

SEWING MACHINES.
\$15 - SAVED - \$15
THE NEW
WILSON SEWING MACHINE
PRICE, FIFTY DOLLARS.

THE IMPROVEMENTS MADE ON THE Wilson during the year 1871 have placed it at the head of all competitors, and today it is without a rival. It is so durable as steel and iron can make it. Every machine of the late construction runs as well as warranted five years, and a warranty furnished with each machine.

The above cut is a new and improved machine, which runs flat with the table and runs light and rapidly, and makes the shuttle or lock stitch, which is the best and the celebrated treadle improved in shape so as to have a portion of the feed on both sides of the needle.

Remember the Fact, that high prices (on sewing machines) do not indicate superiority. The combination of the rig, and the monopoly, all agree on high prices, which they sooner or later will be forced to reduce on account of the unprecedented rise and increasing sales of the Wilson Sewing Machine.

Please call and examine even if you do not wish to purchase.

A full stock of Machine Twist Spool Cotton, Oil, Needles, etc., always on hand and for sale low.

BEACH & SUTHERLAND,
 333 Main Street, South of Union,
 04-63 city.

MEMPHIS BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

WINTER '71-'72.

LOTTERY OFFICE.

J. E. FRANCE—404 North Court st. Post-office box 142.

HARDWARE, CUTLERY, ETC.

ORRILL BROS. & CO.—Wholesale Importers and Jobbers, 210 and 212 Front, corner Monroe street.

DENTISTRY.

DR. HINSON—Dentist. Office and residence, No. 233 Main street, Clay building.

MASON AND PLASTERER.

H. LEMON—256 Second street. All kinds of work promptly attended to.

CHAIN PUMPS, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Also, hardware, etc. J. W. KINNEY, 338 Second street, opposite postoffice.

WAGONS.

MILBURN, WALKER & CO.—Farm, plantation and spring wagons, wheelbarrows, etc., 37 Union street.

PORTABLE GAS-LIGHT CHANDELIERS, ETC.

A. HITZFIELD & SON—Coal oil, kerosene, lamp, etc., 221 Second street.

HATS, CAPS, FURS, ETC.

LEI, Y & CO.—Leaders of Fashion, 290 Main street, opposite Court Square.

DRUGS, MEDICINES, ETC.

J. B. HILLS—Wholesale Druggist, 231 Main street, Mem. Tenn.

W. N. WILKINS & CO.—Wholesale Druggists, 303 Main st. W. Wholesale and retail drug at 233 Main street.

TEA, COFFEE AND SPICES.

U. F. CAVANAGH & CO.—Subsiders to Mathew Hunt & Co.—Who, 231 Main street, 333 Main street.

WALL PAPER—WINDOWS, VADES, GREENSHAWER & SANDER—Curtains, 2nd and all kinds of Upholstering goods, 212 Second street.

L. M. DEAN & CO., successors to Dean, De, 212 and 214—Pictures, picture frames, cards, tassels, and artists' supplies, 234 and 235 Main street.

HOUSE, SIGN, AND FRESCO PAINTERS.

DEAN & CO., successors to Dean, Baxter & Co., 231 and 233 Main street.

A. F. DAVIS, 231 Second street—Particular attention given to calculating walls in any color.

CARRIAGE MANUFACTURERS.

OWEN LILLI—Saddles, farm and spring wagons, 62 Union street.

BOARDING, SALE, LIVERY AND FEED STABLES.

M. C. COSTELLO—City Sale Stables, 61 Monroe street. Over 200 head of stock sold at this stable in the past season.

W. G. BRIDGES & CO., proprietors: D. D. Dismukes, sole agent, 212 Second street, 81, 83 and 85 Monroe street. Stock bought and sold on commission.

W. M. BNOOK—Stock yard and sale stables, 445 Main street. All classes of stock fed and sold.

J. R. McCULLERS—43 South side Court Square and 44 Madison street. Livery, boarding and sale.

SELIEMAN HALL—DeSo Stables, 55 1/2 Union street.

J. B. AIRE & CO.—Dealers in mules, borses, etc., 231 and 233 Second street.

LIFE INSURANCE.

WM. RUFFIN—General Agent Missouri Valley Life Insurance Co., 9 West Court st.

HOELS.

W. W. WHITE, Teach Scher, 107 Baltimore.

WORTHAM HOUSE—White & Scher, proprietors: corner Main and Adams streets. Board, 42 1/2 to 44 1/2 Main street.

MELIGUS HOUSE—Dr. R. H. Boatman, proprietor: Hopefield, Ark.

PHOTOGRAPHERS.

BINGHAM & CRAVER—241, 243 and 245 Main street, corner Jefferson.

SEEKERS.

H. J. WARD, 107 Baltimore.

W. W. WARD & CO.—Agricultural implements, etc., 233 Second street.

OTTO SCHWILKE—Agricultural implements, bone dust, land plaster, etc., 377 Main street.

PIANOS AND MUSICAL MERCHANDISE.

LEOPOLD GOEPEL—375 Main street. Pianos tuned, and all kinds musical instruments repaired.

SEWING MACHINES.

WILCOX & GIBBS—Improved Noiseless Sewing machines, 373 Main street.

HARMON & MORLEY—Sewing Machines, Florence Springs, 213 Main street.

GROVER & BAKER Sewing Machine Company, 315 Main st. G. O. Valentine, Art.

FURS, GAITERS, GYSTERS, ETC.

VICTOR D. FUG—28-30 1/2 Jefferson st.

FURNITURE, CARPETS, ETC.

H. T. SINNOTT, 332 Second street. All kinds of second-hand furniture bought.

PAINTS, OILS, BRUSHES, ETC.

COLE & CO.—Removed to 332 Second street. Window glass, white lead, and all kinds of painters' material.

PLUMBING, GAS AND STEAM FITTING.

M. LUNN—Removed to 233 Second street, Jefferson block.

BOOKS, STATIONERY AND PRINTING.

BOYLE & CHERRY—212 Main street.

JAPANESE AND FANCY GOODS, ELLIOTT & RIDGELY—Berlitz exp. 97 goods and embroidery materials, 212 Main street.

GENERAL RAILROAD OFFICE.

MEMPHIS AND CHARLESTON R. R. Ticket office 278 Main street.

JEWELERS.

E. L. MICHOY—Practical watchmaker and optician, 307 1/2 Main street.

THE JEWEL PALACE—Jewelry, Beach & Co. and fancy jewelry, 225 Main, between Union and Monroe streets.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

L. ROESCHER—Manufacturer and dealer in custom-made and Eastern boots and shoes, 325 Main street.

LEATHER AND FINDINGS.

L. ROESCHER, 325 1/2 Main street.

SALOONS.

WATSON'S—14 Jefferson street. Choice wines, liquors, cigars, etc. Fine old stock of on draft.

PUBLIC LEDGER.
 By E. WHITMORE.
 LARGEST CITY CIRCULATION.
 VOL. XIII. MEMPHIS, TENN.: WEDNESDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 14, 1872. NO. 143

ZOOLOGICAL PUBLISHER.

A Fight Between a Mongoose and a Cobra—The Snake Defeated and Killed by the Lemur.

From Nature, January 11.

The snake was a large cobra, four feet ten and a half inches in length, the most formidable cobra I have seen. He was turned into an inclosed room, or verandah, about twenty by twelve feet, and at once coiled himself up, head erect, about ten or twelve inches from the ground, and began to hiss loudly. The mongoose was a small one of its kind, very tame and kind, but exceedingly active. When the mongoose was put into the rectangle it assumed scarcely to notice the cobra; but the latter, on the contrary, appeared at once to recognize its enemy. It became excited and no longer seemed to pay any attention to the bystanders, but kept constantly looking at the mongoose. The mongoose began to go round and round the inclosure, occasionally venturing up to the cobra, apparently quite unconcerned. Some eggs being laid upon the ground, it rolled them near the cobra and began to suck them. Occasionally it left the eggs and went up to the cobra, within an inch of its neck, as the latter reared up; but when the cobra struck out, the mongoose was away with extraordinary activity. At length the mongoose began to bite the cobra's tail, and it looked as if the fight would commence in earnest. Neither, however, seemed anxious for close quarters, so the inclosure was narrowed.

Weekly Public Ledger.

Published every Tuesday at 22 per annum (in advance); clubs of five or more, \$1.60. Communications upon subjects of general interest to the public are at all times acceptable. Selected manuscripts will not be returned.

RATES OF ADVERTISING IN DAILY.

First insertion.....\$1.00 per square. Subsequent insertions.....50 " " For one week.....4.50 " " For two weeks.....8.00 " " For three weeks.....11.50 " " For one month.....15.00 " " For one year.....150.00 " "

RATES OF ADVERTISING IN WEEKLY.

First insertion.....\$1.00 per square. Subsequent insertions.....50 " " Night lines of nonpareil, solid, constitute a displayed advertisement will be charged according to the space occupied, at above rates—there being twelve lines of solid type to the inch.

Notices in local column inserted for twenty cents per line for each insertion.

To regular advertisers we offer superior inducements, both as to rate of charges and manner of displaying their notices.

Special notices inserted for ten cents per line for each insertion.

Notices of deaths and marriages, twenty cents per line for each insertion.

All bills for advertising are due when contracted and payable on demand.

All letters, whether upon business or otherwise, must be addressed to

E. WHITMORE,
 Publisher and Proprietor.

SOUL FOR SOUL.

BY STEPHEN MARYATT.

O yes! that silence through and through,
 And draw my very soul away!
 Your sunshine may not fill my life,
 Nor turn my darkness into day.

Dear eyes, you are not made for me—
 Must I from your enchantments flee?

O voice, whose cadence, rich and low,
 Stirs my frail being to its core!
 Whose notes thrill my soul with hope,
 Which reason quenches evermore.

Dear lips, I dare not love the tone—
 That ever breathes the name so sweet.

O hand, that lifts so warm in mine,
 Whose lead is firm as hold of death,
 I shrink from this assuring clasp,
 Although it speaks of love and faith.

Dear feet, that tread so softly on the floor,
 Unloose their hold—let me go free!

O lips, that bent to greet my own,
 And seal them with a promise true,
 Can pledge so sacred have been sin,
 Which I would fain forget to you?

Dear eyes, I dare not love the tone—
 That ever breathes the name so sweet.

O hand, that lifts so warm in mine,
 Whose lead is firm as hold of death,
 I shrink from this assuring clasp,
 Although it speaks of love and faith.

Dear feet, that tread so softly on the floor,
 Unloose their hold—let me go free!

O lips, that bent to greet my own,
 And seal them with a promise true,
 Can pledge so sacred have been sin,
 Which I would fain forget to you?

Dear eyes, I dare not love the tone—
 That ever breathes the name so sweet.

O hand, that lifts so warm in mine,
 Whose lead is firm as hold of death,
 I shrink from this assuring clasp,
 Although it speaks of love and faith.

Dear feet, that tread so softly on the floor,
 Unloose their hold—let me go free!

O lips, that bent to greet my own,
 And seal them with a promise true,
 Can pledge so sacred have been sin,
 Which I would fain forget to you?

Dear eyes, I dare not love the tone—
 That ever breathes the name so sweet.

O hand, that lifts so warm in mine,
 Whose lead is firm as hold of death,
 I shrink from this assuring clasp,
 Although it speaks of love and faith.

Dear feet, that tread so softly on the floor,
 Unloose their hold—let me go free!

O lips, that bent to greet my own,
 And seal them with a promise true,
 Can pledge so sacred have been sin,
 Which I would fain forget to you?

Dear eyes, I dare not love the tone—
 That ever breathes the name so sweet.

O hand, that lifts so warm in mine,
 Whose lead is firm as hold of death,
 I shrink from this assuring clasp,
 Although it speaks of love and faith.

Dear feet, that tread so softly on the floor,
 Unloose their hold—let me go free!

O lips, that bent to greet my own,
 And seal them with a promise true,
 Can pledge so sacred have been sin,
 Which I would fain forget to you?

Dear eyes, I dare not love the tone—
 That ever breathes the name so sweet.

O hand, that lifts so warm in mine,
 Whose lead is firm as hold of death,
 I shrink from this assuring clasp,
 Although it speaks of love and faith.

Dear feet, that tread so softly on the floor,
 Unloose their hold—let me go free!

O lips, that bent to greet my own,
 And seal them with a promise true,
 Can pledge so sacred have been sin,
 Which I would fain forget to you?

Dear eyes, I dare not love the tone—
 That ever breathes the name so sweet.

O hand, that lifts so warm in mine,
 Whose lead is firm as hold of death,
 I shrink from this assuring clasp,
 Although it speaks of love and faith.

Dear feet, that tread so softly on the floor,
 Unloose their hold—let me go free!

O lips, that bent to greet my own,
 And seal them with a promise true,
 Can pledge so sacred have been sin,
 Which I would fain forget to you?

Dear eyes, I dare not love the tone—
 That ever breathes the name so sweet.

O hand, that lifts so warm in mine,
 Whose lead is firm as hold of death,
 I shrink from this assuring clasp,
 Although it speaks of love and faith.

Dear feet, that tread so softly on the floor,
 Unloose their hold—let me go free!

O lips, that bent to greet my own,
 And seal them with a promise true,
 Can pledge so sacred have been sin,
 Which I would fain forget to you?

Dear eyes, I dare not love the tone—
 That ever breathes the name so sweet.

O hand, that lifts so warm in mine,
 Whose lead is firm as hold of death,
 I shrink from this assuring clasp,
 Although it speaks of love and faith.

Dear feet, that tread so softly on the floor,
 Unloose their hold—let me go free!

O lips, that bent to greet my own,
 And seal them with a promise true,
 Can pledge so sacred have been sin,
 Which I would fain forget to you?

Dear eyes, I dare not love the tone—
 That ever breathes the name so sweet.

O hand, that lifts so warm in mine,
 Whose lead is firm as hold of death,
 I shrink from this assuring clasp,
 Although it speaks of love and faith.

Dear feet, that tread so softly on the floor,
 Unloose their hold—let me go free!

O lips, that bent to greet my own,
 And seal them with a promise true,
 Can pledge so sacred have been sin,
 Which I would fain forget to you?

Dear eyes, I dare not love the tone—
 That ever breathes the name so sweet.

O hand, that lifts so warm in mine,
 Whose lead is firm as hold of death,
 I shrink from this assuring clasp,
 Although it speaks of love and faith.

Dear feet, that tread so softly on the floor,
 Unloose their hold—let me go free!

O lips, that bent to greet my own,
 And seal them with a promise true,
 Can pledge so sacred have been sin,
 Which I would fain forget to you?

Dear eyes, I dare not love the tone—
 That ever breathes the name so sweet.

O hand, that lifts so warm in mine,
 Whose lead is firm as hold of death,
 I shrink from this assuring clasp,
 Although it speaks of love and faith.

Dear feet, that tread so softly on the floor,
 Unloose their hold—let me go free!

O lips, that bent to greet my own,
 And seal them with a promise true,
 Can pledge so sacred have been sin,
 Which I would fain forget to you?

Dear eyes, I dare not love the tone—
 That ever breathes the name so sweet.

O hand, that lifts so warm in mine,
 Whose lead is firm as hold of death,
 I shrink from this assuring clasp,
 Although it speaks of love and faith.

Dear feet, that tread so softly on the floor,
 Unloose their hold—let me go free!

O lips, that bent to greet my own,
 And seal them with a promise true,
 Can pledge so sacred have been sin,
 Which I would fain forget to you?

Dear eyes, I dare not love the tone—
 That ever breathes the name so sweet.

O hand, that lifts so warm in mine,
 Whose lead is firm as hold of death,
 I shrink from this assuring clasp,
 Although it speaks of love and faith.

Dear feet, that tread so softly on the floor,
 Unloose their hold—let me go free!

O lips, that bent to greet my own,
 And seal them with a promise true,
 Can pledge so sacred have been sin,
 Which I would fain forget to you?

Dear eyes, I dare not love the tone—
 That ever breathes the name so sweet.

O hand, that lifts so warm in mine,
 Whose lead is firm as hold of death,
 I shrink from this assuring clasp,
 Although it speaks of love and faith.

Dear feet, that tread so softly on the floor,
 Unloose their hold—let me go free!

O lips, that bent to greet my own,
 And seal them with a promise true,
 Can pledge so sacred have been sin,
 Which I would fain forget to you?

Dear eyes, I dare not love the tone—
 That ever breathes the name so sweet.

O hand, that lifts so warm in mine,
 Whose lead is firm as hold of death,
 I shrink from this assuring clasp,
 Although it speaks of love and faith.

Dear feet, that tread so softly on the floor,
 Unloose their hold—let me go free!

O lips, that bent to greet my own,
 And seal them with a promise true,
 Can pledge so sacred have been sin,
 Which I would fain forget to you?

Dear eyes, I dare not love the tone—
 That ever breathes the name so sweet.

O hand, that lifts so warm in mine,
 Whose lead is firm as hold of death,
 I shrink from this assuring clasp,
 Although it speaks of love and faith.

Dear feet, that tread so softly on the floor,
 Unloose their hold—let me go free!

O lips, that bent to greet my own,
 And seal them with a promise true,
 Can pledge so sacred have been sin,
 Which I would fain forget to you?

Dear eyes, I dare not love the tone—
 That ever breathes the name so sweet.

O hand, that lifts so warm in mine,
 Whose lead is firm as hold of death,
 I shrink from this assuring clasp,
 Although it speaks of love and faith.

Dear feet, that tread so softly on the floor,
 Unloose their hold—let me go free!

O lips, that bent to greet my own,
 And seal them with a promise true,
 Can pledge so sacred have been sin,
 Which I would fain forget to you?

Dear eyes, I dare not love the tone—
 That ever breathes the name so sweet.

O hand, that lifts so warm in mine,
 Whose lead is firm as hold of death,
 I shrink from this assuring clasp,
 Although it speaks of love and faith.

Dear feet, that tread so softly on the floor,
 Unloose their hold—let me go free!

O lips, that bent to greet my own,
 And seal them with a promise true,
 Can pledge so sacred have been sin,
 Which I would fain forget to you?

Dear eyes, I dare not love the tone—
 That ever breathes the name so sweet.

O hand, that lifts so warm in mine,
 Whose lead is firm as hold of death,
 I shrink from this assuring clasp,
 Although it speaks of love and faith.

Dear feet, that tread so softly on the floor,
 Unloose their hold—let me go free!

O lips, that bent to greet my own,
 And seal them with a promise true,
 Can pledge so sacred have been sin,
 Which I would fain forget to you?

Dear eyes, I dare not love the tone—
 That ever breathes the name so sweet.