DAILY APPEAL.

MEMPHIS.

THURSDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 16, 1858.

Largest Circulation in the City.

Official Journal of the City.

Reading Matter on Every Page.

AN OLD CITIZEN GONE!

Another of our oldest, most respected and most enterprising citizens has gone. Colonel DANIEL SAFFARRANS died at Dunlap Springs, near Bolivar, on the 11th inst. He has been suffering for many months from an incurable disease which strikes down so many of the bravest, and best, as well as the gentlest of the world—pulmonary consumption. In quest of alleviation he visited Cuba last winter, and on his return, in the spring, went to Dunlap Springs where he passed the summer. Col. SAFFARRANS was born on the 22d of February, 1797, in the State of Virginia. Early in life he removed to Gallatin, in this State, where, by energy, industry and attention to business, he acquired a competent wealth and position. He was a man of uncommon enterprise, energy, and decision. His public spirit always placed him in the front rank of the communities in which he lived. Some ten years ago he enjoyed the distinction of being regarded as one of the leading spirits in promoting that high degree of prosperity which we now enjoy as a community. He was always respected for his public spirit and the high tone he assumed, and his death will be sincerely lamented by a large circle of friends, and by an attached family. Peace to his ashes!

THE GREAT OVERLAND MAIL.

The first mail by the Overland Route to California leaves Memphis this morning. The inauguration of this important addition to the postal facilities of our Pacific possessions is another illustration of the wise and liberal policy of the Post Office Department under its present able and energetic administration. The opening of this route is one of the most important enterprises of the day, and is destined, as we think, at no distant period, to work a complete change in the channel of communication between the Atlantic States and California, and to attract a considerable portion of the travel that now finds its destination by a long and tedious route, exposed to the double dangers of a sea voyage and the pestilent diseases of the tropics. It furnishes facilities of intercommunication between the civilizations of the East and the West through the vast intervening wilderness over which the wide-spreading tides of immigration, advancing from the opposite shores of the Union, will soon meet and mingle their peaceful waves. It is the precursor of a Pacific Railroad—that other and better means of transit, which will come in due season, to supply the increasing demands of trade and travel, and to unite in a closer bond of fraternal union the children of this far-stretching Republic. It is with peculiar pleasure, therefore, that we hail the inauguration of an enterprise of such magnitude and importance in its present bearing, and so pregnant of promise for the future.

We had the pleasure of an interview yesterday with Mr. J. E. CHIDESTER, a member of the firm of CHIDESTER, RESSIN & Co., subcontractors under BUTTERFIELD & Co., upon the western end of the route, between Memphis and Fort Smith, who came down to superintend the departure of the first train. From Mr. CHIDESTER we gained much interesting information in regard to the route, the arrangements of the Company for carrying out their contract, and other matters connected with this gigantic enterprise. Semi-weekly trains will leave St. Louis and Memphis simultaneously on each Monday and Thursday and connecting at Fort Smith, Arkansas, will proceed by what is known as the Southern Route, passing El-Paso, Fort Yuma and Tejon Pass to San Francisco. The distance is about 2,500 miles, and the schedule time 25 days, but the Contractors are confident they can make it in even less time.

We learned from Mr. CHIDESTER that all the preparations of the Overland California Mail Company are complete and in perfect readiness for the commencement of the service. All the stations are prepared, and the last of the stock reached the ground a week ago. The stations are ten miles apart and through the Indian country, each station has a guard of 25 men, well armed—a force fully adequate, with the protection afforded by the manner of the construction of the stations, to successfully resist any number of Indians likely ever to be collected in one hostile body. Each train will be guarded from station to station, through the wilderness, by a squadron of 25 mounted men.

The vehicles used upon the road beyond Fort Smith are of the description known as Celerity Wagons. They are of the build of the common Troy coach and the body is hung upon the same kind of springs and in a similar manner. Instead, however, of the heavy wooden top, with iron railing round it, in common use, they have a light canvas covering supported by light uprights, after the manner of a Jersey wagon. This covering affords ample protection against the weather, while it greatly diminishes the weight of the vehicle as well as its liability to upset. The Company have over one hundred of these coaches on the ground and have been running them regularly and with very profitable results, for some time past, upon portions of the route.

Mr. CHIDESTER also informs us of the means used to supply the stations in the *Llanos Estacados* or Staked Plains, with water. This desert, by the route of the Company's road, is about 75 miles wide. From streams upon either side of the Plains, the Company supplies water to the stations with regular Water Trains fitted up expressly for the purpose. The wagons used for this purpose are constructed with large tin boilers, similar in shape to the boilers of a steamboat, and capable of holding as much water as a team of six mules can draw. These trains run regularly, conveying water to the different stations, where large reservoirs are prepared to receive and preserve it for the use of passengers and the employees and stock of the Company. This is of course a very expensive method of supplying the indispensable element, but as thus far all efforts to obtain it by boring or otherwise have proved futile, the Company must submit to it for the present.

It will be seen that the Company has spared no expense to perfect such arrangements as will insure success to the enterprise. They have furnished the entire route with an ample supply of men, provisions, water, stock, vehicles, teamsters and tools and workshops to keep their equipments in repair. It is a gigantic undertaking, but not beyond the compass of American courage and enterprise. The prudent foresight and judgment displayed by the Company in perfecting their arrangements, give assurances that every difficulty and danger will be surmounted, and that a rich harvest of honor and profit will soon reward the pioneers in this adventurous service. The Contractors upon this end of the route, are gentlemen of abundant means and untiring energy, and so far as the success of the service shall depend upon them, we feel safe in predicting it will be complete. Mr. CHIDESTER has entered into the work with ardor and a determination to push it forward to the utmost extent of his means and energies. As a citizen of the South he feels a just pride in the enterprise, and will call no exertion to further its interests. Most heartily do we wish him and the Company success.

☞ The *Eagle and Enquirer*, of yesterday morning, reproduces two articles which have appeared in the APPEAL, relative to Judge DOUGLAS, from which it has the audacity to claim that we have endorsed Judge DOUGLAS' positions *without qualification*. One of these articles was written upon the Ottawa speech of Judge DOUGLAS—a speech which the *Eagle* has never dared to criticise or attack. We claimed that in this speech Judge DOUGLAS displayed immense intellectual superiority over his competitor, and that he occupied a great advantage over him in his positions upon the political issues involved in the contest. We further claimed that in this Ottawa speech Judge DOUGLAS did not proclaim a sentiment—utter a word—but what is in accordance with the views of all National Democrats in the North, and which a Southern State's Rights, Pro-Slavery Democrat, of the strictest sect, might not endorse. We further proclaimed, in the last of those articles, that as between Judge DOUGLAS and the Black Republicans under LINCOLN, our sympathies were with the leader of the National Democratic party, meaning, of course, as any fair and candid person will see, the leader of the National Democracy of Illinois.

We further referred to the issue in Illinois as between DOUGLAS, standing upon a national, conservative, State rights, Democratic platform, and LINCOLN, the candidate of the sectional, anti-slavery agitators. As between them we declared ourselves for DOUGLAS. Referring to the Lecompton issue, we said that we believed then, as we believe now, that the Administration was right, and so believing, gave it the approbation of our unqualified support. At the time that both of these articles were written, the Freeport speech of Judge DOUGLAS, to which the *Eagle* takes such particular exception had not reached us. We have already stated that there were passages in the latter speech which did not meet our approbation. Yet we saw nothing to change our former position of preference for DOUGLAS—decided preference—over the chosen candidate of the Black Republicans.

Now we submit to every honest man if there is any thing in either of these articles, thus fairly stated, by which even the most prejudiced reviler of the APPEAL can draw the inference that we have endorsed Judge DOUGLAS *without qualification*. It requires a great amount of audacity, or even a greater amount of ignorance, to induce a man to make such an assertion. And if the *Eagle* can do nothing better than this to clear itself of the charge of a want of candor and fairness, it had better "curl up and quit."

THE POINT CONCEDED.

The *Eagle and Enquirer*, after blundering about for several days in a state of "confusion worse confounded," as to the distinction between the right of suffrage and that of citizenship, in its issue of yesterday, admits that a man may be "a citizen of the United States and a citizen of Arkansas" and may remove into Tennessee and not be qualified to vote, "*because he is not a citizen of Tennessee.*" This is the very point for which we have all along contended, and the *Eagle and Enquirer* thus acknowledges the correctness of our views and its inability to maintain its own position to the contrary.

☞ The APPEAL promises to do justice to us, and *correct its misrepresentations.*—*Eagle and Enquirer.*

Stop right there, *Eagle*—that is another and gross misrepresentation. We have never promised to correct any misrepresentations, because we are not conscious of any. Whenever we charge you with misrepresentation, we have the proof, and in one case at least, you were compelled to acknowledge that you were not warranted in your statement. We allude to your charge that we had endeavored to rally the Democracy to the support of Judge Wright.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

The latest news we have from the Cable is contained in a dispatch from Washington, dated September the 14th, which we published yesterday, informing us that London letters, per steamer *Vanderbilt*, say "Prof. HUGHES will leave for Trinity Bay the 8th, with confidence that he can make the cable work and transmit from three to six words per minute." His arrival may, therefore, be looked for in a day or two, and soon thereafter we may expect a solution of the problem, will the line work? In the meantime we must content ourselves with the assurance of the electricians that although communication has been suspended for some days, the insulation is still perfect. One thing is certain, the English instruments have proved a complete failure, and Prof. WHITHOUSE and his assistants, after experimenting without interruption, for more than a month, have finally given up in despair. The public confidence is daily waning, and doubts are freely expressed that Prof. HUGHES will not be able to overcome the difficulties which WHITHOUSE encountered, and which he could not successfully resist. While we fear the worst, we yet hope that success may crown the young American Professor's efforts. At all events we shall soon know.

THROUGH TICKETS.—We learn that the contractors upon the Overland California Mail Route have fixed the price of through tickets from Memphis to San Francisco at $200. Each passenger will be allowed fifty pounds of baggage, and will be required in addition to paying his fare to subsist himself. For the present he will be compelled to take his provisions from Fort Smith to last him the remainder of the journey. We doubt not, however, that the company will soon prepare accommodations along the route by which this inconvenience will be obviated.

LETTER FROM THE GULF COAST.

[Correspondence of the Memphis Appeal.]

MISSISSIPPI GULF COAST, Sept. 7, 1858.

MESSRS. EDITORS: While reading the many interesting communications which are contributed to your weekly columns by correspondents from so many different sections of country, I have thought it might not be altogether uninteresting to your readers to hear how we sometimes spend a day on this sea coast. Frequenting then that the writer is located on the beach, four miles west of Biloxi, will you, Messrs. Editors, be so good as to invoke the assistance of the ever obliging Asmodeus, and consider yourselves here sound asleep at 3 o'clock A. M. A little sloop some twenty-five feet long previously engaged to take us, wife, wee ones and all, on an excursion to Ship Island approaches the wharf, the "boatman's horn" breaks shrilly on the air and in a trice all hands are up and preparing to embark. By 4 o'clock we are all assembled on the wharf ready to step aboard. First the seine is carefully stowed away in anticipation of catching a goodly number of pompanos, red-fish, sheep-head, &c., next go in various cooking utensils, eatables, &c., then comes the ladies and children, and lastly we, the masculines of the party. Our fastenings are cast off, the land breeze comes gently astern and the water ripples so lightly from the bow of our little craft, while ever as home fast fades from our view in the dim star light. Ship Island lies directly out in the Gulf, twelve miles to the south of us, and the magnificent light on its western end affords the helmsman a brilliant object toward which to guide his craft in the dark waste of waters.

By and by daylight comes, and then abeam of us to the eastward lies the little city of Biloxi, its snow white houses glimmering in the early light like some Moorish town of the olden time. There, too, lies Biloxi Bay—beauteous and tranquil as when the prows of Iberville first pressed its virgin waters, and the glad Frenchmen broke forth in joyful songs at the idea of beholding, as they thought, the mouth of the Father of Waters. And though the vision of the gay and chivalrous court established here by Iberville and Bienville has long since passed away; though the descendants of the noble cavaliers who won their honors under the eyes of such captains as William of Orange and Luxemburg, Marlborough and Villeroy have now degenerated into the indolent Creole, who "strow de cast-net and open de oyster for gentlemans," yet is Biloxi a marvelous pleasant place to while a summer month. Directly to the southward of the city, and separated from it by a narrow strait, lies Deer Island, so called from the proneness of the deer to swim to it from the main land when hard pressed by the hounds. It is a long, narrow strip of white sand, covered with the long leaf pine, and inhabited by only a few boat-builders and fishermen. But still the breeze wafts us along, and now, far away to the eastward and northward, we discern what seems to be a clump of trees rising out of the blue water of the ocean. That is Round Island, famous in the annals of filibusterism as the spot where these restless heroes made their first gathering for a descent on Cuba. The strong arm of federal power, however, soon sent them to the right about, and thus ended what is claimed to have been the strongest expedition ever organized for the conquest of the "ever faithful isle."

But now the sun has risen from his watery couch, the freshening breeze sends the boat dancing over the bright green waves, the little children clap their hands in joyful glee, and we turn our eyes to the rapidly nearing shores of Ship Island. We notice, moored in the harbor, a beautiful little war schooner, and the ladies wishing a near view of her, we put down our helm to run her aboard, but while still a cable's length or more from her, a white object is launched into the water and the boom of a cannon announces that some poor fellow has gone to his long home. Startled at the sad sight, we bear away for the light-house and half an hour later learn that she is a revenue cutter from the Balize put into the harbor in distress—having lost a Lieutenant and two of her men with yellow fever. At last our boat swings to her anchor, a plank is launched, and we step ashore on one of the most beautiful sand beaches in the world. Our craving stomachs now begin to remind us of our long fast in the open air, so while we don our bathing habiliments and have our bodies in a surf which may roll without intervening land from the shores of Yucatan, the servants make hasty preparations for breakfast. A foraging darkey soon returns with fowls, milk and butter, obtained from a buxom creole, the wife of the light-house keeper, and with these and cold bread and ham and hot coffee and oysters just out of the water we make well nigh as hearty a breakfast as you used to make, Messrs. Editors, after a long night's march in Mexico. Anon, while the ladies and children stroll on the beach, picking up shells and (to them) all manner of marine curiosities, and the other masculines of our party are hauling the seine, will you please climb with me to the top of the light-house and lets take a bird's-eye view of this island and harbor, now attracting no inconsiderable share of public attention as the terminus of a railroad intended to connect the interior of the State and all the country tributary to the Mississippi Central and Mississippi and Tennessee Railroads directly with the deep water of the Gulf of Mexico. Ship Island is about eight miles long and varies in breadth from one and one-half to half a mile. Like the main land, to which it lies parallel, its general course is from east to west. The eastern half is covered with pine and oak timber, but the western half is a white sand plain, varied only by sand hills, which seem to have been thrown up by the winds in some of their wildest caprices, so devoid are they of anything like regularity of form or shape. It terminates in a low sand spit, about four hundred yards from the extremity of which stands the light house. About half a mile to the eastward of the light-house, on the north side of the island, we perceive a gentle curve or indentation in the shore and here and abreast and to the north of it is the harbor claimed to be the best on our whole Gulf coast. Certain it is that it affords from twenty to forty-two feet of water, has admirable holding ground, and is of capacity sufficient to admit of the maneuvering of a thousand line of battle ships at one time. Turning our faces westward our eyes rest on the eastern extremity of Cat-Island, three miles distant, between which and us flows the only channel by which ships can enter the waters of the Mississippi Sound and Lake Borgne and Pontchartrain. At the extreme western end of Ship Island a ship, inward and outward bound, might pass in a cable's length of land, and this deep channel makes directly out into the Gulf in a stream three miles in width. Ships, which have never before visited our waters, may sail in without tow-boat or pilot, and generally without making a single tack. In the event of a war with any maritime power, the harbor would be of incalculable importance in a strategic point of view. It forms a capital *point de appui* (and the only one on the coast) from which to attack New Orleans, Mobile, or any intermediate point. These advantages were fully appreciated by the British in the war of 1812. Here their fleet rode securely at anchor, while they sent out their gun-boats and forced the passage of the lake in one of the most hotly contested engagements of the whole war. The lakes once open, their landing near New Orleans was an easy matter. Here, too, they retired after the tremendous drubbing they received from Old Hickory, and planned the expedition which resulted in the capture of Fort Bonyer. It is in fact the key to the seaboard of Alabama, Mississippi, and eastern Louisiana, and yet, at this very time, an enemy's fleet might sail in and take possession of both island and harbor without firing a shot. Nay, it is certain that not even a single American gun would be fired, nor an American flag unfurled, in defense of the sovereignty we claim to hold over it. Government, indeed, seems at length to be awakening, in some degree, to a sense of its importance. An appropriation has been made by Congress for the commencement of a fortification, and U. S. engineers have surveyed the ground and submitted their plans to the proper department. The chief of the engineering department, however, has affirmed that nothing more can be done till the jurisdiction of the ground is ceded to the general government by the State of Mississippi. It is to be hoped that this important matter will be among the first taken up at the approaching session of the Legislature.

But now let us descend to *terra firma* and see what success has attended our fishermen. They soon come in, red with exertion, and dripping like so many tritons, but their bad luck—few fresh fish in and very shy. So, as the afternoon is waning, and the wind has hauled to the south, we weigh anchor and make sail for home. The wind being gentle we creep lazily along, and while the shore is still within half a mile from us, we hear between us and the beach a heaving, rushing, surging sound like the breaking up of a fountain of waters, and turning our eyes in that direction, we see the water lashed into foam, and a school of mullets madly leaping and flying through the air in vain efforts to escape their direst enemy, the red fish. We are sorely tempted to put back and make a haul at them, but finally conclude to hold on our way.

Next day we learned that a party from Biloxi, whom we left on shore, ran round them with their seine and secured a large fish car full of as fine red fish as ever graced an Alderman's table. The freshening breeze coming fair astern soon wafts us in full view of our beautiful coast, thickly dotted with white cottages, embowered in orange groves and vineyards, with the dark and sombre grim forest looming up grand and stately in the back ground. By and by a cloud looms up from the north and threatens us with a squall, but after a flurry which sends us scudding before it for some ten minutes, under close reefed mainsail and jib, it subsides in a light and baffling north wind. Shaking out our reefs we head up to it and make our way to our own wharf just as the stars begin again to twinkle on us from a clear sky. Such, Messrs. Editors, is an imperfect sketch of an excursion which I trust you and I may duplicate, plus catching the red-fish, next season.

A. H.

COTTON IN ENGLAND.—We quote the following from WRIGHT & Co's Liverpool circular of August 13:

"The *Arabia* carried out our last circular advices, dated 6th instant, at which time our cotton market was steady in character, but wore a lifeless aspect, and prices were nominally unchanged, and but little additional can be reported by this conveyance. The most satisfactory features of the week are a succession of brilliant weather for the harvest, and the very favorable position of trade in the manufacturing districts. Ordinarily these would have produced a sensible influence on the raw material, but although a fair demand is experienced, and the daily sales amount to an average of 8,000 bales, such liberal offerings are daily presented that it is very difficult to advance prices, the disappointment of holders by this protracted monotonous state of affairs, inducing a feeling of weariness and a desire to quit a portion at least of existing stock, and buyers have so much choice that satisfactory progress is impracticable even at a slight concession on last week's rates. Speculators and Exporters have operated to a fair extent, money being abundant and relatively easy; but so great are the expectations, and so varied the opinions as to the effect to be produced, when the electric cable is finally completed and in working order, that all seem inclined to wait future developments of its power before enlarging their sphere of action.

"The Manchester market for goods and yarns though not visibly animated, is nevertheless considerably better. Many producers have oversold themselves, and fresh orders coming in from all quarters, not individually extensive, but large in the aggregate, have enabled them to demand and obtain enhanced rates for all commodities. The contracts now in hand extend some time into the future, with every prospect of renewal as they expire, and spinners and manufacturers become disengaged.

☞ In Guadalupe county, Texas, there is an excellent prospect for an abundant crop of pecans the present season. All the trees are heavily laden; some of them as large as a man's thumb. Tea acorn must is dite.

A CAPITAL REPORT.—"I knew Mr. Lincoln in early life as a grocer."—*Douglas.*

"The only difference between Judge Douglas and myself on the grocery question is, that while I have stood on one side of the counter, he has been equally attentive on the other."—*Lincoln.*

FUNERAL INVITATION.

The friends of the late DANIEL SAFFARRANS are requested to attend his burial at Elmwood Cemetery, THIS AFTERNOON at 4 o'clock.

Hacks will be in waiting at Court Square, where a procession will be formed.

Thursday, Sept. 16th, 1858.

DIED,

At Paducah, Ky., Thursday 9th instant, of cholera infantum, REBECCA MILER, third daughter of Rev. E. G. and Eliza S. Grandy, in the 16th month of her age.

Could the attentions of a skillful physician and the kind sympathies of friends have saved life, our babe had not died.

"A golden link from the sweet chain of love,
To bloom in a world far more fair than we have."

OBITUARY.

DEPARTED this life, at the residence of her son-in-law, Col. Charles Polk, Mrs. LUCY B. LENOIR. Mrs. Lenoir was born in Charlotte City, Va., June 1, 1761. Died in Jackson Parish, La., September 1, 1858. A kind and affectionate mother, she leaves behind her those who deeply lament her loss; but sorrowing not as those without hope. For fourscore years she was a consistent and pious member of the Protestant Episcopal Church. The "battle of holiness" was exemplified in her pure, fearless and humble life. Her long and exemplary life was closed by a peaceful death, and with a faith which looked confidently for a glorious re-union of the same good and faithful servant, entire that into the joy of the Lord."

How beautiful the life! How instructive the death of the humble and devoted Christian!

"Take them, O earth, what o'er is thine,
And in thy bosom let it sleep!
Thou wert not claim the vest divine,
Her gentle spirit cannot not keep."

H.

☞ Refer to SPEED, DONOHO & STRANGE'S column.

☞ Attention is directed to the advertisement of "True Turf Oil." It is all it claims to be.

☞ For sale, a small family residence, just outside of the corporation, immediately east of the Memphis and Charleston depot. A bargain will be given if application is made soon at the APPEAL office.

WHO HAS NOT HEARD OF SCHENCK'S HOLLAND BITTERS.—Simple in its composition, pleasant to the taste, and truly wonderful in its effect, its popularity cannot be wondered at. To invalids just recovering strength, it is invaluable; exercising that soothing influence over the nervous system, and imparting that health and tone to the stomach, so longed for by the convalescent.—*Daily Enterprise.*

New Advertisements.

MASONIC NOTICE.

THE members of Auxerre Lodge No. 108 will meet at their Hall, Odd Fellows' Building, C. THIS AFTERNOON, to attend the funeral of our late brother, DANIEL SAFFARRANS.

Members of south Memphis Lodge No. 138 and visiting brethren are fraternally invited to attend.

By order of
WM. H. FITCH, Jr., Secretary. sept16-1t

LOST

ON YESTERDAY MORNING, A PIECE OF MONEY, somewhere between the Commercial Hotel and the Post Office. The finder will be liberally rewarded by returning the same to JNO. J. HOPE, At Post Office.

Found.

A SMALL TOOL containing three or more gimlets in command, drawn by S. Shields & Co. The owner can have the same by applying at our Counting Room and paying for this advertisement and proving property. sept16

WANTED.

A COMPETENT Male Teacher, to attend to a first class Military Establishment. None need apply except certainly acquainted with the business. Apply at 290 Main street, Memphis. sept 8 4

Estrayed.

ABOUT the 1st of July, a dark brown HORSE MULE, medium size, had a knot on the right rib; branded on the right over a little same in the right hoof. Was last heard of near Mr. John Tyler's residence, north of the city. A suitable reward will be given for the delivery of said Mule to me. [jy 2-2w*eod] T. P. STEWART

To the Master Mechanics of Memphis and the Vicinity

J. H. WILSON, Grounds and School Directions, invites them to inspect a large collection of designs intended to every workship. Full title and title, with thirty minutes of instruction, will make them masters of this beautiful art. I will take no money from any mechanic, if not perfect the first lesson. Office hours from one to five in the morning till nine at night. At my stay in Memphis, on early call will oblige.

Remain over St. Charles Restaurant, Adams street. sept16-1w*

L. GONNART.....G. JERARD.
Lake Pandola, Miss. Late New Orleans.

NEW TAILORING FIRM.

GONNART & JARARD.

THE undersigned having associated themselves together for the purpose of doing a general Tailoring business in Memphis, desire a share of public patronage, as they are competent to give complete satisfaction.

Mr. Gonnart, of Paris, is desirous that all indebted to him at his late place of business will come forward and settle immediately—wishing to close his old business. sept16-2t

New Novels! New Novels!!

THE ABBOTS OF BEAUTY, by Lola Montez.
Alice Arden, by J. P. Smith.
Dust Markham, by J. F. Smith.
Widdifoot, by the author of Cree and Tennie.
Norwood, or Life on the Prairie, by Bonilion.
The Belle of the Bowery, by Bonilion.
Morgan or Repose of Freemasonry.
The Mormon Wife, by Stenhouse.
New York in Slices.
The Image of his Father.
The Maid of the Mountain.
Bill Johnson, or the Outlaw of Arkansas.
The Hermitess.
The Dancing Feather, by J. H. Ingraham.
For sale at Wholesale and Retail by
WM. R. SMITHSON & CO.,
Sign of the Big Book, Opposite Post Office. sept16

$50 REWARD.

THE NEGRO MAN BOB escaped from the New Madrid jail, about the 1 of September, in company with a notorious white man, a contract hand, named Sam Bell, and other halfs, called LUCAS, who will attempt to sell Bob as his property. Bob is about 28 years of age, five feet six inches high, very black, has a low forehead, is a bright griffe, shrewd and a very likely boy. He may have been carried up the river to Kansas, Nebraska Territory, or down the river on a deck-hand on the steamer R. W. Powell, that runs between Memphis and New Orleans. If discovered in Illinois, the reward for catching him will be paid with his delivery in jail where I can get him, or in New Orleans, where I reside. Apply to my agents here, J. A. Beard & Co., where letters can be directed to me. [sept16-w3m*] JNO CALDWELL, JR.

ANNUAL FAIR, 1858,

OF THE

TENNESSEE

STATE AGRICULTURAL BUREAU,

TO BE HELD

On the Fair Grounds, Near Nashville

October 11, 12, 13, 14, 15 and 16.

THE premiums this year are very liberal and cover every branch of Agricultural, Manufacturing Mechanical and Household Industry. Competitors from all parts of the State is invited.

The order of exhibition will be varied from that of previous years so that all manufactured goods and other external products will be placed on exhibition in the halls of the Bureau, on the ground, and kept during the whole week. Mice tight, rat proof, will be ready for the exhibition of stock, of which various classes will be shown each day, as the interest or order may call for them. The stock will be entitled to a day of being concentrated in one or two days.

On Tuesday, the 12th, the annual address will be delivered by Gov. Andrew V. Brown.

Arrangements have been made with the Nashville and Chattanooga, the Tennessee and Alabama, and the Louisville and Cincinnati Railroad, by which passengers attending the Fair will be carried over the roads at half price, and tickets will be returned free. The Nashville and Chattanooga roads will run trains hourly from its depot to the fair grounds during the week of the fair. Tickets each way 10 cents.

PROGRAMME.

MONDAY, October 11.—Opening address by Governor Harris. Final out of the Bureau; exhibition of Negroes, Dogs, Poultry, Equine and Bovine Stock, sheep, swine, stock, and of time tests of paving guidings and pacing mare.

TUESDAY, October 12.—Annual Address by ex-Gov. A. V. Brown. (Gov. B. has signified his acceptance of the invitation to deliver the address.) Exhibition of Dogs, Poultry, Equine and Bovine Stock, sheep, swine, stock, and of time tests of pacing guidings and pacing mare.

WEDNESDAY, October 13.—Annual Address by ex-Gov. A. V. Brown. (Gov. B. has signified his acceptance of the invitation to deliver the address.) Exhibition of Dogs, Poultry, Equine and Bovine Stock, sheep, swine, stock, and of time tests of pacing guidings and pacing mare.

THURSDAY, October 14.—Sweepstakes, Mules, Jennies, Jacks, Stallions, Mares and Fillies, Jennies, Jacks, Stallions, Mares and Fillies, Jennies, Jacks, Stallions, Mares and Fillies