THE MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL.

BY M'CLANAHAN & DILL. MEMPHIS, SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1860. VOLUME XI.—NUMBER 213.

Daily Appeal.

For the Memphis Appeal.]

THE WORLD BENEATH.

There is a region wonderful and real
Beneath our feet, unknown to mortal eye;
Where silence reigns, save where the water flows,
Or subdued murmurs through the recesses depths,
Far echo, never wakes to answer back
The rattling, or the noise, pilling on
With rapid or resistless power. Nature is dumb,
And hath no voice to speak in that domain
The sons of thrift, the merry hum of bees,
Whispering breezes, and tuneful warbling
Of beauty, chirping on the verdant sile,
And all the sounds of gladness farther along,
Do every breath that permeate the upper world,
Are silent here as if the halls of Shell,
The pearly dwelling of dreams in human eyes
Thus hearing, and palpitate merry sky,
With purple, gold, and crimson vitality blest;
Nor ever morning shows her blushing face—
Grey, dusky, dim, or pensive twilight;
Nor darkness in blind stealth with noiseless feet,
To usurp her waiting hour, calls night;
For there and seasons there are things unknown;
And this eternal—unchanging and unbroken,
And forgotten by as great eternity.
Yet the GREAT BUILDER of the universe,
Hath wrought, and wonders here as every hand,
And filled the spacious bosom of the earth,
With priceless treasures, eye hath never seen—
Hath peopled all that unexplored realm,
With countless creatures, varied and strange;
And filled up his night with sparkling gems,
Whose shining lustre mock the stars above;
And made a palace of golden dust,
And gleam a moonlight where the silver lies;
Will make more than the vernal beauty of spring
When April's smiles and tears have decked their breast.
With daisies, butter cups, and violets,
Blossoms the sunshine breaketh down below,
With yellow tops, and the sunflight,
The stripped agate, and the sapphire blue,
The ruby, rather than the summer rose,
And emeralds green as the tender leaves,
That decorate the maple in May. How wonderful!
That earth's foundations should be garnished thus,
And but a pebble in the beauty be
That decorates the temple that we reave!
Show those who seek for immortal glory,
Where sinful man may worship and adore
With thankful heart, the ARCHITECT DIVINE.

SEPT. 1, 1860. TEMPE.

For the Memphis Appeal.]

MY GRAVE.

Let no proud monument arise
To mark the spot where Lizzie lies,
Nor let some humble willow wave
To designate the place of my grave
Oh, let my body be made
Beside the quiet, secluded shade
And where the streamlet's murmuring course
With whisper, "This is holy ground."
Where flowers forth, with folded wings,
Will raise their mellow threads to sing,
And let the grass and myrtle wave,
Yielding shadows over my grave.
Should one that do the grave
Should mark the place of my repose,
But simply deck the chosen spot
With that sweet flower, "Forget-me-not."
Oh, let the spot be green and secure,
Where gentle winds, at deep night,
With chaste breath, requiem there,
And stars will watch with tender care!
Where friends will sometimes come to mourn,
And plant a fair drop on my bosom
And pluck the flower that soon will die,
But yet will live in memories sigh.

SEPT. 1, 1860. LUCRECIA.

THE RED HAND;

OR,

THE OUTLAW'S FATE.

BY WM. EARLY SINDEN.

Written for the New York Dispatch.]

"Blood! blood! blood!"

This was the cry of a huge, coarse, dirty, villainous-looking ruffian, who was, one day, many long years ago—before the Revolution—tramping through the deep, dark, almost impenetrable depths of Kentucky, then nearly a new country.

The man was a picture of ruffianism, and murderer was written upon every lineament of his smart face. His grizzly locks were matted and scarred; his eyes sunken and wolfish looking; his hair and beard grizzled and matted; his teeth black, and projecting almost like tusks. Scars of duels were plentiful over his strange, ugly fashioned beard-face, and his face and hands looked as if water was an a-for stranger to them. He was probably over six feet high, and muscular in proportion, for his bulk and which was pretty well exposed, was thickly covered with rope-like sinews. His arms consisted of a bulldog, well-kept rifle, which he carried loosely in his right hand, and a hatchet and knife, which were stuck in a belt around his massive waist. His real name was said to be Frederick Red, but he was known generally by the sobriquet of Red, or Rusty Hand, and of all the bloody and ferocious desperadoes who infested the Kentucky woods, and wrecked the honest, peaceful settlers, none were more unanimously notorious. Nodbrad was too brutal, too wanton, too bloody, too inhuman, for this Red-faced monster, and neither age nor sex made the slightest difference in his remorseless purposes. To rob and murder was the business of his life, and deeds of rapine and ruin seemed to affect him a fiendish joy.

"Blood! blood! blood!" he repeated, as he gloomily trudged along. "I haven't smell human blood for so long, I'm afraid I'm getin' wild beast like. It's my nature to hanker after blood, an' I kan't help it; an' what's more, I wouldn't if I kould. Everybody hates me, an' I hate everybody—everybody's hunting after me, and I'm hidin' arter everybody—everybody frares me, but by lightnin'! that's a difference, for I don't fear anybody! Ha! ha ha!"

The bloodthirsty outlaw eliminated a hoarse, sardonic laugh, and drawing a flask from a bag at his side, he took a long pull at the fiery contents; and, doubtless, his fiendish taste for blood might readily be traced to his brutal taste for rum, for one like the other seemed never glutted.

Still muttering his fiendish thoughts he again strode along.

Suddenly he halted as a new scene burst upon his view. Stretched out before him he beheld a tract of cleared land, apparently well cultivated and in a thriving condition. A good sized, substantially built, and tastefully looking cabin occupied a spot about the center of the clearing, and attracted the most attention from the prowling bloodthirsty outlaw.

"Blood! blood! blood!" he muttered savagely, as his gleaming eyes rested upon the little habitation. "Here's a chance for Red Hand, by lightnin'! Here's a chance to rob an' somebody to skulp, I'll bet! Tork about a Injun skulpin', well yer! wha, I kin beat any redskin that ever sed a hat! I kin, by lightnin'!"

With a steady, heavy tread, the fellow moved on toward the cabin. It was in the warm-set season of the year, and the door of the cabin, which, by the way, belonged to one Martin Dean, and was occupied by himself, his wife and two children, stood respectively three or four rods from a small, babbling brook. Red Hand approached silently, and, placing his great paw upon the door, violently rushed it back against the log wall, and strode into the apartment.

A triple scream issued from the startled inmates, Mrs. Dean and her two children. Martin Dean himself was away on business at Whitley's station, some six or eight miles distant.

"What do you want here?" demanded Mrs. Dean, pale and trembling with the exigency of her situation, for there was no mistaking the lawless and ferocious character of the man before her; and, as she spoke, she clasped her frightened children close to her side.

"Your blood, mamsel!" was the demoniac reply of the brute.

"If you dare to touch a hair in your house, take whatever you want, but leave me and my innocent children in safety!" exclaimed the poor woman in fear of intense anxiety.

The man flung himself into a seat, and, drawing out his flask, cast it at the feet of Mrs. Dean.

"There, gal that!" he exclaimed, with an oath; "an' don't be long about it, yether, for, by lightnin'! my throat's as dry as a powder horn."

Mrs. Dean picked up the flask, and, with her children, who clung tightly to her dress, turned to a rough cupboard in an of corner of the room, and filled the flask from a clever sized stone jug.

With a sense of fear and trepidation which the utility strove to master, the poor woman reluctantly approached the man enough to the frightful looking desperado to hand him the flask, and, the moment the fellow touched it, she rapidly stepped back, drawing her children along with her.

Red Hand took a long drink of the whisky, and the burning liquid lighted up his blazed eyes still more ferociously.

"Gum! gal, you hev! he suddenly exclaimed, to the most savage tones, at the same time beckoning to the terrified children to approach him.

"Oh, no, no!" breathlessly responded Mrs. Dean; "you will hurt them, I know!"

"Gum, hur!" yelled the ruffian fiercely.

But the mother clung to her children, and the children to their mother.

"Yer mouth, hey, cussyer, yer mouth!"

"Oh, God of mercy, save us from this monster!" screamed Mrs. Dean, in that moment almost beside herself.

Red Hand, his dark blood now fully up, leaped to his feet and bounded towards Mrs. Dean, who, at the same moment, uttered another loud and piercing scream, and with all her maternal instinct wildly aroused, desperately attacked her wanton assailant, for the moment completely staggering him by her unexpected assault. Before the half blinded brute recovered himself, the now frenzied woman jerked the huge knife from his belt, the hill happening to be in close proximity to her hand; and again dashing at the ruffian, endeavored to strike the blade into his broad bosom. Her terror, however, defeated her purpose, and she only wounded him. With a fearful curse the infuriated monster sprang at Mrs. Dean and her children, all three of whom suddenly screamed aloud with terrible fear.

At that moment the sound of another voice changed the course of events.

"Stop, you black muscledat devil, or you're a dead man!"

The sound came from the front door, which was still standing open.

The outlaw, whose back was in that direction, halted, as if struck by a shot, and looked behind him. At the same moment Mrs. Dean uttered a peaking rejoice—

"Mar in, oh, Martin!" she cried, "thank God that you have come! Thank God!"

Three men, all of them fine built and muscular looking, were standing in the door of the cabin—one of them was a little inside, and, consequently, somewhat in advance of the others—and three rifles were leveled at the outlawed person.

One of the three men standing in the door, and whose arrival had been opportune, was Martin Dean; the other two friends who had come out from the station along with him to see his place.

The outlaw was taken all aback; for, terrible as he was, he saw that he would have but little chance in a fair contest with the three men before him.

"Cuss the luck!" he said, savagely; "how shall I 'scape?"

A sudden thought appeared to dart into his mind, and, seizing the elder of the children in his brawny arms, he slung the little one across his broad back and darted for the rear window, through which he leaped with one desperate, powerful bound.

"Ha! ha!" he laughed derisively, as his form disappeared from view.

All this transpired with the very quickness of thought.

With an agonizing shriek, Mrs. Dean fell to the floor, unconscious, and her husband uttered a loud cry of alarm and horror.

"Follow me, friends, follow me!" wildly shouted the latter, dashing out of the front door and around to the back of the cabin.

Red Hand was some distance off, running at the top of his speed. Still he was not so far away that he could not easily have been shot, had it not been for the child, whom he continued to carry on his back as a shield for his own person. In fact, but for the same reason, he might readily have been brought down before he escaped from the cabin.

"We dare not shoot; we must run the villain down!" cried Dean, even as he spoke leading the way in the fierce and desperate race.

With the burden on his back, Red Hand felt pretty safe from the rifles of his pursuers, and did not trouble himself to look behind at the chase. Striking every powerful stroke, he darted ahead, but those who followed him were nearly as strong and tough as himself, and, consequently, he did not gain so much on his pursuers, and he was still within good rifle distance. Could he have got rid of his little captive, he might have done better, but, with no greater distance between himself and the settlers, he dare not let the child drop, even if he wished to, which was not likely.

On, on, on, faster and faster dashed the powerful villain, and on, on, on, faster and faster followed the anxious sitters. Over hills, through woods and valleys, this way and that, darted and twisted pursued and pursuer, with every power of the fleet footed Red Hand to back them. The next instant, however, he started on ahead again, either having detected the pioneers or guessed at their purpose.

"He's not to be tricked in that way!" cried Dean, leaping to his feet, and again starting in pursuit, followed closely by his companions.

Again the long and arduous race was kept up rapidly on both sides. No ordinary man could have endured such a severe trial for half the length of time, and at last even Dean and his companions were sensibly down over. Red Hand's pace had also sensibly diminished, and for some time he had been staggering like a drunken man, though the weight of the child for a shield was not long to offset the weight of the settler's rifle, which they carried, and he did not, by having dropped his in the chase.

"The rascal's made of iron!" exclaimed one of the pioneers, spasmodically.

"I never saw the like!" added the other between breaths.

"There seems no hope of running the villain down!" exclaimed Dean, "but if I die in my tracks I'll keep on! Better that than give up all hope of saving my darling child! How could I go back to my wife, and not have the little one with me?"

"On! on! on!" cried his companions, in earnest, anxious tones.

"On! on!" shouted Dean, again desperately bending himself to the race.

And onward, on, on, on, still struggled the pursued and the pursuers.

Night was coming on fast, and the boundless wilderness was fearfully dark and gloomy.

Suddenly the still air echoed with a loud, peculiar sound—the bark of a wolf.

"My God, the wolves are out!" cried Dean, in frantic tones.

Almost before the words had passed his lips a huge, gaunt wolf sprang into the path directly between the pioneers and the outlaw, and, as the sound of the rifle was sounded, he leaped into the air, and, with a howl, fell dead at their feet.

Apparently taken all aback, Red Hand hesitated, and, breathless with the most painful anxiety, the settlers halted, and, concealing themselves behind the nearest trees, fixed their straining eyes on the two monsters. Seemingly without noticing the pioneers, the wolf was dashing on at a furious pace, and, ere Red Hand faced around, drew the child down from his back, and, sainting him once, twice in his muscular arms, cast him toward the wolf.

The child struck the ground at the animal's feet, and lay there unconscious and immovable. The wolf stopped, at the same moment Red Hand dashed forward again.

"God, he's thrown the child to the wolf!" yelled Dean, with manifest wildness.

"The animal seems to have scared it, and owned his horrid jaws preparatory to rending the child to atoms.

Dean was paralyzed with terror, but in God's providence, just as the others.

Simultaneously the two men knelt and leveled their weapons at the ferocious brute. There was a flash and a report, and the wolf leaped in the air, and bounded towards Mrs. Dean, who, at the same moment, uttered another loud and piercing scream, and with all her maternal instinct wildly aroused, desperately attacked her wanton assailant, for the moment completely staggering him by her unexpected assault. Before the half blinded brute recovered himself, the now frenzied woman jerked the huge knife from his belt, the hill happening to be in close proximity to her hand; and again dashing at the ruffian, endeavored to strike the blade into his broad bosom. Her terror, however, defeated her purpose, and she only wounded him. With a fiendish curse the infuriated monster sprang at Mrs. Dean and her children, all three of whom suddenly screamed aloud with terrible fear.

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"Mar in, oh, Martin!" she cried, "thank God that you have come! Thank God!"

Three men, all of them fine built and muscular looking, were standing in the door of the cabin—one of them was a little inside, and, pioneer's brains if it had struck as intended. At the same moment the two companions of the latter darted forward, and, despite the presence of the wolves, there was every prospect of a fierce and bloody battle.

As Red Hand struck at Dean, however, the latter suddenly stooped, caught the ruffian firmly by the ankles, lift ed him from his feet, and by an effort of desperate physical strength, threw him completely over his head, and some distance beyond the fiery barrier.

The outlaw uttered a terrible shriek as he struck the ground in the midst of the ravenous wolves, and the next moment the ferocious animals were tearing at his flesh, and rending him limb from limb.

"Fire in fire, lowest men, and were thrown away on a wretch like that!" said Martin Dean, sternly. "Let the wolves devour him!"

In a few moments nothing remained of Red Hand but a heap of fleshless bones.

All night long the furious wolves continued their ferocious manifestations, and all night long, without sleep or rest, the pioneers continued to supply the fire with fresh fuel, occasionally shooting down two or three of the terrible animals—which were instantly devoured by the others—and driving off the whole pack for a few moments by dashing burning brands into their faces.

At length daylight dawned, and the wolves departed in a body; and finally the settlers ventured on the path, and directed their feet towards Dean's cabin, which they reached at last, after a long, and to them, under the circumstances, wearisome tramp, without further let or hindrance.

We shall leave it to the reader to imagine the boundless joy of Mrs. Dean when she clasped her husband and her child to her bosom, and merely add in conclusion, that the poor unhappy innocent, insensible for some time after the departure of her husband, but finally recovered consciousness, and passed the night, as may well be supposed, in an agony of suspense and anxiety.

Anecdotes of Garibaldi in New York.

Gen. Garibaldi arrived in North America a few months after the fall of Rome, in 1849, for the first time in his life. He had fought for the Republicans on the La Plata and its branches fourteen years, before the revolutions in Europe of 1848 recalled him to Italy. After spending a few weeks in the house of his countryman and friend, Signor Pastacali, in Irving Place, with the late admired Professor Forrest, he withdrew awhile to retired lodgings in the country, for the benefit of his health, which had been greatly enfeebled by his long and severe labors, exposures and afflictions, and partly to avoid the annoyance of numerous visitors. From that retreat he returned respectful replies to the urgent invitations he received from foreign and native associations, to a public reception in this city, declining the proffered honors on the score of ill health, and their inappropriateness in the existing circumstances.

He afterward took up his residence at Clifton, on the east end of Staten Island, in the house of Signor Meucci, where he remained most of the time before his departure for the Bellanza and the Italian shores. It was in regard that Signor M. had for him, that he kept Garibaldi's room locked whenever he was absent, saying that no person should ever be allowed to occupy it. As Garibaldi's health and strength soon returned in a sufficient degree to permit him to take some athletic exercise, he began to ramble about the fields and woods with his trolling piece, in pursuit of such game as the season afforded; and he was so good a shot that he often returned with sufficient for himself and his friends and neighbors, to whom he occasionally sent such presents.

He was almost equally as fond of fishing, and spent portions of his time in that aquatic sport, standing on the rocks or floating logs, under the steep bank of the island, where he was unseen, and varying the pastime, displayed the skill, patience and success of a good fisherman.

Of bathing he was equally fond; and, as he was usually accompanied by several of his fellow exiles and countrymen, who were fine singers, the fields and shores resounded at twilight with their patriotic songs. Salvi being the leader, with his noble tenor voice, and Garibaldi performing his part in the chorus. Some of the inhabitants of that part of the island still retain agreeable recollections of those displays of cultivated vocal art, whichever used to listen with peculiar pleasure.

Sometimes, joined by a number of their friends from New York, that band of foreigners engaged in games at ball on the lawns of Clifton, and these offered a spectacle of peculiar interest to a spectator sufficiently acquainted with the parties and practice to appreciate it. While hearing their cheerful voices, and witnessing their activity and hilarity at their simple games, it was interesting to recall the various hardships, privations, vexations or imprisonments which they had endured, to witness the evidence of their early education, in scenes of refinement, shown by their movements and gestures, their military bearing, acquired in the armies of freedom, and the cheerfulness with which they endured present trials, in the hope of a future reward for service to Italy. With such reflection there would come to a American spectator the gratifying consciousness that our country had the honor of giving such noble-hearted men a refuge from persecution and an asylum which their insatiable enemies dared not to invade.

FOR SALE.

1700 Acres of Valuable Land,

Situated on the Mississippi river, in Dyer county.

BY virtue of a decree of Chancery Court at Memphis, the undersigned, on the May term, 1860, in the cause of Samuel T. Lowe, executor, etc., vs. John C. McLeod, et al., and of Wm. B. Williams vs. Lowe and others, I will, on

Saturday, the 6th day of October 1860,

At Dyersburg, in the county of Dyer, offer for sale to the highest bidder, ONE TRACT OF LAND, containing about 1700 acres, being nearly 3 miles situated in said county, and bounding on the Mississippi river, about one mile above Hardy's Island, and extending back to the line of agricultural, extending east from the river about two and a quarter miles, and is nearly equally divided by the road leading from Dyersburg to Lake Cane. It will be offered in two lots, or one tract, as may seem most for the interest of the parties concerned. This tract is very valuable, having upon it much walnut timber and much cane.

John C. Pate and Jno. Mitchell, near the land, will show it to persons who may wish to examine it.

TERMS OF SALE—One-fourth cash; the balance in three equal installments, payable in one, two and three years from the day of sale, the purchaser giving notes with approved security, bearing interest from date, with a lien retained upon the land until the payment of the purchase money.

GRAFTON BAKER,
Commissioner.

aug 26 tc

BELLEVUE

Gardens and Nursery.

THE Proprietor of these Gardens offers to the public a variety of choice

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Furnished at all seasons of the year. A choice collection of Bulbs and Flower seeds, just received from Europe.

To persons unknown to the proprietor, a remittance or satisfactory references must accompany all orders. All orders should give specific directions as to route or conveyance, and place of destination. A moderate charge made for packing, sufficient to cover expense of boxing, hauling, etc.

All packages, after being consigned for be loaf or railroad, are at the risk of the purchaser. Should any mistake or mistake occur in a shipment, the same will be cheerfully corrected upon notice being given to the proprietor.

Dr. S. M. Wharton is now in Europe, where he is selecting the choicest Fruit Trees, Roses, Bulbs, Seeds, and all Ornamental Plants pertaining to a first-class Nursery and Greenhouse.

Catalogues sent FREE OF CHARGE to all applicants.

S. M. WHARTON,
Memphis, Tenn.

sep 2 dawtf

To Mill Men.

I WILL SELL one-half interest in a SAW MILL, located in Pine Timber, on the Memphis and Charleston railroad, to a competent man to take charge and manage the same. Good reference will be required.

If I don't sell I will want to employ a competent man to take charge of the whole concern.

sep 8 tc A. STREET.

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MILITARY INSTITUTE,

Holly Springs, Mississippi.

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Students received at any period, from the date of December to the 15th of February. A course of lectures will be given from the 1st of Feb. Study properly organized with tutors.

Schools and boarding exclusively study at the Hall as efficiency in summer as in winter. As a Classical, Mathematical and French school, under military organization, St. Thomas' Hall ranks among the first in the South-west. Its position on the Mississippi Central railroad, three hours ride from Memphis, renders it more of an object, where the pecuniary healthiness of the place has made it a popular resort for educational purposes.

Prof. C. W. SEARS, from the United States Military Academy, late acting president of the military department of the University of Louisiana, at New Orleans, has accepted the superintendency, and will receive students into his family at the Hall.

For full information address the superintendent, or the Rev. Dr. J. H. INGRAHAM, rector and president board of trustees.

aug 26-dawtm

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aug 26 tf

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sep 8-tc JAMES R. NIBL.

The Memphis Appeal.

PUBLISHED DAILY, TRI-WEEKLY AND WEEKLY BY

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

Under the style and firm of

M'CLANAHAN & DILL,

To whom all Letters on Business, or otherwise, should be Directed.

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3	2 00	3 00	4 00	5 00	6 00	7 00	9 00	12 00	14 00	16 00	25 00	30 00	50 00
4	2 50	4 00	5 00	6 00	7 00	8 00	10 00	14 00	16 00	18 00	30 00	35 00	60 00
5	3 00	5 00	6 00	7 00	8 00	9 00	12 00	16 00	18 00	20 00	35 00	40 00	70 00
6	3 50	5 50	6 50	7 50	8 50	10 00	14 00	18 00	20 00	22 00	40 00	45 00	75 00
7	4 00	6 00	7 00	8 00	9 00	10 50	15 00	20 00	22 00	25 00	45 00	50 00	80 00
8	4 50	6 50	7 50	8 50	9 50	12 00	16 00	22 00	25 00	28 00	50 00	55 00	90 00
9	5 00	7 00	8 00	9 00	10 00	12 50	18 00	24 00	27 00	30 00	55 00	60 00	100 00
10	5 50	7 50	8 50	9 50	10 50	13 00	20 00	26 00	30 00	32 00	60 00	65 00	110 00
12	6 00	8 00	9 00	10 00	12 00	15 00	22 00	30 00	35 00	40 00	70 00	75 00	125 00

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" " twice a week, " 80.00

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

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☞ All advertisements required to be kept on second page, CHARGED AS NEW EACH DAY, and on third page, at double our other regular rates.

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

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☞ Marriages and Deaths are published as news; but Obituaries, Tributes of Respect and Funeral Invitations are all alike charged advertisements.

☞ All legal and transient advertisements will be charged by the insertion.

☞ Editorial notices in local column will be charged 20 cents per line.

☞ No deviation or variation will be made from the foregoing rates.

M'CLANAHAN & DILL.

Professional Cards.

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EYE AND EAR.

HAVING recovered from severe illness, and dissolved my connection with the firm of Wilmer & Smith, I shall in future devote myself to the practice of my profession, especially to the treatment and SURGERY of the EYE AND EAR, including the insertion of artificial EYES, etc., etc.

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CHARLES W. TROUSDALE,

Attorney-at-Law,

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE.

Deed and his friends instantly darted forward, and, to their inexpressible joy, found the child was a ill alive, though somewhat bruised and stunned.

By this time Red Hand had disappeared from view.

"The remorseless villain has escaped!" exclaimed Dean, at length breaking the silence for the outlaw, "but, thank good God, my child, my darling child, is safe!"

"Let the rascal go this time!" said one of the others, "but, if he ever shows himself in these parts again, he may not be so lucky. I shall never forget him."

"Nor I!" added the other.

"Nor I!" chimed in Dean, between his set teeth. "And now, friends," he continued, "we will rest for awhile, and then back to the cabin."

At that moment the air suddenly resounded with a succession of the most unearthly sounds. The settlers started with a new and deep alarm.

"Wolves!" they all cried at once.

The sounds were repeated from all points of the compass.

"We are surrounded by the fiendish monsters!" cried Dean, "and we cannot escape them."

"We must build fires!" cried the other, "and try to fight them off."

The wolves were in the distance yet, and the pioneers soon had to work for their lives in hurriedly laid down his child and helped them. The ground was covered with broken trees, sticks and twigs, and it was no difficult matter to collect a big pile together. Dean, going all night, if necessary—and the desperate men worked for their dear lives.

Still the barking of the wolves filled the air, and every moment the sounds grew louder and more distinct.

The settlers struck a light—the early pioneers were all provided with flints and steels—and built a circle of fire, inside of which they posted themselves.

All animals are more or less afraid of fire, as no doubt the reader is well aware.

A few minutes of anxious expectation passed.

Suddenly the barking of the wolves burst upon their ears in full chorus, and with the fearful sound there came another of a different character. It was a human shriek—a scream of terrible agony—a cry of a lost soul. The settlers turned their eyes in the direction from which it came, and behold the Red Hand. The wolves were rushing on in close pursuit of him, and he was running as man runs not of an.

Wildly shrieking, and occasionally turning upon the wolves, he approached the anxious pioneers, Red Hand dashed ahead, and at length frantically bounded inside of the fiery circle.

By the glare of the light it could be see that the villian's ugly face was of a deadly hue—that his demoniac eyes seemed bursting from their sockets, and blood was running from his nose and ears in streams.

"Safe! safe!" yelled the ruffian, in loud and exciting tones; and, seizing a burning brand, he dashed it into the face of the foremost wolves. The ferocious animals recoiled for a moment, but almost directly returned again as near as possible to the fiery circle. Some of the ravenous monsters even showed an inclination to brave their burning fate, and break through the fiery barrier.

Seizing another brand, the gaunt animals went running round and round the spot, wild and furious. The circle was unlike anything earthly—it was like hell broken loose.

"Safe! safe! safe!" again yelled the outlaw, shaking his brawny fist at the fiery-eyed animals, and hoarsely laughing at their disappointment. Suddenly he jerk him across his prey. "By lightnin'!" he added, at length, turning to the settlers, "I know he just seemed to scatter, and who were silently watching his motions from their position in the centre of the circle, "by lightnin'!" I had the worst time escaped the wolves, but I'd rather go when I took to the wilderness. They'd most run me down, cuse 'em! an' that's earthly! not to be done away by man or beast!"

At that moment the outlaw recognized the settlers, and utterd a loop oath of astonishment. At the same instant, Dean, unable to control himself any longer, sprang to the ruffian's side, his honest heart overflowing with just indignation.

"Bloody villain!" he cried, "you have escaped the wolves, but not me! Fiend, you would have robbed my home and murdered my Jefferson's family, and what mercy can you expect at my hands?"

Dean was terribly excited.

"Not or ht, cussyer!" cry, take that!" yelled Red Hand, stones comprehending his desperate situation, he wickedly resolving to do all the mischief he could, with the hope, perhaps, that he might come off conqueror yet.

As he uttered the words, the outlaw seized hold of a heavy stick, and aimed a blow at Dean's head that would have knocked out the

FOR SALE.

1700 Acres of Valuable Land,

Situated on the Mississippi river, in Dyer county.

BY virtue of a decree of Chancery Court at Memphis, the undersigned, on the May term, 1860, in the cause of Samuel T. Lowe, executor, etc., vs. John C. McLeod, et al., and of Wm. B. Williams vs. Lowe and others, I will, on

Saturday, the 6th day of October 1860,

At Dyersburg, in the county of Dyer, offer for sale to the highest bidder, ONE TRACT OF LAND, containing about 1700 acres, being nearly 3 miles situated in said county, and bounding on the Mississippi river, about one mile above Hardy's Island, and extending back to the line of agricultural, extending east from the river about two and a quarter miles, and is nearly equally divided by the road leading from Dyersburg to Lake Cane. It will be offered in two lots, or one tract, as may seem most for the interest of the parties concerned. This tract is very valuable, having upon it much walnut timber and much cane.

John C. Pate and Jno. Mitchell, near the land, will show it to persons who may wish to examine it.

TERMS OF SALE—One-fourth cash; the balance in three equal installments, payable in one, two and three years from the day of sale, the purchaser giving notes with approved security, bearing interest from date, with a lien retained upon the land until the payment of the purchase money.

GRAFTON BAKER,
Commissioner.

aug 26 tc

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