Daily Appeal.

WORDS FOR MUSIC.
BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

Fare thee well—we part forever!
All regrets are now in vain!
Fate decrees that we must sever,
Never to meet on earth again.
Other skies will bend above thee,
Other hearts may cling to thine,
But no other will love thee
With the love of those lost lines.
Yet farewell—we part forever!
All regrets are now in vain!
Fate decrees that we must sever
Never to meet on earth again.
Fare thee well!

II.

Like the shadow on the dial
Lingers still our parting time!
Life has moments per trial,
Death to pass to regal clime.
All the world is now before thee,
Every clime to roam or wild,
But within the land that bore thee,
One fair heart will love thee still.
Yet farewell—we part forever!
All regrets are now in vain!
Fate decrees that we must sever,
Never to meet on earth again.
Fare thee well!

THE HIDDEN HAND.

BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "THE RIDDLE OF AN EVENING," "THE MISSING BRIDE," "WIFE'S MEMORY," ETC.

CHAPTER I.—OUR NOCTURNAL VISIT.

"Whence is that knocking?
How oft will the whole story sound again ye?
I hear it now!
In the south entry! Hark!—more knocking!
SHAKESPEARE.

Hurricane Hall is a large old family mansion, built of dark, red sandstone, in one of the loneliest and wildest of the mountain regions of Virginia.

The estate is surrounded on three sides by a range of steep, gray rocks, spiked with clumps of dark evergreens, and called, from its horse-shoe form, the Devil's Hoof.

On the fourth side the ground gradually decends in broken rock and barren soil to the edge of the wild mountain stream known as the Devil's Run.

When storms and floods were high, the loud roaring of the wind through the wild mountain gorges, and the terrific rapids of the torrent over its rocky course, gave to this savage locality its ill-omened names of Devil's Hoof, Devil's Run and Hurricane Hall.

Major Ira Warfield, the lonely proprietor of the Hall, was a veteran officer, who, in disgust at what he supposed to be ill-requited services, had retired from public life to spend the evening of his vigorous age on this his patrimonial estate. Here he lived in seclusion, with his old-fashioned housekeeper, Mrs. Condiment, and his old family servants and his favorite dogs and horses. Here his mornings were usually spent in the chase, in which he excelled, and his afternoons and evenings were occupied in small convivial suppers among his few chosen companions of the chase or the bottle.

In person Major Warfield was tall and strong built, reminding one of some old iron-limbed Douglas of the olden time. His features were large and harsh; his complexion dark, and, at the end of a long day's chase, heated and flushed with strong drink. His fierce, dark gray eyes were surmounted by thick, heavy black brows, that, when gathered into a frown, rested like a shelf over the fiercest, most piercing orbs beneath them did of lightning. His hard, harsh face was surrounded by a thick growth of iron-gray hair and beard that met beneath his chin. His usual habit was a black cloth coat, crimson vest, black leather breeches, long, black yarn stocks, fastened at the knees, and morocco slippers with silver buttons.

In character Major Warfield was arrogant, domineering and violent—equally loved and feared by his family and household, hated—disliked and dreaded by his neighbors and acquaintances abroad, who, partly from his house servants, formed a character, fixed upon him the appropriate nickname of Old Hurricane.

There was, however, other grounds of dislike besides that of his uncouth manners, violent temper and domineering habits. Old Hurricane was said to be an old bachelor, yet rumor whispered that there were some chapters in your of the world, hidden even from human sight, a deserted wife and child, poor, forlorn and heartbroken. It was further whispered that the elder brother of the Major Warfield had mysteriously disappeared, and not without some suspicion of foul play on the part of the only person in the world who had a strong interest in his making away with his brother. However this might be, it was known for certain that Old Hurricane had one only sister, widowed, sick and poor, who for her sole dependence on a worthless ill-requitted toil, severe privation and painful infirmity, in a distant city, wasted, brought and secured for by her cruel brother.

It was the night of the last day of October, 1842. The evening had closed in very dark and lowering. A cold, chill wind blew in the northwest, driving up masses of leaden-hued clouds, and in a few minutes the ground was covered deep with snow, and the air was filled with drive upon drift.

As this was All Hallow Eve, the dreadful inclemency of the weather did not prevent the engineers of Hurricane Hall from availing themselves of their capricious old master's permission, and going off in a body to a barge breakdown, held in the negro quarters of their next neighbors.

Upon this evening, then, there was left at Hurricane Hall only Major Warfield, Mrs. Condiment, his little old housekeeper, and Wool, his body servant.

Early in the evening the old hall was shut up closely, to keep out as much as possible the sound of the storm that roared through the mountain chasms and encompassed the walls of the house as if determined to force an entrance and wreak its wrath on the men that all say, Mrs Condiment went to bed and went to sleep.

It was about ten o'clock that night that Old Hurricane, well wrapped up in his quilted flannel dressing gown, sat in his well padded easy chair before a warm and bright fire, taking comfort in a most comfortable bedroom. This was the hour of the richest enjoyment to the well-indulged old Sybarite, who dearly loved his own ease. Very comfortable was he, and he was so much at his ease that he sipped his punch, while his black servant, Wool, applied the warming pan to his cozy couch, he felt hugely inclined for enjoyment, and discoursed nothing rather than he would or could tempt him to leave that room and that hour, and go out into that storm on that night. Just as he was come to this resolute determination, he was startled by a violent ringing of the door-bell. Ordering Wool to go and see what was the matter, he hastily arrayed himself in his dressing gown and slippers, and hurried into bed, determined not to be intruded upon, or to be called out of his room on any account whatever.

At this moment Wool reappeared.

"Shut the door, you villain! Do you intend to stand there looking in upon me all night?" roared out the master.

Wool hastily closed the offending portals, and hurried to his master's side.

"Who was that ringing the bell?"

"Sar, de Reverend Mr. Parson Goodwin, and he say how he must see you jes' yourself, personally, alone!"

"Did you tell him I was home, you villain! Didn't you tell him that I had retired?"

"Yes, Marse, I tell him how you were gone to bed and asleep mosses's an hour ago, and he ordered me to come wake you up, and say how it were a matter o' life and death."

"Life and death? What have I to do with life and death? I won't stir! If the parson wants to see me he will have to come up here and see me in bed."

"Mas' I fetch him reverence up, sar?"

"Yes, I wouldn't get up and go down stairs—Wait! Where shut the door, you rascal! or I'll throw the hoojuck at your wooden head!"

Wool obeyed with alacrity and in time to escape the threatened missile.

After an absence of a few minutes he was heard returning, attending upon the footsteps of another. And the next minute he entered, ushering in the Rev. Mr. Goodwin, the parish minister of Bethlehem, St. Mary's.

"How do you do? How do you do? Glad to see you, sir! Glad to see you, though obliged to receive you in bed! Fact is, I caught a cold with the severe change of weather, and took a warm negus and went to bed to sweat it off! You'll excuse me, I hope, sir, for not being able to rise and receive you properly in my own apartment, sir, I'm very glad to see you, sir! Very glad to see you, sir! Wool, bring a glass of warm negus. It will do you good after the cold night ride, sir!

"I thank you, Major Warfield! I will take the seat, but not the negus, if you please, tonight."

"Not the negus! Oh, come now, you are joking! Why, it will keep you from catching cold, and be a comfortable nightcap, disposing you to sleep and sweat like a baby! Of course you spend the night with us?"

"I thank you, no! I must take the road again in a few minutes."

"Take the road again to-night! Why, man alive! it is midnight, and the snow drifting like all Lapland."

"I am sorry to refuse your proffered hospitality and leave your comfortable roof tonight, and sorrier still to have to take you with me," said the pastor, gravely.

"Take ME with you! No, no, my good sir! no, no, that is too good a joke—ha, ha!"

"Sir, I fear that you will find it a very serious one! Your servant tells me that my errand was one of midnight mercy!"

"Yes, something like life and death——"

"Exactly! down in the cabin, near the Punch Bowl, there is a poor woman dying——"

"There, I knew it. I was just saying there might be an old woman dying. But, my dear sir, what's that to me? What can I do?"

"Nobody else can do anything for her!"

"But, my dear sir, how can I help her? I am not a physician to prescribe——"

"She is far past a physician's help."

"Not as I am a physician to her confession."

"Her confession God has already received."

"Well, and I'm not a lawyer to draw up her will."

"No, sir; but you are recently appointed one of the Justices of the Peace for Alleghany."

"Yes, well what of that? That does not constitute the duty, and my getting out of my warm bed, and going through a snow storm to see an old woman expire."

"Excuse me for interrupting, sir; but this is an official duty," said the parson, mildly but firmly.

"Pshaw! I'll throw up my commission to-morrow," growled the old man.

"To-morrow you may do that, but meanwhile, to-night, he may will to the commission of the peace, that we have been disturbed up and go with me to this woman's relation."

"And what the demon is wanted in me there?"

"To receive her dying deposition."

"To receive a dying deposition! Good Heaven! was she murdered, then?" exclaimed the old man, all the fierce light kindled at the word and beaming in his eyes.

"Murdered—she was not murdered," said the parson.

"Well, what, what is it? Dying deposition! I mean—what is it or—or—" exclaimed the old man, hesitating and growing in his confusion.

"Dying deposition, I mean, sir, of—"

"Of what, for the love of heaven?"

"I am not at liberty to tell you. She will tell you herself."

"Wool, go down and rouse up John, and tell him to get Parson Goodwin's mule in the stable for his pony. And tell him to put the black draught-horse to the close carriage, and light both the front lanterns—for we shall have a dark, stormy ride——Shut the door, you infernal—I beg your pardon, parson, but that villain always leaves the door ajar after him."

The good parson bowed gravely; and the major completed his toilet by the time the servant returned, and reported the carriage ready.

"To the Devil's Punch Bowl"—was the order given by Old Hurricane, as he followed the minister into the carriage. "And now, sir," he continued, addressing his companion, "I think you had better repeat that part of the church litany that prays to be delivered from "battle, murder and sudden death;" for if we should be so lucky as to escape Black Denahi and his gang, we shall have at least an equal chance of being upset in the darkness of these dreadful mountains."

"A pair of saddle mules would have been a safer conveyance, certainly," said the minister.

Old Hurricane knew that; but though a great sensualist, he was a brave man, and so he had rather risk his life in a close carriage than suffer cold upon a sure-footed mule's back.

After many delays and perils, the pastor and Old Hurricane arrived at their destination, called the Witch's Hut, or Old Hath's Cabin. In one corner of the hut, on a ragged couch, lay a gray-haired and parchment woman, evidently near unto death. On being informed that a magistrate had arrived, she insisted on everybody else leaving the room, as she would speak with him alone. Her request having been complied with, Old Hurricane drew from his pocket a Bible, administered the oath, and then said:

"Now, then, good soul, begin—the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, you know. But first, your name?"

"Is it possible you don't know me, master?"

"Not I, in faith!"

"For the love of heaven, look at me and try to recollect me, sir! It is necessary some one authority should be able to know me!" said the woman, raising her haggard eyes to the face of her visitor.

The old man adjusted his spectacles, and gave her a scrutinizing look, exclaiming at intervals—

"Lord bless my soul! it is! it is! it is! it must! it can be! Granny Grewell—the—the—the—midwife that delivered my brother here some twelve or thirteen years ago?"

"Yes, master, I am Nancy Grewell, the laying-mother, and midwife to your honor's poor brother, sir, some thirteen years ago!" replied the woman.

"Heaven help our hearts! And for what crime was it you ran away? Come, make a clean breast of it, woman! You have nothing to fear by doing so, for you are past the arm of earthly law now!"

"I know it, master."

"And the best way to prepare to meet the Divine Judge is to make all the reparation that you can by a full confession!"

"I know it, sir—if I had committed a crime; but I have committed no crime, neither did I run away."

"What? what? what?—What was it then? Remember, witness, you are on your oath?"

"I know that, sir, and I will tell the truth; but it must be in my own way."

At this moment a violent blast of wind and hail roared down the mountain side and rattled against the walls, shaking the Witch's Hut, as it would have shaken it about their ears.

It was a proper overture to the tale that was about to be told. Conversation was impossible until the storm had spent its fury, and hail ceased pelting in deep reverberating echoes from the depths of the Devil's Punch Bowl.

"It is many thirteen years ago, sir," began Granny Grewell, "upon just such a night of storm as this, that I was mounted on my old mule Molly, with my saddle-bags full of dried yarbs, and stilled waters and simples, and I was jogging when I was out 'leadin' on the sick. I was on my way a-going to see a lady as I was sent for to come.

Well, master! I'm not 'shamed to say, as I never was afraid of man, beast, nor spirit; and never stopped at going out all hours of the night, through the most lonesome roads, if so be I was called upon so to do. So I must say that just as me and Molly, my mule, got into the deep, thick, lonesome woods as stands round the Witch's Hut, I felt a kind of a—I did feel—speak, I can't exactly say what I did feel—speak, I can't say the dead hour of night, and I was said how strange things were, even in broad daylight, and how the Witch's Hut, deep, lonesome place. I seen how even my mule molly felt queer too, by the way she stuck up her ears, stiff as quills. So, partly to keep up my own spirits, and partly to encourage her, says I, 'Molly,' says I, 'what are ye afeard on? Be a man, Molly!' But Molly stepped cautious, and pricked up her long ears all the same.'

"Well, master, it was so dark I could not see a yard past Molly's ears, and the path was so narrow and the bushes and trees so much jogged against me, but just as we came to the little creek as they calls the Spout, cause the water jumps and jes along till it empties into the Punch Bowl, and just as Molly was carefully putting her fore foot into the water, out starts two men from the bushes and seizes poor Molly's bridle.

"'Good heavens!' exclaimed Major Warfield.

"'Well, master, before I could cry out, one of them villains seized me by the scruff of my neck, and with the other hand on my mouth he says:

"'Be silent, you old fool, or I'll blow your brains out!'

"'And then master, I saw for the first time that their faces were covered over with black crape. I couldn't a-screamed if they'd let me, for my breath was gone! and my senses were going along with it from the fear that was on me.'

"'Don't struggle, come along quietly and you shall not be hurt,' says the man as had spoke before.

"'Struggle! I couldn't a-struggled to a-saved my life! I couldn't a-spoke! I couldn't breathe! I liked to have a-dropped right offen Molly's back. One o'them says, says he:

"'Give her some brandy!' And t'other takes out a flask and puts it to my lips and says, says he:

"'Here, drink this.'

"'Well, master, as he had me still by the scruff o' the neck, I couldn't do no other ways but open my mouth and drink it. And as soon as I could a-swallow my breath come back and my speech.

"'And Oh, gentlemen,' says I, 'if it's your money or your life' you mean, I haint it about me. I lent it to Brother Jack's Jack-a-napes's brain! It's wrapped up in an old cotton glove in a hole in the plastering in the chimney corner of my room over the bedroom. This was the hour of the richest enjoyment to the well-indulged old Sybarite, who dearly loved his own ease. Very comfortable was he, and he was so much at his ease that all was said, Mrs Condiment went to bed and went to sleep.

It was about ten o'clock that night that Old Hurricane, well wrapped up in his quilted flannel dressing gown, sat in his well padded easy chair before a warm and bright fire, taking comfort in a most comfortable bedroom. This was the hour of the richest enjoyment to the well-indulged old Sybarite, who dearly loved his own ease. Very comfortable was he, and he was so much at his ease that all was said, Mrs Condiment went to bed and went to sleep. But at the first cry or attempt to escape this shall stop you!' And with that the villain held the muzzle of a pistol so high to my nose that I smelt brimstone, while the other took a silk handkerchief round my eyes, and then took poor Molly's bridle and led her along. I couldn't see, in the dark, the path they took, but they led poor Molly as fast as they could, for I felt the pistol close to my ear all the time. I was so in my way a-going to see a lady as I was sent for to send.

Well, master! I'm not 'shamed to say, as I never was afraid of man, beast, nor spirit; and never stopped at going out all hours of the night, through the most lonesome roads, if so be I was called upon so to do. So I must say that just as me and Molly, my mule, got into the deep, thick, lonesome woods as stands round the Witch's Hut, I felt a kind of a—I did feelingersish; 'cause it was the dead hour of night, and I was said how strange things were, even in broad daylight, and how the Witch's Hut, deep, lonesome place. I seen how even my mule molly felt queer too, by the way she stuck up her ears, stiff as quills. So, partly to keep up my own spirits, and partly to encourage her, says I, 'Molly,' says I, 'what are ye afeard on? Be a man, Molly?' But Molly stepped cautious, and pricked up her long ears all the same.'

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"Well, master, they led the mule on down the path, until we crossed to a place wide enough to turn, when they turned as 'round and led us back onten the wood, and then round and round, and in and out, and every ways ways and length ways, as of they didn't want me to find where they were taking me.

"Well, sir, when they walk about in this 'fown way, leadin' of folks in the dark, you know we was in the woods again—the very same woods and the very same path—I knowed by the feel of the place and the sound of the bushes, as we hit against them on each side, and also by the rumbling of the Spout as it tumbled along towards the Punch Bowl. We went down and down, and down, and lower, and lower, and lower, until we got right down to the bottom of that hollow.

"Then we stopped. A gate was opened. I put up my hand to raise the handkerchief, and see where I was; but, at that minute, I felt the nozzle of the pistle like a ring of ice right agin my right temple, and the villain growling into my ear:

"'If you do——'

"'But I didn't—I dropped my hand down as I had been shot, and afore I had seen anything what I did see, they had shut the gate, and up a gravelly walk—I knew it by the clacking of the gravel under Molly's feet—and they led me along a-long-back, where one o'them wollikins lifted me off. I put up my hand at the time.

"'Do, if you dare,' says t'other one, with the nozzle of the pistle agin my temple.

"I dropped my hand like lead. So they led me on a little way, and then up some steps. I knew it by the sound as I went along. They were six. You see, master, I took all the pains to know the house again. Then they opened a door that opened in the middle. They then went along a passage and up some steps—there was ten and a turn; and then ten more. Then along another passage, and up another flight of steps, and then ten more. Then along another passage and up a third flight of stairs. They stopped.

"'Well, sir, here he was at the top of the house. One of them opened a door on the left side, and t'other said—

"'There—go in and do your duty!' and pushed me in though the door, and shut and locked it on me. Good gracious, sir, how scared I was! I tripped off the silk handkerchief, and feared as I was, I didn't forget to put it in my pocket.

"Then I looked about me. Right afore me on the hearth was a little wasty taper burning, that showed I was in a great big garret with cobwebby walls. At one end two deep dormer windows, and a block walnut bureau standing between them. At t'other end a great tester bedstead with damask curtains. There, was a dark carpet on the floor. And with all there were so many dark objects and so many shadows, and the little taper burned so dimly that I could hardly tell t'other from which, or keep from breaking my nose against things as I grouped about.

"And what was I in this room for to do? I couldn't even form an idea. But presently my blood ran cold to hear a groan from behind the curtains—then another—and another—then a groan as if it would tear the heart out.

"'For the love of Heaven, save me!'

"I ran to the bed and dropped the curtains, and listened to have fainted at what I saw."

"And what did you see?" asked the magistrate.

"Master, behind those dark curtains I saw a young creature tossing about on the bed, flinging her fair and beautiful arms about, and tearing wildly at the fine lace that trimmed her night dress. But, master, that wasn't what I seed that made my blood run cold. The hand was sewed up in black crape, and her whole face and head completely covered with black crape, drawn down and fastened securely around her throat, leaving only a small slit at the lips and none to breathe through."

"What! like cars, women! remember that you are upon your oath! I am a magistrate.

"I know it, master. And as I hope to be forgiven, I am telling you the truth!"

"Go on, then!"

"Well, sir, she was a young creature, scarcely past childhood, if one might judge by her small size, and soft, rosy skin. I asked her to let me take that black crape from her face and head, but she threw up her hands and declined—

"'Oh, no, no, no! for my life, no!'

"'Well, master, I asked her how to tell you what followed—?' said the old woman, hesitating in embarrassment.

"'Go right ahead and tell it like a car of Juggernaut, woman! Remember—the whole truth!'

"'Well, master, in the next two hours there were twice born in that room—a boy and girl; the boy was dead, the girl living. And all the time I heard the measured tramping of one of those villains up and down the passage outside of that room. Presently the door slipped, and there was a rap at the door. I went and listened, but did not open it.'

"'Is it all over?' my voice asked.

"Before I could answer, a cry from the bed caused me to look round. There was the poor masked mother stretching out her white arms toward me in the most imploring way. I hastened back to her.

"'Tell him—no—no,' she said.

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Crosses Mail Bags or Sacks.

Size No. 1—42 inches in length and 30 inches in circumference; to be made of ninth canvas weighing at least 32 ounces to the yard of 36 inches width; the threads of the warp and weft to be composed of five yarns each.

Size No. 2—41 inches in length and 48 inches in circumference; to be made of ninth canvas weighing at least 32 ounces to the yard of 36 inches width; the threads of the warp and weft to be composed of five yarns each.

The canvas bags of sizes numbered 1 and 2 are to be made with a strong tape sewed on the edge of the mouth, upon which a suitable number, (at least ten to the former and eight to the latter) of strong tacks (of the average) and they are to be provided with good and sufficient hasps and to have and be the strongest. All to be well sewed, and the bottoms "Y. R. Mail," in large and distinct letters.

Leather and Canvas Mail Pouches.

Size No. 1—16 inches in length and 8 inches in circumference.

Size No. 2—18 inches in length and 12 inches in circumference.

Size No. 3—25 inches in length and 42 inches in circumference.

Size No. 4—30 inches in length and 36 inches in circumference.

Size No. 5—36 inches in length and 36 inches in circumference.

The body of the leather pouches is to be made of good and substantial leather, well lined, and the canvas of the sizes numbered 1 and 2, not less than eight ounces, and of the heavier sizes not less than twelve ounces (or equivalent) the bottom (or circular form) and face to be of good skirting leather, well sewed; the straps to be of good harness leather, well sewed, and of the following dimensions:

The canvas pouches are to be made of ninth canvas, twenty yards, or as to result water, weighing, for number 1 not less than 25 ounces to the yard of 36 inches width, or 17 ounces to the yard of 24 inches width; for pouches of size No. 2, not less than 29 ounces to the yard of 36 inches width, or 20 ounces to the yard of 24 inches width; for pouches of size No. 3, not less than 32 ounces to the yard of 36 inches width, or 22 ounces to the yard of 24 inches width; for pouches of size No. 4, not less than 40 ounces to the yard of 36 inches width, or 27 ounces to the yard of 24 inches width; for pouches of size No. 5, not less than 48 ounces to the yard of 36 inches width, or 32 ounces to the yard of 24 inches width.

The leather horse-mail bags are to be made of good and substantial hog leather, well lacked, weighing not less than seven pounds the pair, and to have a hasp to lock and strong wood, or, if riveted, to be so done as to prevent the rivets from rubbing.

The canvas horse-mail bags are to be made of ninth canvas, the same as the pouches, of the larger size, and to have proposals for improvements in the form of construction of any of the above-described bags are invited, and if found to be improvements, they will be considered in determining the lowest and best bid.

Proposals for the above bags are to be addressed to the undersigned, or, in his absence, to the chief clerk of the contractor, in Boston, New York and Albany, N. Y.; Philadelphia and Pittsburg, Pa.; Baltimore, Md.; Washington, D. C.; Richmond, Va.; Raleigh, N. C.; Charleston, S. C.; Savannah, Ga.; Montgomery, Ala.; New Orleans, La.; Jackson, Miss.; Memphis, Tenn.; Louisville, Ky.; Cincinnati, Ohio; St. Louis, Mo.; Chicago, Ill.; St. Paul, Minn. Ter.; and San Francisco, Cal. Bidders will state in their proposals the place or places at which they require and offer to deliver the bags, and the number of bags at each place, and the time for which they will engage to deliver them, and the price per bag for the whole number required, and the place or places at which they require and offer to deliver the horse-mail bags, and the number of bags at each place, and the time for which they will engage to deliver them, and the price per bag for the whole number required, and the place or places at which they require and offer to deliver the leather and canvas mail pouches, and the number of each size at each place, and the time for which they will engage to deliver them, and the price per bag for the whole number required, and the place or places at which they require and offer to deliver the canvas mail bags, and the number of each size at each place, and the time for which they will engage to deliver them, and the price per bag for the whole number required.

Bidders are informed that there were furnished for the use of the Department during the year ending the 30th June last, 1,000 canvas mail bags; 1,110 leather mail pouches; 300 canvas mail pouches, and 200 horse-mail bags.

Bids will be opened at the time specified for "Proposals for Mail Bags," and be addressed to the "Postmaster-General."

AARON V. BROWN,
Postmaster-General.

feb10-1m&d

To Dealers in Artificial Flowers, Ostrich Feathers, Fancy Goods, &c.

JOHN C. HENDERSON, SMYTH & CO.,

HAVE received their sales rooms for the 18th and 19th Broadway, and are ready to exhibit their samples of ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS, Ostrich Feathers, and other Parisian novelties, Hundreds Fifteen Hundred Styles; the larger part just made in our factories in Paris, and not duplicated in Paris.

We have also a manufactory an extensive variety of Artificial Flowers, and in addition we have received a variable quality style and price of manufactured goods, which we offer at manufacturers' prices.

Our stock of Ostrich and Marabout imported Feathers is large and varied in quality and style; and to meet the wants of the Trade, we have purchased and converted the entire building, No. 3 Broadway and Greenwich streets, into our Factory, and are prepared to produce

Artificial Flowers
and
Feathers
under the management of Mr. E. V. Wells.

LACE RUCHES, &c., &c.,

under the management of Edward Jackson, of the late firm of Jackson & Marsh.

Our purpose being the development of the above branches of Home Trade to their fullest extent, we have secured material and brought over French artists of Parisian reputation, with a staff of assistants which, with the well known ability of the management, is a guaranty that the products of our factory will surpass in quantity and quality anything ever before made in this country.

The time requisite to conform to the Tariff of February, and to order the following manufactures:

The French Flower Department,
J. S. SMITH,
Ostrich and Fancy Feathers,
H. CHERVOIER,
French Materials,
P. HALE.
Head Dresses, Ornaments, &c.,
American Department in Flowers, Ruches and Fancy Goods,

Under the management of our Mr. E. D. Howell.

French Department, 102 Rue de Richelieu, Paris,

under the management of our Mr. J. Kennedy Smith and E. Lemoyne, assisted by Mr. J. B. Davis and Mr. Alfred Jackson.

THE INSTITUTE—In this leading department of our business we purchase and manufacture the most elegant styles in the French market, and receive by every steamer the last style apparel.

Our sales are strictly confined to the Wholesale Business, and we respectfully invite merchants to examine our goods.

J. C. HENDERSON, SMYTH & CO.,
No. 3 Broadway, Corner Fifth st., New York.
JNO. C. HENDERSON & CO.,
No. 3 Broadway.
HENDERSON, SMYTH & CO.,
No. 102 Rue de Richelieu, Paris.

jan15dw*

A. SEESSEL,

(Late of the firm of Hilgen & Seessel)

BEGS leave to inform the ladies and Gentlemen of Memphis and vicinity, that he has opened the entire stock of

DRY GOODS,

Consisting of the very latest styles of

Silks, Woolens and Fancy Dress Goods, Embroideries, Hosieries, Notions, Staple Goods, etc.

Also a splendid assortment of Ready-Made

Men's and Boy's Clothing,

Gent's Furnishing Goods,

BOOTS & SHOES,

AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

which have been carefully selected at the principal ports of the country. My motto being to sell goods as cheap as any other house in the city. I invite the public and my friends to call and examine my stock before purchasing elsewhere.

A. SESSEL,
jan25-1y 191 Main st., cor. Old Court House.

Trustee's Sale.

BY virtue of a trust deed dated June 1, 1858, and recorded in book 12, pages 401 and 402, in the Register's Office of Shelby county, Tennessee, I will sell at auction, for cash, on the 22d day of February, 1859, at G. R. Luther's auction room, all of the rock of Millinery and Fancy Dry Goods, and all of the Furniture and everything else of belonging to the Millinery establishment of Wm. C. Thompson in Shelby at 277 west side of Main street, in Memphis, Tennessee.

A. C. BLAIR,
Trustee.

jan25-2d

Lotteries.

WOOD, EDDY & CO.'S
SINGLE NUMBER LOTTERIES.
Chartered by the State of Georgia.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $50,000!

TICKETS ONLY $10!

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

AS the members of our firm have, by way of purchase, become the owners of the grants chartered by the State of Delaware, Kentucky, Missouri, and part of those of Georgia, under the management of Messrs. Gregory & Maury, of Wilmington, Delaware, we have deemed it expedient to change the name of our firm, on and after January, 1859, to that of WOOD, EDDY & CO., who will hereafter have the management of the Sparta Academy Lottery, and the others as above mentioned.

In all business transactions we have endeavored to conduct our business with integrity and promptness, and we can assure the public that the patronage heretofore bestowed on us is well deserving of being transferred to our successors.

Very respectfully,
S. SWAN & CO.

AUGUSTA, GA., Dec. 15, 1858.

WOOD, EDDY & CO., MANAGERS,
Successors to S. SWAN & CO.

The following Scheme will be drawn by Wood, Eddy & Co., Managers of the Sparta Academy Lottery, in each of their Single Number Lotteries for February, 1859, in AUGUSTA, Ga., in public, under the superintendence of Commissioners:

Class 6 draws Saturday, February 5, 1859.
Class 7 draws Saturday, February 12, 1859.
Class 8 draws Saturday, February 19, 1859.
Class 9 draws Saturday, February 26, 1859.

On the Plan of Single Numbers!
50,000 Tickets!

5,485 Prizes!!

Nearly One Prize to Every Nine Tickets.

MAGNIFICENT SCHEME.

TO BE DRAWN

EACH SATURDAY IN FEBRUARY.

1 Prize of	$20,000	1 Prize of	1,000
1 "	10,000	20 Prizes of	500
1 "	5,000	20 "	400
1 "	2,000	20 "	300
1 "	1,000	20 "	200
1 "	4,000	100 "	150
1 "	3,000	100 "	100
1 "	2,000	100 "	100

APPROXIMATION PRIZES.

4 Prizes of $400	Approx'ting to $20,000	Prize are	1,600
4 " 300	" 15,000	"	1,200
4 " 250	" 10,000	"	1,000
4 " 200	" 7,500	"	800
4 " 150	" 5,000	"	600
4 " 100	" 3,000	"	400
4 " 50	" 2,000	"	200
4 " 20	" 1,000	"	80
3,330	prizes amounting to		$100,000

Whole Tickets, $10; Halves, $5; Quarters, $2 50.

☞ Circular showing the plan of the Lotteries will be sent to any one desirous of receiving it.

Orders for Tickets or Shares to be filled at the following rates, which is the cash:

Certificate of Package of	10 Whole Tickets	.....	$50 00
" " "	10 Half "	.....	25 00
" " "	10 Quarter "	.....	12 50
" " "	10 Eighth "	.....	10 00

In ordering Tickets or Certificates,

Inclose the money to the address to the Undersigned, or receipt of which will be sent by return mail. Purchasers will please write their signatures plain, and give their Post Office, County and State.

☞ Remember that every Prize is drawn and payable in full without deduction.

☞ A Prize list will be published and sent immediately after the drawing—other prizes at the usual time of thirty days.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Those who prefer not sending money by mail, can use

The Adams Express Company,

whereby delivery of Tickets, in sums of Ten Dollars upwards, can be sent on

AT OUR RISK AND EXPENSE.

☞ All communications strictly confidential.

Address orders for Tickets or Certificates to

WOOD, EDDY & CO., Augusta, Georgia.
WOOD, EDDY & CO., Wilmington, Delaware.
WOOD, EDDY & CO., Wilmington, Delaware.

☞ A list of the num