ANNOUNCEMENTS.

For County Trustee.

A. WOODWARD is a candidate for re-election to the office of Trustee of Shelby county, subject to the action of the Democratic County Convention. 21-t

For Sheriff.

CHAS. L. ANDERSON is a candidate for Sheriff of Shelby county, subject to the decision of the Democratic Convention. [27-te

We are authorized to announce Colonel J. A. FORREST as a candidate for Sheriff of Shelby county at the ensuing August election, subject to the Democratic Convention. 21t

In answer to many inquiries I hereby authorize you to announce my name as a candidate for Sheriff of Shelby county, at the August election, 1872, subject to the action of the Democratic County Convention.

B. F. BALL.

15-te

To the People of Tennessee.

IN RESPONSE TO THE EXPRESSION of a popular desire, sufficiently general and influential to control my action in the matter, I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Judge of the Supreme Court, made vacant by the resignation of Hon. T. A. R. Nelson. Election first Thursday in August next.

J. B. COOKE.

Chattanooga, March 11, 1872. 11-te

To the People of Tennessee.

In response to the call of many leading citizens of the State, I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of Judge of the Supreme Court, made vacant by the resignation of Hon. T. A. R. Nelson. Election first Thursday in August next.

ROBERT McFARLAND.

Morristown, Tenn. 20-te

PUBLIC LEDGER.

City Official Journal. LARGEST CITY CIRCULATION. Fifteen Cents Per Week

VOL. XIV. MEMPHIS, TENN.: THURSDAY EVENING, APRIL 11, 1872. NO. 36

PUBLIC LEDGER.

THE PUBLIC LEDGER IS PUBLISHED every afternoon (except Sunday) by

E. WHITMORE,

At No. 13 Madison street.

The PUBLIC LEDGER is served to city subscribers by faithful carriers at FIFTEEN CENTS PER WEEK, payable weekly to the carriers. By mail (in advance): One year, $8; six months, $4; three months, $2; one month, 75 cents.

Newsdealers supplied at 2½ cents per copy.

Weekly Public Ledger,

Published every Tuesday at $2 per annum (in advance); clubs of five or more, $1 50.

Communications upon subjects of general interest to the public are at all times acceptable.

Rejected manuscripts WILL not be returned.

RATES OF ADVERTISING IN DAILY.

First insertion	$1 00	per square.
Subsequent insertions	50	" "
For one week	3 00	" "
For two weeks	4 50	" "
For three weeks	6 00	" "
For one month	7 50	" "

RATES OF ADVERTISING IN WEEKLY.

First insertion	$1 00	per square.
Subsequent insertions	50	" "

Eight lines of nonpareil, solid, constitute a square.

Displayed advertisements 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 favors.

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

Notices of deaths and marriages, twenty cents per line.

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.

KISSES.

The happy winds kiss all they meet,
As on viewless wings they fly;
The valleys kiss the mountains' feet,
And the mountains kiss the sky.
The clouds kiss Phœbe, calm and bright,
That sable sky adorning;
And sunbeams kiss the brow of night
In the burst of the dewy morning.
The rivers kiss, unthrift of love,
Their banks begemm'd with flowers;
And swallows sweep from heaven above
To kiss this world of ours.
The foaming billows kiss the beach,
In a wild, uncentle fashion;
The weeping willows earthward reach,
To enjoy the darling passion.
The ivy kisses from its birth,
All other cares dismissing;
And all things loveliest on earth
Seem most engaged in kissing.

George Sand on Dreams.

Why these chimeras of sleep? Physical disposition, I shall be told. Well and good; but that does not explain why they have such and such a shape. That relates to an organic mechanism of which we do not know the motive powers, and which remains an enigma to us all. As our eyes for a long while retain the impression of the solar spectrum which has dazzled them, the mind fills with the objects which have filled the eyes, and the fancy, while it transforms, traces them upon I know not what black chamber, the sanctuary of dreams. Our brain is not, then, a photographic apparatus wherein images are faithfully transmitted. It resembles rather a theater where the facts of life are presented under the form of fiction. But it is richer and more original than all the fictions of the theater. It is the unforeseen in all its power; it is the impossible accepted beforehand; it is the unrestrained festival of the imagination. The serious and the burlesque dance together, terror and joy succeed each other there. Sorrow is often bitter there, our tears flow and wet the pillow. But it most frequently vanishes to give way to unrealizable compensations. The friend who has just left us suddenly returns from an immense journey, which has lasted but an instant; he even, if need be, leaves the tomb to which we have just carried him, to converse with us. We ourselves easily die in a dream, and feel ourselves at once living and dead without surprise and without anguish. Thus, thanks to the fictious which rock our hours of repose, we spend a notable part of our existence outside of the domain of reality. All the more because it is not necessary to sleep in order to dream. Contemplation leads us almost to a state of highest satisfaction in which reason slumbers, and wanderings more defined and less prolonged than those of a dream none the less escape the control of argument. There is, therefore, in us something which is called a soul, and which is perhaps quite another thing from that which bears its name, hitherto, very vague or very ill-defined. I have myself long believed that we have three souls—one to direct the employment of our organs, another to regulate our relations with our species, a third to communicate with the Divine Spirit which animates the universe. Sainte-Beuve used to smile when I said that to him. "Three souls!" replied he; "if we could be sure of having one!" I dared not answer him that we had, perhaps, more. We are not such simple phenomena as people have chosen to think in order to be able to classify us as good and bad, as elect and condemned.

Was Tecumseh Skinned.

From the Mobile Register.]

In November, 1852, the present writer met at Greensborough, Miss., an old gentleman named Elkin, a participant in the battle of the Thames, from whom he heard some accounts of that action which he had never met in print. As for the story of Colonel Johnson killing Tecumseh, Mr. Elkins said it was commonly reported and not questioned at the time; he himself was in another part of the engagement, being under Lieutenant Colonel James Johnson, who broke the British line on the right while his brother engaged the Indians on the left. Mr. Elkin informed us that the day after the battle the troops were marched out by companies to gratify their curiosity by visiting the scene; that precaution being adopted to guard against possible danger from inveigh Indians. His company was the first that reached the ground where Tecumseh fell, and they found his body, from the back of which "razor straps" (that was his expression) had been cut. The company, composed chiefly of relatives of the men who had been slaughtered at the River Raisin, in that massacre to which Tecumseh had put a stop at the risk of his own life, manifested great indignation at this barbarous treatment of the body of a magnanimous foe; their passion finding vent in tears and curses, and threats of vengeance against the authors of the indignity. Whether from shame or fear, no exhibition was ever made of the disgraceful trophies, nor had he ever heard of their existence during the almost forty years which had since elapsed.

From our recollection of the manner and circumstances of the narration, we are satisfied that this is a much more correct version than that which represents the body to have been skinned. The incident of "the Indian prisoners" is absurd, as everybody will understand who knows what Indian fighting was in those days, and that is probably not the only fiction which has been interwoven in the story as it has passed from mouth to mouth. We think Mr. Elkins said that on the morning after he saw the body it had disappeared.

A MORMAN WOMAN'S STORY.

Revelations by an Elder's First Wife—The Horrors of Polygamy.

Mrs. T. B. H. Stenhouse, whose husband has been widely known for the past twenty years as a Mormon elder and missionary, has just written a book exposing the secrets of the Mormon delusion. It is entitled "A Lady's Life among the Mormons; a record of personal experiences as one of the wives of a Mormon elder during a period of more than twenty years." A few extracts from her history will show the nature of her revelations, and the bitterness of her resentment toward the leaders of the Mormon church.

* * * When I had more experience in the ways of men, I discovered several never-failing signs by which one might know when a man wished to take another wife. He would suddenly awaken to a sense of his duties, and would have great fears that "the Lord" would not pardon him for any neglect. He would become very religious, attend to his "meetings"—testimony meetings, singing meetings, and various other meetings! In fact he would show a great determination to leave nothing undone which ought to be done. My husband, being a good and conscientious Mormon, experienced all these feelings. Of course he did; and his kind brethren, knowing just how he felt, sympathized, urged, and even aided him in his noble efforts to carry out the "command of God."

The young lady was at last selected. She was very pretty and very youthful. The last qualification is very necessary in a Mormon mind, for then it is expected that she will have more time to bear children to the glory of the kingdom. It must not be supposed that any other consideration influences a Mormon mind. O, dear! no. They are such pure minded men.

Then commenced the painful task of paying his addresses to her. It is a "painful task," I know, for my husband told me it was, and of course I, as a dutiful wife, believed him. He seemed, however to bear it remarkably well, and went at it with a zeal that was perfectly astonishing to me, who knew, from what he had said, how painful it was to him.

I had really to restrain him for the benefit of his health; for when the duties of the day were over, and evening came, he would scarcely take time to eat his supper, so anxious was he to continue this labor of love.

But deeply as I sympathized with my husband in the "painful duty" which he had to perform, there were times when I felt that my real sorrow was greater than his fancied difficulties. I was, in fact, now truly overwhelmed with trouble. It seemed to me as if affliction was right at my door. I would sometimes almost rave with anger. Then I would pray, then cry.

* * * I knew the very hours that my husband was with her. Mentally I was myself with him, and saw all. Oh the anguish that I felt in those times! No tongue can describe it, no one is capable of imagining it but a woman who truly loves her husband and has endured the same anguish as that which I then felt.

MRS. STENHOUSE GIVES HER HUSBAND A SECOND WIFE.

The time at length arrived for us to go to the "Endowment House," and there at the altar the first wife is expected to give proof of her faith in her religion by placing the hand of the new wife in that of her husband. She is asked the question by Brigham Young:

"Are you willing to give this woman to your husband, to be his lawful and wedded wife, for time and for all eternity? If you are, you will manifest it by placing her right hand within the right hand of your husband."

I did so; but what words can describe my feelings? The anguish of a whole lifetime was crowded into that one single moment.

* * * I remember well that when I returned home—that "home" which was now to become hateful to me, for his young wife was to live there—my husband said to me, "you have been very brave; but it is not so hard to do, after all, is it?" He had seen me bear it so well, that he even supposed I was indifferent. So much for the penetration of men!

During the remainder of that day, how I watched their looks and noted their every word! To me, their tender tones were like daggers, piercing me to the heart. One moment I yearned for my husband's undivided love; the next moment I hated the very sight of him, and vowed that he never again should have a place in my heart. Then I would feel that there was no justice in Heaven, or this great sorrow would not have come upon me.

A lady of the name of Kisne, who behaved very nobly both to French and German wounded during the Strasbourg siege, has lately been awarded the Iron Cross of Germany, by the Empress Augusta. Madam Kisne declined, and returned the decoration to Prince Bismarck, accompanied by a letter, in which she says:

"I cannot receive an honorary distinction from the hands of a sovereign who has caused my country and my native town to be invaded, burned and plundered. What I did for the German wounded was only the effect of the good heart of a French woman, who can never understand cruelty to the vanquished, to invalids, women and children. Please to return this cross to the Empress of Germany—it would be an insult to an Alsatian woman to accept it.

A SCENE IN ROME.

The Ceremony of Kissing St. Peter's Toe.

Sunday, March 10, was the third day of a triduo held in the church of St. Peter's. A triduo, writes a London Times correspondent at Rome, is a church service or act of devotion, performed and continued for three consecutive days. The special object of the one just held, and which was celebrated by the Association for the Promotion of Good Works in concert with the Vatican Chapter, was to offer reparation for the horrible blasphemies with which, in these latter days, infidels have denied the presence and the death of St. Peter in Rome.

The assemblage might be divided into three classes—the curious, the pious and those who had gone there because they had nothing better to do, or because they had been requested to do so by Papal friends, or because that St. Peter's was a place where they could walk about and see people under cover on a wet day. Among the curious was a considerable portion of the foreign population of Rome; one heard English, American and German spoken on all sides. If responses and genuflections were to be accepted as a criterion, the pious were pretty numerous, although hardly a majority, at least under the dome where I stood. The service commenced with the organ, but there was no singing. A number of gentlemen in evening dress, and bearing candles, marched through the crowd to the altar. They were said to represent the Association to Promote Good Works. At the altar, canons of St. Peter's officiated. The responses, reverberating in the dome, had an impressive effect. In other respects the service was simple and monotonous in its character. It lasted about half an hour.

The congregation was of the usual motley character, including persons of the highest classes and a great many who, if not actually beggars, were dirty in clothes and person, and not good to stand near for those who did not wish to take away living testimony of their presence in the church. The toe of St. Peter, or rather the brass shoe protecting that part of the Apostle's foot which the pious long ago kissed away, was in great demand. There was a constant succession of people, before and after the service, filing past the statue and paying it the customary homage. They first kissed the foot and then touched it with their foreheads, and some of them kissed it again. The majority of these toe-worshipers were of the lower classes, but well-dressed men, and still more women, also kissed and bowed and then hurried on, doubtless much comforted by the tribute they had paid. In the same quiet, orderly manner in which they had entered the congregation left the church, got into their vehicles or opened their umbrellas and made for their respective homes. The Pope is said to have been present on all three days, invisible, in a private gallary behind a lattice.

Talk and Inspiration.

Good talk is not a matter of will at all; it depends—you know we are all half materialists nowadays—on a certain amount of active congestion of the brain and that comes when it is ready, and not before. I saw a man get up the other day in a pleasant company, and talk away for about five minutes, evidently by a pure effort of will. His person was good, his voice was pleasant, but anybody could see that it was all mechanical labor; he was sparring for wind, as the Hon. John Morrissey, M. C., would express himself. Presently—Do you—beloved, I am afraid you are not old enough—but do you remember the days of the tin tinder-box, the flint, and steel? Click! Click! Click! Ah-h-h! knuckles that time! Click! click! click! a spark has taken, and is eating into the black tinder as a six-year-old eats into a sheet of gingerbread. Presently, after hammering away for five minutes with mere words, the spark of a happy expression took somewhere among the mental combustibles, and then for ten minutes we had a pretty wandering, scintillating play of eloquent thought, that enlivened, if it did not kindle, all around it. If you want the real philosophy of it, I will give it to you. The chance thought or expression struck the nervous center of consciousness as the rowel of a spur stings the flank of a racer. Away through all the telegraphic radiations of the nervous cords flashed the intelligence that the brain was kindled, and must be fed with something or other, or it would burn itself to ashes. And the great hydraulic engines poured in their scarlet blood, and the fire kindled and the flames rose; for the blood is a stream that, like burning rock-oil, at once kindles and is itself the fuel. You can't order these organic processes, any more than a milliner can make a rose. She can make something that looks like a rose, more or less, but it takes all the forces of the universe to finish and sweeten that blossom in your button hole; and you may be sure that when the orator's brain is in a flame, when the poet's heart is in a tumult, it is something mightier than he and his will that is dealing with him.—*O. W. Holmes.*

Oliver Wendell Holmes on Children.

"I like the children," he said to me one day at the table. "I like 'em and I respect 'em. Pretty much all the honest truth telling there is in the world is done by them. Do you know they play the part in the household which the king's jester, who very often had a mighty long head under his cap and bells, used to play for a monarch. There's no radical club like a nest of little folks in a nursery. Did you ever watch a baby's fingers? I have, often enough, though I never knew what it was to own one." The master paused half a minute or so, sighed—perhaps at thinking what he had missed in life—looked up at me vacantly. I saw what was the matter; he had lost the thread of his talk.

"Baby's fingers," I intercalated.

"Yes, yes, did you ever see how they will poke those wonderful little fingers of theirs into every fold, and crack, and crevice they can get at? That is their first education, feeling their way into solid facts of the material world. When they begin to talk it is the same thing over again in another shape. If there is a crack or flaw in your answer to their confounded shoulder-hitting questions, they will poke and poke until they have got it gaping just as the baby's fingers have made a rent out of that atom of a hole in his pinafore that your old eyes never took notice of. Then they will make such fools of us by copying on a small scale what we do in a grand manner."

The Author of "A Harp of a Thousand Strings."

A. J. Frantz, the talented editor of the Brandon (Miss.) Republican, having been called on to answer as to whether he was the author of this rich piece of satire, very modestly says:

We are not the author, and never claimed to be. It was one of the many burlesque sermons with which the Rev. Henry T. Lewis, a Methodist minister, used to amuse his friends in private circles. Having heard him repeat it frequently, we insisted on a copy for publication, and after much persuasion we induced him to write it out and give it to us. He stated that he got it from Josh Morris, the present Attorney-General of the State, and we believe Josh to be the real author, though Mr. Lewis first wrote it out, and added very largely to its length as well as its humor. In other words, Josh Morris either heard or originated the ideas, and having given them to Mr. Lewis, that gentleman enlarged upon them and clothed them in the language in which they appeared in this paper.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

☞ The purest and sweetest Cod Liver Oil in the world is Hazard & Caswell's, made on the sea shore, from fresh-selected livers, by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York. It is absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to any other. For sale by all druggists. xvi-30

Plain Words for the People.—When broken down in health, strength and spirits it is not necessary that we should ask a medical man whether an invigorant is necessary. Common sense tells us that it is. The only question to be decided is, what the invigorant shall be. A standard tonic and restorative, which has been many years before the public, and in which millions of the intelligent classes repose the fullest faith, seems in a case like this, to present the strongest claims to the confidence of the prudent invalid. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters may be truly said to possess these high recommendations. Its triumphant progress during a period of twenty years, its present popularity, and the uniform success which attends its use in indigestion, nervous debility, biliary complaints, fever and ague, and all ailments which depress the physical system and enervate the mind, entitle it to the rank of a standard national specific. It is regarded in that light by the community at large, and hundreds of thousands of both sexes resort to it at this season as a preventive of that numerous and harassing class of disease, which take their rise from the miasmatic winds and vapors of spring. It is a stimulant, a tonic, an alterative and a mild aperient four essential restoratives and protective elements of the materia medica—united in a single agreeable preparation. Every ingredient is vegetable, of the finest quality, and absolutely pure. Hostetter's Bitters is better known, held in greater esteem, and commands a larger sale, than any other proprietary medicine manufactured in this country or imported from abroad.

☞ Chapped hands, face, rough skin, pimples, ringworms, salt-rheum, and other cutaneous affections cured, and the skin made soft and smooth by using the Juniper Tar Soap, made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York. xvi-30

Batchelor's Hair Dye.—This superb hair dye is the *best in the world*—perfectly harmless, reliable and instantaneous; no disappointment; no ridiculous tints or disagreeable odor. The genuine Wm. A. Batchelor's Hair Dye produces IMMEDIATELY a splendid black or natural brown, leaves the hair *clean, soft, beautiful*; does not contain a particle of lead or any injurious compound. Sold by all druggists. Factory, 16 Bond street, New York. eod27--26xv.

☞ For Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Depression of Spirits and General Debility in their various forms, a preventive against fever and ague and other intermittent fevers, the "Ferro-Phosphorated Elixir of Calisaya," made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York, and sold by all druggists, is the best tonic for patients recovering from fever or sickness. It has no equal. xvi-30