Daily Appeal.

ROE.

A TALE OF NEW ORLEANS.

From the New Orleans Sunday Delta.]

"And will you bring me that pretty Madonna, Mr. Henry?"

"Yes, my little Zoe, if you will promise me one thing."

"Of course I will."

"But you must not forget and break it."

"Indeed I will not. Did I ever break a promise I made you?"

"No, my little rose-bud; there is that in these deep lustrous orbs of thine which tells me better than words, you do not make promises to break them."

"But that promise—what is it? It must be something very important by the way you look at me, Mr. Henry."

"Yes, it is important. I wish you to call me Mr. Henry no longer, but simply Henry."

"Oh, is that all?"

"Is that all, Zoe? Yes, that is all; and it was much indeed, did you but realize it."

"I thought I ought to call you Mr. Henry, you being a gentleman, but I can just as well call you—you—it seems so strange to say—to say—your name alone."

"But you must not forget your promise, little hazel-eye, and always call me Henry, at least until you get tired."

"Tired? Oh, I should never get tired of that; why should I?"

"You might like to repeat some other name better."

"But I have no other to call, except papa and old mother Elise, for I don't know the names of any other of the lodgers except you, and calling these two won't make me forget room. I have had to call papa's and mother Elise's ever since I can remember, and I have never tired."

"How can you tell whether or not you would tire, my dear dove, until you have essayed? Let me hear you say Henry."

"Why, that is easy to say—Mist—s—I mean—Henry."

"What! my lily donning the petals of a blushing rose? I must catch the hue upon my lips ere it fades again."

A sudden heeding of his neck, a change of his arms, a slight start upon her part, the rosate tinge upon her back-thrown face deepening to a scarlet, and then came a soft, sweet, vibratory sound, which might have been some tuneful zephyr trilling upon the silver chords of a pete's lyre. Then all was still.

Zoe drew backward, the arms which had clasped her, falling gently from her shoulders. Her face, which before had been unchangingly upward, fixed upon those blue eyes, now fell to the ground, and upon her blushing face there was an air of seriousness, tinged a little, perhaps, with sadness. Even as she stood so, he had stepped lightly out of the doorway into the street. As she looked up, and found herself alone, a tinge of alarm seemed to mingle itself with the shadow of sadness; quickly stepped upon the door-sill and gazed out. He was half way to the next street and walking briskly, so she turned back into the hall, while a crystal drop moistened those long lashes, and she pressed the hands upon her bosom, as though something was beating there.

Zoe was a girl of fifteen years, perhaps, with curling, jetty hair, large hazel eyes, and fine-pencilled features, almost classical. Her complexion was so fair, one would hardly suppose her father was from Southern France, her mother had been a Castilian dame, and that she herself was a Creole; but her complexion was too fair—it was so white, as to speak of many years passed in that dreary old building and its damp courtyard, with but little sunshine and no flowers. Her little hands, too—so delicate, so alabaster-like, all but the pale, blue veins, whose tracings were so plain; not resist, but she told him, in a quiet, but earnest manner, that she really hoped he would never repeat the action, and went all trembling to her own room. There was a strange, unusual thrill vibrating through her whole frame, and she could neither comprehend nor define it. Had she not felt that Mr. Henry was the embodiment of goodness, she would have been frightened; and as it was, a change appeared to have come over their mutual relations, and she felt that she should no longer be so intimate as before.

All that evening and the next day the young man's door was locked. The glorious sun was casting his glowing smiles upon the Creole city, and many an attractress ray peered into the murky old court yard, but within that stranger's room not one gleam entered. All there was dark and sloomy as if in sympathy with his gloomy spirit. Deeper and deeper were the pusky folds of an endless evening stealing across his heart, drawing over each glistening gem of memory a mantle which was never to be removed.

And Zoe's gentle heart was pained as it never had been before, for she had been compelled to write out her bill against the young lodger, and her father sternly ordered her to present it. Greatly did she fear him, her grim unforgiving parent, yet the risk she had firmly resolved to run in not delivering it. Did not enter so much into her thoughts as the knowledge that Mr. Henry had not gone out to a single meal. Was he ill? she conjectured, or could it be possible that he had no means? She recollected, too, that he had not brought her the promised Madonna, and she knew he would not forget it unless he forgotten it. At length she mustered up all her courage and approached his door, and rappel lightly upon it.

"Who is there?" was asked in tones so hollow, so unnatural, she trembled at the sound.

"It is me—Zoe. You are not sick, are you, Henry?"

"No, Zoe, no," was responded quickly, and in a manner which showed an attempt to alter that sound, though making it still more unnatural.

Zoe remained at the door for awhile, and then stepped lightly away, her eyes glistening with tears. She was not gone long, however, ere she returned with something wrapped in a large ainsey napkin, and with eyes still teardimmed and heat upon the door of the gallery. She had reached the door ere she noticing that it was open, and that the lodger was reading by it. A slight blush was mantling her cheek as she started and looked up, but it instantly receded as she beheld the altered countenance of her friend. Never before had his pale face seemed so deadly pale; never before seemed his eyes so sunken, yet so lustrous; and the faint smile he attempted to force upon his unwilling features, as he said—"Good evening, Zoe," was so faint, so forced, it found no answering gleam to Zoe's. How her voice trembled, and the tears she so tried to hide, stole down over her pale face, as she said:

"Here is a cake I baked for you to-day, myself, Henry. Will you not accept of it?"

The lustrous eyes cared no keenly into those of Zoe's, as she knew in the tone reading the falsity of her words, and her glance was shrinkingly lowered. But he did not appear angry or indignant; he only seemed very sorrowful.

"Thank you, my dear Zoe; though I have no appetite for it now, I will place it in my room. God bless you, my dear one; such hearts as yours could only have found their way into this dark world by some sad, some terrible mistake."

There was only a warm pressure of the hand when they parted in the large doorway, and the young man walked quickly up the street. And there Zoe stayed, leaning against one of the door-posts, looking drearily and sadly upon the banquette. Her young heart was full of grief, and occasionally a passerby would glance round at her as she heaved a deep sigh, but she did not notice them, for her eyes were reflecting inwardly. Many minutes are passing, and she still stands motionless. Ah hour has glided away, when suddenly she is aroused by an approaching footstep, the only one of all during thathour which has disturbed her reverry.

The young man's face, as he entered the doorway, was lit up by a smile, but there was something in that smile which struck fear to her heart, she knew not why. It was a gleam, not such as emanates from the whole-souled, genial sun, but such as might be reflected from a strancely-glittering iceberg.

"Oh! Henry, you are ill! I know you are ill," she exclaimed.

"No, Zoe, I am not ill. My dear girl, I have brought you the Madonna you so much wished. Keep it, Zoe; keep it always, for my sake, for to-morrow I am going away, to return—never!"

"Going away? going away? And never to return? Oh! you do not mean it, Henry!"

"So earnest, so deeply earnest, were these words of the artless girl, and with such a look of fearlessness were her eyes bent upon his own, Henry could not fail to read the depth of an emotion its owner knew not, nor understood. A low moan was all that spoke the agony of his spirit, and then, as if all the wild, passionate love of his heart had gushed forth in an irrepressible flood, he caught the young girl to his bosom, and with alternate kisses of passion and ejaculations of despairing grief, bid her farewell forever, and rushed into his room.

For awhile Zoe stood there, startled, alarmed and grief-stricken, and then picking up the Madonna from where it had fallen upon the floor, she sought her own room, placed the precious gift upon the mantel, and then flung herself upon the bed where not even her father's sure calling could arouse her from her depth of woe.

Again the sun was shining brightly, and merry playful beams, embolded by former successes, had crept into the old court-yard, the little stagnant pools shrinking under their gaze. Some curious rays had even dodged between the drawn curtains of the lodgers' rooms, but quickly and fearfully they retreated behind a dingy shade of evening hue, which had deepened into the pall of a night whose daybreak is eternity.

"Father, do not, I entreat you!" were the imploring words of Zoe, as her violent parent threw her aside, and went with a determined air to the door of the young lodger who should have paid his rent on the previous day. He was surprised at his daughter's manner, for never before had she opposed him with aught but tears, and this obstinacy was so aroused, he determined to use the most summary means for the collection of his unpaid rent.

Zoe trembled violently as her father knocked at the door, but when he knocked again and then kicked and thumped and received no answer, with a cry of alarm she ran down the gallery to his side. At the moment the old Frenchman was reached a fearful point, and with all his force he burst the door in and entered. Zoe closely following him. There was a sudden shriek—the shrill voice of agony and terror—as the young girl fell senseless, and even the stern old man was aghast and unstricken.

Henry had already left, and all that remained behind was the jetsam cast upon the bank, one hand of which was a paper that had contained morphine, while the other grasped a pencil which had unconsciously traced on a flyleaf of a book, the name of "Zoe."

MAY 25TH, 1859.

Strauss, Lehman & Co.

SIGNIFICANT!

STRAUSS, LEHMAN & CO.,

202 Main Street,

Our Third Arrival

OF

SPRING & SUMMER GOODS

DECLINE IN PRICES.

Great Inducements.

WE are now receiving PRINTS! PRINTS! NEW PRINTS! STRAUSS, LEHMAN & CO.

Lawns and Muslins.

A BEAUTIFUL LAWN at 10cents and 7½ half cents. STRAUSS, LEHMAN & CO.

Sheetings, Shirtings and Bleached Goods.

IN Great Variety. STRAUSS, LEHMAN & CO.

Parasols, Fans, and Sun Shades.

SOMETHING NEW, and very cheap. STRAUSS, LEHMAN & CO.

Thread Lace.

VALENCIENNES LACE, DOE LACE, and EDGING, at STRAUSS, LEHMAN & CO.

Silk and Lace Mantles.

SILK DUSTERS and Sleeps Sacks at STRAUSS, LEHMAN & CO.

Hoop Skirts and Corsets.

THE Improved Thirty-Spring Skirt. Thompson's Indestructible " Models and Coraline. STRAUSS, LEHMAN & CO.

Shirt Fronts.

PLAIN and Embroidered. Our own importation, a new article. STRAUSS, LEHMAN & CO.

Dry Goods.

GENERAL Assortment. Cheap Goods and Fancy Dry Goods, at STRAUSS, LEHMAN & CO.

WANTED.

10,000 CHICKENS for the above Goods, at STRAUSS, LEHMAN & CO.

Malt Wine---McKnight's Malt Wine.

TWO dozen bottles for convenience with any brand of imported ale, by MALT WINE.

This article is a decoction of the purest malt of Malt and Hops of warranted by the undersigned, and is in value obtained in the Eastern and Middle States. In production is the result of 30 years' practical experience, combined with the facilities afforded by one of the largest breweries in the United States, combining all the latter improvements, adopted from a journey of observation, visiting the British Breweries, with the express view of the obtaining a

A PURE AND WHOLESOME AMERICAN LIQUOR.

It is a pure dietetic beverage, stimulant, restorative and tonic—medical expressly for public use, for invalids, and for invigorating, refreshing and nourishing. Its price brings every the institution within reach.

Orders promptly attended to, and further particulars, address PETER MCKNIGHT, Brewer, Albany, N. Y.

Notice.

HAVING been appointed receiver of the notes and accounts of the late firm of SELLMAN & WEBB, I hereby call on all persons indebted to them to call at my office, over the store.

J. A. WILSON, Receiver.

NEW PIANOS.

SEW PIANOS, Rosewood cases, with full octave, Iron Plate, Overstrung Scale, Grand Action, Rosin & Co. Piano Forte is sold, and warranted for five years. Pianos to be sold, and the money will be refunded if not satisfactory.

Every Piano warranted to every respect for three years. No per the best Pianos, at the lowest prices, call on MCKINNEY & CO.

may21-tfm

Hardware.

FOR SALE

AT THE

AGRICULRAL

WAREROOMS

OF

LOWNES, ORGILL & CO.,

Nos. 18 and 14 Front Row,

CORNER OF MONROE-ST.

TURNING, BURSHS, AND HILL-SIDE PLOWS;

STEWART & ALLEN'S PATENT COTTON SEED PLANTERS;

EXPANDING STEEL TOOTH CULTIVATORS;

HORSE AND HAND BROADCAST SOWING MACHINES;

MANNY'S PATENT REAPING AND MOWING MACHINES;

MILLER & WINGATE'S KENTUCKY HARVESTERS;

GRAIN CRADLES AND SCYTHES—a full assortment;

EXCELSIOR RAILROAD HORSE-POWER THRESHERS AND SEPARATORS;

PENNSYLVANIA HORSE-POWER THRESHERS;

CORN MILLS—assorted sizes;

NORCROSS PATENT CIRCULAR SAWMILLS;

BRADFORD'S PREMIUM PORTABLE CORN AND FLOURING MILLS;

BRADFORD'S PREMIUM SHUT MACHINES;

BRADLEY'S PATENT HORSE-POWER CORN SHELLER;

KRAUSER'S PATENT CIDER MILLS;

HEDGES, FLEE & CO'S SUGAR CANE MILLS AND APPARATUS;

CANE MILLS—assorted sizes;

VERY CUTTERS—assorted sizes;

CORN SHELLERS—assorted sizes;

PLANTATION BELLS—from 30 to 500 lbs.;

HORSE AND HAND RAKES;

MACHINE REEFING

SEEDS:

CLOVER, TIMOTHY, BLUE GRASS, MILLET, ETC., ETC., ETC.

Together with a full assortment of GARDEN SEEDS and IMPLEMENTS, and every variety of TOOLS FOR PLANTATION USE.

apl6-ly

$6 SEWING MACHINES.

NEVER BEFORE OFFERED AT RETAIL.

A SEWING MACHINE FOR AND WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL.

A PRACTICAL FAMILY SEWING MACHINE FOR SIX DOLLARS.

HASELTINE'S PATENT NOVELTY $6 SEWING MACHINE

IT HAS BEEN PROVED AND IMPROVED DURING THE PAST 11 MONTHS.

MANUFACTURING FACILITIES IMMENSELY INCREASED.

ADDRESS OFFICES.

J. W. HASELTINE, Palmyra, 421 Broadway, New York.
J. W. HASELTINE, 128 Chestnut St., Phila.
E. S. HIGGINS, Agent, 68 Sixth st., Cincinnati.
H. HIGGINS, " 82 North 4th st., St. Louis.
GEO. F. LEGGETT, " 17 Washington st., Boston.

Exclusive Agencies are being established in every county throughout the United States. Applicants for agencies will please address the parties in their respective states. Or address the principal office, as above, for prompt attention to all orders for Machines, Wholesale and Retail.

Send for a circular, with cuts of Machine and samples of work.

All letters to receive attention, must contain return postage.

m?54-tfnewyr

GEO. PHILLER & CO.,

HATTERS,

No. 18 Front Row.

CASH SYSTEM.

TO our old friends and customers: Having purchased the old establishment of GEO. PHILLER & CO., into M. M. MILLER, No. 18 Front Row, I am now receiving, direct from the manufacturers, a fresh stock of Hats and Straw Goods, bought for Cash, which I intend selling for the same. As a specimen, I mention that in the Hat business in Memphis has one profit from the manufacturer to the consumer, I will sell my hats at two profits—first my profit, lower for cash, and the cash man pay for his own Hat. I therefore respectfully solicit the patronage of my old friends and customers, and as many more as feel disposed to pay for cash, and save from ten to twenty dollars per year. Respectfully,

GEO. PHILLER.

MATTRESS MANUFACTORY.

J. P. LALLEMAND,

Mattress Maker,

JEFFERSON STREET, BETWEEN THIRD AND FOURTH, OPPOSITE THE THEATER.

Memphis, Tennessee.

STRAW, Hair, Moss, Cotton Mattresses, Sofas and Mattresses always on hand, or made to order, wholesale and retail. Orders promptly attended to from Steamboats, hotel and boarding-house keepers, steamboatmen, and the public in Memphis and the surrounding country. Repairing done at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms.

Orders solicited, and a supply of Linen Mattresses not to be surpassed in quality, and the lowest in price.

m?18-tfy

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS

Of Every Variety.

TO THE LADIES.

WE have just received a splendid assortment of

BLACK AND FANCY SILKS,
PARISIENNED ORGANDIES,
ROSE, FAVORITA AND SULTANA ORGANDIES
LAWNS AND DARK LAWNS.

Also—A splendid assortment of Gloves, Sleeves, Hosiery, Mantillas, Embroideries, Hoop Skirts, etc.

To Planters, Country Merchants and River Traders.

We invite particular attention to our immense stock before making purchases, as we MANUFACTURE OUR OWN CLOTHING and can sell cheaper than any other house in the city.

B. WALKER & BROS.
J. WALKER & CO.
377 Main Street.

1859. NEW SPRING GOODS. 1859.

A. SEESSEL,

253 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.

HAVING returned from the Eastern Cities, where he purchased his entire stock of Goods, and being fully enabled to make better inducements than ever before, call the attention of the Ladies and Gentlemen of this city and country to his new and cheap stock.

Country Merchants, River Traders and Peddlers, are particularly invited to call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.

A. SEESSEL,
No. 253 Main street, opp. Court Sq., Memphis, Tenn.

MEMPHIS

Variety Store.

STRASSERI & LINK,

No. 277 Main Street,

NEXT DOOR TO J. B. WILLIAMS & CO.'S

THE undersigned would respectfully inform the ladies of Memphis and vicinity, that she has taken room over the millinery store of Mr. Goubard, corner of Main and Union street, two doors south of the city hotel, where she will be pleased to wait on her friends at all times. Dresses to be made at the shortest notice, and in the latest Paris and New Orleans fashions. Ladies may rest assured that nothing later can be procured in the city. Bridal, Evening and Party Dresses, and all kinds of Fancy Costumes made to order, and at the shortest notice. [my21-1y] MISS A. A. HALL.

Dry Goods Houses

R. H. MORTON. J. E. MORTON. D. C. WEBB.

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,

Two per cent. lower than any other house.

HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS GENERALLY

HEMP AND PLANTATION GOODS.

All of which will be sold on the most favorable terms FOR CASH, or to personal dealers in short time.

HORTON, HUNTER & CO.

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS

FOR 1859, AT

B. WALKER & BRO'S.

No. 75 Front Row, corner of Adams-st., and

J. WALKER & CO'S,

No. 217 Main-St., opposite Odd Fellows Hall

CLOTHING MANUFACTORY,

No. 172 North Third-Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

ALSO—DEALERS IN

DRY GOODS, BOOTS AND SHOES!

ETC., ETC., ETC.

Clothing, Clothing, Clothing.

WE are now receiving from our manufactory in Philadelphia, the best and most complete and cheapest

Ready-Made Clothing

ever brought to this market.

OUR SPRING AND SUMMER STOCK

of the above goods is perfect in every variety, consisting of Broadcloth, Cassimeres and Satinets, Linen and Mohair Coats, Sattinet Pants, Marseilles Vests, Linen and Mohair Vests, Fancy Linen, Cassimere, Drills, Vestings, Shirts, Drawers, Cravats, Stocks, Gloves, Suspenders, Handkerchiefs, Collars, Bosoms, Wristbands, Linen Drawers, Shirts, Hosiery, Gloves, Suspenders, Cravats, Stocks