THE MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL.

BY M'CLANAHAN & DILL. MEMPHIS, SUNDAY, JULY 26, 1860. VOLUME XI.—NUMBER 178.

Daily Appeal.

For the Memphis Appeal.

SPEECH OF MUSA BEN ABIL GAZAN,

TO THE MOORS OF GRANADA.

BY MR. AUGUSTUS MCDONALD.

Last night, Moors, our beheld the Christian camp
One mighty host of exulting-throbbing fire!
March onward with destruction's steady tramp,
Tell higher than the crescent's reflect pine
Burst thence in fire annihilation's ire!
And when it had charmed the master away—
Its work complete, then onto dust expire.
Be not our emblem—that we strike this day
Till the vain Christian blood is poured in Mercy's clay.

The hoof so proud—still on our sphere bright;
The fire brand did respond in blood-red glow
From the Alhambra, where we saw the sight—
A new bond friend in table with our foe!
Shall sovereign drink, and make Spain's bell blood flow!
And we, proud Moors, while on our side stands right,
Shall never thy, but strike blow upon blow.
Unless sovereignty—and that a blight!
Has overtaken her religion and his might.

We strike for home, religion and our laws!
For mothers, sisters, wives and all that Valour:
Can Moslem, O Moors! then serve another cause!
Let us see and do! Yes, cast aside all fear!
Mark! "On the proud Spaniards—do you not hear
Their hoof clang that rend the very air?"
Raise up your deafening shouts—hear after cheer,
Ah! I ah! Granada will dare,
With Boabdil, I to meet the Spaniards anywhere.

Advance rally standards then, and see the gates
On to the charge! deal death at every blow!
Carve up your courage and make strong your hate!
We battle with an implacable foe,
Who never yet to Moors did more show
Remember, then, and when you charge on Spain,
Strike desolation in their ranks, and woe:
Nor yield a point; your motto be gain,
And the red battle-field with Spanish blood be stain.

Look back, Moors, upon the Vermeille,
Your mothers, sisters and your wives are there!
And we, Moors, upon the proud Alhambra,
The south and tower of Mohammed's fair!
Pray Allah to protect us with his care
Can you withstand this? By the Prophet—no!
Then raise your war cry to the rescue!
Charge Moors! and victory—or you be dire death that gave
With blue fire the sword which the Mahomet Prophet's—!

We muster for the Retta a another army,
But we have no reason that will shake our cause!
More woe! I say—you're ready for the charge!
Then follow me! The Soul was and inbreed
With Spain's best blood! and make the Christians rue
This day, till the world's hearts are pure and yet,
Holy! "Onward! onward! the Moors! onward!
Onward! then Moors, onward! the Moors!
Upon them! sound the charge with clarion's leader blast!

* Miss Ben Abil Gazan was one of the most able commanders of the Moorish cavalry.

[E. the Prophet's sword of silk moss was, by an accident, buried in the ground at the siege of Grenada; whereon he swore his sword's sheath should be the house of that city.

J. Boabdil, last Moor
Memphis, July, 1860.

THE FRANTON BRIDE.

From the Mobile Journal.]

"Will you love me even beyond the tomb?"

The question came from the vermilion lips of a young girl at a fancy ball in Paris, during the reign of Louis XV. She was a brilliant brunette, with abundant raven hair, and wore the Spanish veil and mantilla which she had assumed for the occasion, with all the grace of a daughter of Andalusia. Her interlocutor, a young viscount of twenty, arrayed as a page of Mary Stuart, in Scotch plaid and Highland bonnet and feather, had been pursuing the fair unknown all the evening with the protestations of love and eternal fidelity. His answer was prompt and unhesitating:

"Yes, I swear it. If I die, I will dream of you in the sepulcher, and a thrill of joy will welcome you if your foot but press the grass over my head."

"And if I should die?" inquired the young girl, in a sad tone.

"If you should die, I will be as faithful to you dead as living; and if you should be permitted to visit me, I will kiss your cold hand with as much love as at this moment. And he pressed to his lips the little white hand of the beautiful Spaniard.

"Ah, well! I permit you, then, to love me. We shall see if you will be constant. Farewell! We shall meet again."

"But when?—when?" demanded the viscount, anxiously.

"I cannot tell. Perhaps here—perhaps elsewhere—but you will see me." And with a gesture which forbade him to follow her, she disappeared in the crowd.

Two years passed, during which Viscount Ralph sought vainly at Marly, at Versailles—in ever place of public resort—for his beautiful unknown. He was a Scotchman by birth, and like many of his countrymen, had entered the service of the King of France. But a court life did not comport very well with his slender fortune, and he became, are long, deeply involved in debt.

"You must find some rich heiress," said his sympathizing friends—it was the usual resource of embarrassed gentlemen of that day. But the viscount had not forgotten the bewitching Andalusian, and was in no mood for the search. He was sparing the trouble, however. His uncle, who was archbishop to one tribe of an Assyrian city, destroyed by the Romans, informed him, one day, that it was time for him to marry, and that he had fixed on a wife for him.

"I take rich?" inquired Ralph. "I do not ask if she is pretty—it is the same to me."

"Very rich and very pretty."

The viscount thought of his unknown, and sighed, then thought of his creditors, and consented. The uncle arranged everything, and when all was settled he gave his nephew his beadle ion and two hundred pistoles and sent him off to Burgundy to pay his respects to Mlle de Roche Noire, whom he was to marry in a fortnight.

A gloomy journey of several days' duration brought him at length to the ancient feudal manor-house of Roche Noire, situated in the heart of a lofty rock, from which the chateau it derived its name. He was expected. The grand door of the mansion was open, and an aged servant met him at the threshold, and conducted him to a lofty hall, the ceiling of which sat an old man and a young girl. The former, whom he divined at once to be the Baron of Roche Noire, rose at his entrance, and saluted him in the somewhat formal fashion of the day, presented him to his daughter Hermine. The latter had the delicate beauty of the flower which has unfolded under the northern sun. She was pale, with fair hair and eyes of the deep blue of an Italian sky. Her figure was light but graceful, her hands exquisitely shaped, and transparent as alabaster. So much the viscount saw as he bent low before his betrothed, and in spite of his professed indifference, he inwardly congratulated himself on his good fortune.

The viscount and Baron exchanged the usual reciprocal compliments and inquiries. Ralph was accustomed to society, and understood well the art of making himself agreeable; the baron, spite of his seventy winters, had not forgotten how to be a courtier, and Hermine half the simple grace, the dignity, the modesty without prudery, of a young girl of high birth religiously educated, but without any rigidity. The conversation soon became animated and sparkling, while Ralph thought Hermine fair, now and then murmured to himself, "She is charming! blessings on my uncle for finding me a wife at once so pretty and so rich."

When supper was announced he offered his hand to the young girl, who accepted it with a blush, while the baron led the way to the dining room. It was a lofty apartment, furnished in the massive style of Louis XIV, and upon the walls were suspended ancient family portraits. As Ralph's eye glanced over these it was attracted by one whose features formed a striking contrast to the stately counterpart of the defunct barons of Roche Noire. It represented a young girl of dazzling but foreign beauty, such as is only found in Italy and Andalusia. A more beautiful daughter of Spain never danced the bolero in the perfumed gardens of the Alhambra. The eyes of Ralph were fixed immovably upon the canvas the first glance had told him that it was his long-lost unknown of the fancy ball.

"Come, my dear viscount," said the baron, "let us be seated."

Ralph started and observed, then turned his eyes from the portrait to Hermine. In contrast to that glowing beauty she appeared to him utterly insipid. He made some remark about the picture. The baron did not reply, but a cloud passed over his face, and Hermine turned pale and sat silent with downcast eyes. A chill seemed to be thrown over these three persons, just now talking so joyously. Brief remarks were made occasionally, in a constrained tone, and the supper ended almost in silence. At its close the viscount made the fatigue of his journey an excuse for retiring early. As the servant was conducting him to his apartment, they passed again through the dining hall.

"Whose portrait is this?" he asked, pointing to the picture of the lady.

The servant hesitated.

"Speak!" said the Viscount, impatiently.

"It is the portrait of Mlle Fulmen," said the old man, trembling.

"And who is she?"

"The elder sister of Mlle Hermine."

"But she is dressed in Spanish costume."

"Yes, her mother was a Spanish lady."

"And Fulmen, where is she now?"

"She is dead!" said the old man solemnly. "She lies at the feet of the altar in the chapel of the chateau."

Fatigue had no power that night to bring sleep to Ralph's eyelids. It was in vain that he extinguished the candles, and buried his head under the blankets, the image of Fulmen still pursued him. Now, it was Fulmen radiant with beauty, as she was represented in the picture, and as he had seen her at the fancy-ball; again, it was Fulmen, pale and cold, extended in her coffin under the pavement of the chapel. Then he remembered his oath, to love her as well dead as living, and a cold sweat bathed his brow. At that moment a light at the opposite extremity of the apartment attracted his attention; a door, whose existence he had not suspected, turned noiselessly on its hinges; the candles relighted themselves spontaneously, and a figure draped in a winding sheet, entered the room and approached the bed. The most acute ear could have detected no sound of footsteps. Brave as he was, the viscount trembled at the apparition. When the figure was within a few feet of the bed the winding sheet was thrown back, and revealed a young girl dressed in Spanish costume.

"Fulmen!" he murmured. "The picture has descended from its frame!"

It was indeed Fulmen, just as she was painted, save that the lips were pale, the eyes mournful, the whole expression unspeakably sad.

"Fulmen!" repeated the viscount, with a tone of terror, in which was mingled a sort of feverish joy.

"It is I," she said. "Do you remember your oath? They have told you that I am dead."

The teeth of Ralph chattered, but the voice was so pure, so melodious that it aided him to shake off the torpor which was creeping over him.

"No, you are not dead," he exclaimed with an effort.

"I have been a year," replied Fulmen, sadly. "They buried me in the chapel. You can read my epitaph on the marble slab, the third from the high altar."

Ralph could not detach his eyes from this singular creature, whose marvelous beauty counteracted in some degree the terror which the apparition would otherwise have caused.

"Alas!" resumed the spectre—draping the shroud about her form with all the coquetry with which a living belle might wrap an opera cloak around her—"I am dead, really dead, at seventeen; when life was full of light and perfume, and music; when tears, even, were so sweet that they resembled smiles; when the present was so happy that the future was quite forgotten. And then I loved you. I was all in your oath, but you did not care for me. You have come here to marry my sister."

"Fulmen!" murmured Ralph, who felt a pang of remorse at his heart. "I have loved you! I love you still."

She shook her head.

"The dead are never loved," she said, sadly. Ralph trembled. He felt his blood curdle in his veins. He remembered his oath. Yet, Fulmen did not complain. She did not overwhelm him with reproaches. She seemed resigned. He saw her lean her head upon her hand; a tear stone in her eye, and a shiver passed through her frame.

"I am cold," she said; and rising from the chair in which she had seated herself, she approached the fireplace and bent as if to warm herself by the half-extinguished brands. "The dead are always cold," she murmured.

"Heavens!" exclaimed Ralph, "you are not dead, but dead or living, you are beautiful, more beautiful than any living woman, and I love you as on the day I first saw you."

"The dead are never loved," she repeated mournfully.

"But you are not dead. The limbs of the dead are rigid, the flesh corrupt; they are inassemble; they cannot walk; they cannot speak; you are not dead—it is impossible."

"I am dead," repeated Fulmen, in a tone of authority which admitted of no question; "dead—and yet I suffer."

"You suffer!" the viscount exclaimed.

"Yes, I suffer! I tied with a pain thought in my heart. I remembered the hall where I met you. It was earthly love, not penitence, that engrossed my last hours. Yet, if you, who are alive, can love me still, God will perhaps pardon me, and I shall suffer no longer."

"I do love you!" cried Ralph, gazing at the young girl as beautiful in her cold beauty. Yet a secret voice said within him, "Ah, if she were only alive!"

A pale smile passed over the face of the phantom. It arose and advanced toward him. Ralph involuntarily shrunk back from its approach.

"You are," she said, mournfully, "it is always so. The living dread the dead."

"No, no," said he, eagerly, ashamed of the momentary terror, "no, Fulmen, my beloved, come!"

She extended her hand and took that of the young man. Ralph uttered a cry. His hand was pressed by the cold, clammy fingers of a corpse! She let his hand fall.

"No," she repeated, in a half-suffocated voice, "you see it cannot be; I shall suffer always."

And she fled; while Ralph was so overwhelmed that he had no power to speak or move. The candle went out suddenly, silence reigned again in the chamber; the phantom had vanished.

The next day dawned bright and beautiful. The Baron de Roche Noire, who did not appear to notice Ralph's pallor and abstraction of his guest, proposed a hunt. The day was spent in the open air; and if, amid the excitement of the chase, the viscount thought of the occurrences of the past night, they seemed only a bewildering dream. But with the return of darkness, and especially at the sight of the picture, the apparition again seemed to take a reality, and he determined to ascertain the truth. Pleading a headache, he retired to his room, and, extinguishing the candles, he called softly,

"Fulmen! Fulmen!"

There was no answer. Again he called.

"Fulmen! I love you, though dead."

Immediately the candles were re-lighted, and Fulmen again appeared. She threw off her winding-sheet and seated herself in a chair by his side. Her face had the cadaverous pallor of the tomb; her eyes were sad; her steps were slow and painful; yet her exquisite beauty exerted the same fascination over Ralph, as when sparkling with life and vivacity.

"Fulmen, I love you," he repeated gazing at her with admiration.

"Yet if my hand should touch yours," she replied, with a sad smile, "you would utter a cry as you did last night. The dead are always cold."

"Give me your hand and you shall see!" exclaimed Ralph, extending resolutely his own.

She took it, and again there came over him the same dreadful sensation as before, but his had self-control enough to conquer it, and again repeated,

"I love you."

Slight smile illumined the features of Fulmen.

"My poor friend," she said, "I would gladly believe you; but if your love would end in attempt to kill me, I am persuaded, indeed, that it can conquer even the desire to live. A tomb with me must have attractions for you. And you are but twenty-two, Ralph. At your age life is sweet."

The viscount shook his head.

"To live without you is death; to be united to you, even in the death, is life."

"Take care, my friend!"

"Of what, dear Fulmen?" exclaimed Ralph, over whom the smile of the young girl seemed to exercise an overpowering fascination.

"Do you know," said she, "that if you utter such a wish, God may hear your prayer?"

"Ah! if he would. An eternity by your side would be but the happiness of a day."

Ralph, my friend, interrupted Fulmen, while a smile of celestial joy shone in her face, "take care; you will die if you love me!"

"I wish to die!"

"But you are betrothed to my sister."

An exclamation of anger escaped him.

"I hate her!" he said, vehemently.

"Why?"

"Because she's alive, while you are dead. What has she done, that she should enjoy the light of the sun, the perfum of the flowers, the melody of birds? Was she any younger or more beautiful?"

"Ralph, you are unjust. My sister had no control over her destiny or mine."

"You are right, perhaps; but I swear to you that I will never marry Hermine. I wish to be yours, and only yours, forever."

"You are mad, my friend. I cannot accept Ralph's as at such a sacrifice."

She rose slowly.

"Adieu, Ralph," she said. "Marry Hermine and pray for me."

"I love you, Fulmen!" exclaimed Ralph, falling on his knees at her feet, "do not abandon me—I love you!"

"But your love is death."

"It is happiness—it is life!"

His tone was so earnest, so touching, that the young girl hesitated.

"Let me live eternally with you!" he persisted.

"Listen, my friend," she said at length, as if she could no longer resist his entreaties; "in this casket," pointing to a richly carved box which stood upon the table, "there is a phial containing a dark liquid."

"And this liquid?"

"Is death!"

"It is happiness!" exclaimed Ralph, seizing the casket.

Fulmen stopped him by a gesture.

"Not yet," she said; "bye-and-bye—at midnight—that first night of bliss."

Immediately the candles were extinguished, and he found himself in complete darkness.

If Viscount Ralph had been a Frenchman, he would have opened the window and let the cold sight in upon his burning brain. Then, the fever of being over, he would have said to himself:

"All this is folly. I am twenty-two years old, an officer in the king's service, and in about to marry a young girl, blonde as a Madonna, fair as a lily, who will bring me an income of a hundred thousand livres. I have only to be quiet and let things take their own course."

After which he would have slept quietly and dreamed no more of Fulmen. But Ralph was a Scotchman, with an imagination susceptible of exaltation as most of his countrymen of the land of mountain and mist. As soon as the plain on vanished, he relighted a candle by the aid of a brass tinder-box, placed the phial and opening the casket, he took out the phial.

"Fulmen! Fulmen! wait for me—I am coming!" he murmured, and swallowed the contents at a single draught.

For a moment he experienced a strange and inexplicable sensation—a coldness in the chest, a heat in the head; then his eyes became heavy, his lips trembled, an extreme languor crept over him, and he sank upon the floor, still murmuring faintly,

"Fulmen! Fulmen! wait for me—I love you."

When Ralph swallowed the contents of the phial, he expected to awake in the other world. He was mistaken. The phial contained only a narcotic, and he was very much astonished, on opening his eyes, to find himself in bed, and to see the sun shining through the curtained windows. A lady sat by the bedside. It was Fulmen! but no longer the pale, sad Fulmen, with livid lips and form enveloped in a winding sheet. Fulmen, fresh, radiant, joyous, in the same costume which she wore at the fancy ball.

The reader will understand the explanation of all this more readily than the young viscount, whose head was still somewhat confused from the effects of the narcotic. The young girl had wished to put the sudden passion of her half-crazed lover to the test, and with some difficulty had persuaded her fond old father and their cousin Hermine to lend themselves to the mystification. A little longsighted, and somewhat resembling a dressmaker's glove or serpent skin, added by the native superstition of the young Scotchman, were all that were necessary to the success of the scheme.

When Ralph, entered the room and upon his recovered his senses, was very glad to exchange his phantom bride for a living one.

A Mississippi correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune* says: "I see that a paper in your city estimates the growing crop at 5,000,000 bales; it will be fully that, should nothing unusual occur. It has now a fine start, and, with a dry picking season, it will exceed that quantity."

RIPPLES OF HUMOR.

An Irishman called at an agency in a small town in the Granite State for a half pint of rum. He was informed that he could not have it, as it was only sold at the agency for medical purposes. Pat declared he only wanted it to soak some roots. Upon the strength of his declaration he obtained his liquor, which he kept in his hand till fairly out of doors, when, placing the flask to his lips, in full view of the astonished agent, its contents suddenly disappeared.

"You rascal!" exclaimed the exasperated vender, "what are you doing there; I didn't sell you that rum to drink. You told me you wanted it to soak some roots."

"And so I did intirely, doctor; it's the roots of me tongue that I'm after soaking," replied Pat, with a humorous smile.

Apropos of crinoline, an anecdote is related of Monsieur Sacond, the Rapid musician, who is as much a man of the world as a churchman. He entered a saloon lately while the company were playing "comparisons," and a charming woman was being "put to the question" on the culprit's stool.

"Ah! Monsieurgue," she cried out to the music, "pray relieve me from my penance. I cannot tell how to answer the question they have asked me."

"Whom is it, then?"

"They asked why friendship is like my crinoline."

"I see nothing very embarrassing in that, madam. Tell them that in friendship, as in crinoline, appearances are deceitful."

A young minister once, in a sermon, addressed a fashionable audience, attacked their pride and extravagance, as seen in their dresses, ribbons, ruffles, jewelry, etc. In the evening, talking with the older minister for whom he had preached:

"Father D.," said he, "why do you not preach against the pride and vanity of this people, for dressing so extravagantly?"

"Ah! my son," said Father D., "while you are trimming off the top and branches of the tree, I am endeavoring to cut it up by the roots, and then the whole top dies of itself."

A schoolmaster was one day questioning a class as to how many senses there were.

"Seven, sir," said the little fellow, with great confidence, drawing himself up to his topmost height.

"Prove it," said his master.

"Well, taste is one; feeling, two; smelling, three; two ears, five; and two eyes makes seven."

THE RULING PASSION.—A young Parisian lawyer, accustomed only to French breakfasts, arriving in the morning at Dover, on his way to London, was surprised to find a robust John Bull seated at a small side-table, loaded with meats and their accompaniments. He surveyed him attentively for a moment or two, and then began to soliloquize in an "undone reflexive" of the sparse English at his command:

"Man Dieu!" said he, "can it be possible that yet gentlemen is eye lives breakfast? Never mind. I shall aide I shall ask been. Monsieur! I am a stranger. Will you be so indifference to tell me where are all the your breakfaste or your dinny wat you eie?"

John rises with indignation, his cheeks distended with a large portion of his substantial meal, and is about to resent what he deems an affront; but discretion gets the better of valor, and he sits down again to resume his meal.

The Frenchman paces the floor dubiously for some minutes, until his enhanced curiosity overcomes his temporary timidity, when he again accosts the sharp-set son of "perfidious Albion:"

"Sare, if you knew de reason wherefore I inquire for know wearer yat is your breakfaste or your dinny wat you eie, you would ex se politeness to tel me immediate, and sans offense."

John was silent before, but his face actually glowed with excitement and suppressed passion. All these evidences of displeasure, however, were lost upon the curious traveler, who once more addressed his "unwilling witness," and this time fairly brought him to the use of his speech; for he rose in great anger, accused the Frenchman of having insulted him a blow follo ved, and a duel was the "next pupent and inseparable" of the affair. Had the Frenchman's curiosity been satisfied, he would doubtless have been more steadyhanded; but dearly had willed it otherwise." Bulle bullet pierced him, and the wound was decided to be mortal. Englishmen are seldom ill-tempered upon a full stomach; nor here relented; he was filled with remorse at having shot the poor fellow on so slight a provocation, and was most anxious to make amends for his fault.

"My friend," said he to the dying man, "it grieves me much that I should have been so rash as to lose my temper for so trifling a matter; and if there is any way which I can serve you, rest assured you have only to name it, and I will faithfully perform your last request."

"Will you, my fren'?—oun," said his victim, writhing in the agonies of death, "if you will *be so kind as to tell me verrer sat was your breakfast or your dinny what you ate, I shall die ver' easet content.*"

"Col. Topkins, of our county," writes a southern correspondent, is an absent-minded man. He bought a new open carriage, and the first time he rode in it, he thought every one would notice it, of course. Presently, he met "Squire Post, who stopped with a

"Good morning, Colonel!"

"I bought it only a day or two ago."

"How is your family?"

"Two hundred and fifty dollars."

The 'squire perceived that the colonel's mind was on his carriage, and tried him once more!

"Anything new, colonel?"

"Yes, the harness is new, too, a new turnout together."

And so they parted.

M. de Balzac was once lying awake in bed, when he saw a mice enter his room cautiously, and attempt to gnaw a hole in a pretty little desk. The rogue was not a little disconcerted at hearing a loud laugh from the occupant of the department, when he supposed asleep.

"Why do you laugh?" he asked the thief.

"I am laughing, my good fellow," said M. de Balzac, "to think what pains you are taking, and what risk you run, in hope of finding money by night in a desk where the lawful owner can never find any by day."

The thief "evacuated Flanders" at once.

A love-lorn swain broke a wishbone with his "heart's queen," somewhere in New Hampshire.

"Now, what d'you wish, Sally?" demanded Jonathan, with a tender grin of expectation.

"I wish I was handsom," replied the fair damsel, "handsom as Queen Victory."

"Jerusalem! what a wish!" replied Jonathan, "when you're handsom 'nough now. But tell yer what I'll do, Sally—I wish you was locked in my arms, and the key was lost!"

A lady, observing a little staid gaiety lost in the street, accosted her with the question:

"Whose child are you?"

"Child of wrath, ma'am," cried the little urchin, dropping a courtesy, as if addressing the parson.

The lady resumed, and said:

"Where were you borne?"

"Born in sin, ma'am," persevered the diminutive theologian.

Charlotte Smith was walking along Piccadilly, when the tray of a butcher's boy came in sudden contact with her shoulder, and turned her dress.

"The dence take the tray," exclaimed she, in a pet.

"Ah, but the dence can't take the tray!" replied the young rompstead, with the greatest gravity.

The famous Rossini, the composer, while making a call on a lady, suddenly sprang up, seized a little dog that was barking at her feet, and threw him out of the window.

"What was that for?" cried the lady.

"Because he barks out of tune!" shouted Rossini, with the indignation of an enthusiastic musician, whose ear had been cruelly wounded.

Forrest's Dog.

A gentleman, who recently visited Edwin Forrest, writes:

In the hall, up stairs, between the library and the sleeping room, there is a picture of a dog, to which Forrest called my attention. "That dog," said he, "followed me for many years through the West, when I was a poor actor, without money or friends. I loved him as if he had been a human being. Many a time, while on a tramp, would I sit down on a hot afternoon by the side of the road, and enjoy my humble meal with him, and I am not ashamed to say that he was my co-actor in 'The Dog of Montargis,' in which I took the leading part."

* * * * *

Mr. Forrest lives like a gentleman, and without being ostentatious, is evidently a most hospitable and liberal entertainer. He is a close student, rises early, and devotes much of his time to the cultivation of his grounds. From what I observed, I take him to be a very thorough business man, and I have been informed, by those who know him, that he manages his own affairs with great regularity and care. Most of his success in life is doubtless due to his wonderful professional triumphs, but he has increased his means by careful and fortunate investments. He owns a property at Covington, Kentucky, opposite Cincinnati, which he bought a number of years ago, and which has vastly "appreciated," and will become immensely valuable in the course of time. He is also the owner of considerable property in New York, and must be largely interested in United States securities. Should he finally fail in the suit prosecuted with such extraordinary animation and acrimony by Mrs. Sinclair and her friends, it need not be anticipated that it will greatly embarrass him.

GEORGE PATTISON & CO.,

BOOKSELLERS AND STATIONERS,

No. 263 Main Street,

HAVE just received a large invoice of BLANK BOOKS, among which may be found Day Books, Journals, Cash Books, Ledgers, Cotton Ledgers, Receiving and Disbursing Books, Receipt Books, Printed and Ruled Cheque Books, Note Books, Draft Books, Invoice Books, Letter Books, etc., etc.

A large supply of ARNOLD'S CELEBRATED FLUID INKS. A great variety of

THAD. DAVID'S SUPERIOR BRILLIANT CARMINE.

A full assortment of COUNTING HOUSE STATIONERY. jy13

Plantation in DeSoto County

For Sale.

WE offer for sale a farm of 540 acres, twenty miles from Memphis and only one and a half miles from the Mississippi and Tennessee Railroad, in DeSoto county, Mississippi. On the place there is a good Dwelling House, Barn, Gin House and Mill. The land is of the best quality. A fine Orchard, with a variety of fruit; 190 acres cultivated. This farm will be sold at a bargain, and immediate possession given.

YOUNG & WELD,
278 Main street, up stairs.

The Memphis Appeal.

PUBLISHED DAILY, TRI-WEEKLY AND WEEKLY BY

JNO. R. M'CLANAHAN.....BENJAMIN P. DILL,

Under the style and firm of

M'CLANAHAN & DILL,

To 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 OF ADVERTISING

For one square of ten lines or less, one insertion.....$1.00
For each additional insertion of same.....50

Space.	1 Day.	2 Days.	3 Days.	1 Week.	2 Weeks.	3 Weeks.	1 Month.	2 Months.	3 Months.	6 Months.	1 Year.
1	3 00	4 00	5 00	6 00	8 00	10 00	12 00	15 00	18 00	25 00	35 00
2	4 00	6 00	7 00	9 00	12 00	15 00	18 00	25 00	30 00	40 00	60 00
3	6 00	8 00	10 00	12 00	16 00	20 00	25 00	30 00	40 00	50 00	75 00
4	7 00	10 00	12 00	14 00	20 00	25 00	30 00	40 00	50 00	75 00	100 00
5	8 00	12 00	15 00	18 00	24 00	30 00	40 00	50 00	60 00	85 00	125 00
6	9 00	12 00	15 00	18 00	24 00	30 00	40 00	50 00	60 00	85 00	125 00
7	10 00	14 00	17 00	20 00	28 00	35 00	45 00	60 00	70 00	100 00	150 00
8	12 00	16 00	20 00	24 00	32 00	40 00	50 00	70 00	80 00	125 00	175 00
9	15 00	20 00	25 00	30 00	40 00	50 00	60 00	80 00	90 00	135 00	200 00

☞One square, renewable weekly, per annum, $40.00
☞ " " twice a week, " 30.00
☞ " " once a week, " 20.00

☞All advertisements for the Appeal must be handed in at the Clerk's desk.

☞All transient advertisements must be marked for a specified time. When not thus marked, they will be charged for one week, and discontinued at the end of that time.

☞All advertisements required to be kept on several days, CHANGING AT NEW BATCH DAY, and on third page, at advance over dated rates.

☞Advertisements directed to be displayed, or set in large type, charged at DOUBLE RATES.

☞Yearly advertisers will be charged extra for a larger space over contract, and when LARGE TYPE is required to be used, or the advertisement kept on inside of paper.

☞Yearly advertisers will be charged extra at regular rates for Waste, Rents, Removals, Co-Partnerships, Notices, To Consignees, etc.

☞*Transient Advertisements must be paid for in advance.*

☞Advertisements inserted in the Weekly paper will be charged $1 per square for each and every insertion.

☞Announcing Candidates for State, County and Municipal offices, $5 each, to be paid in advance in every instance.

☞All advertisements for charitable institutions, fire companies, fairs, and other public meetings, to be charged half price.

☞Marriages and Deaths are published as news; but Obituaries, Tributes of Respect, Resolutions of Societies, or other private matters, will be charged as other advertisements.

☞Office of the Jones & Co's., wholesale and retail druggist, No. 329 Main st. Address letters to

J. J. NEWMAN, Agent.

E. A. LINDSEY. C. L. FICKLEN.

LINDSEY & FICKLEN,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Flour, Grain and Feed,

No. 5 Howard's Row.

KEEP on hand a well-assorted stock of FLOUR, and are constantly supplied with CORN, OATS, HAY, BRAN, &c., at the lowest market prices.

Having good facilities for the purchase of stock, and a determination not to be undersold in our attractive trade by any legitimate dealer in this city, we respectfully call attention to our stock and selling prices, as a share of public patronage. [ap21-dly] LINDSEY & FICKLEN.

GARDENERS,

AND THOSE DESIRING A BEAUTIFUL RESIDENCE

"LOT IN YOUR BUSINESS, ATTENTION!

IF those two gentlemen who called at our office a few days since, in search of a small piece in the vicinity of the city for a market garden, will call again, we think we can show them an opportunity for purchasing six or seven acres of land such as suited them.

We have for sale on the Hernando plank road, near the State Female College, and in the best neighborhood in the vicinity of Memphis, fifteen acres of very superior land, on which there are some elegant building sites, which we will sell at a much less price than any other property in its vicinity can be had for.

We mean exactly what we say, and will prove our assertions to anyone who will call on us. Office 278 Main street, over C. B. Wilkinson's, near the corner of Madison street.

YOUNG & WELD.

LOCK TO YOUR INTEREST!

J. & M. FLAHERTY,

Have on hand and are daily receiving, a large assortment of most elegant

Furniture,

PIANOS, CARPETS,

OIL CARPETING, ETC.,

At No. 41 Union street,

And invite the public call and examine their stock before purchasing elsewhere. jy12

PAPER WAREHOUSE.

CULVER, PAGE, HOYNE & CO.,

159 MAIN STREET,

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE.

WRITING Papers, Ledger Papers, Card Boards, Manila Papers, Envelopes, Blank Books and Office Stationery. jy12

Flour.

200 SACKS EXTRA FLOUR;
50 bbls. Extra Flour;
50 bbls. Super Flour;

Just received and for sale by

LINDSEY & FICKLEN.

Fresh Meal.

JUST RECEIVED per steamer C. E. Hillman, a large lot of Fresh Rolled Oats Meal, and for sale low by

SPLODNOFF AND WOLF,
No. 71 Front Row.

Professional Cards.

E. S. HAMMOND,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Memphis, Tenn. Office No. 3 Clifton Block, corner Main and Monroe streets. Will attend to business entrusted to him in West Tennessee and North Mississippi.

Refer to Messrs. Brown, Greer & Co., Memphis, Tenn.; Moore, Brisbane & Marshall, Memphis, Tenn.; Mr. Thos. Peters, Real Estate Broker; Messrs. Green & Brickhill, attorneys, Ripley, Miss.; Messrs. Jordan & Elliott, Marshall, Tenn. jy26-1y

W. D. BEARD,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Memphis, Tenn. Office No. 341, in Freeman's Block, Main street.

Refer to J. M. Pierce, Hon. George Dixon, Stratton, McDowell & Co. and Park & Cash, Memphis; Col. J. W. Polk, Hon. Wm. T. Wood, L. Lovering, Waode, Christy & Co. jy26-4m

J. P. CARUTHERS—C. M. VERGES—MOSES WHITE.

Caruthers, Verger & White,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Memphis, Tennessee—Office in Hy the's Building. jy20-1y

J. A. WILLIAMS, M. D.,

HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,

CORNER Main and Jefferson streets, over Lehman & Co.'s store, Memphis, Tennessee.

Office hours from 11 A. M. to 1 P. M. Residence, second house west of St. Mary's church, north side Poplar street. jy22-6m

NO CLASPS! NO CLASPS!

DR. Wm. W. MORGAN,

SURGEON DENTIST,

OF PHILADELPHIA,

HAS permanently located in MEMPHIS. In prepared to perform ALL DENTAL operations in a superior manner. His PRICES are as LOW as the LOWEST, for the same style, operation and material. Having adopted the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas, he abandoned the use of CLASPS altogether, in consequence of their destructive tendency upon the natural teeth (in our opinion of no mean importance to health, or the speedy and total ruin of many teeth in the mouth of all such work), and adopted the most improved method of ATTACHING PERMANENT, by which means he is enabled to insert from a SINGLE TOOTH to an entire set with the utmost satisfaction. Gold is used in all cases where a plate is required, and he can be found from Memphis at any time in one hour. The buildings are nearly all new, with a large cistern on the premises.

For further particulars see J. D. Williams, Memphis, or call on me at my residence, near the Arsenal.

jy12 2m. ELI HAYNER.

DR. J. B. WASSON, Dentist,

HAVING located permanently in the city of Memphis respectfully solicits the patronage of the public to his professional services in any of its various branches, and warrants satisfaction to all who may favor him with their patronage. All operations performed in the most approved, and skillful manner. Teeth inserted, from one to a set, on gold plate, on a new atmospheric pressure, thereby dispensing with the use of clasps or bands attached to the natural teeth. Fine gold foil will be used for other kinds of artificial base if desired. Special attention given to the treating of all diseases of the gums, and the extracting of Roots. Over one hundred millions of which are being lost annually for want of a little skillful and judicious treatment. Teeth extracted with the aid of local anaesthesia, preventing all severe pain and suffering. Office on Main street, house Union, No. 327, in Jones & Tozer's new block. jy14-dtwp1y

THE

"UNION CHEMICAL PAINT,"

An Artificial Marble,

MANUFACTURED AND SOLD BY THE

MEMPHIS PAINT COMPANY,

In Grant Oil Works Building, Navy Yard, Memphis, Tennessee.

Price List—Net Cash: For kegs 12½ lbs., 25 lbs., 50 lbs., 100 lbs., $6 per hundred. Deliverable Oil $1 per gallon. A liberal discount from the above prices to wholesale dealers.

Office of the Jones & Co's., wholesale and retail druggist, No. 329 Main st. Address letters to

J. J. NEWMAN, Agent.

Mattress Manufactory!

TO THE PUBLIC IN GENERAL!

I RESPECTFULLY announce to the people of Memphis and vicinity that I have and always keep on hand, at my manufactory, on Jefferson street, between Third and Fourth, near the Theater, a large assortment of

MATTRESSES,

Of all kinds, such as Spring, Hair, Moss, Cotton, Husk and Straw Mattresses.

Also, Painted Mattresses, which I will sell at manufactory prices.

N. B. All kinds of old Mattresses renovated. Call and give me a trial.

J. P. LALLEMAND.

Work's Odometer Band Company,

HARTFORD, CONN.

HICKOK'S PATENT ODOMETER GARMENT BANDS, which are durable, cheap, and a most valuable acquisition to every gentleman, any distance passed over by the wearer, to which they are attached. These extra-finished Bands cost but a trifle more than inferior bands without the Odometer.

P. S.—Good reliable agents wanted in all parts of the country. Please send for circulars. ap12-3m

J. E. MERRIMAN & CO.

JULY, 1860.
JULY, 1860.
JULY, 1860.

HAVING determined to reduce our large and varied stock of goods we invite the attention of the public to our advantage to them of an early inspection. Our prices have been reduced, so they will sell the goods without any exertion on our part.

Watches,

Of all styles and quality, guaranteed to regulate every individual who purchases one.

SILVER TEA SETS,
SILVER TEA SETS,
SILVER TEA SETS.

Of the most beautiful patterns, at VERY LOW PRICES.

SILVER PITCHERS AND GOBLETS,

A large variety, which must be reduced even AT COST

SILVERWARE,

Of various kinds and patterns.

JEWELRY,

Of all descriptions.

Guns, Game Bags, Flasks, Pouches, etc.

PLATEDWARE.

TABLE AND