MEMPHIS APPEAL

Terms of Subscription.

DAILY.

One copy, one year, by mail.....$10 00
One copy, six months, by mail.....5 00
One copy, one month, by mail.....1 00
One copy, one week, in city.....25

WEEKLY.

One copy, one year.....$1 00
One copy, six months.....60

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

Entered at the Postoffice at Memphis, Tenn., as Second-Class Matter.

WEDNESDAY, : : OCTOBER 27, 1880

STATE AND NATIONAL TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT,
W. S. HANCOCK, OF PENNSYLVANIA

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT,
HON WM. H. ENGLISH, OF INDIANA.

ELECTORAL TICKET.

Electors for the State at Large.
JNO. L. T. SNEED, of Shelby.
ANDREW B. MARTIN, of Wilson.

District Electors.
First District—C. R. VASCE, of Sullivan.
Second District—W. L. LEDGERWOOD, of Knox.
Third District—JOHN R. NEAL, of Rhea.
Fourth District—J. E. WASHINGTON, of Robertson.
Fifth District—J. H. BURNAM, of Lincoln.
Sixth District—W. A. THOMA, of Davidson.
Seventh District—E. A. TALLIAFERRO, of Giles
Eighth District—A. G. HAWKINS, of Carroll.
Ninth District—T. E. RICHARDSON, of Dyer.
Tenth District—R. J. MORGAN, of Shelby.

FOR GOVERNOR,
JOHN V. WRIGHT, OF MAURY,

FOR CONGRESS,
CASEY YOUNG.

LEGISLATIVE TICKET.

For the Senate from Shelby.
JAMES M. HARRIS.
C. E. SMITH.

From Tipton, Fayette and Shelby.
J. H. LAUDERDALE, of Tipton.

For Representative from Shelby and Fayette.
C. A. STAINBACK, of Fayette.

From Shelby.
M. D. L. STEWART,
THOMAS R. BOYLE,
B. C. BLEDSOE,
T. M. SCRUGGS,
R. C. WILLIAMSON,
W. B. WINSTON.

COLOSSAL LIAR MOORE.

Daniel Webster, in exposing in the United States senate one of the periodical calumnies hurled against his great name, expressed regret that he could not be ruled out of order in noticing such an assailant. The name of W. R. Moore fills the nostrils of the southern people with such a stench that we would gladly spare our readers the sickening odors which rise from this compose mass of filth. But he has undertaken the task of proving that the people of the South—the patrons of the APPEAL—are nothing but a gang of outlaws, "hell-deserving monsters, kuklux night prowlers" and "shot gun assassins"—rebels anxiously struggling for the restoration of the lost cause; and we have demonstrated that the life of this vile slanderer, is a record of duplicity, dishonesty and treachery. W. R. Moore appears before the public, in yesterday's *Avalanche*, in one of his characteristic cards—which is nothing but a pitiful whine. He seems determined to keep up his reputation as a colossal liar, and the way he exudes new falsehoods shows that the source is inexhaustable. He says: "For sixteen years the editor of the Memphis APPEAL has been trying to drive me away from my home and the land of my birth, and for no other reason, as he has often substantially asserted, than that I have been friendly to the government of our fathers and the government that he took an oath to support and afterward deserted." Two lies in ten lines. For sixteen years this self-puffing nuisance has exercised the right of a freeman by coming before the public in his characteristic letters, denouncing the southern people and opposing the enfranchisement of the white tax-payers, denying them the right to vote which had been conferred upon the negro. As the conductor of a free and unshackled press, we have opposed such proscription and injustice, and for daring to disagree with this lying villain the world is told that we have tried to drive him from his home for the avowed reason that he was friendly to the government. The files of the Memphis newspapers show that we warred on Moore only so far as he warred on the men he called traitors and proposed to disfranchise and deny them the privileges of the ignorant negro. He must prove that we tried to drive him from his home because he was a Union man, or stand convicted of still another lie. Acting upon the principle that misery loves company, Moore tries to make it appear that others have been persecuted by the wicked editor of the APPEAL. We must confess that in the days of reconstruction we had no love for the carpetbag thieves who were plundering the southern people. There was a gang in this city trying to sell goods to the people they were defaming and excluding from the ballot-box. These houses even took muskets on consignment that were intended for Clayton's militia mob, who were murdering the men and ravishing the women of Arkansas. We intimated that the houses which received on consignment muskets to be turned against the bosoms of the disarmed and defenseless people of the south had no claim on the people they had afforded facilities for murdering, and it seems the public concurred in this opinion. But Moore cannot put us on the defensive. He attempts to draw fire away from himself by attacking his adversary. The issue is not what an editor of the APPEAL has said, but the lies you have uttered against the people of the south. You stand convicted of slandering them. You are a candidate for congress. You made your charges in a speech carefully prepared, and you cannot wriggle out of them by writing vapid letters against newspaper editors. Nor can W. R. Moore escape the dilemma in which he has placed himself by trying to prove a good character as a business man. That is as black and infamous as his political record, for, if reports be true, he paid taxes on $35,000, and in a few weeks afterward, in claiming insurance, proved that his stock amounted to over $100,000. We have established beyond all question that W. R. Moore is a common liar, a notorious defamer of the southern people, and now we intend to establish that he is a black-hearted traitor to the Confederate government and to the brave men that he helped to seduce into the rebellion. We have already shown that this man who seems to be a liar on fundamental principles, over his own well-known signature, contributed money to facilitate the rebellion, and the letters published in another column from his pen, proves most conclusively that he co-operated with the cause which he now stigmatizes as treason and rebellion. Read these letters from Moore, and, if possible, they will add a darker hue to his character. He wrote from Washington City in 1861 as though he was a spy in the enemies lines and closes one of his letters by saying: "Let Tennesseans stand to their guns." The young men of our State were organizing and arming themselves. Indeed, the State was nothing but a military camp. Flags floated from nearly every house and business was suspended, for the camp, the parade and the drill. At such an hour Wm. R. Moore, the model Union man, instead of advising the people he now abuses to ground their arms of rebellion, aided and abetted the work of treason by writing a letter to the Memphis APPEAL, in May, 1861, in which he says: "Let Tennesseans stand by their guns." Tennesseans acted upon the advice of their confederate in treason. They did stand by their guns, and when they returned home from the war into which he had seduced them he denounced them as rebels and traitors, and opposed their exercise of the right of suffrage, which had been given to the negroes. By the time Moore reached Baltimore he became saturated with treason, and in his letter from that city to the APPEAL of May 19, 1861, he says: *"The position of the Baltimoreans is one which commands OUR heartiest sympathy. They are literally overawed and overpowered into submission to the Lincoln dynasty, but are with US in sentiment and feeling, and will be with US finally in fact."* This arch traitor continues to encourage his rebellious conspirators by saying: "They are only waiting, and prudently, for an auspicious moment to arrive, when they will strike the blow which shall forever disenthrall them from a government from which they can possibly have no longer any hope." This per excellence Union man continues his treasonable letter against the government by showing how we can achieve our national rights and stimulates the south to believe that Lincoln's government will "fall to pieces of its own inherent rottenness."

From this time forward Moore's letters fell as thick and fast as the leaves of autumn in which he took still more decided ground for resistance. In one we are told that he urged the Confederate government to seize the entire cotton crop and make it the basis of the Confederate currency. The Memphis APPEAL, *Bulletin* and *Eagle and Enquirer* contained occasional letters from this notorious rebel, and nothing but the want of time prevents us from dragging them from their hidden recesses. And this is the man who arraigns and accuses a whole people of disloyalty, "hell-deserving monsters, kuklux night-prowlers" and "shotgun assassins." He lifts up his hypocritical hands and tells the country that the southern people openly avow their belief that the cause is not lost which he advocated and encouraged. History shows that Barere denied that he favored the execution of the queen when the record shows that he was the author of the motion for it; and William R. Moore has been warring upon the rebels for sixteen years, calling them traitors unfit to be trusted with the elective franchise exercised by the freedmen, when the unwritten history of this villain shows that he was a leader in the rebellion, and advised the brave Tennesseans he had induced to take up arms "to stand by their guns." This apostate induced young men to rush into the rebellion, and when they returned home penniless, ragged, maimed and broken-hearted, he tells them that they are unworthy of exercising the civil and political privileges which had been given to the vilest black thief and pauper. And sixteen years after the war this traitor to the Confederate cause becomes the public accuser of the southern people—charges that the south is still a den of traitors, "hell-deserving monsters, kuklux night prowlers" and "shotgun assassins," hunting down such loyal men as himself. This creature boasted of the truth of his charges, and when he was unexpectedly dragged before the grand jury yesterday it was expected he would make startling disclosures. But his testimony only added to his infamy. He could prove nothing against the people he had defamed, and instead of being the accuser and prosecutor of the "hell-deserving monsters," "kuklux night prowlers and shot-gun assassins," there he sat for an hour, looking like the culprit he was, in the public pillory, inspiring the contempt and scorn of the men who hung their heads in shame at the conduct of the man who could not prove a single one of his lies. Is there no punishment for such a monster? Fury and hate may stifle in the heart of this "colossal liar" the feeling of remorse for a time, but Nemesis, with her horrid whip, will yet scourge him naked through the world. He surely cannot even now have a solitary pleasant and serene memory of the past. The lies which he has told against the people he has betrayed will torture, corrode and eat to his vitals as he marches to the grave, which alone can hide his shame.

HOG PRODUCTS IN THE SOUTH.

Can we raise hogs in the south? The appearance in our market, every winter, of home-slaughtered hogs indicate that we can. Then why is so much pork and bacon brought in this direction from Cincinnati and Chicago if we can raise it ourselves? We ask this question just now because there are appearances that indicate that hog products will, from this time, permanently average considerably higher than it has hitherto. Our readers who have to buy these products know what a heavy price they have had to pay during the last two or three months compared with what they were paying before. The basis for the advance is one that will not pass away, but, on the contrary, is increasing in extent and importance—it is the foreign consumption of American bacon. We see it stated in the New York *Chronicle* that the low prices of the last three years have increased the consumption of American pork produce in Europe; the working population have added it to the cereals and vegetables to which their diet was largely confined. The use being introduced, the demand for it goes on increasing and the prices rise. In Germany, Sweden, the ports of the Baltic, and throughout southern Russia, the consumption of bacon has extensively increased In our own country also there is a larger consumption, and the demand in the south and southwest has especially grown wider. In Chicago during the season of 1862-3 there was packed 970,260 hogs, while from March 1st to October 6th of the present year 2,570,000 hogs were packed in that city. Speculation has undoubtedly been at work, but the basis of that speculation was this increase of the foreign demand, and that demand will continue when the present speculative influences are passed. The reasons are strong, then, for raising the wanted pork and lard on our own land, for the consumption of those residing on the land. This would give the advantage of having good corn-fed pork, home cured, and sound, healthful lard, unpoisoned by the manipulations and chemical tricks played with the white substance so often sold as lard, and so often consisting of one-third water. Let the farmer raise his own hog-meat and lard.

OUR SHIPPING INTERESTS.

The system of poor laws that used to exist in England, and in the main exist there still, provided that when resident parishioners became destitute they should be taken altogether into an institution provided for that purpose, or have a weekly sum of money allowed them. The burden of paying the expense thus incurred is a subject of endless grumbling and discontent on the part of those who pay the tax by which the expense is met. These grumblers, however, fail to see that if they paid their laborers wages that would do more than keep them at the very brink of starvation, the amount of applicants for this kind of aid would decrease in proportion. The hardship complained of would be the result of the hardship perpetrated. The late convention on the shipping interests of the United States propose, as a remedy for the reduction of American shipping that has occurred, the precise principle of this English poor law. Blundering legislation has caused serious injury to an important commercial interest, and it is proposed to remedy the evil not by mending the defective legislation, but by subsidies to be paid by the government to make up for the want of profit in sailing ships. A hardship is perpetrated on the ship-owner, and it is proposed to remedy it by perpetrating another hardship, this time on the taxpayer, and so causing two wrongs to make one right. The Boston convention that hatched this notable scheme were in deliberation only the other week, which is another proof of the truth of a popular saying: "The fools are not all dead yet."

FRANCE GROWING STRONG.

France is rapidly returning to its old position in European affairs. Recent telegrams concerning events in Turkey show how important the part France may take is the success of the allies who are coercing Turkey. The trade of France, since she began to recover from the prostration of the war with Prussia, has been flourishing; the imports and exports have increased; there is domestic tranquility, and the nation is free of foreign entanglements, while its army, that had deteriorated under the monarchy of Louis Napoleon, is approaching its old spirit and efficiency. Such is the result of ten years of republican government. What a reproof to those who have, for years, been demonstrating that a republic was an impossibility in a large country having extensive home interests and wide foreign relations! How France is teaching the people of Europe that monarchs are unnecessary impediments and aristocracies hindrances to the public welfare! What will be the result of France thus exhibiting the fruits of republicanism when the youth who to-day are witnessing its demonstration of the power of liberal principles become the men who have the destinies of their own countries in their hands?

THE DEMOCRACY AND FINANCE.

An intelligent business man who has kept pace with the financial legislation of this country, reviewing the mischievous address by certain New York bankers published in the current number of the *North American Review*, is comforted by the assurance which the results of the past seven years give him that the people will take care of the public credit, as they have heretofore done. It was under Democratic legislation that the debts of the revolution and the war of 1812, and the Mexican war were paid. It has been under Democratic legislation that recent refunding has taken place and the price of bonds advanced, and it will be under Democratic legislation that the present debt will be paid, whenever it is paid. It was by Democratic legislation, remonetizing silver and stopping the destruction of greenbacks—as far as legislation affected the question—that resumption was made possible, and as the fruits of this legislation our industries have revived, and a new impetus has been given to business.

AN HEIRESS

Named Nellie Hagan Elopes with a Curb-Stone Broker, Taking Her Six-Year Old Daughter with Her — A Heart-Breaking Story of the Times.

Proceedings for Divorce Already Begun by the Deserted Husband—A Sensation from Fifth Avenue as Romantic as a Novelette from the Paris Boulevard.

NEW YORK *Star*, of Sunday: A woman's shame, a trusting husband's dishonor, an elopement and a divorce suit—all surrounded by the essential features which form the foundation of the traditional French society play, were the facts which came to the knowledge of a *Star* reporter yesterday. The woman in this case is a buxom brunette of twenty-eight, handsome and vivacious, and the mother of three little children. The daughter of the late A. C. Yates, a millionaire residing on Fifth avenue, near Forty-fifth street, she was brought up in a manner befitting her station in life, and surrounded by all the luxuries that money lavishly squandered could purchase. Ten years ago Miss Nellie Yates (the maiden name of the erring wife) was married to Mr. James W. Hagan, a well-to-do manufacturing jeweler of this city, and bore him three children, all girls, aged respectively four, six and eight years. Mr. Hagan freely lavished his money on his wife, and for years they lived happily. A year ago they moved into sumptuous apartments in a fashionable apartment house at No. 74 West Forty-fifth street. Mr. Hagan's business called him away from town frequently and for long periods, and he was compelled to leave his wife with her three children and servants alone at home. He had no cause to suspect his wife's fidelity until within a month, when he came home unexpectedly and met his wife in company with a stranger strolling in Central park. This and other incidents which came to his knowledge aroused his suspicions, and he employed Detective O'Connell, of Brooklyn, to watch his wife, to see if they were well founded. As formerly, he took her frequently to places of amusement, and invariably noticed that the stranger in whose company he had met her in the park seemed to dog their footsteps. He said nothing, but awaited the detective's report, which soon came with a force of proof that was overpowering. He learned that his wife's companion was a Wall street "curbstone" broker named Louis C. Dobson, and that during his absence from the city he had been living in his house, and was supposed by many people to be her husband. There was no disguising the facts any longer, and Mr. Hagan listened incredulously to the tale which the detective narrated.

In March, Dobson, according to his statement, saw Mrs. Hagan at a theater, followed her home and then addressed a note to her. She replied, and an intimacy sprang up. Dobson sent flowers daily, for which he is now indebted to a Fifth avenue florist to the amount of $50 and another florist for a lesser amount. Mrs. Hagan understood from him that he was a millionaire, and resided at the Windsor hotel. He came for her frequently behind a pair of trotters and took her up on the road, giving her to understand that they were his property, but Hyneson & Brown, the livery stators of the Windsor stables, state that Mr. Dobson still owes them $25 for the use of the same pair of horses. Grapes and fruits were also sent to the lady by her admirer, and she was escorted by him to Plesch's riding school, where she took lessons, as she told her husband, in horseback riding for the benefit of her health. When Mr. Hagan called of all this, and the facts from his servants that Dobson had been living in his house and acting as the master of it during his absence, he became almost crazed. He at once taxed his wife with infidelity, and she, although not admitting it, asked for a separation. After a painfully painful scene then ensued, and the husband left the house. The same evening, the sixth instant, Mrs. Hagan left her home, taking with her eight trunks, containing her dresses, silverware, pictures, bronze statuary and wearing apparel, valued at over $600, belonging to her husband, together with her six-year-old daughter, Nellie. When Mr. Hagan came home and found his house stripped of everything and his wife and child gone, he became almost insane. The detective he had employed searched high and low for the erring woman, and on the following Monday found her residing at the living house, on Broadway, with Dobson, who had registered himself as "L. C. Dobson, wife and child." The husband was at once apprised of Detective McConnell's discovery, and in company with him and Detective Dilks, of the Central Office, went to the house in question. As they entered the hallway they met Dobson and his wife coming down stairs. The man was startled at the sight of the husband, and the latter cautioned the detectives not to let the woman know that he was there. The party then went up stairs, and Dobson, who had registered himself as "L. C. Dobson, wife and child," was found in bed with the woman. Dobson, who had been a man of large means, and who is well known in Wall street, where he has been for years a member of the firm of Dobson, Bell & Co., bankers and brokers, at No. 2 Wall street, and who is a member of the Union club, and a director in the Ninth National bank, is a man of about forty years of age, with a Roman nose, light eyes and hair, and thin face, resembling on the whole numerous photographs of the genuine Theophilus Youngs