THE MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL.

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Daily Appeal.

TO A YOUNG BEAUTY.

BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

That dark bright eye—Cat dark bright eye—
Where dreams and love are pictured pure and high
And love's young cadence softly glances
Like rain drops on the twilight stream—
That dark bright eye—O, I have felt
The whisper of its magic rare
Come on me till I could have kneel
To worship the bright spirit there.

That raven hair—that raven hair—
That wave the soft and mournful air,
And on the cheek pure wildflower flows
Like shadowed moonlight shifted snows—
That raven tangled love to meet,
Its coldness (for my despair) now,
Wildly sweep from its rimicle back
Is breathing all the soul of love.

That lovely cheek—that lovely cheek—
Where joy and sadness seem to speak
From every tinement and tatine
Their power—trembling over its rough shrine—
That cheek—O, how sweet to gaze
On the fear tints that over it rise,
And, mingling, blush, trembling tints,
O, dream of love and paradise!

That thrilling form—that thrilling form—
With heaven's own gushing spirit warm,
A—beautiful, the thought—
Seems a bright creature of the air—
That thrilling form—O, I have found it
Half frame when in the heaven above—
The temple for such the spirit seemed,
A fane of valiancy and love.

MAKE HOME BRIGHT AND PLEASANT.

Make then building stately mansions,
More than dreams of lofty temples,
More than mines of lofty steeples,
Make home attractive, sweet, and pure;
Make your home both neat and tasteful,
Bright and pleasant, always fair,
Where each heart shall feel contented,
Grateful for such beauty there.

More than lofty, swelling titles,
More than fashion's roving fame,
More than Mammon's gilded bribes,
More than thoughts can well compute—
See that home is made attractive,
By accomplishing plan and taste;
Then arranged with taste and order,
Flowers will all their sweet delight.

Seek to make your home most lovely,
Let it be a sulling spot,
Where, in sweet contentment resting,
Care and error are forgot;
Where the flowers and trees are waving,
Birds will sing their sweetest song,
Where the purest thoughts will linger
Confidence and love being.

There, each heart will feel contented,
Seeking wishing for a home;
Or, if roaming, still will cherish
Memories of that pleasant home—
Such a home makes man the happiest
Pure and lasting its control—
Wife, with pure and bright surroundings,
Leaves its impress on the soul.

ADDIE'S EXPERIENCE.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

"O—but he loves me dearly, Aunt Sarah, and he will always love me, cried Addie Lollard, earnestly, and with enthusiasm.

"I know he loves you, sincerely, dear," replied her aunt, and she spoke seriously and with a solemn look. "I know he loves you, truly and devotedly, and for that very reason would I have you be careful. And, moreover, his love is worth cherishing. I have known George Worthen ever since he was a child, and I know how good, and generous, and upright he is; and if ever there comes a coldness between you it will not be his fault."

"O, don't!" "But will you talk so, aunt? A coldness come between George and me? Impossible!"

"Ah, Addie, you speak now from the impulse—from the impulse of your heart, and your love cannot long exist upon nothing. Stop—hear me through. I know how everything in the future looks to you now. You view it through the rose colored atmosphere that surrounds you, and all the plants that spring up in the path seem to be bearing only roses; but, in time to come, you will find that it is not so. You may find roses enough, but, believe me, you will have to guard them well, and nurture them continually, or the sweet blossoms may droop and die, and leave only thorns to your touch."

"Aunt Sarah, what do you mean?" exclaimed the beautiful girl, seemingly not able to comprehend the drift of her aged relative's remarks. "One would think, to hear you talk, that I did not love George as I ought."

"Not so, Addie. I know you love him with the whole order of your generous, truthful soul, and I know that he returns your love. But you have the great hill of life before you, and that love ought not to grow stale while you are going up, nor should it be allowed to fade while you are walking down upon the other side, towards the evening of your age. Have you ever thought of this, Addie?"

"I have thought that I shall love George always, and I know I shall."

"Aye, my child—that the same spirit which begets the ardent passion now, may not always keep it alive. When the battle of life commences in earnest, and the flowers of fancy begin to give place to the more ornamental, but more useful growth of stern facts, then you will find that labor is needed, and that the joys which now seem so spontaneous in nature, will need exceeding care and cultivation. I have seen many people—many a husband and wife—enter upon life with as much love as you now feel, and I have seen that love fade away in a few short years."

"Ah! but they could not have loved as I love?"

"I don't know about that," said Aunt Sarah, with a shake of the head. "They loved as fondly as hearts could love."

"Then how could they cease to love?"

"Because they loved blindly. They had not entered upon life with any fixed ideas of the duties that were before them. When clouds came they were not prepared for them. When the chill blast swept over them, they knew not how to shun it out. The love which had burned so brightly and so warmly in the morning of life, was not sufficient. But, Addie, let me speak more plainly. Let me come down to your particular case, and tell you what I can see. Of course you can understand that in order to secure a continuance of love, there must also be a continuance of respect and esteem?"

"Certainly," said Addie.

"And you know that the continuance of these must be based on mutual grounds—that the husband and wife must sympathize with each other in all the leading affairs of life?"

"Of course."

"And—one thing further; you must see that the party which is possessed of the most active and practical intellect, will naturally lead off, and that the other must follow."

"Yes."

"And now, my child, just compare yourself with George. He is a lawyer, and one of the best in the country. He is a scholar of the highest rank, with an intellect of rare power, and an assiduous student. The great aim of his life is, to take a high and commanding position in the world of mind. Now, if all his energies are bent in that direction, must not those objects which can retain his love and esteem approximate to that standard?"

"And do you mean to say that I must be as intellectual as he is, in order to retain his love?"

No, no, my child. Not by any means. I mean only to say, that you must sympathize with him in all his noble undertakings, and strive to feel an interest in those subjects which engross his attention. If you do this he will be sure to feel a corresponding interest in your affairs. But this must be mutual; and it will be upon you that it will have to study and labor to keep up. I know that your education in the learning of the world has been neglected; but thanks to your kind mother, you have an education of heart and feelings which will last you. And, when you become George's wife, you have only to study and labor—study and labor in love—to keep down the thorns of joy and peace in perpetual bloom. But, mark me, this labor will be needed; and it will not be labor in vain; for, if you cultivate those feelings which you could not help but feel, the upward step of your companion will be an honor and blessing to yourself."

Addie reached the lawn of her aunt kindly, for she knew that the old lady loved her, and only sought her good; but she could not be made to see that any future possibility could arise to cloud the love of herself and George. "Others may have become unhappy," she said, "but they could not have loved as we love."

* * * * * * *

Addie became the wife of George Worthen, and she was so happy that she thought it almost wicked to think of clouds. But as time rolled on, and the duties of a mother were added to her lot, she began to find that the lamp of love needed trimming sometimes, and that the flame would not burn without being fed. She had been married five years when she received a visit from Aunt Sarah. The good old lady spent some time with her, and was at last induced to speak the cloud that had arisen—for a cloud there was.

"Addie," said Aunt Sarah, as the two sat alone one day, "do you remember a conversation you and I had before you were married?"

"We had a good many," returned Mrs. Worthen, looking up from her work.

"I mean one which I think you should particularly remember at this time."

The young wife bowed her head, and a perceptible tremor shook her frame.

"Don't you remember what I told you then?" the old lady pursued. "And have you not found it as I said? Forgive me, Addie—for I love you too well not to speak plainly now. There has come a coldness between you and your husband—"

"I knew it—I knew you had seen it," and then Addie raised her hands to her face, and burst into tears.

Her aunt moved to her side, and took her hands away from her tear-wet face, and held them fast.

"How could I help seeing it my child? I saw it when I first entered your house. I saw that cloud that came. Addie—this should not be so."

"But—aunt—I cannot help it," the unhappy wife replied. "George is cold and reserved, and he spends but little time at home; and even when he is here he is no company for me."

"And how much company do you make for him, Addie?"

"The same as I always did."

"But your husband has been advancing—he has been studying in the field of learning. How much help have you yielded him in his labors?"

"I have loved him always."

"Aye, and so has he loved you—loved you almost too well for his own happiness, if you cannot give him more joy. But I will come right to the point, Addie—you where the difficulty is. Last evening, when George came in, he was all wrought up by enthusiasm in the great case which he has now in hand. You know how important the case is, and how much depends upon his efforts."

"I know nothing about it," replied Addie.

"But do you not understand its merits?"

"No—I can't say that I do."

"Is it possible? Addie, I could not have had even this half it bear told its by another."

"But George has never told me anything about it."

"Have you ever evinced any wish to know anything about it? Answer me, Addie. Have you ever betrayed any real desire to understand it?"

"I don't know that I have. I have enough else to attend to without seeking to bother myself with his business."

"Now, Addie," said the old lady with sterling solemnity, "you have shown the whole secret of your trouble. Just recall the words you have spoken, and weigh them well. You cannot bother yourself to feel an interest in your husband's business! But listen. When he came in last evening he was hopeful and happy. He believed he had found a new point which would help him materially in his case. The book he wished to refer to happened to be in the house. He got it, and, upon looking, he found the point he sought. It was a principle of law, laid down in some old report or compendium, and when he found it, I saw his face brighten and his eye sparkle. He spoke his gladness, and he looked toward you. He wanted a word of cheer from your lips. But you gave him not even a smile. You seemed to care nothing at all for the success he had met with. Disappointed—wounded, when I saw the cloud come upon his brow, nor did I wonder that he should seek elsewhere the sympathy which he cannot find at home."

"But—what has this to do with interest can I feel in his law questions? They are all Greek to me."

"Aye—there it is! You ought to make yourself feel an interest in them by trying to understand them."

"But how shall I gain that understanding? He explains nothing to me."

"Are you blind, Addie? Will you not see a thing when it is placed directly before you? The very step which you would have to take to seek this understanding would remove the cloud, and bring your joy all back. The moment you evince a desire to understand the different important cases which your husband has to dispose of, that moment will he seek your society, and devote himself to the giving of you the information. You freely own that you have never felt any interest in these matters, and it was this that I feared are you became his wife. I saw very plainly that his world he was labor to find a place for him, that you would have to follow him with your love and sympathy if you would retain his warmest regards. But it is not yet too late, my dear. You can see the path clear, and if you will be guided by me you may be as happy as ever. Will you listen?"

Addie was inclined at first to palliate, and excuse herself, but finally she came to see the truth, and promised that she would make the trial which her aunt demanded.

* * * * * * *

George Worthen moved back from the table, and when he reached the sitting-room he took up a book which he had brought home, and as he took it it ever he marked certain passages, and turned down the corners of the leaves. He looked cold and severe, and his wife hesitated in her plan. She feared to try the experiment then. But something whispered to her that if she could call him out from such a state the result would be still more satisfactory.

"George," she said, in a very low tone, but she called up a pleasant look as she spoke—"what are you marking all over that book for?"

"They are only pencil-marks, and will be easily erased, if I wish," he answered, without looking up.

A shadow flitted across Addie's face, and for a moment she felt like giving up; but she had made up her mind to have a fair trial, and she persevered.

"But what are you making them for?" she asked.

"I am hunting up points of law, as given in the decisions and charges of various judges."

"Are you going to use them?"

"Yes."

Should she try again? Yes—once more.

"Are they points that will be of use to you in this case of the corporation and land owners on the river?"

"Why, Addie, you've answered the lawyer, speaking more considerately than before, and looking up from his book.

The change in her husband's look and tone gave her courage.

"George," she proceeded. "I am sadly ignorant upon these law questions, and perhaps you think me stupid; but I would be able to comprehend the drift of her aged relative's remarks. "One would think, to hear you talk, that I did not love George as I ought."

"Not so, Addie. "Tush you!" cried George, with a brightening eye. "You don't know what joy it would give me."

"Then why not commence now? Will you explain to me the nature of this case you have in hand?"

George shut up his book, and moved nearer to his wife. He told her that the case brought by the owners of land upon the river to recover heavy damages which they alleged had been sustained in consequence of the erection of the dam of the manufacturing company. After he had stated the case as plainly as he could, he explained to her the different points of evidence which bore upon it, and also the different points of law; and, as he long, she began to grow really interested. There was something novel and curious in the idea of being able to see the points which she understood them, and it was really entertaining to follow them out in their relations to law and reason. At length she began to ask questions—and she was well and happy. Her husband felt the influence of her husband's zeal and ingenuity of opening the case she had caught the spark, and became zealous, too.

And so the evening passed away; and it was the happiest Addie had spent for a long while. She saw where the cloud had come from, and she saw how it might be banished, and, moreover, she resolved that it should be banished henceforth and forever.

"How goes your case, George?" she asked, on the morrow evening. "Have you gained any further assurance?"

"I have all I want, love. I am sure of carrying the day."

"O—I hope you will!"

"That hope is worth an extra fee," the husband cried, pulling his arm about his wife's waist, and kissing her. "Keep that yonder smile of cheer, sweet Addie, and I'll go on without fear."

And he had it ever after that. From that time Addie strove to feel an interest in his business, and she was surprised to find how easily she could comprehend things which had seemed so difficult before. Her husband felt her husband now sought her society more and more, and he gave her all his confidence; he revealed to her all his hopes and fears; he talked to her of the position he was building for himself in the career he had entered on his docket; and in time she was able not only to give him love sympathy and encouragement, but also frequently give him words of counsel that were of value.

And were her own affairs forgotten during all this time? By no means. The more interest she manifested in her husband's affairs, the more earnest was he to help her on in hers. She had labored some to attain the perfect joy she sought, and that very labor had become a source of joy in itself, as all labors must become which are of love and duty.

A Wonderful Escape from an Austrian State Prison.

On the 20th of March last, the president of the court visited him, and complimented him, as usual, upon his studious life.

"Is your work terminated yet?" he asked, with a slight sneer.

"Not quite yet," said Orsini, whose head ran on another work; "but with God's help it soon will be."

Two nights afterward, all was ready. He had obtained an extra pair of sheets, and two extra towels. These he tore into strips, each strip being strong enough to support his weight. Between twelve and one, he softly climbed into the embrasure of the window, made fast his rope, and prepared to descend.

But at that moment his feelings overpowered him. He was without strength or power. Regardless of consequences, he sprang back into his cell and lay down in his bed, beside himself with excitement, and his lips and mouth parched with fever. The sentinel, hearing the noise of his leap, came in to know what was the matter. Orsini complained of fever, and asked for water, which was brought. The sentinel then retired without remark.

On the next day, 29th, he resolved to force himself to try, as he felt a want of strength. All day long he practised swinging from his cord, both in order to test it, and to train his arms, which were weak. He sent out for some strengthening medicine, fearing that some accident might befall him, and knowing the refreshment that fruit afforded to a wounded man.

At ten o'clock at night he received his attempt. This time, greatly to his surprise, he was perfectly cool and collected. He put his room in perfect order, fastened his rope, wrote a letter to the governor, and then lay down to wait for the half-past-one visit. He was amazed at his own calmness. The turnkeys came, as usual, and went away without remark. As they closed the door, Orsini rose and fastened the window, and gazed through his hole. Clutching the rope with his hands, he wound his legs round it, and let himself down his descent. Had he descended about eighty feet, he felt his arms, which were unused to such labor, giving way; he saw a ledge in the wall, and tried to gain it; but he miscalculated his distance, the cord slipped from his legs, and he hung by his arms alone, and began to swing. 'Twas but for a moment. He would probably have fallen at any rate, but, looking down, he fancied he saw the ground six or seven feet beneath him, and let go.

He had no idea that the whole life of man was so long as the period he took to fall.

He fell twenty feet or more, striking first his knees, then his feet, against a mass of cement, and, and brick. Of course he lost consciousness. When he came to himself he fancied that his right leg and arm were both broken. The pain was overpowering. His first thought was for the sentinel, who had left his sentinel; and most blessed relief did it afford.

The fence, at dilich, was dry. Orsini began to walk round in search of a place to scale the outer wall. He had provided himself with a small rope, which he had found one day, and also with a strong nail. Passing under an arch leading into a city, he crept on through marsh and mud until he reached a place where he thought he might scale the wall. He drove his nail in, and put his left foot upon it, then hitch to-gether himself by clinging to the broken bricks above. But he had not raised his body six inches when pain and exhaustion overcame him, and he fell back powerless.

Up to this moment his courage had sustained him in spite of suffering and difficulties. But now he was quite indifferent. He knew he would be taken, chained up, and executed. He did not care. He was quite resigned. *He laid down to die dirt, and went fast asleep.*

After an hour's sleep he felt some pain in his leg being intolerable. His courage returned. They was near dawning, and if he would get any one to pull him out of the ditch, he might yet escape. At 5 o'clock, a. m., the bridge gates were opened, and the people in the city began to move. A young man passed. Orsini called on him, saying that he had got drunk the night before, and could not get out of the ditch; but the fellow only stared and walked on. Two men passed. Orsini made the same entreaty to them. They shrugged their shoulders and said, "Pysero Signor, we shall only get ourselves into trouble by helping you."

It was a quarter to six. At six the cells were visited, and Orsini's escape would be discovered. His footsteps in the mud would enable them to track him easy enough. It was hard to get thus far, and fail.

A stout peasant hal passed. In a voice of agony, Orsini called to him for help, and threw him the end of the cord. The boy took it, and pulled with a will; but he was not strong enough. After a tremendous effort, Orsini fell back.

"Call another man!" he shouted, being desperate.

It was Sunday morning, and many peasants were astir. A stout man suddenly appeared, and took hold of the cord. Both pulled with might and main, and raised Orsini high enough for them to catch his arms just as his strength was giving way. He was beside them in a moment.

"Understand?" said he, "what you have done; I am a political prisoner."

They ran directly at the top of their speed. He followed, limping as best he could. Behind the castle of St. George are cane-brakes. About the very minute that the stupefied turnkeys were gazing at the several bars in his cell, Orsini plunged into the lake middle into one of these cane brakes. He stand there without moving, all day. What became of him afterward, it is not yet safe to tell. Suffice it to say that, though the Austrian police made as much noise about him as if he had been an emperor, he escaped, and is now an exile in England. We expect, of course, to hear of his being involved in more conspiracies. Men of his character never learn—never change.

In the last news from Italy is an incident which throws light on the production of such men as Orsini.

A NEGLECTFUL GOVERNMENT.

For three months the journals of the civilized world have been filled with the details of occurrences in the Turkish empire, which have tended to show that there has been a widespread desire, and determination even—if not an organized conspiracy—on the part of the Mohammedan population to destroy, if possible, the Christian people of that empire. Even more than four months ago, the American minister residing in various parts of the Turkish dominions, as well as the British government, gave expression to their apprehensions of the imminent danger in which that part of the population of the Turkish empire was living. Still more, the evidence has been accumulating for months that the Turkish empire is in the greatest danger of actual dissolution, from the utter impotence of the central government, and its inability to maintain the dominion of law and order in the distant provinces.

And what has our Government done during all this period, either in behalf of the general interests of humanity, or for the protection of the many excellent American missionaries and their families who are residing in the Turkish empire for the holiest objects which can induce men to exile themselves from their native land, and who, from their very profession, are the least capable of all men to protect themselves? It has positively done nothing at all. It has not sent one vessel of war into Turkish waters—not one! During the last five months there has been but one American ship of war in all the Mediterranean sea, and that a thiro-class steamer, whose sole business has been to run down from Naples to Palermo, and from Palermo back to Naples! Although we have several fine frigates and steamers almost rotting in our ports, and excellent officers, who are clamorous for appointments, yet nothing has been done to show to the Turks and their subjects that we, too, are a Christian nation, and possess Christian sympathies.

Some time ago the public were informed that the Susquehanna (we believe it was), one of our best war steamers, was about to be sent to the Mediterranean. But which port for her destination was suddenly changed, and she was sent down to our "gulf squadron," which was before quite large enough for our naval force, but what for it is not easy to see. It was said, indeed, that our Government feared intervention in the affairs of Mexico by Spain, England, France and Russia—one of the most preposterous apprehensions, if ever it did exist, that could enter the heads of any man, we care not who. There is not a particle of evidence of any such combination against Mexico.

But even if there had been such a concerted movement, or if Spain alone had determined to interfere by force, does the Administration at Washington believe that it can do anything, or has the right to do anything, without the direction of Congress, in the matter? Do Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Cass think of enacting over again the unconstitutional scene of Vera Cruz, and stationing our vessels of war there to intercept the vessels of war of any other nation that may think that it has just cause of compelling Mexico to do her duty by resorting to force? Have we become the master of Mexico? Or are we determined that no people but ourselves shall have the honor of going to war with Mexico? We really think that our Administration might be better employed than everlastingly caring for Mexico, Central America, and Cuba. We have bestowed on them quite attention enough the last dozen years or more. Let the Administration attend to its duties in other parts of the world. But if this Administration will not do better in this respect than it has done, may Heaven in the time give us a better one, whether Lincoln, Breckinridge, Douglas, or Bell be at the head of it.—*New York World.*

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6	3.50	6.50	9.50	12.50	15.00	12.00	18.00	21.00	24.00	40.00	50.00	80.00
7	4.00	7.50	11.00	14.50	17.50	13.50	20.50	23.50	27.00	45.00	60.00	90.00
8	4.50	8.50	12.50	16.50	20.00	15.00	22.50	26.00	30.00	50.00	70.00	100.00
9	5.00	9.50	14.00	18.50	22.50	16.50	25.00	28.50	33.00	55.00	80.00	125.00
10	5.50	10.50	15.50	20.50	25.00	18.00	27.50	31.00	36.00	60.00	90.00	150.00
11	6.00	11.50	17.00	22.50	27.50	19.50	30.00	33.50	39.00	65.00	100.00	175.00
12	6.50	12.50	18.50	24.50	30.00	21.00	32.50	36.00	42.00	70.00	110.00	200.00

☞ One square, renewable weekly, per annum.$40.00
" " twice a week.....20.00
☞ Two squares, renewable weekly, per annum.80.00
" " twice a week.....40.00

☞ 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 in several days, CHARGED AS NEW EACH DAY, and on third page, an advance over stated rates.

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

☞ Yearly advertisers will be charged extra for a special quarter 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 Weekly, Semi-Weekly, Co-Partnership, Notices, To Dominoes, etc.

☞ Special Contract Advertisements must be paid for in advance.

☞ No advertisement will appear in the Weekly paper unless its special contract.

☞ Advertisements to be inserted in the Weekly paper only, or at irregular intervals, in either of the papers, 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, for companies, ward, town and other public meetings, to be charged half rates.

☞ Marriages and Deaths are published as news; but a reasonable compensation is expected by the parties for the mere trouble of publishing the same.

☞ All Obituary and Religious Benevolent advertisements will be charged by the insertion.

☞ Political notices in local columns will be charged at 10 cents a line.

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

M'CLANAHAN & DILL.

Professional Cards.

DR. J. B. WASSON, Dentist,

HAVING located permanently in the city of Memphis, offers his services to the citizens and the public generally, in the various branches of his profession, and warrants satisfaction to all who may favor him with their patronage. Office on Second street, in the most approved and skillful manner. Teeth inserted, from one to an entire set, on Gold, Silver, or Rubber Plates, thereby dispensing with the use of clasps or bands attached to the natural teeth. Plates will be made to fit the most difficult cases of mouths. Special attention given to the treatment of all diseases of the teeth and gums, such as extracting, filling, and cleansing teeth, and all operations appertaining to a thorough knowledge of the art. Reference is made to persons for whom he has operated, and who are acquainted with the art of local anaesthesia, preventing all severe pain and suffering. Office on Main street, Some Place, No. 371, in Jones & Tract's new block. jul4-dwtf

EYE AND EAR.

HAVING removed from severe illness, and dissolved my connection with the drug business, I shall devote my entire energies to the practice of my profession, especially to the treatment and SURGERY of the EYE and EAR, insertion of ARTIFICIAL EYES, etc.

R. H. JOHNSON, M. D.

South-west corner Poplar and Second streets, aug5-dwtf

E. S. HAMMOND,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Memphis, Tenn. Office No. 8 Exchange Building, Second street. Will practice in Shelby and adjoining counties. Will also attend to business entrusted to him in West Tennessee.

Refer to Messrs. Brown, Owen & Co., Memphis, Tenn.; Messrs. Bridges & Marshall, Memphis, Tenn.; Mr. Thos. Perkins, Real Estate Broker; Messrs. Street Brothers, Attorneys, Helena; Messrs. Jordan & Elliott, Memphis, Tenn. jul28-1y

J. P. CANTHEN.....E. M. VERSER.....MORGAN WHITE.

Canthen, Verser & White,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Memphis, Tennessee. Office in Skyrme's Building. jul29-1y

J. A. WILLIAMS, M. D.,

HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,

CORNER Main and Jefferson streets, over Lehman & Co.'s Clothing Store, Memphis, Tenn.

Office hours from 10 A. M. to 1 P. M.; Residence, second house west of St. Mary's church, corner side of Jefferson street. jul28-dwtf

DR. G. W. ACREE,

DENTIST,

Court Street, opposite A. T. Wells & Bro.

ALL operations performed in the most skillful manner. Diseases of the gums treated with unusual success. Artificial teeth inserted upon the most approved plan, with preference to Gutta Percha Gum Plate. Call and examine for yourself, and satisfy yourselves. Terms to suit the public with confidence in my skill, or as no charge will be made. jul1-1y

CHARLES H. STROTHER,

MEMPHIS, TENN., Office in Odd Fellows' Building, Main st., Tenn.—Office on Main street, between Madison and Monroe streets. mar28-1y

JOHN A. SIMMONS.....R. J. LEA.

SIMMONS & LEA,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE,

jul15-dwtf Office Court Building, No. 3.

C. FAY.....WM. BROWN.....T. FOSTER.

FAY, BROWN & FOSTER,

ARCHITECTS,

ARE prepared to furnish drawings and specifications for any public or private building, and will give personal supervision if required.

☞ Office, No. 4 Gay Row. jul1-dwtf

N. D. WRIGHT.....W. R. CRISP.

MORGAN & CHRISP,

COTTON FACTORS,

AND

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

No. 47 Front Row,

MEMPHIS, TENN.

ALL Cotton consigned to us will be covered by insurance, unless otherwise instructed. aug7-dwtf

J. T. STRATTON.....S. H. DUNCOMB.
R. McDAVITT.....S. P. READ.

Stratton, McDavitt & Co.,

COTTON

AND

Tobacco Factors,

GROCERS

AND

General Commission Merchants,

No. 70 Front Row,

MEMPHIS, TENN.

OUR scale and terms of doing business will be as every merchant desires, viz: Cotton Tare, and weighing Cotton, 25 cents per bale. All Cotton sent us will be covered by insurance while in store in transit by steamboat, without extra charge, in the country.

We have on hand a large stock of Bagging, Rope and Plantation Supplies generally, which we will furnish on the usual terms.

We are agents for the celebrated "Patent Patent Steel Strap Cotton Ties. aug1-dwtf

JAMES ELDER,

Cotton Factor,

AND

COMMISSION

AND

FORWARDING MERCHANT,

Cor. Madison Street and Front Row,

Over the Banking House of C. W. Cherry & Co.,

aug1-dwtf MEMPHIS, TENN.

Are Refer to.....P. S. Jones.....A. Hutchins.

HAVE AND KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND ONE OF THE LARGEST AND BEST ASSORTED STOCKS OF

Drugs and Medicines,
Perfumery and Fancy Articles,
Patent Medicines,
Dental and Surgical Instruments,
Window Glass,
Paints, Oils, etc., etc.,

Here keep full or likely to be found in the South-western country. To Good Shipping Points, we would request a special invitation to call and examine our GOODS and PRICES. Bring your cash or references in

229 Main Street.

aug1-dwtf

Common Law Court.

E. W. J. Buchins.

E. M. McNutt and Miss Anne E. Buchins. Non-resident attachment for debt—$412.36.

AT the July term, 1860, of the Law side of the Common Law and Chancery Court of the city of Memphis, it appeared to the court that the defendants in this cause were non-residents of the State of Tennessee. It was, therefore, ordered that publication be made four weeks successively in the Memphis Daily Appeal, requiring the said defendants to appear on the second Monday in Nov., 1860, of this court, commencement on the second Monday in September, 1860, at the Court House in Memphis, and plead, answer or demur to the said bill, in default of which judgment will be entered against them.—(4 weeks, $6.00.)

MARCUS J. WRIGHT, Clerk.

By A. J. WHEELER, Deputy Clerk.

E. W. Stocks and Small & Fentz, attorneys for complainant. aug26-4w

Non-Resident Notice.

A. Kirkpatrick.....Attachment debt—$800.

Sam'l Knight, Mary Knight and Annie Gassett.

THE case appeared to the Law side of the Common Law and Chancery Court, of Shelby county, Tenn., June term, 1860, that the defendants were non-residents of the State of Tennessee. It was, therefore, ordered that publication be made according to law, requiring defendants to plead, answer or demur to the suit brought against them at or before the a court Monday in February next, 1861, at the house where the court is to convene, and not for hearing ex parte against them.—(4 weeks, $6.00.)

MARCUS J. WRIGHT, Clerk.

By A. J. WHEELER, Deputy Clerk.

W. A. Rogers, attorney for complainant. aug26-4w

Cotton Factors.

COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE.

WE have associated with us Messrs. Winfield and Henry, Brownsville, Tennessee, and in future our business will be conducted under the firm name of Farrington, Howell & Co., at our old stand, No. 17 Front row. With the Grocery and Produce business, which we have no desire to take any for the past eight years, we will open up the Cotton Factorage and General Commission Business.

FARRINGTON & HOWELL.

Memphis, Tenn., August 18, 1860.

WM. M. FARRINGTON.....JAS. C. WINFIELD, Jr.,
HENRY R. HOWELL.....WM. W. HENRY
Memphis. Brownsville.

FARRINGTON, HOWELL & CO.,

Cotton Factors,

AND

GROCERS,

AND

Commission Merchants.

No. 17 Front Row,

MEMPHIS, TENN.

A WELL selected stock of Bagging, Rope and Plantation Supplies, for sale low for cash, or on house. We will attend to business entrusted to him in West Tennessee, and Northern Mississippi.

Refer to Messrs. Brown, Owen & Co., Memphis, Tenn.; Messrs. Bridges & Marshall, Memphis, Tenn.; Mr. Thos. Perkins, Real Estate Broker; Messrs. Street Brothers, Attorneys, Helena; Messrs. Jordan & Elliott, Memphis, Tenn. jul28-1y

E. F. MONTGOMERY.....F. H. ROBINSON,
late of Tenn. of A. late of Mobile.
J. Montgomery & Co. Mobile, Alabama.

MONTGOMERY & ROBINSON.

COTTON FACTORS

AND

RECEIVING, FORWARDING

AND

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

No. 56 Front Row,

MEMPHIS, TENN.

ALL Cotton and other Produce consigned to, or stored with us, will be insured by an open policy for all insurance, if not otherwise instructed.

A good supply of Bagging and Rope constantly on hand, and Plantation Supplies furnished at lowest market price. For selling Cotton 75c. per bale. aug17-dwtf

E. M. WEBB.....R. C. WEBB,
Memphis. Collins Hill, Miss.

S. M. WEBB & CO.,

COTTON FACTORS

AND

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

NO. 7 FRONT ROW,

jy18-w3m Memphis, Tenn.

JOHN C. COOPER,

COT