THE MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL.

BY M'CLANAHAN, TROUSDALE & DILL. MEMPHIS, SUNDAY, APRIL 15, 1860. VOLUME XI.—NUMBER 90.

Daily Appeal.

THE BRIDE OF THE BACKWOODS.

"Stab him, you brat, stab him quick; he's waking up!"

A queer spell, this, to break up a love-dream, but eminently effectual. I was asleep in a cabin in the remote and newly settled regions of Arkansas; and the object of my excursion into these wilds was to look after the affairs of a debtor, who was likely to diminish the profits of my extensive and hitherto successful business in Philadelphia, by several thousand dollars.

I arrived exactly at the right moment; secured my money, and left it in charge of my landlord, while I strolled on a little side into the outskirts of the settlement, to give vent to my elated feelings at my unexpected success, and pick up what little incidents I could to enlighten my friends at home. I have a better story to tell than I anticipated, for my curiosity, like mother Eve, brought me into trouble; but with this difference in the final result, that, whereas she lost her paradise, I gained mine.

The magnificence of the weather, for it was in early May, and the novelty of everything about me, caused me to ride carelessly here and there, until at length I lost myself in a path difficult to trace, and impossible to retrace. Neither going back or grumbling was of any use; so I pushed on.

Drawing up at last before a miserable hut, I hailed, and was answered by the mingled howling, yelping and growling of half a dozen dogs of every grade; our combined clamor at length brought out a tall, strapping fellow, exceedingly dilapidated as to his wardrobe, and judging from his features, his moral character also.

"What'll yer hev, stranger?"

"Can you direct me back to Penthrake, friend?"

"To Penthrake! Lord, its better'n fifteen mild. What on airth brought yo here this time o'day?"

"My horse, as you see," I replied, judging it best to be facetious, and thus end the conversation as easily as possible.

Now, although I say it, I am not one of the timorous sort, and have no reason to be, as I can look down on any man who is over six feet high, and can also compare favorably with most men of that stature in muscular development. But it was fast growing dark, and impudence, my usual shield, was quite though, to out this expedition, had prompted me to take out, in his sight, my watch, an elegant gold repeater, when he alluded to the time of day. The look of curiosity speedily blended with astonishment and covetousness, which passed over his sallow visage, increased my desire to part company. He seemed to observe my uneasiness, and continued his interrogatories by—

"What'll yer take for that arnber?"

"I would take some corn, if you had it. Is there any settlement ahead?"

"Yas, about a mile."

"Any hotel there?"

"No, but any on 'em take yer in; they're allers glad to see strangers."

Putting spurs to my horse, I galloped away and entered the village just at dark. It was a collection of log huts, with here and there a small frame building. One of these had no pretensions to comfort than the rest; there was in the rear a spacious barn, with a garden on one side, and a large enclosure for cattle, numbers of which were coming in from pasture.

I made my way to the door without any scruple, threw my bridle over a post, and had hardly time to dismount, before a substantial, sensible old man presented himself. To my request for a night's lodging, he gave a gruff and hearty affirmative:

"Oh, yes, sir, yes; course in—the old woman and I are always glad to keep a gentleman. Take a long time since we had one stop here. Birch, let's have some supper directly. Sam! Sam! put up this horse."

We adjourned to the barn, where my horse was liberally cared for with corn and hay. I remarked that the stable door was secured by a lock, and asked the old man if his horses were not liable to be stolen.

"Oh, no, we have a decent neighborhood. There's only one really bad man anywhere about here; Sally Lake, yer know, and he ain't got courage enough to steal a horse."

I said nothing, but thought a good deal. After supper, Sam was dispatched to his cot in the loft, and I really was sleepy enough for conversation with the old couple, who seemed altogether superior to the people I had seen in these parts. The house was a two-story cottage, with two rooms and a hallway, which served as a kitchen, and the other, furnished with a huge stone fireplace and a window on the same side, with a bed on the other, was the sitting and sleeping-room. The old people informed me that this room was at my service, and themselves retired to the loft. I felt a presentiment that something unusual would happen before morning; so, examining my revolver with care, I laid it on a projecting beam beside the bed, and undressing, silently retired to rest without disturbing Sam. I kept my ears open to any noise from the stable.

The very effort to keep awake, aided by intense fatigue, overcame itself, and in less time than I have taken to tell it, I was away from the stable, away from the wilds of Arkansas, away off in dreamland. By the side of one whom I once claimed as mine, but who had been won and wooed by death, the only rival I could ever acknowledge, I was listening to the melodious tones of affection, when suddenly they changed to a diabolical hiss, and the words at the commencement of my story grated on my ear.

I sat bolt upright. The full moon poured a flood of radiance into the apartment, and near my bed stood a ragged, slender, slouchy boy, with a bowie-knife in his hand. My sudden elevation checked his progress. He started back toward the window, through which a man not differing much in appearance from my informant of the previous evening was struggling to force his presumptuous carcass. I fired my pistol full at his face, but my drowsy condition marred my aim. The ball struck the mantel, and glancing, entered the shoulder of the boy, who with a fearful shriek, fell bleeding and staggering into the corner. Leaping into, rather than crawling on my pants, I grappled the other just as his feet touched the floor. He grappled me like a tiger, in such a manner as to preclude the use of my pistol. We rolled over and over upon the floor. Now I was uppermost—now he. This interesting exercise at arms was not without spectators. At the report of my pistol, the old man had sprung from his bed, and rushed to my door, where he stood paralyzed with terror at the awful work spread out before him. He gave no aid or speak. The old woman made up part of this deficiency. Without leaving the bed, she screamed at the top of her voice—and it was a powerful one—"murder! help! help, help!" Though she was in the loft, and there was no window, yet so effectual were her exertions that the neighbors came rushing to the room, just as, by straining every muscle, I had managed to get my gripe on the boy's throat, and my knee on his breast. I should have finished him in a few seconds, had not those entering desired to monopolize the credit of the capture, by way, I suppose, of compensation for their broken rest.

"Its Bully Lake. I always thought he'd be caught in some such scrape as this 'ere."

"Don't let the man kill him; save him for an example. There's some getting to be like him, that want a warning."

They pulled me to my feet, bound the fellow, and dragged him away to Penthrake. The boy in all the confusion had been unnoticed, and was evidently bleeding to death. This I could not bear to see, now that the excitement had passed, I bound him and laid him on the bed, saying at the same time to Mr. B. who had in some measure regained his faculties:

"This boy—what shall we do with him? It won't do to let him die."

"No, no, poor fellow. I always pitied him, for he was always a quiet lad, and never did any mischief but what the old rascal forced him into.

A loud shout arose from the crowd, who had again surrounded the house. They had in some way discovered the boy's participation in this business, and were eager to make an example of him also. "What's the boy?—what's the boy? Let's have the lousy, bloody-minded little serpent!"

With the assistance of Mr. B. I barred the door securely, and then leaned from the window toward the crowd.

"Men, gentlemen, citizens! I am a stranger and a gentleman. Please listen to me!"

They were still in a moment. The prowess I had displayed when I was in the house was forgotten, and I felt convinced then that I was a gentleman, according to the stringent rules of Arkansas etiquette.

"The boy is severely wounded; bleeding to death. Now I ask you, would it be Christian or humane to abuse him in such a state? I leave him with you. He shall be kept close, and delivered up to you at the proper time. Send a physician immediately, if there is one in the settlement."

They seemed impressed, broke up into little groups, and after some muttered talk among themselves, quietly withdrew. I turned to my prisoner. Old Mrs. B. had at last ventured upon the scene of action, and her pity had so far overcome her fears, that she was making preparations for domestic surgery, by tearing a sheet, one of the only pair in the house, into strips for bandaging. I removed the boy's ragged jacket, torn open the dirty flannel shirt, when, heavens and earth! that fair neck, and that swelling bosom—they were those of a girl. Here was a case for embarrassment. I, a bachelor. I was almost embarrassed, and would at once have left her to the care of the old lady, but a single glance at that venerable individual, still trembling with fright, showed that her care would be inadequate. Delicacy must join hands with necessity, said I to myself as I proceeded to wash away the clotted blood and prevent its further flow by pressing my thumb on the wound. The doctor entered while I was thus occupied, and I gladly transferred the responsibility to him. He declared that the injury was only a flesh wound, and that serious results would be obviated by careful nursing. I was anxious for reasons of my own, that the prisoner's sex should be kept secret from the neighborhood, and the doctor, being an accommodating man, and withal, thinking that fun might come of it, accepted willingly. We took left her to the motherly attentions of Mrs. B. It was nearly daylight. Exhausted with fatigue and excitement, I spread a blanket on the kitchen floor, spread myself upon that, and slept soundly until long after sunrise.

On awaking, I resolved to remain in the settlement a few days, and the old folks were only too happy to have me make my home at their house as long as I would. I strolled about the village, and found myself a hero wherever I went. I learned that court would sit in Penthrake in a week, and that Sally Lake was in jail there. In the afternoon I visited my captive patient. Mrs. B.'s skillful nursing had wrought wonders in her appearance. She was lying, propped up by the pillows. Her pale face flushed as I entered, and she exclaimed, with an apprehensive glance, which changed to one of joyful surprise as she saw the sympathy depicted on my countenance. She appeared to be about seventeen years of age. Her features, though not beautiful, were remarkably interesting, and bore a cast of refinement strangely at variance with the circumstances in which I found her at first. Drawing a chair to the bedside, I gently took the slender hand which lay upon the counterpane, determined to gain her confidence and learn something of her history. I succeeded in both. She gave me a recital which thrilled me with sympathy and indignation and at the close she clung to me, sobbing like a frighted child—"Oh! sir, cannot you save me?"

"I will—I swear I will!" I exclaimed agitated beyond endurance. "You shall tell that story to the court, then, if they won't give you to my charge, I will take you in spite of them."

The next day my plans were matured. Mrs. B., at my request, accompanied me to Penthrake, and selected such materials for a female apparel as were necessary to make the young lady presentable. I paid the bill, which was by no means startling, owing partly to the fact that the old lady's idea of extravagance in dress had not expanded to anything like the present dimensions of crinoline, and partly to the great dearth of costly dry goods in the stores of this primitive region. We found sufficient, however, for our present purpose.

Court day came. The sheriff came also, to claim the fulfillment of my promise to the crowd. I had indulged hopes that they might have forgotten it, or, perhaps, decided to let the boy pass without further concern. Not so, however, and I felt compelled to unfold my precious secret to the official, and offer some suggestions, prompted by the peculiar state of affairs. These he promised faithfully to observe; so I gave her into his charge and hastened to the court house.

This was a log structure, used as a school house in the intervals of court, and as a church on the Sabbath. It was already thronged with the denizens of the backwoods, in every variety of costume, from hides in every state of preparation to linsey and linsey woolsey, and all bearing rifles and bowie knives, as if, on their way home from the hunt, they had dropped in to see what was going on. The Judge, a noble looking man, of powerful stature, horse-footed, and in his shirt sleeves, occupied the only chair in the room, with his coon-skin cap on the table before him. And in the presence of this Judge and this assembly, I was to plead for life or death, the cause of one in whom I felt already more than a professional or passing interest. I felt equal to the task. When I reached home, and told my mother the story, she wondered how I had the nerve to do it; but, as I have gone so far into it, I will proceed, and tell you how I managed it.

The usual preliminaries were gone through, when a murmur of dissatisfaction arose at the non-appearance of the boy. Every man in the neighborhood of my night's exploit was present, and I could see by the threatening glances directed toward me, and by the hands clutching the rifle with a firmer grip, and muttered ferocious imprecations, that "bowie-knife, that I was suspected with meaning at his escape. I arose.

"May it please the Court—I wish to undertake the defense of this prisoner. If the Court grant my application, he shall be produced upon call."

The Court assented, and called 'Archie Lake.' Immediately the sheriff, who had left the room while I was speaking, returned with a lovely, blushing young girl leaning upon his arm. The assembly was at first petrified with astonishment, then shouting with wrath at the supposed imposture. I arose again.

"This young lady and Archie Lake are one and the same person. I can establish the identity to your satisfaction." Here I called upon Mr. and Mrs. B., who corroborated the sheriff, whose united testimony was indisputable. The guilt of Sally Lake was made apparent in a short time. After a number of witnesses had been examined, it came out completely that a young girl in the robbery, her connection with Lake, and so on, I requested that she might be allowed to tell her own story, which she did.

"My name is Esther Forrest. My father was a merchant in New York city, and lavished upon me every luxury with such paternal tenderness as I believe was never equalled. He sent me to the best schools; he superintended my education himself; he taught me that all my associations should be ennobling and purifying. Among the select circle who visited our house, was a young man, a cousin of my mother, who was determined to win my hand. He was handsome in his appearance and manners, yet there was something about him I feared and disliked. Therefore I avoided him as much as possible. My father esteemed him highly, and would have rejoiced to see him united to me, but would have stock off his own right hand before it should be an act to give me pain. So, when I complained to him that the young man persecuted me with his attentions, he took him aside and told him that notwithstanding his own affection for him, I had none, and could never marry him, urging him strenuously to think no more of me in an object of special attention. Still the young man persevered with an unscrupulous boldness worthy a better cause. My father at length forbade him to remain longer at our house, telling him that he was still his friend, and that he might call upon him whenever he needed one; that he possessed the sincerity of his love for me, and doubted not that it was the strength of his love which led him to extravagant, and under existing circumstances, highly improper conduct, adding that he could not sacrifice his daughter's happiness to the dearest friend he had on earth.

"The young man departed, and as his name was never mentioned in my hearing, I soon forgot him, and for a long time was perfectly happy. But when I was fifteen—about two years ago—my father indorsed a note for a merchant, whose name he never told my mother and me. This merchant failed, called dishonestly, and his failure ruined my father, who, overwhelmed with mortification, died in a few days. The remnant of the property was barely sufficient to enable my mother to rent a small cottage in the country. We had hardly removed to this, when my mother fell a victim to fatigue and exposure. All our summer sunshine friends had forsaken us in adversity, and I was left alone in the cold, cold world. The only relation I knew was a distant connection of my mother, in St. Louis, whose name was Lake. To him we had written after my father's death, but had received no answer. Now a letter came from him, directed to my mother, full of condolence for her afflictions—not, however, offering to relieve them by any direct measures, and proposing to adopt me as his daughter. This inconsistency should have awakened my suspicions; but I, homeless and friendless, and unused to the ways of the world, readily accepted the offer. The letter mentioned a steamboat to be my expense to Cincinnati. There Lake met me, as he had proposed. Judge my horror, when I recognized in him the would-be-lover and persecutor of my childhood. But there was no help for me. He took me, not to St. Louis, but to an out-of-the-way settlement in Ohio, where he kept a filthy grogshop in a squalid tenement. Here he announced to me, with exultation, that he was my husband, yet so effectual were his exertions that the neighbors came rushing to the room, just as, by straining every muscle, I had managed to get my gripe on the fellow's throat, and my knee on his breast. I should have finished him in a few seconds, had not those entering desired to monopolize the credit of the capture, by way, I suppose, of compensation for their broken rest.

"Its Bully Lake. I always thought he'd be caught in some such scrape as this 'ere."

"Don't let the man kill him; save him for an example. There's some getting to be like him, that want a warning."

They pulled me to my feet, bound the fellow, and dragged him away to Penthrake. The boy in all the confusion had been unnoticed, and was evidently bleeding to death. This I could not bear to see, now that the excitement had passed. I bound him and laid him on the bed, saying at the same time to Mr. B. who had in some measure regained his faculties:

"This boy—what shall we do with him? It won't do to let him die."

"No, no, poor fellow. I always pitied him, for he was always a quiet lad, and never did any mischief but what the old rascal forced him into.

A loud shout arose from the crowd, who had again surrounded the house. They had in some way discovered the boy's participation in this business, and were eager to make an example of him also. "What's the boy?—what's the boy? Let's have the lousy, bloody-minded little serpent!"

With the assistance of Mr. B. I barred the door securely, and then leaned from the window toward the crowd.

"Men, gentlemen, citizens! I am a stranger and a gentleman. Please listen to me!"

They were still in a moment. The prowess I had displayed when I was in the house, a few hours before, had convinced them that I was a gentleman, according to the stringent rules of Arkansas etiquette.

"The boy is severely wounded; bleeding to death. Now I ask you, would it be Christian or humane to abuse him in such a state? Leave him with me. He shall be kept close, and delivered up to you at the proper time. Send a physician immediately, if there is one in the settlement."

They seemed impressed, broke up into little groups, and after some muttered talk among themselves, quietly withdrew. I turned to my prisoner. Old Mrs. B. had at last ventured upon the scene of action, and her pity had so far overcome her fears, that she was making preparations for domestic surgery, by tearing a sheet, one of the only pairs in the house, into strips for bandaging. I removed the boy's ragged jacket, torn open the dirty flannel shirt, when, heavens and earth! that fair neck, and that swelling bosom—they were those of a girl. Here was a case for embarrassment. I, a bachelor. I was almost embarrassed, and would at once have left her to the care of the old lady, but a single glance at that venerable individual, still trembling with fright, showed that her care would be inadequate. Delicacy must join hands with necessity, said I to myself as I proceeded to wash away the clotted blood and prevent its further flow by pressing my thumb on the wound. The doctor entered while I was thus occupied, and I gladly transferred the responsibility to him. He declared that the injury was only a flesh wound, and that serious results would be obviated by careful nursing. I was anxious for reasons of my own, that the prisoner's sex should be kept secret from the neighborhood, and the doctor, being an accommodating man, and withal, thinking that fun might come of it, accepted willingly. We took left her to the motherly attentions of Mrs. B. It was nearly daylight. Exhausted with fatigue and excitement, I spread a blanket on the kitchen floor, spread myself upon that, and slept soundly until long after sunrise.

On awaking, I resolved to remain in the settlement a few days, and the old folks were only too happy to have me make my home at their house as long as I would. I strolled about the village, and found myself a hero wherever I went. I learned that court would sit in Penthrake in a week, and that Sally Lake was in jail there. In the afternoon I visited my captive patient. Mrs. B.'s skillful nursing had wrought wonders in her appearance. She was lying, propped up by the pillows. Her pale face flushed as I entered, and she exclaimed, with an apprehensive glance, which changed to one of joyful surprise as she saw the sympathy depicted on my countenance. She appeared to be about seventeen years of age. Her features, though not beautiful, were

For the Memphis Appeal.)

THE SEA AND THE HEART.

O, there are treasures in the sea,
No mortal may behold,
Where the calm waters tranquilly,
Glide o'er the wealth untold:—
Rich gems that mock the sun's bright beam,
In the enfathomed caverns gleam,
And heaps of shining gold.
Down in those vast abysses lie,
That ne'er shall greet the miner's eye,
He knows not how to raise the jewels bright,
To deck the fair and fair:—
To glitter like the stars of night,
Amid their silvery hair!
For through the silent waters cave,
To gather from the coral grave,
The brazen blushing three!
Not fashion from the priceless pearls,
A corsage for beauty's curls.

Within the heart are wonders deep,
As sunless as the sea;
Where wild and restless passions sleep,
And love's sweet melody.
Waken to the magic of a word,
Breathed in Hopes untraditured,
To tuneful harmony:
And the calm waves are feeling now,
In manners musical and low.

And richer treasure sparkles there,
Than in the ocean lies,—
Its holy trust and fervent prayer,
And love that never dies!—
The memory of by-gone hours,
That comes like the perfume of flowers,
Breathing from paradise!
And vows and offerings divine,
That lie upon its hidden shrine.

But mortal eyes shall search in vain,
In those far depths unknown!
For love's exotic golden chain,—
His altar and his throne!
And seek the sphere its that kinds,
In sympathy two kindred minds—
The charm that makes them one;
And mortals may not bind their brows,
With wreaths of incense breathing vows.

JENNIE S.

A GAME DINNER.

We heard an amusing story the other day of a novel feast that we do not recollect to have seen before, and it is worth telling. Here and although it will certainly lose in our telling, we may succeed in giving the point.

Shortly after the war with Great Britain an aristocratic English gentleman built a residence in the vicinity of Fort George, on the Niagara frontier, and, in accordance with the old country idea of exclusiveness, he enclosed his ground with a high palisade. Here he lived like an English gentleman—and of the olden time—with the exception that none but the elite of the province and the officers of the neighboring garrisons were permitted to enter his grounds. There was a very good understanding between the American officers at Fort Niagara and the British at Fort George, and the men were permitted occasionally to visit back and forth. Among the American officers was a queer chap, who stuttered terribly, was very fond of hunting, and who was always getting into every sort of mischief.

One day this chap heard the small boast that lay moored at the foot of the walls of the fort, and crossed over to the Canadian shore for a hunt. He wandered over several miles in the rear of Fort George, without meeting any game, and on his return, seeing a crow on a tree within the inclosure of the aristocratic Englishman, he scaled the high fence, fired and brought down his game. The owner of the Colonel, or whatever his title might have been—we will call him Colonel, anyhow—witnessed the transaction, and advanced while our soldier was reloading. He was very angry, but seeing the Yankee standing coolly with a loaded gun in his hand, he gulped down his passion for a moment, and merely asked him if he killed the crow.

The soldier replied that he did.

"I am sorry," said the Colonel, "for he was a pet. By-the-by, that is a very pretty gun. Will you be so kind as to let me look at it?" The soldier complied with the request. The Englishman took the gun, stepped back a few paces, took deliberate aim, and then broke forth in a tirade of abuse, concluding with an order to stand perfectly still, or a bite of the crow, or he would blow his brains out. The soldier explained, apologized and entreated. It was of no use. The Colonel kept his finger on the trigger, and he sternly repeated his command.

There was shoot in the Englishman's eye—there was no help for it—and the stuttering soldier stooped and took a bite out of the crow, but swallow it he could not. Up came his breakfast—his dinner the day before, and it really appeared as if he would throw up his toe-nails. The Englishman gloated over the misery of his victim, and smiled complacently at every additional heave.

When he had got through vomiting and wiped his eyes, the Colonel handed him his gun, with the remark, "Now, you rascal, that will teach you how to poach on a gentleman's inclosure."

The Yankee soldier took his gun, and the Colonel might have seen the imp in his eye if he had looked close. Stepping back, he took deliberate aim at the heart of his host, and ordered him instantly to finish the crow. Angry expostulation, prayers and entreaties, were useless things. There was shoot then in the American's eye, as there had been in the Englishman's eye before.

There was no help at hand, and he took a bite of the crow. One bite was enough to send all the good dinners he had eaten lately on the same journey with the garrison fare of the soldier, and while the Englishman was in an agony of sickness, Jonathan escaped to the American shore.

The next morning early the commandant of Fort Niagara was sitting in his quarters, when Col. —— was announced.

"Sir," said Col. ——, "I come to demand the punishment of one of your men, who yesterday entered my premises and committed a great outrage."

"We have three hundred men here, and it would be difficult for me to know who it is you mean," said the American officer.

The Englishman described the man as a long, dangling, stoop-shouldered imp.

"Ah! I know who you mean," said the officer, "he is always getting into mischief. Orderly, call Tom."

In a few minutes Tom entered and stood at attention, as straight as his natural build would allow, while not a trace of emotion was visible in his countenance.

"Tom," said the officer, "do you know this gentleman?"

"Ye-ye-ye-yes, sir."

"Where did you ever see him before?"

"I-I-I," said Tom, stuttering as badly, but regaining the grave expression natural to his face: "I-d-d-d-dined with him yesterday."

We believe Tom was not punished.

Fashionable Wedding.

The *Herald* furnishes the following description of what it terms "marriage in high life," which occurred in New York city Thursday week:

The wedding took place at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. Vanderpool, in Madison avenue. Mr. Vanderpool is a wealthy and retired merchant of the city, and is a brother of Judge Vanderpool. They are one of the oldest families in this city.

The bridegroom is Mr. John Vanderpool, a lawyer of this city, and is a member of the family, although very distantly connected. The bride is the eldest daughter of Mr. Jacob Vanderpool. They were married in the house by the Rev. Dr. Lathrop, of the Second Avenue Baptist church. The brother of the bridegroom acted as groomsman, and the fair sister of the bride assumed the responsible position of bridesmaid. The bride was most richly dressed in white satin and lace, and wore a pearl necklace said to be worth $1800. She is young, handsome and extremely prepossessing in her personal appearance, and the happy gentleman who was so fortunate as to obtain her hand was envied his good fortune by all present.

After the ceremony the reverend doctor made a most eloquent prayer, in which he invoked the blessings of God upon the young couple, and hoped that he would give them grace to enter upon the serious duties of life with a proper spirit. After the usual salutations from relatives and friends, the company retired to the refreshment saloon, which was beautifully decorated with real flowers, which were in such profusion that they hung in festoons from the chandeliers. In a room of this saloon were the wedding cake, which had been presented to the young couple. They comprise splendid silver and china tea sets, any quantity of silver spoons and forks, bracelets, necklaces, rings, watches, and among them all was a splendid Bible, on which was a plate with their crest upon it. The presents were chiefly from their relatives, and were too numerous to classify.

There were one thousand invitations given out, and the scene outside the house was a very spirited one. Madison avenue and the side streets for some distance were filled with carriages, and it was with difficulty that the visitors came and went. The bride and bridegroom intend making an extensive southern tour, and end with a trip to Havana. They left for Philadelphia yesterday afternoon, and will be absent some time. Everything passed off as "merry as a marriage bell." The day was fine, the company in the best of spirits, and everything omened a happy life to those who had been joined together in the bonds of matrimony.

A. Vaccaro & Co.,

WHOLESALE GROCERS

AND IMPORTERS OF

Brandies, Wines, Liquors, Cigars, Etc.,

No. 7 Front Row.

IN STORE AND FOR SALE:

100 baskets Chas. Farre Champagne, direct from Rheims, France;
100 baskets Heidsie & Co.;
50 baskets Golden Spray;
50 cases Widow Clicquot;
50 cases Cabinet;
100 cases Sparkling and Still Catawba;
900 cases Claret, different brands;
200 cases Sauterne;
100 cases Sardines, ¼ and ½;
10 hf. pipes Cognac Brandy;
20 qr. " " "
50 eighth " " "
100 casks London Porter, qts. and pts.;
50 casks Scotch Ale, in stone jars, direct from Edinburg.

ALSO,

Sugar, Coffee, Molasses, Bacon, Lard, Flour, etc., etc.

mr26 LOW FOR CASH.

Professional Cards.

J. P. CARUTHERS.....R. M. VERGER.....SIDNEY WHITE.

Caruthers, Verger & White,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Memphis, Tennessee—Office in Blythe's Building. ja30-1y

H. B. FOLK,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Memphis, Tennessee. Gives prompt attention to securing all claims intrusted to him, and remitting proceeds. Office north side in Court Square.
Refers to Hon. J. P. Caruthers. ja14-6m

E. S. HAMMOND,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Memphis, Tenn.—Office No. 3 Adams street, up stairs. With this notice I will attend to business intrusted to him in West Tennessee and North Mississippi.
Refer to Messrs. Brown, Owen & Co., Memphis, Tenn.; Messrs. Rodgers, Bridges & Marshall, Memphis, Tenn.; Mr. Thos. Walker, Real Estate Broker; Messrs. Green & Pickens, Attorneys, Ripley, Miss.; Messrs. Jordan & Elliott, Marshall, Freeborn, Tenn. ja28-1y

S. W. HOLLAND, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON and ACCOUCHEUR, most respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of Memphis, and may be found at the Drug Store of Messrs. Gwathmey & Co., Main street, adjoining Odd-Fellows' Hall, from 12 A. M. to 3 P. M., during the day, and at night at the residence of J. C. Leland, on Market street, Second Story. oct3-ly

JOHN A. PUTNEY
ATTORNEY AT LAW with LEWIS WALKER, Memphis, Tenn. Office in Walker's Building, Main-st. mr4-1y

CHARLES C. FARRELLY.....JAMES W. FINLEY.

FARRELLY & FINLEY,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Little Rock, Arkansas.
☞ *Office in Markham Street, next door to Jacobs's Book Store.* ja30-dly

DR. G. W. LAWRENCE,
RESIDENT PHYSICIAN,
Hot Springs, Arkansas.
PROMPT attention given to consultation letters from physicians and others desiring information in the properties of the baths and the use of the waters. As to professional ability, I refer officially to members of the American Medical Association. mr30-6m

DR. G. W. ACREE,
DENTIST,
Court Street, opposite A. T. Wells & Bro.
ALL operations performed with the highest perfection the art attains of skillful manipulation. Diseases of the gums and teeth successfully treated. Artificial teeth inserted upon the most approved plan, with entire satisfaction guaranteed. Persons in need of a dentist are invited to call and examine specimens of mechanical skill. Office open from sunrise to sunset. ja28-dly

APRIL 8.

Rice, Lull & Co.,

RICE, LULL & CO.,

ARE OPENING,

ARE OPENING,

NEW GOODS,

NEW GOODS,

SILKS,

CHALLIES,

POPLINS,

GRENADINES,

ORGANDIES,

PARASOLS,

ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC.,

BOUGHT SINCE THE

DECLINE IN PRICES,

By their buyer who is still in market.

RICE, LULL & CO.,

CLAY BUILDING,

199 *MAIN STREET.*

apr3

Important to Ladies.

The GRAND OPENING for the season of
FRENCH MILLINERY,
AND
FANCY DRY GOODS.
Will be held on
Friday, March 23, 1860,
AT
WM. SILBERBERG'S
EMPORIUM OF FASHION!

HAVING just returned from the East where I selected my stock from the first of Paris and other European importers, I feel in state to the ladies that my facilities for accommodation are now greater than ever, my stock more varied and elegant, and the prices, too, more moderate than ever.

In SILBERBERG'S EMPORIUM OF FASHION may be found the latest and most fashionable
Bonnets, in French, Chip, Crape, Straw, etc.
Hats, in great variety, for Ladies, Misses and Children.
Fine Ribbons and French Flowers.
Dress Silks, of the latest importations, and Trimmings.
White Goods, such as Swiss Jackonets, Linens and Table Cloths.
Narrowest Embroideries.
Shirts, Collars, Sleeves, etc.
Genuine Lace Mantles, Silk and Berage Dusters, in great variety.
Valencien Sets and Laces, English Thread Lace and Edgings.
Fine French Corsets, fancy and plain.
Parasols, Shades and Fans, of the choicest kinds.
Gloves and Mits of the best qualities.
Hoop Skirts, of the latest and improved patents and a great many articles too numerous to mention.

DRESS MAKING.

The Dress-Making Department is still superintended by Madame MORELLE, late of the far and wide-known establishment Le Bon Ton, will continue to give the most ample satisfaction in cutting and fitting.
All orders promptly attended to at the shortest notice. Remember the place.
WM. SILBERBERG,
mr30-1m 196 Main St., opp. Worsham House.

SUNDRIES.

1000 LBS. Soft Shell Almonds,
50 half-barrels Raisins,
50 quarter boxes Raisins,
100 boxes Figs,
Just received and for sale low by
FLOURNOY & CRAWFORD,
apr1-tdw No. 11 Front Row.

Administrator's Notice.

HAVING taken out letters of administration on the estate of J. M. Fletcher, deceased, April term, County Court of Shelby county, 1860, this is to notify all persons having claims against said estate to present them, duly authenticated, for payment, on or before the 1st day of April, 1861, or they will be barred. All persons owing said estate are requested to make immediate payment.
ap7-1m JOHN B. WELD.

A FICKLE-MINDED WOMAN.—We confess that fickle-minded women are very rare in this age. In fact, if there is one trait about the lovely creatures more prominent than another, it is the well known and oft-tried constancy and fidelity of the sex. But recently we have heard of one exception to this general rule. A few days ago, a couple, said to be from this State, repaired to Marshall, Illinois, to consummate that great event in the life of young people—marriage. They put up at the Wright house, and the happy, expectant bridegroom sallied forth to procure the necessary license and a minister. In his absence, a gentleman, who had just returned from California, examined the register, and, finding the lady's name upon it, he immediately sought her presence. He proved to be a former suitor of the lady, and in fact the two were engaged to be married at the time he left for the Golden State, where he went to seek a fortune to enable him to wed the woman of his choice. Of course there was a scene. He upbraided the fair one for her inconstancy, and she wept a torrent of tears—asked his forgiveness—and vowed she would break her present engagement, and unite her fortunes with her old lover. Just at this moment the first gentleman returned, and his astonishment was very great at the tiny affairs had taken in his temporary absence. Explanations followed, and the poor girl being unable to decide between the two lovers, they retired to consult about the matter, and it ended in the Californian resigning all claim to the lady's hand. The lady acquiesced in the decision, and was informed, says the wedding took place immediately, the discarded and self-sacrificing lover officiating as the right hand man to the happy groom!—*Terre Haute Journal.*

OPTATIVE QUALITIES OF LORD WARD.—The London correspondent of the Liverpool *Mercury* says that the late Lord Ward, now Earl of Dudley, is a superb looking fellow, and without the least "masks up" could play the baritone part in *Ernani* as well as Fornasari, and sing it, too, without the tremulousness which impaired the professional's vocalism.

Announcements.

For Chief of Police.
REN. G. GARRETT is a candidate for Chief of Police at the June election. mr30-2m

Chief of Police.
D. GROVES is a candidate for Chief of Police at the ensuing June election. mr29

For Tax Collector.
We are authorized to announce CHARLES MAY as a candidate for the office of City Tax Collector, at the ensuing June election. mr29

For City Tax Collector.
We are authorized to announce JOHN H. BOWEN as a candidate for the office of City Tax Collector at the ensuing June election. mr29-tf

For Tax Collector.
Capt. A. S. HANCOCK is a candidate for City Tax Collector at the ensuing June election. mr30-1m*

For Tax Collector.
We are authorized to announce ADD BLEDSOE as a candidate for City Tax Collector at the next June election. mr30-1m*

For Wharfmaster.
TOBIAS WOLFE is a candidate for re-election to his office of City Wharfmaster. mr30-1m*

For Wharfmaster.
JOHN W. TAYLOR is a candidate for the office of Wharfmaster at the ensuing June election. mr30-1m*

For Recorder.
We are authorized to announce S. A. MOORE as a candidate for City Recorder at the ensuing municipal election. ap13

For Recorder.
We are authorized to announce Dr. P. H. DICKINSON as a candidate for City Recorder at the ensuing municipal election. ap6

For Recorder.
We are authorized to announce JAMES BANKS as a candidate for the office of City Recorder at the ensuing municipal election. mr31-tf*

FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL.
We are authorized to announce THOS. D. REDDITCH as a candidate for Attorney General for the Fifth, Thirteenth and Fourteenth Circuit Districts. ap6-1m*

For Attorney-General.
SMITH P. BANKHEAD is a candidate for the office of Attorney-General for the Fifth, Thirteenth and Fourteenth Circuit Districts. ap6-tf

For Attorney General.
We are authorized to announce N. D. COLLINS as a candidate for Attorney General for the Fifth, Thirteenth and Fourteenth Circuit Districts. ap10-tf*

For Attorney-General.
We are authorized to announce W. A. SEAY as a candidate for Attorney-General for the Fifth, Thirteenth and Fourteenth Circuit Districts. ap10-1m*

For Attorney-General.
T. M. BARNETT is a candidate for Attorney-General for the Fifth, Thirteenth and Fourteenth Circuit Districts of Shelby county, Tennessee, at the ensuing election therefor. ap1

For Attorney-General.
We are authorized to announce JOHN F. SALE as a candidate for re-election to the office of Attorney-General in the Fifth, Thirteenth and Fourteenth Districts. ap6-dwtf*

For Attorney-General.
We are authorized to announce R. D. RAGLAND as a candidate for Attorney-General for the Fifth, Thirteenth and Fourteenth Districts. ap6-tf

Professional Cards.

BURDITT & CHOATE,
Commission Merchant,
And Dealers in
Flour, Grain and Produce,
322 MAIN STREET,
MEMPHIS, TENN.
☞ We have now on hand, and are constantly receiving, a large stock of Flour, Corn, Hay, Oats, Bran, Corn Meal, Linseed Oil, etc., etc., which we offer at lowest prices. [mr18-1m] BURDITT & CHOATE.

FERTON'S CO.,
Commission, Receiving,
—AND—
FORWARDING MERCHANTS,
AND
General Produce Brokers,
NO. 86 FRONT ROW.....MEMPHIS.
CASH advances made on consignments of Cotton, Tobacco, Bacon and other Produce. No bills drawn unless on produce in hand, or accompanied by bills of lading. Orders promptly attended to. oct30-dly

JOHN SEVIER,
Cotton Factor,
RECEIVING, FORWARDING, AND
General Commission Merchant,
NO. 250 MAIN STREET,
Memphis, Tenn.
SOLE AGENT for the sale of KANAWHA SALT. Keeps constantly a full supply of Memphis Bar Iron, Nails, Sugar, Coffee, and Groceries generally, which will be sold at the lowest market prices. jy1-dfy

GEO. J. WIDRIG,
General Agent for the Newark Machine Works.
PREMIUM Stationary and Portable Steam Engines, three to one hundred horse power; Circular, Gang and Mulay Saw Mills; Circular Saws, Cast Steel Mill and Mulay Saws, Saw Arbors, etc., etc.
Those who propose erecting Steam Engines and other machinery, would have their affairs as well executed to better as to personal visit to the city. Prices and terms can be as well arranged, and the quality of all work is fully guaranteed.
Office with Messrs. Normest, Wilson & Cooper, who are authorized to receive orders for the Newark Machine Works. NO. 2 MADISON STREET, Memphis, Tenn.
mr27-1m* GEO. J. WIDRIG.

CAPT. JOHN TRAVIS'
RIFLE AND PISTOL GALLERY.
The Only Legitimate Gallery in the United States.
THE undersigned takes pleasure in informing the citizens of Memphis and the adjacent country that his splendid new
RIFLE AND PISTOL GALLERIES
are now open and ready for the accommodation of visitors. They are large, roomy and elegantly fitted up, on Adams street, near second, north side, near Worsham House.
I will give lessons in the proper use of both these arms of defense, and shall be glad to confer with gentlemen desirous of rece