect of sailing to the pole?"

"I will answer you very frankly, though, without intending it, the answer may seem to reflect upon others. I believe that Captain Hall might have reached the North Pole, since he was at Lady Franklin bay. I believe that Captain Nares might have done it had he remained another year and allowed time and season to drift his so-called paleocrystic sea away before him. I believe Dr. Kane would have done it had his little brig Advance had steam to force her against the drifting ice and north winds; and I am confident that I could have accomplished that feat in my little schooner yacht, had it not been embarrassed by the same obstacles and the same requirements."

"The question as to the pole, doctor, then resolves itself into this: You believe that it can be reached. What is the right way to reach it?"

"I'll answer you Yankee fashion. Two plans are proposed. One the colonization plan, which resembles an approach and siege. The other, a plan which may be likened to a bold assault. How does a troop take a battery?"

THE POLE OR PERDITION.

"By a charge—a dash, of course."

"Well, then, I believe in the dash. I am in favor of an assault upon the pole by steam, and such an assault can as well be made in a single season from Liverpool or New York as from a point on the verge of the ice-pack. The tactics of Todleben may serve in this matter, as I have often said; but I tell you frankly that I prefer those of Ghourko. Excessive prudence and over-calculation have seldom succeeded in great explorations and voyages of discovery. The captain who reaches the pole will probably do so by a supreme effort of courage, ambition, tact and will. He will, at the critical moment, decide to brave not only the uncertainties in his front, but an awful uncertainty behind him. He will be brave enough to cut loose from all communication and risk the closure of the ice-pack before his return from the goal. In fact, when he reaches the open sea, on his way northward, he will shrug his shoulders and say to himself: 'The pole or perdition! I'll try the pole.'"

"After all, doctor, what practical good can come from the discovery of the North Pole?"

"From a purely practical point of view, perhaps none."

"Then why so much energy devoted to the achievement."

"Simply because of that 'divine curiosity' which lifts men out of the practical business of life and leads them into the regions of the unknown, where they may wander at will and pick up, perhaps, some treasures as yet unfound, to satisfy their fancies and appease their appetite for knowledge."

The Stinging Sensation

In the gullet called "heartburn" (why, it is impossible to conceive, since the heart has nothing to do with it), is caused by the acetous fermentation in the stomach of the food contained in it, by an overplus of the gastric juice, which is itself a powerful acid, or by the unnaturally acrid quality of that secretion. The ordinary way of treating this symptom, for it is nothing else, is to administer bi carbonate of soda, an alkali, to neutralize the acid. But sour stomach cannot be cured by alkalis, which tend to weaken the digestive apparatus. A far better remedy is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which strengthens the cellular membrane, the seat of the difficulty, regulates the flow of the gastric secretion, improves the quality if vitiated, and puts the stomach into good working order. Perfect digestion follows as a natural sequence, and there is no more trouble from heartburn or sour stomach. The liver and bowels are also thoroughly regulated by this sovereign alterative.

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DISSOLUTION.

Dissolution of Partnership.

THE firm of Taylor, Duffin & Co. is this day dissolved by mutual consent. Charles H. Taylor having purchased the entire interest of Thomas F. Duffin, and assumes the liabilities of said firm; is alone authorized to sign the name of the firm in liquidation. Memphis, Tenn., March 14, 1878.
C. H. TAYLOR.
THOS. F. DUFFIN

In retiring from the firm of Taylor, Duffin & Co., I desire to return thanks to my friends for their liberal patronage, and request a continuation of the same with my successors. THOS. F. DUFFIN.

NEW FIRM.

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C. H. TAYLOR.
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Notice of Dissolution.

THE firm of Varner & Featherston, at Senatobia, Miss., was dissolved by limitation on the 6th of March, 1878. J. P. Featherston alone is authorized to settle up the business or sign the firm name in liquidation. All persons having claims against said firm are required to present them in thirty days or they will be barred; all persons indebted to said firm, or to J. P. Featherston, are requested to make immediate settlement. The business will be continued by the undersigned. J. P. FEATHERSTON.

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