THE MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL.

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Daily Appeal.

SUNDAY ITEMS.

The attention of the religious portion of our citizens, especially the Episcopalian, has been considerably attracted of late by the high order of preaching of the Rev. El. Mackey, the present rector of Grace church, the congregation of which meet for worship at the south-east corner of Main and Union streets. As a specimen of his style we call prominently to a few jottings from his sermon of last Sunday morning week. The reader will observe that we have made our selections from the illustrated portions of the discourse, generally without adding the beautiful applications made of the natural facts enumerated to the explanation of the revealed word. We have reason to expect that the Arcana will occasionally be enriched by gems from the pen of the gifted and reverend gentleman.

"In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," the atmosphere with its drapery of clouds, the sea with its stormy grandeur, the plain beautified with flowers, and all the rich fruitfulness of blended sunshine—each come forth at his command. Why all this magnificence—this array of material splendor—this army of worlds marching through the depths of space? Was it a mere spectacle of creative power? Assuredly not. * * *

How wonderful is the structure of the human frame! How nicely adjusted all the elements of strength and elasticity! If every day there is waste an' wear in the system, the loss is constantly replaced. There are veins to convey the blood to the heart; arteries that the blood may flow through them to bear nutriment to the extremities of the body. There are lungs in order that respiration may effect the needed changes of the vital fluid; organs of sense by which the outer world may be brought under the cognizance of the soul within; nerves, each of them double, through which motion may be communicated, or intelligence received. All these, being many, are yet parts of one living organism.

Look at the brain, the chamber of thought, the seat of intellect, memory, will. It is the instrument by means of which the mind combines with the perception of the senses, analyses and compares them, makes deductions, reasons, thinks, decides. And it is a curious fact, that while imagination and fancy are at work in the brain, the heart, which depends on a great epic poem—there is a correspondent action in the tissues of the brain. There is motion throughout the whole vascular mass. The blood rises with the rising sea of thought. Hence, as a certain writer well observes, "that mind which could have read the brain of a Homer would have seen there the 'Illiad' represented by the various exercise of a million of fibres." * * *

The soul is the real man—capable of existing either in the body or out of it—it may rise into the celestial and dwell apart from the earthly tenement. And, it may be, if our senses were more attuned we might be able to see this the electric matter, like a silvery veil, in the robe in which the spirit folds itself when separated from the body. What so appropriate for angel forms as garments woven of the light. * * *

The symbols of the church are as golden clouds, through which the intense brightness of the Godhead pours its softened light upon the world. * * *

Life is not the result of an organization. Look at the first man, Adam, when moulded by the hand of his Creator. The body is complete in all respects—the internal mechanism properly adjusted; the muscles, joints, and bones fitted to each other; the veins, arteries and nerves each in its proper place—yet is the whole but a mere inanimate form. The eye cannot distinguish colors, nor does the ear detect sounds, the nostrils inhale. The nerves are all there, but insensible to pleasure or pain. The blood is there but it does not circulate—the brain, but it is without the power of thinking. The heart is there but it cannot feel—indeed it has not commenced beating. Not the least motion in any part—the gift the organization is complete—because, as yet there is no life. Not until warmed by the breath of the Almighty does man become a living soul. When God kindles the flame, then Adam breathes and stands a sovereign. But a society may have organization without life. There is vitality without the presence of the Holy One. * * *

"The visions of Eden were visions of peace. In their primeval innocence our first parents had sweet communion with each other and with God. They had a church in all its blessedness and purity. To them the river in the midst of the garden was a baptismal font. The tree of life was the symbol of a more glorious life to come—it once a sacrament and a pledge of immortality. In that rosy dawn of the world's history, the heavens of Eden were bright with the flashing of spirit-wings. Angels came down to mingle in the morning prayer and echo the evening hymn. * * *

We extract the following respecting the South Memphis church, from a communication from W. A. Bryan, of this city, published in the Nashville Banner:

Prospects not as gloomy as they have been. The Presbytery has established a church in South Memphis—has employed the Rev. B. F. Griffin to take charge of the work. The committee of the Presbytery wish to refer to, or give the enterprising and successful of the assembly's board of foreign and domestic missions.

The Presbytery determined to have a Second Cumberland Presbyterian church in Memphis. Success is the burden of our prayers. We have the right man at the helm. Brother B. F. Griffin comes highly indorsed by the Memphis Presbytery as every way worthy and well qualified for the mission.

And this we have in a small but neat new house, about twenty-eight by thirty-eight feet, almost completed. This house is in the right place—near the corner of Elliot and Echols street. Though individual property, it is offered to the Presbytery for religious service until such time as we can build a churchhouse proper. And if the Presbytery has accepted, We expect soon to organize.

A resolution has been submitted to the Swedish Diet by a clergyman named Jansen, circulating that the entire Swedish clergy shall henceforth have committed to memory over all printed papers or pamphlets circulated by hawkers, and that, moreover, severe punishment shall be inflicted on all persons who shall discuss religious subjects without first having been examined and authorized by a Protestant clergyman. The proposition was unanimously adopted, and some members proposed even more stringent measures.

The Rev. Hugh Stowell, of Manchester, a noted leader of the more liberal party of the English Church, in a recent missionary sermon, said: "I have no sympathy with the prejudices against a black bishop for Sierra Leone, on the contrary, I think that a black bishop would be just the right man in the right place. Without the grace beautiful than to see the lown sleeves contrasted with the black skin—an emblem of the change which hath been wrought in the heart. Why should we be startled at a black bishop? Was not the son of by Cyprian a black bishop, and did he not add to a conclave of eighty-six black bishops? Even yet, for aught we know, Africa may in the end out trip Europe, for "the last shall be first, and the first last."

The fourth of February next, is the fifteenth anniversary of the establishment of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church.

The American ladies resident or sojourning in Paris, interested in the success of the Protestant Chapel, in the Rue Le Berri, organized a Fair, for the purpose of raising funds to be applied to the support of the Church. The Fair is to be held in the fine hall on the Boulevard des Italiens.

The Right Rev. John N. Neumann, D. D., Roman Catholic Bishop of Philadelphia, died in that city on Thursday. The Bishop, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, complained that he never had felt so indisposed in his life. Immediately afterward he started out from the Episcopal residence, and at 3:30, when walking upon the Second Street Wire street, near Thompson, he fell suddenly dead. His memory was prodigious, and his capacity as a linguist unbounded. He spoke not only all the dialects of the Austrian Empire, but was one of the earnest tongues of modern Europ, in addition to the dead languages studied in the course of his professional career.

The Times, (Eng.) the chief organ of the Tractarians, has the following curious paragraph: "It is stated on good authority that M. C. H. Spurgeon made about three weeks ago a formal recantation of the extreme Calvinist tenets which he had been hitherto preaching. He said that he, and others who had taught as he had done, had been doubtless gravious stumbling-blocks in the way of many pious and earnest persons, and that the only amend which lay in his power was to state publicly that he had been wrong, and to guarantee that he would never propagate similar false doctrines again. It is much to be wished that the Puritans who remain within the church would emulate the candor and orthodoxy of which even an Anabaptist has shown himself thus far capable."

The N. O. Delta says "Jimmy the Priest" is the alias of one James Mason, who was arrested last night and locked up in the first district police station, charged with stealing a lot of law books from the law office of Mr. Dyckmanner, in Exchange alley. McMasonis a man about thirty-five years of age, and was educated and ordained for a priest; but falling from his estate, he became a regular thief. He had a particular fancy for robbing churches, and stole from the Catholic church on Marigny street, third district, some years ago, the chalice, and other articles used upon the altar. In this case he was not prosecuted. He subsequently stole the silver candlesticks and other ware attached from a church in the fourth district, and was caught with them in his possession. For this crime he was sent to the penitentiary for six years. He has also served a term up the country somewhere for larceny, and subsequently to the city during the low water week, but has not been idle during the time.

THE YOUNG WIDOW.

A LEAF FROM A DETECTIVE'S PORTFOLIO.

Sitting in the front office one morning, engaged in perusing the New York papers, I heard the chief's bell tinkle rather excitedly. The sergeant answered it.

"Send Brandon to me," next reached my ear if rough the half opened door.

Before the sergeant could repeat the order, I had passed him, and was by the side of the chief.

"Sit down, Mr. Brandon," he said, as he continued making some notes in the incident.

I obeyed, and anxiously awaited his commands.

"I have a singular case before me this morning," he began, "and I am about to try your ingenuity to unravel it.

My expectation was aroused.

"On the 19th of last month, the Hon. Mr. F——gave a ball at his mansion in Fifth avenue, which was attended by nearly all the elite of the city."

"I remember it," I said.

"Do you remember what occurred there?"

"Almost every lady in the room lost some article of jewelry," I replied.

Exactly, for which no one could account, as the party was most select, and it would have been an outrage to have suspected any one present with stealing in such a wholesale manner."

I acknowledged the justice of his remarks. The chief continued:

"On the thirteenth of the month, a grand promenade concert was given at the Academy of Music, and in same thing occurred. This would not seem so singular, as there was plenty of opportunity for the professional pickpocket; but the remarkable feature is that no gentlemen were robbed, but all who suffered were ladies."

"This is indeed singular," I replied.

"Perhaps," responded the chief, in a dubious tone. "Now, for the last event. Yesterday morning, as you have probably heard, Mr. W——was wedded to the daughter of Col. H——, at Grace church. The assembly was large and composed entirely of the ton. The bride received the congratulations of her numerous friends, and left the church, but had not reached the carriage, when she suddenly discovered that one of her bracelets was gone. A search was immediately made in the church, but it was nowhere to be seen. Then came another and another cry from various parties—all ladies—who had lost one or another article of jewelry, with an occasional pormonaie."

I was getting excited.

"What are your conclusions?" I asked.

"I would first have heard yours," said the chief, looking at me closely, as though to read my penetration.

I reflected a moment, and could form but one opinion.

"There must be some person," said I, "figuring at present in fashionable society, who is a second Babington in the lifting profession."

"A very proper conclusion," said the chief, smiling at my simplicity; "but let us determine on something. For instance, is it a man or a woman?"

"Most likely a woman," I remarked, "as none but women suffered from the thief's adroit practice."

"That would be the first conclusion," said the chief, "but on the other hand, a man might perform the deed, combining his profession as a female, only to throw the blame upon one of them."

I acknowledged the possibility of his suggestion, though it had not little effect upon me.

"You now have the particulars," continued the chief. "I give you one week to solve the mystery, and bring the adept to justice. Here is a list of the pilfered jewelry. You can take your own course as to the plans you shall follow. Good morning."

I knew that this case had been placed in my hands as a test of my skill, and I resolved, if within the grasp of human ingenuity, to compass it. It was a most singular case—country, as it did, in the very heart and center of society. It was impossible to accuse any one on suspicion; there must be proof positive before a word could be uttered. How was it to be obtained.

I sat down and thought seriously, laying out my plans, as I grasped each point of the case; then arose and left.

Dressing myself in the very hight of fashion, I hired a carriage and drove to the house of the Hon. Mr. F——. I found him at home, and stating my vocation and purpose, was invited into the library.

"I fear you have assumed a fruitless task, Mr. Brandon," he said, when we were seated. I expressed my conviction of success.

"How do you intend to proceed?" he asked.

I remarked that I should be governed by circumstances, but desired a full list, as far as possible, of all the guests on the evening of the ball. He went out a few moments, and handed me a complete list, which he had obtained from his lady. I ran my eye down the column with eager interest; many of the persons I knew, either personally or by reputation; they were principally married men and their families. One name—a lady's—seemed to make an impression on my mind. I had never heard of her, and—though it was a most erdinary name—I ventured to ask who she was.

"Oh," said Mr. F——, "Madame Delauney, she is an old friend. I knew her husband, M. Delauney, when I was Consul at Paris. He was second Intendant of Police, and died during my term. She is an American by birth, and has no outrage to have suspected any one present with stealing in such a wholesale manner." * * *

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"Because it is so," I replied. "Her face is pale almost to ghastliness, except the one little spot where she paints, while her black eyes dance about like demons, and her raven hair seems like an ebony coffin, revealing a dead face. She is dressed in mourning, and yet she is the most gay and fascinating woman in the room."

Belle almost held her breath as I gave this description, and with her hand on my arm, and a blank expression upon her face, she said:

"You don't think——"

"Who is she?" she repeated quickly.

"Madame Delauney, of Paris."

"Madame Delauney," I murmured to myself. "The friend of the Hon. Mr. F., the widow of the second intendant of the French police. Umph!"

"Don't you think her very handsome?" asked Belle.

"Yes, as a vulcanized de Medecis. Introduce me."

Something in my manner must have impressed my fair coadjutor with the idea of an adventure, for the introduction was made with evident embarrassment on her part, and she lingered close by, gazing in the face of Madame Delauney with an air of puzzled embarrassment.

As my inquiring glance met that of Madame Delauney, I thought I detected something like a start—it was not perceptible—a mere shrinking of the pupil of the eye, a double palpitation of the heart—as she seemed to read my vocation at a glance, and felt a flash of fear. This may, however, have been only the result of my own conviction. She was dressed in what is termed second mourning, consisting of a black satin skirt, with flounces fringed and embroidered with green leaflets, a pink bodice, cut low in the neck, and embroidered with dark velvet. The sleeves were exceedingly wide, with loose white undersleeves. A blue scarf encircled her waist. She wore no ornaments, save a plain hoop-pin, and a solitary diamond sing upon her middle finger.

Having made this scrutiny at a glance—during which she seemed to have done the same with me—I summoned up all my resources, and at once began an attack in French. She seemed pleased at my addressing her in that language, and, whether the rest were ignorant of that tongue, or from what cause I know not, we soon found ourselves alone. The fair widow seemed quite lively, and, had it not been for her white, ghastly expression of face, would have been quite handsome indeed. But, added to this, there was a wild, feverish fire ever burning in her black, dazzling eyes, which, at every varying emotion, seemed to throw off sparks like those from hardened steel, when smitten.

We soon became quite intimate, and I was on the point of inviting her for a promenade in the garden, and had just turned my head to look at Mrs. R——, when I heard a slight click! and felt a gentle pull about my waist. I did not start, for I had almost expected it; but looking round cautiously, I met the cold features and fiery eyes of Madame Delauney turned upon me, and I thought I could perceive a purple line rippling beneath the surface of her pale skin, like the waves of a lake. I did not look down; fortunately it was not necessary, for Madame Delauney's back was toward a large, full mirror, and, as I glanced into it, I beheld—my watch-chain hanging from my vest pocket; one side of it had been cut!

I was now convinced. The mysterious adept a pocket picking, who had thrown the crème de la crème of New York into a fit of regular excitement, and made them fear to appear in public with their jewelry—the being who had caused each one of the "first circle" to mistrust the honesty of the other—stood before me. Yet how to proceed? It would not do to arrest her on the spot—Mrs. Johnson would never forgive me for the scandal it would create, and the whole company would lose their enjoyment. I was in a dilemma, and as one of the young widow's friends approached, I made my obeisance and turned away. As I walked toward Miss Belle her mother intercepted me, and asked what prospects I had; were there any suspicious persons in the company?

"Several, madam," I replied with mock gravity.

"Gracious me! Who are they?"

"Mr. Le Claire, whom you introduced," I replied, laughing.

"No jesting," said she. "Have you learned anything?"

I put my hand down to show her my cut watch chain, but—it was gone! The fob had run away with half, hook and all.

The affair was getting serious, and I excited.

"My dear Mrs. R——," said I, "give yourself no uneasiness; you will lose no more jewelry after to-night. Permit me to speak a word with Belle."

Hastening to the side of my fair chaperone, I whispered:

"Can you be discreet?"

"As wisdom," she said smiling.

"And play a part?"

"Like a grande Duchesse!"

"Then invite Madame Delauney to promenade on the rear piazza—the night is beautiful—from there stray into the garden, and take a position near the gate which opens into the next street. Keep her engaged, and be astonished at nothing that occurs."

Belle arched her brows understandingly, and nodded assent. I next strolled carefully into the hall, opened the front door, and looked out. Raising my finger, the driver of my own carriage approached. It is almost needless to say that he was a policeman in disguise.

"What look?" he asked.

"Good. Drive down the narrow streets skirting the house, and stop at the garden gate."

The house was situated at the corner of a narrow street, with a brick wall extending from the rear to the next house. This wall screened the little flower garden, and contained a gate for the use of the servants

When I returned to the drawing-room Belle and Madame Delauney were absent. I found them in the garden, and plucking some flowers I joined them, making some casual compliments. As soon as I had joined them, Belle started off for the house. Madame was about to follow, when I quickly arrested her.

"Madame Delauney, you are my prisoner."

"What do you mean, sir?" she gasped, recoiling from me.

"That I arrest you for theft. When you next steal a detective's watch chain, you should be more expert."

As I spoke I opened the gate, and revealed the carriage and policeman.

The scene caused her to cower before me. I treated her in hurried words the life whole career was known to me; that if she would go peacably she might save much shame and disgrace. She hesitated for a moment, and then drawing herself up proudly, she replied:

"I will go with you, but you had better beware, when I have proved these accusations false!"

I assisted her in the carriage, and, having a seat opposite, we were whirled rapidly away toward the office.

Although the hour was late, I found the industrious old chief up. He smiled graciously, as I led in my beautiful prisoner, and narrated the incidents connected with her arrest. She of course searched, but nothing was found until turning up the wide sleeves of her bodice, we found a number of secret pockets, in one of which was my watch chain. She evidently had not commenced her operations of the evening. The next day Madame Delauney's residence was searched, and nearly all the missing property secured. Her house was a rare depository of jewelry of every kind and estimate.

Upon conviction, she confessed that she had first learned the art of theft from her husband, who was accustomed to show her each new scheme of robbery that was revealed to him in his connection with the Paris police. The ring before noticed had a spring diamond knife for cutting, which would easily strike through any golden ligature, and she was thus easily able to secure her prize. She pleaded that poverty was the cause of her crime, as prior to the death of her husband she had lived honestly. She suffered a slight penalty, on condition that she would leave the country.

"SEVEN UP" FOR A WIFE;

OR, "GOOD AS WHEAT"

In the State of Tennessee there is a certain village boasting of a tavern, three stores, and four groceries, where, from morning till night, and from night till dawn, a person entering the town may find in the tavern, stores, groceries aforesaid, one or more groups of persons playing cards. Gambling there is reduced to a science—the history of four kings, is thoroughly studied, and from the school boy to the grey-headed veteran, from the miss in her teens to the mother of a large family, they are initiated into the mysteries of high, low, jack, game, right and left bowers—the honors and the odd trick. One of the best players in the village was Major Smith, the tavern keeper; or, as he is represented, Mr. the proprietor of the hotel; a widower, who, like

"Jephtha, Judge to Israel,
Had a daughter dearly fair."

Fanny, the daughter, was one of the prettiest girls in Tennessee, and therefore one of the prettiest in the world; for we here digress in order to lay down as a law divine, that Tennessee women, in point of beauty, are matchless. The sweetheart of Fanny was a young farmer, residing in the neighborhood, whom we shall designate by the name of Bob.

It happened that one day before harvest, the young man was detained in the village, and found him as usual at the hotel, seated between the Major and his daughter. After a desultory conversation between the two gentlemen, on the state of the weather, the prospects of the approaching harvest, and such important subjects of conversation, the Major asked Robert how his wheat crop promised to yield. In reply he was told that the young farmer expected to make at least one hundred bushels. The Major appeared to study for a moment, then abruptly proposed a game of old sledge, or "seven up," the stakes to be his daughter Fanny against the crop of wheat. This, of course, the young man indignantly refused, said cause he could not bear the idea that the hand of her he loved should be made the subject of a bet, or, that he should win a wife by gambling for her; and, perhaps, because he knew the old man was "hard to beat," and there was a strong probability of his losing both wheat and wife.

It was not until the Major, with his usual obstinacy, had sworn that unless he won her he should never have her, that the young man was forced reluctantly to consent to play.

The table was placed, the candles lit, the cards produced, and the players took their seats, with Miss Fanny between them, to watch the progress of the game. The cards were regularly shuffled and cut, and it fell to the Major's lot to deal. The first hand was played, and Robert made gift to his opponent's high-low, game. Robert then dealt, the Major begged it was given, and the Major again made three tricks to his opponent's one.

"Six to two," said Miss Fanny with a sigh.

The Major as he dealt the cards, winked knowingly, and said:

"I'm good for the wheat, Master Bob."

The old man tossed up a trump—it was a spade. Fanny glanced at her father's hand—her heart sank as she held the three, eight spot, and the king! She then looked at Robert's hand and lo! he had the ace, queen, deuce, and jack or knave. She whispered to Robert to be—he did so.

"Take it," said the Major.

Robert led his deuce, which the Major took with his three spot, and followed by playing the king. Robert put his queen upon it. The Major, supposing it was the young man's last trump, leaned over the table, and tapping his last trick with his finger, said:

"That's good as wheat."

"Is it?" asked Robert, as he displayed to the astonished Major the ace and jack, yet in his hands.

"High, low, jack, gift and game," shouted Robert.

"Out!" ejaculated Fanny.

"Good as wheat," added Robert, as he flung his arms around her neck and kissed her.

In due time they were married, and ever after that when anything occurred of a pleasing nature to the happy couple, they would express their emphatic approbation of it, by the phrase, "Good as wheat."

LIFE'S HAPPIEST PERIOD.—Kingsley gives his evidence on this disputed point. He thus delivers:

There is no pleasure that I have ever experienced like a child's midsummer holiday. The air, I mean when two or three of us will go away on the hocks, and take our dinners, and come home at night, tired, dirty, happy, scratched beyond recognition, with a great bruise on the shin, a little trout, and one shoe, the other one having been used for a boat, till it had gone down with all hands out of soundings. How poor our Derby days, our Greenwich dinners, our evening parties, where there are plenty of nice girls, are after this! Depend upon it, a man never experiences such pleasure or grief after fourteen as he does before, unless in some cases in his first love making, when the sensation is new to him.

There are in the United States, fifty five different religious orders belonging to the Catholic church—twenty-four of men and thirty-one of women.

The Empress' Apartments at the Tuileries.

A correspondent of the *Independance Belge* writes:

I had the good fortune to visit, the other day, the private apartments of the Empress at the Tuileries. Workmen had been engaged on them for two years, during the absence of their Majesties. These suites of rooms which run in a parallel line with the reception rooms on the drawing-room floor, consist of ante-chamber, a waiting room for the ladies of honor, a saloon of audience, a room for her Majesty, that is the most perfect and private room of the suite. The Emperor, whose preference for the style of Louis XVI is well known, has desired her apartments in question to be entirely decorated after the fashion and taste of Marie Antoinette. M. Lefuel received orders to renew the elegant ornamentation of Trianon in his Persian palace. Art and industry have done marvels under his superintendence, so that we see again the graceful arabesques, the rounded tapering volutes, the exquisite guirlands, and the fine carvings of the latter part of the eighteenth century.

All the models are unique, and executed with admirable delicacy, from the door handle to the chimney pieces, the panels and squares of glass; and the whole furniture, from the timepieces to the lamps in the fireplace, is in harmony with this style of decoration. The first saloon, of a pale green, is adorned with arabesques of a deeper tint. Medallions cluster in the panels, and within them are birds, painted by M. Appert. The prevailing color of the second saloon is a rosy white; the arabesques are rose colored. Then comes the private saloon of the Empress, the ground of which is likewise very light green, and the panelings of which contain the portraits of her ladies of honor, painted by M Dubuffe; then her first with drawing room, lined with green staff, in which are hung valuable pictures; the doors of this cabinet and the next are of smarasth and lapislazuli, set off by bronzes, gilt and admirably chased.

Mrs. Ann Wallingford, who, when Anne Rochford was madly beloved by George the Fourth, then Prince of Wales, died lately in London. The Court Circular says she was also asked in marriage by the Duke of B——for his son, the Marquis of C——; while the Prince of Wales solicited her to bestow her hand upon himself, seeking his suit by an offer of a private marriage, principally settlement, etc. The young lady, wavering and conscious of her power, threw aside the offers which courted her acceptance, requested Lady Jersey to give her advice how she should act. The countess recommended her not to consult her heart upon the occasion, but St. Nicholas, who was the patron saint of virgins. The advice accordingly was acted to her; but whether when sleeping or waking history is silent, and decided against both. Soon after, Miss Rochford met Mr. Henry Wallingford, then the handsomest man of the day. A mutual passion sprang up between them, and in due course they were married. Mr. Wallingford died in 1810, so that his wife survived him for the long term of forty years.

The Memphis Appeal.

PUBLISHED DAILY, TRI-WEEKLY AND WEEKLY, AT

THE M. M'CLANAHAN.....EXCEPTING TROUSDALE

WILLIAM F. DILL.

Under the style and firm of

M'CLANAHAN, TROUSDALE & DILL,

WHOM ALL LETTERS ON BUSINESS, OR OTHERWISE, SHOULD BE DIRECTED.

PRICE OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Daily (in advance) per annum.....$10 00
Tri-Weekly " " 5 00
Weekly " " 2 00

All Daily subscriptions will be considered due and payable half-yearly in advance.

The foregoing terms will be strictly and rigidly adhered to.

DAILY RATES FOR ADVERTISING.

For one square of ten lines or less, one insertion...$1 00
For each additional insertion of same.....50

	1 m.	2 m.	3 m.	4 m.	5 m.	6 m.	1 y.
1 sq.	$5 00	$8 00	$10 00	$12 00	$15 00	$18 00	$25 00
2 sq.	8 00	10 00	12 00	15 00	18 00	22 00	35 00
3 sq.	10 00	12 00	15 00	18 00	22 00	25 00	40 00
4 sq.	12 00	15 00	18 00	22 00	25 00	30 00	50 00
5 sq.	15 00	18 00	22 00	25 00	30 00	35 00	60 00
1 col.	18 00	22 00	25 00	30 00	35 00	40 00	75 00
2 col.	25 00	30 00	35 00	40 00	50 00	60 00	100 00
3 col.	30 00	35 00	40 00	50 00	60 00	75 00	125 00
4 col.	35 00	40 00	50 00	60 00	75 00	100 00	150 00

Transient advertisements must be paid for at the rate of $1 per square for the first insertion, and 75 cents for each subsequent insertion.

Contracts for advertising will be made on the following terms, viz:

Yearly advertisers will be allowed their business cards, not exceeding ten lines, for $50 per annum.

Business notices in the editorial column will be charged 25 cents per line for each insertion.

Marriages and Obituaries, half rates.

Memphis Gas Light Company.

OFFICE OF THE MEMPHIS GAS LIGHT CO.,
MEMPHIS, January 14, 1860.

By resolution of the Board of Directors of the Memphis Gas Light Company, it was ordered that the Capital Stock of said Company be increased, for the purpose of increasing the capital stock of said company from one hundred and twenty thousand to two hundred thousand dollars. Notice is hereby given to the holders of said company that will be opened on the 20th day of February, 1860, at the office of said company in the city of Memphis, and remain open for ten days, for the purpose of receiving subscriptions for said additional capital stock of said company, under the terms, conditions, and restrictions of the charter. Payment for such stock will be required at the time of subscribing.

JOHN MILLIGAN, Jr., Pres't.

1477-20th

COME ALL

AND well examine our elegant stock of

FANCY GOODS, LACES,
EMBROIDERIES, TOYS,
RIBBONS, NOTIONS, ETC.

Our stock of

MILLINERY GOODS

Will be very complete in a few days.

We have added to our business our Cloak, Mantle and Dress-making Department. Children's clothing made to order, and stamping done at short notice. All very low prices. MRS. M. A. WILLIAMS,

jan17 No. 348 Main street, bet. Union and Gayoso.

COTTON PLANTATION

For Sale.

THE Gen. JACKSON plantation, one of the best cotton lands in Tennessee, situated twenty miles on the Mississippi river, in Tashamo county, Mississippi, 100 miles south of Memphis, containing 1,000 acres, 600 in cotton (300 susceptible of cultivation) will employ a force of 30 hands; can be divided into two farms to suit the buyer; place a front of one mile on the river, and an equal amount of fertile and woodland; will make a bale and half of cotton to the hand; 300 miles from the northern markets.

TERMS—$20 per acre, one-third cash, balance 1, 2, 3 and 4 years, 8 per cent interest.

No charge for seed, provender, clerk, farming utensil; horses for use free.

Also, 2100 acres opposite the above, fronting two miles on the river; 300 in cultivation, at $20 per acre, one-fourth cash, balance 1, 2, 3 and 4 years. Apply to

G. A. ROBINSON & CO.,
Real Estate Brokers, 224 Main st.
Memphis, Tenn.

dec21-d3w6

Notice.

THE stockholders in the Bluff City Insurance Company will meet at the office of the company, this evening for their ten per cent. dividend.

T. W. MILLIGAN, Sec'y.

JUST RECEIVED.

1000 BXS. Window Glass—assd sizes.
25 brls. Linseed Oil.
20 " Turpentine.
10 " Putty in Bladders.
10,000 lbs. White Lead.
2000 " assorted Colors in Oil.
100 doz. Paint Brushes.
5,000 kegs Zinc White.

At wholesale and retail, at low figures.

WARD & McLELLAND,
Wholesale and Retail Druggists,
Nos. 175 and 177 Main street,
Opp. Worsham House.

jal42w

Fine Pictures!

STEEL ENGRAVINGS!

and pictures for

GRECIAN PAINTING!

Pocket Knives,
Walking Canes,
Gold Pens,
Letter Presses,
Copying Books.

Copying and Writing Fluid,

BLANK BOOKS!

Of every description, for sale cheap by

WM. R. STRANGE & CO.,
Under Odd Fellows' Hall.

Just Received.

100 BASKETS Piper Heidsick Champagne.
100 baskets Mou Sutaine & Co.'s Champagne.
50 do. Sparkling Catawba Wine.
10 do. Herrick & Walker's Ale.
10 brls. Brandy, 3, 4 and 5 years.
Linseed, Castor, Tea, Tobacco, Cigars, Sardines, Olives, Pickles, Sauces, Cordials, etc.

For sale by J. F. FRANK,
jan18 No. 35 Front Row.

Mirrors! Mirrors!

LARGE SIZE FINE MIRRORS—entirely new design
Oval Mantle " "
Bureau " "
Architrave " "
Mirrors made to order.
Mirrors at New York Prices.
To the trade of the wholesale trade, agents for the Large Looking Glass Establishment in New York City.

sep9 W. KINNEY &

CLOSING OUT

TO QUIT BUSINESS.

WISHING to withdraw from the city goods business in Memphis we will offer at the "Corner of Gayoso and Main" our entire stock of Dry Goods, Clothing, Cloths and Fancy Dry Goods, at 20 per cent. under cost.

N. B.—Store to rent—possession given about February 1st.

Jan 4-tu

To Our Customers and the Public.

BELIEVING the CASH SYSTEM is in the best for both buyer and seller, we have determined to adopt the same from and after this date. Our terms will, therefore, be

Exclusively Cash, or City Acceptances.

All city bills, payable monthly. Under this arrangement, our stock being large, we are prepared to offer extra inducements to purchasers.

HAWES, SMITH & CO.

Jan 1-1, 1860. 145 Main.

Sale in Admiralty.

BY virtue of an order of sale to me directed from the Honorable Judge of the United States Court, sitting in Admiralty, commanding me to sell the steamer Alabama, for the port of Memphis, Tenn., on the 8th day of January inst., I did, by my deputy, sell her to the undersigned, under was charged, the terms of which was cash down, the balance in ninety days, with note and sureties satisfactory to the buyer to bind as sureties in the terms of said sale; I will proceed to record said conveyance on the same terms, to the highest bidder on Saturday, 28th inst., January, 1860, at the port of Memphis, Tenn.

H. MORLANDAR,
United States Marshal.
By JAMES H. SWAN,
Deputy U. S. M. Western District of Tenn.

Hopkins & Kirby.

For Sale.

AN improved plantation fronting on the Mississippi river, on the Tennessee side, 90 miles above Memphis, opposite island 13; 600 acres in the tract; 300 in cultivation; six spacious dwellings in negro cabins, convenient outbuildings; water; large gin house, gin and mill all in order; stables, barn and implements, all in good order. If desired, the new and golden, 40 head of cattle, 100 hogs, 60 sheep, will be sold with the place. The place has a good orchard—the best fruit.

—1150—

One plantation fronting on the Mississippi river three miles below Helena, Arkansas; 1800 acres in the tract; 700 in cultivation; an excellent frame dwelling house, 12 rooms, 1000 acres in the tract, 300 fenced, 300 in cultivation, 100 more deadened; cotton gin, screw, and all necessary buildings, all in good repair. The land is prairie and alluvial, and is also, if desired, 1000 or 2000 hardwood cord, 5 yoke oxen, 5 wagons, 60 or 80 head of cattle, 10 head of mules, 10 horses and mules, 15 or 20 hogs, &c. An excellent harvest.

HOPKINS & KIRBY.

Also, a fine cotton plantation 18 miles below Madison, Crittenden county, Arkansas, containing 1800 acres in the tract; 700 in cultivation; an excellent frame dwelling house, 12 rooms, 1000 acres in the tract, 300 fenced, 300 in cultivation, 100 more deadened; cotton screws, cotton gin, and all necessary buildings, all in good order. Also, 10 head of mules, 10 horses and mules, 15 or 20 hogs, &c. An excellent harvest.

HOPKINS & KIRBY.

FOR SALE

And Terms Easy.

THE following Property, one and three-quarter miles from the Court House, on Poplar street, and a half acre of Land on Bear street, with a good Family Residence with six rooms, servant's room and kitchen, cistern, carriage house and stable, and all in good order.

ALSO—A good Family Residence on Jackson street, with six rooms, servant's room and kitchen, cistern, carriage house, stable and garden, all in good order and beautifully located.

ALSO—For rent or sale, a neat and comfortable Residence with two rooms, hall room, kitchen, servant's room and cistern, all new, on Jefferson Dickson and Hernando streets, on the north side, at the corner of the alley.

ALSO—Two Residences in Fort Pickering, one a brick with six rooms and hall, and the other a frame with six rooms and hall, with cistern, garden, carriage house, stable and outhouse, in this place there are three acres, all fenced. The river plain at Fort Pickering is a Prime Sporting House with five rooms, kitchen and servant's room, etc.

For further information or to see above property call at the Calhoun Block, corner of Monroe and Main streets.

HOPKINS & KIRBY.

sep10

For Sale or Rent.

A beautiful Residence location, 3½ miles, six miles north of this city, fronting the Memphis and Ohio Railroad and the Mississippi River, with a good landing. This tract is well watered for gardening or stock purposes, and is well improved. Apply to

HOPKINS & KIRBY, in the Calhoun Block,
Corner Main and Monroe streets.

Notice.

PARTICULAR attention paid to fitting up Stores, Saloons, Dwellings, and Steamboats, in the best and fashionable manner, and shortest notice.

Home Carpenter and Builder,
Corner Fourth and Madison streets.

Fine Champagne

THE finest Champagne ever imported into this country is the celebrated "Duc de Montebello." A few cases of which we have just received direct from France, and for sale by the agent, at the manufactory prices, for sale at lowest market prices.

HARRIS, TORNEY & CO