THE MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL.

BY M'CLANAHAN, TROUSDALE & DILL. MEMPHIS, SUNDAY, JULY 31, 1859. VOLUME X.--NUMBER 178.

Daily Appeal.

LOMBARDY AS LEFT BY THE WAR.

An Episode to the Later—The Homes of Tagliani and Pasta—A Faithful Watch Dog—The Scenes of Garibaldi's Exploits—Character of Cavour and his King—Italian Distrust of Napoleon.

Correspondence of the New York Times.]

MILAN, July 2, 1859.—One grows tired even of the bustle of a military camp, but especially of the constant presence of wounded, suffering and dying men. Moreover, one grows absolutely tired of eating nothing, and of sleeping triple in the already very fleshy beds of an Italian country tavern. They have an unfortunate habit in this country of building their inns in such a way as to confound the stable with the dining-room; so that when horses arrive the diners must get up to let them pass, and when the table is set the horses must be pushed over a little. The horse is a noble beast, and Grandville, talking of the dog, says: "The best part of man is the dog' thats in him." But this confounding of animals, no matter how noble, ought to have limits; for some critiques are more susceptible than others, and then habit goes a great way. They have another habit at these inns; when you call for beef, mutton or fowl, to reply, "Si, Si, Signorina, and then immediately bring you calf! The Judge generally attributes to this constant eating of calf the famous retreat from Castiglione. By the way, the Judge has set his retreat to music, to the tune of Tenreyrock's charge of the 600 at Balaklava. The charge, it is true, took place in the other direction, but that is only a "question of detail."

So to get a day's repose, to escape the horrible scenes that abound in the neighborhood of Castiglione, and to get something more fortifying to eat than veal, we took a run up to the Lake of Como, passing through Brescia, Bergamo and Lecco. As a lion of the fashionable world, Como has not been overrated; it is the most charming spot of its kind in all Europe. We hired a gondola and went up the lake to enjoy its beauties at our leisure. It is a mile wide, and its shores are abrupt mountains, covered all the way up with verdure, and dotted with villas and villages caught fast in impassible corners and crevices. To the rigid going up, and three or four miles from the town of Como, we came to the residence of Madame Taglioni. Madame and her daughters have here four houses, twoing the water's edge and two Swiss chalets up the hill above the others. These houses are on the most beautiful part of the lake, and Madame's residence may be said to be the highest reach of the romantic. Taglioni's daughter, you will recollect, is married to the Russian Prince, Roberski, and they all live here together. The Prince has just built himself a gothic house on the opposite side of the lake, which has cost him millions of francs, and is not yet finished. It will be the curiosity of this romantic lake, both by its position and its interior and exterior decorations. Madame Taglioni's is the charming and quaint palace of the Princess Shirlesti, which is closed and for sale. Madame lately turned Catholic, and has gone into monastic life. Next to this is the palace of a Milanese nobleman, and then we come to Madame Pasta's charming residence. If anything could compensate the illustrious capitalist for the loss of the world's admiration, surely it is this lovely retreat on the Lake of Como. I spoke higher up of the community which exists in this country between man and beast. The boatman showed us a beautiful little marble monument, built in the form of a temple, over the remains of a dog, in the choicest spot of a very profusely garden on the border of the lake. While the count and his family were absent one day at Milan, this dog was left alone to guard the house. A robber introduced himself into the premises, and was proceeding in the exercise of his functions, when the dog seized him and worried him to death. When the dog died his master erected the monument in question over his grave.

We returned on the other side of the lake, and here the residences are nearly equal to those of Milanese. We saw the palace in which Queen Caroline of England resided three years, and near it a large hotel, lately called the "Queen of England," but now called the more agreeable title of the "Queen of England." Further along, and near the town of Como, is the magnificent palace of the Marquis Raimbaldi. The Marquis is a friend of Italian independence, and his palace was in 1848 incurred the displeasure of the Austrians, and was obliged to leave the country. He was afterwards permitted to return, but when the present war was declared he was again compelled to leave. The Austrians took possession of of his princely residence, quartered their cavalry, horses and all in it, and broke or damaged nearly everything in the house. The Marquis has now returned, and the house is undergoing repairs. The children of Garibaldi are staying there temporarily.

The purge in the mountain through which Garibaldi first entered Como from Varese, and where he defeated Gen. Urban, is nearly directly behind the house in which you call