Daily Appeal.

THE IDEAL AND REAL.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

IDEAL.

When years ago, while I was young,
And Mrs. Jones was Miss Dabney,
Young Wolfinda's cantor was hung
With equable rings the hues of money!
I used to paint my future life
With most poetical precision—
My home wooded all with wife;
My money chest, my nightly Bijouxs.

I saw a lady, rather small,
(A form not my critical abhorrence,)
With brown hair, contrived to fall
In curious ringlets, *à la Lawrence*;
A soft (not insipid) eye that drew
Much notice, made their amers brightness;
The best of teeth—cream white, too—
We perfect in the milky whiteness!

I saw a party, quite select—
Three single men, have been a bachelor's dozen—
A pair (one of the young sort)
A noble-mind, and a city cousin!
I so much special to our dinner
(In reasoning I could assume discovery)
A taste of Madeira, a sip of wine;
Some kissing, and the scene was over!

I saw a baby—no more!
A strong pictured, rather beauty,
Made a good, fine, healthy, lusty
With continuous, exceedingly saucily
Lungs (not counting could I tell;
Enough for school mistress, dear me—
The proud mother, poor little dear—
He could, was that blessed baby!

REAL.

Like a woman, rather tall,
And, I see, a comely lady
Complexion—not I great pale
(To be usual) a little shady;
A hand not handsome, yet comfort
A protection not for love or pity;
A mouth full, and—sadly dressed
In No. 3.—extremely pretty!

I saw a group of boys and girls
(Enough to repeal the laws paternal)
With curly shades and tangled curls,
And manners not at all supernal;
And (for has too feel a manly pride)
And one a prime to wildness and mischief;
And one in quite a recent pair,
And all excited in some mischief!

The boys are hard to keep in trim!
The girls are often very trying;
And baby—like the universe—
Some very hard of closing crying!—
And yet the prettiest little one,
(Excepting—I mean the mother,
In truth a doomed holiday done
By Parisian art!

And all that thirty-odd and I
Indulged in our early dreaming,
And meeting, at the years go by,
How she was not quite seeming,—
Coffee the wives Power that know
Our days with neither for pleasure,
And gave us blessings rich and true,
And sorrow far than all our favorite!

THE CABIN BOY.

On the 26th day of April, in the year 1738, a fine brig named the Triton, was preparing to leave the port of Bristol, England, to go fishing for cod on the coast of Newfoundland. Her Captain, Cyrus Varenne, was a regular rough, hearty sea-faring little man, rather the worse for wear, but a good, and accustomed to navigate his vessel as well through fogs as through sunshine.

The *Triton's* dock presented a busy scene. All the crew were occupied in getting on board and stowing away their sea stock of wine, brandy, salt meat, flour, lines, nets, hooks, together with a vast quantity of salt. Amid the confusion, noise, bustle, and loud talking, the long-boat made her last trip from the shore, and off her there stepped on the deck, with a lady and gentleman, a little boy about twelve years old. He went up to a sailor who had just lighted his pipe. "Sir," he began, twirling a pretty cap of green velvet between his small hands. The sailor was startled at the voice, and turned to navigate his vessel as well through fogs as through sunshine.

THE CABIN BOY.

On the 26th day of April, in the year 1738, a fine brig named the Triton, was preparing to leave the port of Bristol, England, to go fishing for cod on the coast of Newfoundland. Her Captain, Cyrus Varenne, was a regular rough, hearty sea-faring little man, rather the worse for wear, but a good, and accustomed to navigate his vessel as well through fogs as through sunshine.

The *Triton's* dock presented a busy scene. All the crew were occupied in getting on board and stowing away their sea stock of wine, brandy, salt meat, flour, lines, nets, hooks, together with a vast quantity of salt. Amid the confusion, noise, bustle, and loud talking, the long-boat made her last trip from the shore, and off of her there stepped on the deck, with a lady and gentleman, a little boy about twelve years old. He went up to a sailor who had just lighted his pipe. "Sir," he began, twirling a pretty cap of green velvet between his small hands. The sailor was startled at the voice, and turned to his home.

"Sir, sir!" he repeated. "My name is Malcolm Graham, and I am a young shipper."

"Do you want a cabin boy on board?"

"I know nothing about it; you must go and ask the captain; there he is standing near the mast, with the large coat and the hatchet coat." The child approached the person thus described, and before he could speak, the captain exclaimed:

"What do you want, you young scamp?"

"To be a cabin boy on this vessel," replied the boy courageously.

"Did you go to a voyage before?"

"No, but I think I could soon learn my business."

"Brave! What's your name?"

"Malcolm."

"What is your father?"

"I am an orphan," replied the child, looking sorrowfully upward.

"So much the better!" cried the captain. "Here, Mulmaine, take charge of this new cabin-boy. Secure the long-boat, and weigh anchor!"

"Captain, take care of the icebergs!" said an old weather-beaten sailor, standing by. "You are getting out too near!" "Mind your own business, old salt!" again boying our salt in the middle of May, and now we are only at the end of April!"

Capt. Varenne vouchsafed no reply, but continued to puff forth immense volumes of smoke from his pipe, as he tranquilly watched the noisy process of weighing anchor. At length the sails were spread, and the proud brig left the port, amid the farewell cheers of those on shore, while a few prophetic voices shouted after, "Beware of the iceberg, captain! Beware of the icebergs!"

On the first day, very little notice was taken of George, so he thought the life of a cabin-boy was not so pleasant as he had dreamed, during the city life called him hostily, and gave some orders, which to him was unintelligible; the boatswain, and his impatient commander gave loud kicks which sent him to the other side of the deck. George stood up amid the derisive laughter of the crew, red and furious, more than once he was on the point of turning to speak, his mouth was rudely stopped by the mate, who threatened him a good rope's ending if he attempted to say a word. Silent and sorrowful was all that remained for the child; but for one that time, how often would he creep into some retired corner of the deck, and weep and watch the waves, and call softly on one name of his mother.

"Oh you have a mother?" said the mate Malcolm, who overheard him one day.

"Yes, captain, I have a mother," replied George; and I left them to become a sailor. Oh, how miserable I am!"

"You told the captain you were an orphan."

"I told a lie, for I was afraid if I mentioned my parents, I should be sent back to them; and now I am punished for it."

"They then don't know where you are, George?"

"No. I wanted to be a sailor, and my father would not consent, so I took the advantage of his absence, and ran away. Five days to the country, and I came on board here, as you know."

"And what makes you dislike being a sailor?"

"The blows and kicks that every one here seems to have a right to give me."

"Still I asks you, sir, if that will only make you a happy boy. The sea is a fine place, the true home for a man."

They were now in 51° 3 min. of north latitude, and 50° 28 min. west longitude. The same day—it was the 20th of May—they met floating icebergs. Suddenly a dreadful shock was felt; a cry of horror burst from all on board; the vessel had struck upon an iceberg, and the waves poured in through her sixth side. She sunk rapidly, and a terrible scene ensued among the crew. Some ran about wildly; others fell on their knees, and prayed aloud; some of the more collected went and launched their children; while a few, with more presence of mind, lowered the long-boat, and asked the captain to get into it with them.

"I must be the last to leave my vessel!" replied the bold seaman.

Meanwhile the whole deck was nearly on a level with the waves, and George, pale and trembling, kneeling near the mast, exclaimed: "O my mother! my mother! shall I never see you again?"

"All is not lost that death is danger," said the gruff voice of the captain. "Take a firm hold of my leg, child, and trust in Providence."

George, almost unconscious of all as he was told, the next moment a dark wave swept over him, and he lost all consciousness. When he revived, the ship had completely disappeared, and he found himself beside Captain Boating on two planks lashed together. There situation was perilous in the extreme; nothing was to be seen around but the dark surface of the ocean, varied by icebergs and floating fragments of the wreck. Captain Varenne at length descried a large level piece of ice, and with the assistance of a boat hook, after long and painful efforts, he reached it. His crew consisted of a woolen shirt, a pair of thick trousers and stockings, together with his hat, which he had the good fortune to keep on his head; but poor George had scarcely any clothes, and was horribly cold. Thoroughly exhausted and numbed by the cold, they lay for some time in the ice without stirring, the captain pondering on the means of escape, and the boy thinking of his mother, and of the tears she would shed if she knew the situation of her son. The darkness and the hard frost of night coming on, added to their misery. The cold was so penetrating, that to avoid being utterly frozen, the captain hindered George from going to sleep, and forced him to walk up and down with him on the ice, as the only means of saving himself from falling into a state of fatal stupor. The pangs of hunger soon began to augment their sufferings.

At daybreak, they descried four miles off raft at a great distance and of the. In vain, however, did they shout and make signals; their companions in misfortune did not see them. Towards evening their hopes were revived by the appearance of a three masted vessel. Anxiously did our two shipwrecked mariners watch its movements. They saw them shorten sail, and presently after perceived that the raft was in their craft has been taken on board. Now, would they come to them?

Planting the broken oar upright, and unwinding it with his hat and handkerchief, the captain waved it continually, and shouted as loud as he could. After half an hour passed thus in agonizing suspense, the vessel sailed on without its crew perceiving them, and slowly disappeared from their sight.

At this dreadful sight, poor George fell at the captain's feet, and exclaimed: "Oh, mother, then, may here to perish with cold and hunger!"

Without replying, the captain felt in his pocket, and taking out a biscuit wet with salt-water, offered it to the child. George seized it with avidity, and ate it to his mouth, when remarking that the captain had none for himself, he said, "and what will you do captain?"

"Eat it," said Varenne, briefly.

The boy did not wait to be desired a second time.

The next night was dreadful. Varenne preserved a steady, despairing silence; only from time to time he moistened with a piece of ice his lips of the poor child, whose strength was fast failing.

"O captain, I am very cold—very weak. O my poor mother!"

And then some back vividly to his remembrance his little soft white bed, to which his kind old nurse tucked him up so snugly every night; his nice supper of white bread and hot milk, even the piece of cake which was given to him for dinner when he behaved badly. Oh, what would he have given now for even one half of that bit of bread. Thus passed the long weary night in dreadful sufferings and unavailing regrets. At daybreak, as soon as the fog was sufficiently dispersed to allow them to distinguish objects, they perceived, floating near the ice, a cask of cider. With great exertions the captain at length succeeded in securing it, and a hearty draught greatly refreshed their both.

"Captain," said George, "we have forgotten one thing which may save us."

"What is that?"

"To pray to God."

Varenne sighed deeply.

"Yes, captain," continued George, as he tried to kneel on the slippery ice, "whenever mamma was in grief, she used to pray to God, and He always comforted her. She often told me so, and she always spoke the truth. Do, dear captain, kneel down by my side."

Whether from conviction, or merely from a wish to please the boy, Varenne obeyed; and George, in simple childish words, asked that Heavenly Father to forgive them all their sins, and especially his great one in disobeying and forsaking his parents, for which he was now justly punished; also, for their Saviour's sake, to take care of them, and deliver them from their dreadful situation.

They had not long risen from their knees when they saw, drifting towards them, a small empty boat, which the captain recognized as having belonged to his ship. They caught it, got into it, and Varenne guided it carefully through the floating masses of wreck from which, would have crushed it like an egg-shell—soon perceived that they were not far from land.

At length they reached the shore, and landed, the captain carrying George in his arms, for the child's limbs were weak and benumbed. They ascended a hill, and sat down warmed them; and the captain filled his hat with mussels, which he found among the rocks. George had eaten eighteen of these shell-fish, delicately cooked and sent up to his parent's table, but never did he think them half so good or savoury as now that he was glad to devour them raw. Great planters in some manner appeared, a new fear took possession of the captain.

He wanted to explore the coast, and ascertain what chance they had of escaping; but George was too weak to accompany him, and he dared not leave him alone, for fear of the bears and other wild animals that infest those northern lands. Indeed, his own weak and totally unarmed condition, he could make but little resistance were they to attack him. While imagining, over the dilemma, George suddenly gave a cry of joy, and with a trembling hand pointed out to his companion an English vessel sailing along the shore.

What joy! The party pursued them, and three men put off in a boat towards the spot where they were. The captain's habitual touch reserve gave way before the transport caused by the unlooked for deliverance; he folded George in his arms, and with tears of joy embraced him as if he had been his son.

"Let us kneel down, captain," whispered the boy and thank God for His goodness in saving us." The old sailor obeyed and joined fervently in George's simple thanksgiving. Presently the boat's hook touched the shore, and the three sailors leaping out, raised the exhausted pair in their arms.

"Carry the child," said Varenne, "I am still strong enough to walk." As soon as they had got on board the vessel, everything possible was done for their health and comfort. The captain's wife took George under her especial care, and he was soon perfectly restored. After a few days' sail, the English vessel crossed the path of a French brig, the *Adelaide*, of Granville, bound for that port. They hailed it; and Varenne and George having taken a grateful farewell of their kind English friends, were landed at Havre, and Varenne invited George to accompany him to his inn. The boy thanked him, but said he must first go home, as he could not feel happy until he had seen his mother. Varenne smiled at this, and presented him to a gentleman.

"Well," said Varenne, "if you don't come to me to-morrow morning, I will go to see you at your father's house. By the way, I don't think I ever asked you his name."

"Pleville-le-Pelley," said George, as he walked toward his home.

We leave it to our readers to imagine how the tender boy made himself known to his sorrowing parents—how speedily their grief was turned to joy—how the fatted calf was killed, and drew him closer to her bosom, when he told her of the shipwreck and the iceberg.

"Where are you going, my lovely young Madame Pleville, when she saw her husband take up his hat and prepare to go out.

"To bring here that brave Captain Varenne! but for him this boy would never have been!" He soon reappeared with the desired guest, and the whole history of their adventure was gone over again.

"I have my child," said Madame Pleville, "but you have now had enough of a sea life, and will be content to remain quietly at home."

"I hope quite the contrary," said the captain, "no, no! I dare say he is anxious to be off again."

"I what he has suffered has not sufficed to deter him from the sea, he must go!" said the father, "it must be his vocation to become a sailor."

And a sailor George-Rene Pleville le Pelley became and continued during his life. After having made several voyages to Newfoundland and elsewhere, he entered his country's service, and rose to the command of a 74 gun ship, which he lost his right leg. This accident, however, did not impede either his activity or his promotion. Twice was the wooden leg shot from under him, and he used to drange facetiously, "I will that he has gave the work to the carpenter, and not to the surgeon."

In 1770, ill health forced him to retire for a time from active service, and was made Lieutenant at Marseilles. While there, the English frigate, the *Alfred*, commanded by Captain Jervis—afterwards Lord St. Vincent—came in sight, in a tempest into the bay, and was an instance of risk of being dashed to pieces on the rocks. Pleville, with all the sailors whom he could collect, hastened to the spot. The night was dark, and the storm so fearful that the bollest of the sailors refused to leave the shore. The lieutenant himself, despite of his colonel's, also, and besides. Fastening a strong rope round his body, and grasping a cutlass, one end of which he had made fast to the shore, he plunged down into the angry waves. With almost incredible efforts, he succeeded in reaching the frigate when it was about to perish, and by his intimate acquaintance with the port, was able to direct it in safety. On the next day, he sent market to repair the injuries which the vessel had sustained, and she was soon fit for a return to England.

The English admiral testified his gratitude by sending Captain Jervis back to Marseilles with a special service of plate, and a complimentary and polite letter addressed to Pleville. His noble conduct on this occasion met afterward with what he esteemed a much higher recompense. During the war of 1778, his son, who was serving on board a frigate, was taken prisoner. No sooner did the English admiralty learn who the young man was, than they offered to release him if he would set at liberty, his father's son. The young man was, than they permitted him also to release several of his comrades.

The telegraph which still exists on the Hotel de Marine, is a proof of Pleville's noble disinterestedness. Appointed in 1797 minister of the marine, he was directed to make a tour of inspection along the French coast, and 50,000 francs were allowed for his expenses. He spent but 8000, and in his return immediately sent the remaining 42,000 back to the public treasury. Napoleon, informed of this, wished to receive the sum, and Pleville employed it for the good of the nation in erecting a telegraph.

After a glorious, a happy, and a useful life, having been made a chief officer of the Legion of Honor, George-Rene Pleville le-Pelley died at Paris, in his 80th year, in 1805. Not long before his death, he had a dream, which he used to relate to his friends. He thought he was on board his vessel, and that a sailor was sent up to the top of the mast to look out for land. The sailor cried out, "I see land!" Pleville asked, "Is it far off?" and the sailor answered, "Very near, sir!" Pleville then said, "Let us cast anchor, and we will go on shore." The sailor cried, "Land! land!" and Pleville, "Let us cast anchor, and we will go on shore." The sailor cried, "Land! land!" and Pleville, "Let us cast anchor, and we will go on shore." The sailor cried, "Land! land!" and Pleville, "Let us cast anchor, and we will go on shore."

Strauss, Lehman & Co.

STRAUSS, LEHMAN & CO.,
No. 202 Main Street.

APRIL 19, 1859.

RECEIVED PER EXPRESS:

EMBROIDERIES, EUGENE ROBES,
EMBROIDERIES, EUGENE ROBES,
EMBROIDERIES, EUGENE ROBES,

BARGOR SHAWLS, VICTORIA SHAWLS,
BARGOR SHAWLS, VICTORIA SHAWLS,
BARGOR SHAWLS, VICTORIA SHAWLS,

LACE POINT MANTILLAS,
LACE POINT MANTILLAS,
LACE POINT MANTILLAS,

MAY QUEEN SKIRTS,
MAY QUEEN SKIRTS,
MAY QUEEN SKIRTS,

DIAMOND SKIRTS,
DIAMOND SKIRTS,
DIAMOND SKIRTS,

TWENTY SPRING SKIRTS,
TWENTY SPRING SKIRTS,
TWENTY SPRING SKIRTS,

THIRTY SPRING SKIRTS,
THIRTY SPRING SKIRTS,
THIRTY SPRING SKIRTS,

THOMPSON'S CROWN INDESTRUCTIBLE SKIRTS,
THOMPSON'S CROWN INDESTRUCTIBLE SKIRTS,
THOMPSON'S CROWN INDESTRUCTIBLE SKIRTS,

THE LATEST,
THE LATEST,
THE LATEST,

THE NEWEST,
THE NEWEST,
THE NEWEST,

THE CHEAPEST,
THE CHEAPEST,
THE CHEAPEST

STRAUSS, LEHMAN & CO.

Municipal Election.

For Mayor.

For Mayor.

For Mayor.

For Mayor.

For Recorder.

For Recorder.

For Recorder.

For City Tax Collector.

For City Tax Collector.

For City Tax Collector.

For Wharfmaster.

For Wharfmaster.

For Captain of the Day Police.

For Captain of the Day Police.

For Captain of the Day Police.

For Captain of the Day Police.

For Captain of the Day Police.

For Captain of the Night Police.

For Captain of the Night Police.

For Captain of the Night Police.

Millinery.

Parisian Fashions.

N. STILLMAN & CO.,
MILLINERY AND DRESS-MAKING
ESTABLISHMENT,
286 Main-st., Opp. Brinkley's Block,
MEMPHIS.

Millinery and Fancy Goods Line.

THE ONLY COMPLETE
MILLINERY.
Establishment in Memphis.

Notice.

Most Favorable Terms.

FRENCH LACE MANTLES,

To the Ladies of Memphis and Vicinity

MISSES CORWIN'S BELL.
FASHIONABLE DRESS MAKERS,
FROM NEW YORK CITY.

Styles and Patterns.

GRAND NEW ARRIVAL
AT THE
EMPORIUM OF FASHION!
French Chip Bonnets,
MILLINERY AND FANCY ARTICLES
FRENCH CHIP BONNETS,
RIBBONS, HEAD DRESSES
FLOWERS, LACE SETTS,
LACE MANTLES,
And all kinds of EMBROIDERIES,
SPRING AND SUMMER SHAWLS.
CHILDREN'S ROBES and CLOAKS,
TRIMMINGS,
CORSETS
PARASOLS, FANS,
CAPES, HOOP SKIRTS,

The Most Reasonable Terms.

MORRIS CEMETERY,

Notice.

ARE YOU INSURED?
ARE YOU INSURED?
ARE YOU INSURED?
INSURE WITH MILTON & TORIAN.
INSURE WITH MILTON & TORIAN.
INSURE WITH MILTON & TORIAN.
IN UNDOUBTED COMPANIES,
IN UNDOUBTED COMPANIES,
IN UNDOUBTED COMPANIES,
OFFICE OVER SOUTHERN BANK,
OFFICE OVER SOUTHERN BANK,
OFFICE OVER SOUTHERN BANK.

Notice.

ICE, ICE, ICE.
DUVAL, ALGEO & CO.

In Store and for Sale.

Notice.

Miscellaneous.

NEW HAT MANUFACTORY!
Francisco & Co.,
IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN
HATS, CAPS AND LADIES' FURS!
Provine's Block, 348 Main-st.,
Memphis, Tenn.
(Rear of the Gayoso House.)
Hats, Caps and Straw Goods,
FOR THE SPRING TRADE.
FOR 1859.
OUR STANDARD STYLES OF DRESS HATS,
ARE NOW COMPLETE.
THE YOUNG SOUTHERNER
THAT BEAUTIFUL LIGHTSOME HAT.
MISSES BLOOMER HATS.
And Children's Straw Goods in great abundance at the Fashionable Hat Emporium of
FRANCISCO & CO.,
Provine Block, 348 Main street.

BOOTS AND SHOES
For the Spring Trade.
WALLACE & VANPELTS,
No. 287 Main Street,
(BRINKLEY'S 'LOCK.)
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
BOOTS SHOES,
Ladies' Custom-made Shoes,
TRUNKS, VALISES,
—AND—
Carpet Bags, Etc.

BOOTS AND SHOES
FOR GENTLEMEN'S WEAR.
LADIES' AND MISSES' SHOES,
Childrens' Shoes,
Over Shoes,
Brogans, Etc.

Real Estate

Crittenden, Ark., Land
FOR SALE.

Notice to Cotton Growers.
A Valuable Tract of Cotton Lands for Sale containing 1400 Acres.

For Sale.

Long Credit.

Small Farm for Sale

For Sale.

For Sale

PLANTATION AND NEGROES
FOR SALE.

A VALUABLE FARM
FOR SALE.

CHOICE FRUIT
OF ALL KINDS.

Chancery Sale
OF
Valuable Real Estate
ON UNION AVENUE.

Thursday, June 23, 1859.

A Valuable Tract or parcel of Land.

Chancery Sale
OF
2 Valuable Negro Girls.

Thursday, June 23, 1859.

TWO VALUABLE NEGRO GIRLS,
ANN AND HARRIETT.

Chancery Sale
OF
VALUABLE LANDS
IN
Shelby County, Tenn.,
AND
Town Lots in the City of Memphis.

Thursday, June 23, 1859.

Valuable Tracts of Land
in Shelby county, Tennessee, and
Town Lots
in the city of Memphis, to wit

A Certain Tract of Land

The Two Reasonable Terms.

Chancery Sale
OF
Valuable Real Estate
ON SHELBY STREET,
Known as Swiss Cottage.

Thursday, June 23, 1859.

A Valuable Lot of Ground and Improvements,

Chancery Sale
OF
Valuable Real Estate
In South Memphis.

Wednesday, June 1st, 1859,

A Valuable Lot of Ground,

Chancery Sale
OF
VALUABLE LANDS
IN
Shelby County, Tenn.,
AND
Town Lots in the City of Memphis.

Wednesday, June 1st, 1859,

Valuable Tracts of Land
in Shelby county, Tennessee, and
Town Lots
in the city of Memphis, to wit

A Certain Tract of Land

Two other Tracts or parcels of Land

Administratrix's Notice.

Executor's Notice.

WATCHES AND JEWELRY!
NEW STORE,
Corner of Court and Main-Sts.,
MEMPHIS, TENN.
JAMES POOLEY,
Watchmaker & Jeweller,
DEALER IN
FINE WATCHES, DIAMONDS,
Silver and Plated Ware.

FANCY GOODS
IN GREAT VARIETY.
REPAIRING of WATCHES & JEWELRY.
Engraving in all its branches,

Trustee's Sale.

Miscellaneous.

F. A. Park & Co.
PLUMBERS,
GAS & STEAM FITTERS!
NO. 100
MAIN STREET.

PUMPS!

BATHING APPARATUS.

FOUNTAINS,

REFRIGERATORS,

GAS FIXTURES,

PATENT BURNERS.

PIPE.

STEAM GAUGES.

STEAM WHISTLES.

PARLOR GRATES.

SHEET LEAD

BELVER DAM SPRINGS
FOR SALE.

1859. S. E. W. SPRING GOODS. 1859.
A. SEESSEL,
213 Main Street, opposite Court Square,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer
IN
STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS,
Boots and Shoes, Ready-Made Clothing,
Gents Furnishing Goods, Etc.

SILKS AND LACE GOODS.

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS!
APRIL, 1859.
Taylor & McEwen
Are now receiving large supplies of new goods, to which they ask the attention of cash buyers or prompt time buyers.
ORGANDIES, MERAGES, SILKS,
GINGHAMS, LAWNS, PRINTS,
TRAVELING GOODS, DUSTERS,
EMBROIDERIES, LACES, VEILS,
MUSLINS, BRILLIANTS, DE LAINES,
CORSETS, HOOPS, HOSE,
GLOVES, FANS, GLOVES,
MOURNING GOODS—All Styles
Bleached and Brown
SHIRTINGS, SHEETINGS, DRILLS,
OSNABURGS, STRIPES, COTTONADES,
HATS and FLOWERS, CLOTHS, CASSIMERES,
LADIES' TRUNKS, BOXES and BASKETS.

Ladeis' & Misses' best city made Shoes.

Dry Goods Houses

NEW STORE!
Horton, Hunter & Co.,
Corner Main and Monroe Streets,
NO. 291 BRINKLEY'S BLOCK.
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS,
LADIES' DRESS GOODS,
Every variety.
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
Large lot.
MEN AND BOY'S SHOES AND BOOTS,
Every description.
LADIES' AND MISSES' SHOES,
From the most reliable makers.
CARPETS, MATTINGS and OIL CLOTHS,
Ten per cent. lower than any other house.
HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS GENERALLY.
NEGRO AND PLANTATION GOODS.
All of which will be sold on the most favorable terms FOR CASH, or to punctual dealers on short time.
HORTON, HUNTER & CO.

SPRING AND SUMMER
GOODS
FOR 1859, AT
B. WALKER & BRO.'S.
No. 79 Front Row, corner of Adams-st., and
J. WALKER & CO'S,
No. 257 Main-st., opposite Odd Fellows Hall.
CLOTHING MANUFACTORY,
No. 115 North Third-Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
ALSO—DEALERS IN
DRY GOODS, BOOTS AND SHOES!
ETC., ETC., ETC.
Clothing, Clothing, Clothing.
Ready-Made Clothing
OUR SPRING AND SUMMER STOCK
GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS
To the Ladies.
To Planters, Country Merchants and River Traders.
OUR STOCK OF NEGRO CLOTHING

Hardware and Cutlery.

HARDWARE,
IRON,
NAILS,
AND
CASTINGS!
—AT—
REDUCED PRICES FOR CASH,
Or Approved Paper.
HARDWARE
FROM THE
American Manufacturers
AND BY
SPECIAL IMPORTATION
FROM
ENGLAND AND GERMANY.
Resident Agent in Europe,
All Goods of European Manufacture
At Very Reduced Rates.
COUNTRY MERCHANTS,
LOW FIGURES
Cash Buyers Solicited,
HAWKES, SMITH & CO.

Grindstones.
30,000

Bargains in Hardware.

Table and Pocket Cutlery.

340 dozen Chopping Axes,

Sundries.

Furniture

JAMES & M. FLAHERTY,
FURNITURE
PIANOS, ETC.,
Memphis, Tenn.
GROSVENOR, CAMP & CO.,
FURNITURE
Oil Carpeting, &c.
MATTRESSES,
Memphis, Tenn.

Hotels--Restaurants.

WORSHAM HOUSE.

TRAVELLING COMMUNITY.
Strict Attention to Business,

Woodruff House.

Look Here!
TRUST SALE.

Notice.

Robb & Johnson,
CARPENTERS & JOINERS,
Builders and Manufacturers.

Lumber, Lumber, Lumber.

Notice.

Taxes!---Coahoma Taxes!

Administrator's Notice.

BOOTS AND SHOES!

PORTABLE ENGINES.

GOLD PENS REPAIRED!

Black Diamonds!
Of the First Water!

Edinburg and Glendary Caps

Insurance.

THIRD ANNUAL STATEMENT
OF THE BUSINESS AND CONDITION OF THE
QUAKER CITY INSURANCE COMPANY

Phoenix Insurance Company,
HARTFORD, CONN.
Cash Capital $200,000 00
Surplus 219,084 66

HOME INSURANCE COMPANY,
112 and 114 Broadway,
NEW YORK.
Cash Capital $600,000 00
Surplus 477,996 40

MEMPHIS INSURANCE COMPANY
Memphis, Tenn.
CAPITAL
$150,000.

STATEMENT
OF THE CONDITION OF
The Hartford Fire Insurance
COMPANY,
Made to Comptroller of the State of Tennessee,
January 1, 1859.
CAPITAL.
ASSETS.
LIABILITIES.

Lancers Cured.

Notice.

Removal.
WM. POOLEY

MERCHANT TAILORING,
IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 200 Main Street.

Medical

Youth and Manhood.

BLOOD PURIFIER
AND
HEALTH RESTORER.

HOSTETTER'S
STOMACH BITTERS.

Consumptives do not Despair.
CONSUMPTION CURED.
CONSUMPTION CURED.
CONSUMPTION CURED.
CONSUMPTION CURED.
CONSUMPTION CURED.
CONSUMPTION CURED.

HOSTETTER'S
STOMACH BITTERS.

MEMPHIS FOUNDRY
AND
Machine Shop.
B. E. NORRIS & CO.,

C. K. HOLST & SON,
Cabinet Makers
AND
UNDERTAKERS.
Main-St., Old Stand, below Monroe.

No. 200 Main Street.