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Daily Appeal.

THE SANSHEE.

BY ELLEN A. MORIARTY.

From Ma's Avocate.]

The Banshee is the wilded and grandest of all the Irish supersitions. The spirit assumes the form of a woman, sometimes young, but more generally very old; her long, ragged locks that cover her thin shoulders, she is usually attired in white drapery, and her duty on earth is to warn the regular ages when the attends of some approaching misfortune.—Hall's Ireland.

Mother dear I my strength is failing,
All night long within thy ear,
Low I've heard the Banshee wailing,
Warning me that death is near.

When the sun was setting slowly,
On the peak a shadow fell;
So calm heaven, calm and holy,
Seemed my soul beneath its spell.

At the sounds of mournful meaning,
Slow my drooping head I raised,
And beside the window leaning,
Out upon the garden gazed.

On the pathway stood a woman,
Robed in white, with silver hair;
Light with glory superhuman;
And my heart grew still with fear.

Never moving, leaning o'er me,
Long her form dwelt—by the willy streamed,
And upon the air before me
Loude her silvery tresses streamed.

Then, like darts of light, were pointing
To the nearest home above;
With a sight my frame shuddering,
Slowly from me did she move.

Call as low, that this foreending,
Seemed to chill my every heart;
With an touch my brain enfeebling—
Mother, darling! soon we part.

Listen! listen! faintly clearer,
Sounds that wild, despairing cry!
Closer, nearer! closer—nearer—
Let me on thy bosom die!

THE STAR OF LOVE.

The star of love now shines above,
Cool rapture fills the soul;
Among the flowers the evening breeze
Is serenade to—thee.

The star, the breeze, the wave, the trees,
Their tenderness all—
Seem all are drawn to thee again
To lavish the night.

The light of love—stream from the moon,
Though with a mother rai
O'er hill and grove, like woman's love,
It cheers us on our way.

Then all that's bright—the moon, the light,
The heavens, the earth, the
Have their power to bless the lovers
We dedicate to thee.

OCTOBER.

BY R. C. SHEPPARD.

It is October. In the injured field
A gentle harvest waits the farmer's hand;
Its generous showers the stately orchards yield
Their mellow fruits, and over all the land
A bounteous Providence has scattered good.
A rifled beauty adorns all the changing years.
Time passed but with prudential care;
Rich strips of blossoming flower and hand of blood,
The breath has touched the woods, and day by day
The green oak leaves take fire, and burn away!
Yellow and crimson and brown and purple glow
Fall on the reapers as they hunt the chestnut
Where the soft grass and wiry vines are strewed
And in the air a smoking breathe decay.

THE FAITHLESS WARRIOR.

That feeling of enthusiastic devotion toward the weaker sex, which made illustrious the age of knighthood, is now but a tale of other times. The ignoble refinements of modern agea, have displaced it as completely as the rising sun "melts into thin air" the morning mist upon the mountain top. Truly has the poet sung, the days of chivalry. Proud man, now, not only contemplates "Heaven's last, best gift" as being upon an equality with himself, but often as an inferior, for whom he feels no longer the romance of admiration, and with whose feelings he may sport for an hour, then throw them idly by. The state of things is not less lamentable than true, as is evident from the number of love-lorn damsels who are driven to the tribunals of justice for the purpose of redressing the wrongs inflicted upon their affection by faithless lovers. The violation of a marriage promise is becoming an every day occurrence, and the moment the injured party appeals to the laws of her country, for the purpose of healing her lacerated feelings and punishing her treacherous swain, she is laughed at and condemned by all the fraternity of bachelors, and even the public journals fall in the circumstance with ridicule of wit and sarcasm with which to fill their columns.

Now, against all this we solemnly enter a protest, and here openly declare, that so far as our feeble efforts may avail in correcting this illiberal sentiment on this subject, we will gallantly shed our last drop of ink in the cause.

If it be improper that the kindly affections of an innocent young girl should be made the sport of every gay Lotharin, it is surely proper that such conduct should be avenged. The laws of society forbid, on the part of the lady, an appeal to mortal combat. Whence then, is her redress? It is only by an appeal to the power of the Almighty. Let her unpitied and unblessed, but not in vain, be heard, and proper that his money should be subscribed—the payment of which operates as a curative of wounded feeling, and a balm to the faithless lover. It might be supposed, from the hue and cry that is raised against a young lady, whenever she raises her hard-hearted deceiver at the bar of justice, that such a thing was peculiar to the United States, and but of very modern date. Such, however, is not the fact. It prevails among many nations; and we are pleased to be able to adduce, in confirmation of its correctness, the practice among the aborigines of our country, whose simplicity of manners and unsophisticated opinions are of high authority on all questions of this kind.

From an enterprising and intelligent trapper, who visited the Missouri Indians, a tribe far remote from the borders of the United States to have adopted the customs of our commercial society, we have derived the following narration of a case, which we are informed is one of no uncommon occurrence among them:

Among Muscogee squaws, of great beauty, had instituted a suit, in accordance with the rules of Indian jurisprudence, against a warrior of the same tribe, a son of one of the principal chiefs of the nation, for a breach of promise of marriage. Tunnexsanggee, the "roving buffalo," for by that name was the faithless lover called, was distinguished for his prowess in battle, his personal strength, and his admiration of the squaws of his tribe.

The case excited great interest, and drew together at the time of his trial, a vast number of Indians. Our trapper being of an inquisitive turn in regard to the customs of the red men, attended the investigation, which took place under a huge sycamore.

As the Indians do not possess that inestimable boon, the trial by jury, the whole power of the court is vested in the judge, who in this case was a stern old warrior, with locks bleached by the snows of sixty winters. Both parties were personally present in court. The injured one, who was called Kishawanda, the Flower of the Prairie, opened the case in an impassionate and touching manner—swelling with great pathos upon the tender passion, her feelings, and the incentives of her feelings, etc. After she had completed her exordium, she proceeded to state the evidence of a promise of marriage from Tunnexsanggee, which consisted in his having visited her several times at her father's wigwam, smiling upon her most kindly, and making her some presents. During the recital of the undeniable evidence of the existence of a promise, she attempted to show that these presents were and to be so powerful with young hearts, Tunnexsanggee stood proudly erect, with a scowling brow, occasionally shaking his head with indignation. The defendant then opened a large pouch, made of wolf's skin, tastefully ornamented with beads and bones. From this she withdrew a horn of beautiful feathers, several yards of red flannel, and a variety of trinkets, which she alleged had been given her by the faithless swain then at the bar of justice, in proof of his accumulating proofs of perfidy. Tunnexsanggee evidently quailed. The little blandishments of personal intercourse were not susceptible of proof, but here was tangible evidence of his treachery, part calculated the red flannel, which had been purchased of the trapper, and he being present, all efforts at evasion would have been useless. Here, after two or three pathetic appeals, which the trapper could not exactly comprehend, the indignant plaintiff rested her case.

A profound silence of several minutes ensued, when the old judge beckoned to Tunnexsanggee to proceed with his defense. He rose under evident embarrassment, and attempted an explanation and even justification of his conduct. He admitted that he had several times called upon Kishawanda, but from a feeling of a friend, to drive away the hours which could not be employed in war and the chase. To esteem, he referred the domestics of the feathers and feathers; but as to killing looks and indefinable tentions, about which Kishawanda had talked both long and loud, he denied them most vehemently. The concluding par of his defense, if we may credit the account of the trapper, was powerful, pathetic, and unusually eloquent. There was no thoughtful, but bitter sneer or sarcasm which occasionally distinguishes the efforts of a savage when deeply excited. During the whole of his discourse, Kishawanda sat motionless, her head resting upon her hand with a wan, desolate air. She was evidently greatly disturbed, and under the excitement of the conclusion, she fainted. The whole crowd was thrown into confusion, and it was not until odoriferous herbs had been applied to her nose, and some heat's oil rubbed on her forehead, that she revived.

The old chief, with that promptness of decision characteristic of the aborigines, proceeded at once to give a decision on the case; in doing it, he dwelt largely upon the social relations, the marriage state, and the cruelty of sporting with the affections of a young and artless squaw. He contrasted such an ignoble course, with the more glorious one of pursuing the buffalo and the panther, or meeting an enemy in the field of battle. He concluded by ordering that Tunnexsanggee should give to the injured Kishawanda another piece of red flannel, a silver brooch that was then dangling from his nose, and one dozen of cow skins.

He had no sooner concluded his sentence, than the young man sprang upon her feet, clasped her hands upon her breast, and cried out for joy, "Now me really to be married again." Tunnexsanggee stood erect and silent for a minute, then uttering a loud whoop, deliberately walked toward his wigwam.

We have now, we fancy, clearly shown that among this unsophisticated people of the West, there is a precedent which justifies our ladies in appealing to that tribunal whose decree can alone bind up the wounded feelings of disappointed love, by reaching the purse of these ungallant deceivers of modern times. This precedent is one that should forever put at rest all further sneers and cavilling upon this subject. And, in conclusion, we have only to suggest the expediency on the part of those ladies who are about to be courted, to carefully preserve all the little memorials of affection which their lovers may present them; and if occasionally they could contrive to have a witness secretly observing the killing looks that so often take captive lovely woman's heart, they would be greatly the gainers by it; for, it is thought by our intelligent friend, the trapper, that if Kishawanda could have proved the nameless little blandishments to which she referred the cruel Tunnexsanggee, instead of cow skins, would have been moist in at least two dozen coon skins.

KITTY CUTTING'S NEW COLLAR.

Kitty Cutting was a nice plump little maiden of eighteen summers. Her uncle was a miller, and pretty well to do in the world. As Kitty was likely to be his heiress, this consideration alone would have attracted lovers, if Kitty had been considerably less attractive than she really was.

It so chanced that Kitty's affections happened to centre on a young man whom her uncle, the miller, by no means approved. This was Harry Billings, a young farmer in the neighborhood. The miller's sole ground of disapproval was, that the young man had not quite so large a share of worldly possessions as he thought his niece had a right to expect in a husband.

The consequence was, that he forbade young Billings the house, and required Kitty to give him up.

Her eyes snapped in a very decided manner, and though she said nothing, it was very evident that she meant considerable.

However, she was obliged to dissemble, and Harry thought it most prudent not to approach the house when the miller was at home. By way of compensation, Kitty was in the habit of letting him know when her uncle was absent, and, on these occasions, they would pass a social evening together in the great square kitchen, Kitty sitting on one side intent upon her knitting, and her lover fully occupied in looking at her. He succeeded in getting away before the miller arrived, otherwise there would have been a scene

"Kitty," said her uncle one day, "I have got to be away this evening, and probably shall not be back before eleven or twelve o'clock."

Kitty's eyes sparkled—I dare say my readers may guess why.

"I have got to go over to a town ten miles dis ean to see Squire Hayden. He owes me some money. So you will have to pass the evening by yourself."

"I don't think I shall feel lonely, uncle," said Kitty, demurely, "I shall be so busy."

"I shall be home as soon as possible," said the miller.

"Don't hurry on my account," said Kitty, innocen ly.

The miller went over to his work, and Kitty busily scratched in the following note:

"DEAR HARRY: Uncle has gone away this evening, and thinks he shan't be back before eleven o'clock. *I thought you might like to see Kitty.*"

Folding this up, and directing it to her lover, she called a little boy who was passing.

"Do you want to earn three cents?" she asked.

"Don't I though?" was the reply of young America.

"Then carry this over and give it to Mr. Billings, and mind you don't let any body see it."

The boy nodded understandingly, and was off on his mission.

Kitty was unusually lively and cheerful though the day, and was unusually active in expecting her uncle's departure.

"I'm afraid it is going to snow," said the miller, looking at the clouds

"O, so it won't," said Kitty, very decidedly.

"You seem quite positive," said her uncle.

"At any rate, I don't think it will," said Kitty.

"One might almost think that you want to get me off," remarked the miller, considerably nearer the truth than he imagined.

"So I do," said Kitty, with a lucky self-possession, and "I've said, uncle, you expected to receive some money, and I thought if you did, you might give me a little to buy me a new collar."

Kitty was seized with momentary compunction; but after all she was not going to do anything much out of the way, and so she soon got over it.

Precisely ten minutes after the miller's cart was seen rumbling up the road, Harry Billings made his appearance.

Perhaps the story will not be astonished at hitting him so well, when he learns—I beg pardon, she learns, (I always give precedence in my own sex)—that Harry had been watching the miller's departure from some hiding place, and was consequently in the utmost impatience for this sign that the coast was clear.

Kitty was knitting demurely by the fire, when she heard Harry's step on the door sill.

"Good gracious, Harry, how you surprised me," said she, looking up with a merry smile. "I wonder you don't knock."

"I thought I'd just look in upon you," said her lover, with an answering smile. "I suppose your uncle is at home."

"Why, Harry, you know that he will be off all the evening. You will have to call again."

"Pshaw I'll sit down and wait till he comes back," said Harry taking a seat in an immediate proximity to the aforesaid pretty ankle.

I am not going to detail the conversation that took place that evening between Kitty and her lover. Though interesting to them, it may strong doubts whether it would be equally so to my present readers. The general subject, however, was devising means to propitiate the determined miller, and remove the obstacles of their union.

This, however, was rather a difficult matter, and they could not for the life of them, hit upon anything which they thought could answer their purpose.

Meanwhile time was passing, and that rapidly. Ten o'clock struck.

"Still Hen-ry stard. There was no immediate haste, for the miller expressly said he should not be home before midnight.

Kitty and her lover were in the midst of an interesting disquisition, when, to their inexpressible consternation, the familiar rumble of the miller's cart was heard as it entered the yard.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Kitty, "what could have brought uncle home so soon?"

"It's only ten minutes past eleven," said Harry, looking hurredly at his watch.

"Something or other must have happened to hasten his return. Is it possible that he suspected anything about your being here? Oh, what will he do when he finds you?"

"He can't do any more than order me out of the house," said Harry. "Don't be alarmed, Kitty, I will take all the blame."

"But you can escape. You must."

This seemed to be impossible, as just then the miller was heard knocking his feet against the scraper.

"Quick, let me hide you in the closet," said Kitty.

The dew to the closet, opened the door, and pushed in the bewildered Harry, and but ened his in.

Then, with her face a little flushed, she plumped down in the rocking-chair, and was knitting very industriously when her uncle entered.

"Hey, Kitty," said her uncle, "I suppose you didn't expect to see me quite so soon."

"No, uncle," said Kitty. "Why, it isn't much more than ten."

"Well, I declare, so it is, I happened to meet the 'Squire at the story, four miles this side of his house, and we transacted our business there. So, you see, I gained an hour or more in that way."

"I wish to goodness the Squire had stopped at home," thought Kitty.

"Have you been lonely, Kitty," inquired her uncle.

"No, sir," said his niece, demurely, "I was busy, you know."

"You are go ing to be quite industrious." The miller took off his boots and sat down composedly at the fire.

Kitty was in hopes that he would go to bed, in order that she might give her lover a chance to escape. But this he did not appear at all inclined to do.

"Isn't it most bed time, uncle?" said Kitty.

"I don't think it is, nor it is, but I don't feel at all sleepy, to-night."

Kitty inwardly groaned.

"But if you are sleepy, don't wait for me."

"O, no," said Kitty, looking particularly wide awake, "I feel as if I could sit up all night."

"Where's the weekly paper, Kitty?"

Kitty would like to have said she didn't know, for she knew that if her uncle got hold of that he would quite disregard the passage of time. Unfortunately there was the paper on the table, under the kitchen glass. It was the first object that met her gaze as she looked up.

"I see I'm in for a siege," said Kitty to herself, "but I shall stand it as long as he can. That's a comfort. But I'm afraid Harry will find it pretty dull work in the closet What would uncle say if he should find out he was there?"

Half an hour passed.

The miller, who was a slow reader, was intensely interested in the paper he had taken up. Kitty saw, with a despairing glance, that he was not quite half through it.

She was beginning to be sleepy herself, or would have imagined it she had not had so much to keep her awake.

"Kitty," said her uncle, looking up, suddenly, "you had better go to bed. Its most eleven o'clock."

"Are you going to bed, uncle?"

"No, not just yet. I want to finish this story. Its a pretty nice one. But I shan't want any company. So don't sit up on my account."

"I shouldn't go to sleep if I went to bed, uncle. Beside, I want to get so much done before I go to bed."

"Well, child, just as you like. Bless me, what's that?"

Kitty turned pale. There was a suppressed noise in the closet. Harry had evidently gutired of his constrained position, and was stirring round a little.

"It must be the cat," said Kitty hurriedly.

"The cat! Do you allow her to be in the closet? She ought to be driven out."

The miller rose, but Kitty hurriedly anticipated him.

She went to the closet, opened it a trifle, and called "puss!"

"No, the cat is not there," she said, returning to her seat.

Quarter of an hour passed.

Again a noise of more decided character was heard.

Harry's elbow happened to hit against a plate and it fell with a sudden crash to the floor.

"I'll see what it is," exclaimed the miller, rising.

He threw open the door, and out rushed Harry, looking rather foolish.

"Well, I never!" ejaculated the miller.

Before he had time to say anything farther, Kitty said, hurriedly, "uncle, didn't you promise me a collar?"

"Yes," returned the miller, "but——"

Kitty pressed to the side of her lover, who passed his arm around her neck, and then said, while her eyes twinkled with mischief, "This is the collar I want, uncle. You promised me, you know."

"And I'll keep it, Kitty!" exclaimed the miller, bursting into a hearty laugh, "no matter what it costs."

Two months from that day Kitty Cutting changed her name. Some years have elapsed but she has not yet got tired of the "collar" which her uncle gave her.

A RUSSIAN WOLF HUNT.

Wolf hunting and bear hunting are the favorite pleasures of the Russians. Wolves are hunted in this way: in the winter, when the wolves, being hungry, are ferocious: three or four huntsmen, each armed with a double-barreled gun, get into a troika, which is any kind of a carriage drawn by three horses—the name being derived from its team, and not from its form. The middle horse trots with its head hanging down, and he is called the snow-water. The two others have only one rein, and they are fastened to the poles by the middle of the body, and gallop with their heads free—they are called the furious. The troika is driven by a sure coachman—if there is such a thing as a sure coachman. A pig is tied to the rear of the vehicle by a rope or a chain (for greater security) some twelve yards long. The pig is kept in the vehicle until the huntsmen reach the forest where the hunt is to take place when he is taken out and the horses started. The pig, not being accustomed to this gait, squeals, and his squeals soon degenerate into lamentations. His cries bring out the wolf, who gives the pig chase; then two wolves, then three, then ten, then fifty wolves—all posting as hard as they can go after the pig, fighting among themselves for the best places, stopping and striking at the poor pig at every opportunity, who squeals with despair. These squeals of agony arouse all the wolves in the forest, within a circuit of three miles, and the troika is followed by an immense pack of wolves. The horses have an instinctive horror of wolves, and go almost crazy; they run as fast as they can go.

The huntsmen fire as fast as they can load; there is no necessity to take any aim. The pig squeals, the horses neigh, the wolves howl the guns rattle; it is a concert to make Mephistopheles jealous. As long as the driver commands his horses, as fast as they may be running away, there is no danger. But, if he ceases to be master of them; if they balk if the troika is upset, there is no hope. The next day, or the day after, or a week afterward, nothing will remain of the party but the wreck of the troika, the barrels of the guns, and the larger bones of the horses, huntsmen and driver.

Last winter prince Rapine went on one of these hunts, and it came very near being his last hunt. He was on a visit with two of his friends to one of his estates near the steppe, and they determined to go on a wolf hunt. They prepared a large sleigh in which three persons could move at ease; three vigorous horses were put into it, and they selected for a driver a man born in the country, and thoroughly experienced in the sport. Each huntsman had a pair of double-barrel guns, they cearbed the steppe; that is, an immense prairie covered with snow. The moon was full, and shone brilliantly; its beams, refracted by the snow, gave a light scarcely inferior to daylight.

The pig was put out of the sleigh and the horses whipped up. As soon as the pig felt he was dragged he began to squeal. A wolf saw the pig and howled; they were timid and kept a long way off. Their numbers gradually increased, and as they gained in strength they become bolder. There were about twenty wolves, when they came within gun range of the troika. One of the party fired; a wolf fell. The flock became alarmed and half fled away. Seven or eight hungry wolves remained, behind to devour their dead companion. The gaps were soon filled. On every side howls answered howls; on every side sharp teeth and brilliant eyes were seen peering. The guns rattled volley after volley; but the flock of wolves increased instead of diminishing, and soon it was not a flock, but a vast herd of wolves in thick serried columns, which gave chase to the sleigh.

The wolves bounded forward so rapidly they seemed to fly over the snow, and so lightly not a sound was heard; their numbers continued to increase and increase; they seemed to be a silent tide drawing nearer and nearer, and which the guns of the party, rapidly as they were discharged, had no effect on them. The wolves formed a vast crescent, whose horns began to encompass the horses. The numbers increased so rapidly they seemed to spring out of the ground. There was something weird in their appearance, for where a good three thousand wolves come from in such a desert of snow? The party had taken the pig into the sleigh; his squeal increased the wolves' boldness. The party continued their fire, but they had now used about half of their ammunition, and but two hundred cartridges left, while they were surrounded by three thousand wolves. The horses in terror of the terrent, became nearer and nearer, and threatened to envelop the party.

If one of the horses should have given out, the fate of the whole party was sealed.

"What do you think of this, Ivan?" said Prince Repine, a sinking to the driver.

"I would rather be at home, Prince."

"Are you afraid? Reflect, we will consequences?"

"The devils have tasted blood, and the more you fire the more wolves you'll have."

"What do you think is the best thing to be done?"

"Make the horses go faster."

"Are you sure of the horses?"

"Yes, Prince."

"Are you sure of our safety?"

The driver made no reply. He quickened the horses, and turned their heads toward home. The horses flew faster than ever. The driver exerted them to increased speed by a sharp whistle, and made them describe curve which intersected one of the horns of the crescent. The wolves opened their ranks and let the horses pass.

The prince raised his gun to his shoulder.

"For God's sake don't fire!" exclaimed the driver; "we are dead men if you do!"

He obeyed Ivan. The wolves, astonished by this unexpected act, remained motionless for a minute. During this minute the troika was a vera from them. When the wolves started again after it, it was too late, they could not overtake it.

A quarter of an hour afterward they were in sight of home.

Prince Repine thinks his horses ran at least six miles in that fifteen minutes. He rode over the steppe the next day, and found the bones of more than two hundred wolves.

THE COMMERCE OF CINCINNATI.

From the New Orleans Delta.]

The annual statement of the commerce of Cincinnati for the year ending August 31, 1860, which was recently presented to the chamber of commerce of that city, gives a remarkably full and interesting account of the growth, extent and fluctuations of all the important branches of trade. Considering that half a century ago Cincinnati contained but about 2,500 inhabitants, no one, we may read without surprise the statistical reports of the great extent of the commercial operations of that city, which now numbers 160,000. The value of her annual imports now averages about $80,000,000. Indeed, so wonderfully has her trade increased during the last ten years, that at present it is surpassed by but few American cities. It is estimated that her jobbing trade during the last ten years has increased at least six hundred per cent. The number of hands now engaged in the dry goods business is sixty-six wholesale and one hundred and ninety-nine retail ones—the number of wholesale houses having almost doubled during the last four years.

The almost unprecedented growth of the "Queen City," and the great increase in her trade, are mainly attributable to the superior facilities, she possesses as a distributing point, derived from her extensive railroad and river communications.

The report before us states that one-seventh of all the coffee consumed in the United States from Brazil in 1859-60 was brought to and distributed from Cincinnati. It also appears that "since the opening of the Grand Trunk (Canada) railway in Portland, English, French and German goods have been imported by that route upon far more advantageous terms than any other, and goods have been delived in a shorter time than they could be via New York." The manufacture of a number of articles has already been successfully established at Cincinnati, and there will no doubt follow in due course of time. The pork-packing business is carried on there more extensively than at any other city in the Union, and constitutes a large item of her trade. The value of the pork and bacon she exported for the year ending August 31, 1860, was about $2,000,000, and of lard and oil, $2,000,000 more. The number of hogs packed was 434,499, which averaged per head nearly two hundred pounds in weight.

Cincinnati is the great metropolis of the West, as New Orleans is of the South; and their inhabitants are more closely united in the bonds of commerce" than are the people of any two cities in the Union. The yearly trade between them is immense—Cincinnati taking our sugar, molasses, etc., and we in return receiving her pork, beef, corn, and the various articles of produce that are grown in such untold abundance in the profile west. Long may the "Crescent City" and "Queen City" fraternize with each other!

THE SHADOW OF "CUMMING" EVENTS.—A correspondent gives a synopsis of Dr. Cumming's sermon on prophecy, as applicable to Great Britain, which was delivered at the Orange, Paris, on Sunday last. He thinks, it appears, that within the next seven years, the English government will collect together all the Jews in England, give them a free passage to Jerusalem, and put them in possession of the holy land. To arrive at this result, the reverend doctor admits doing, though he regrets it, considerable violence to the authorized version of the holy scriptures. He says that where Ezekiel is made to denounce calamity by the word "woe," he in reality means "Ho!"—a rallying cry that "ships made of bulrushes" mean steam vessels; that "Tarshish" is England; that "seven times" means 360 multiplied by seven; and that one of the prophet's lions means the British lion on the Queen's coat of arms. These interpretations being granted, it is made plain to the meanest capacity that England is the nation destined to restore the Jews to their inheritance, and to "present" them on Mount Sion as an offering to the Lord of hosts. He gives it to be understood that 1864, when, according to his calculation, the world will be just 6,000 years old, is the very outside of the time, and that we are at this very hour, to use a cant but expressive of his, "on the Saturday night of the world's long dreamy week." Dr. Cumming's manner is perfectly free from rant or passion and contains sense.—*Court Journal.*

RULES FOR PRUNING GRAPES.—The last number of *Hovey's Magazine* gives substantially the following general rules for grape pruning, after recommending grape-growers to be free in the use of the knife, followed by the remark that where one vine is pruned too severely, nine are not pruned enough. No shoots should be nearer than one foot of each other. Prune back to within one eye of the old wood, every Fall and Spring, about one half of the annual shoots—the remaining eyes producing canes to be retained for bearing the next year—when the old bearing wood is in turn to be cut out, to make room for new shoots. Disbud or rub off, as soon as they appear, all shoots not wanted as bearing wood.

Miscellaneous.

DR. WARNER,

OF

BERLIN, PRUSSIA,

RESIDENT PHYSICIAN

AND

OPERATING SURGEON

OF THE

Hands, Feet and Face,

FORMERLY OF

MOBILE, ALABAMA.

THE ONLY PROFESSOR

OF THIS

IMPORTANT

BUT NEGLECTED BRANCH OF

SURGERY;

WHO CURES

EFFICACIOUSLY and PERMANENTLY

CLUB FEET,

CORNS AND BUNIONS,

CALLOSITIES,

Diseased Nails,

AND ALL

EXCRESCENCES AND DEFORMITIES

OF THE

FEET, HANDS AND FACE,

WITHOUT CUTTING

OR

CAUSING THE LEAST PAIN.

Dr. Warner will Remain in Memphis During the Whole Winter!

DR. WARNER'S success considers it unnecessary in this connection to speak of the importance of the highest respectability, since his residence in Mobile. They are to his patronage, and open to the inspection of all; but the references below are of a nature that will abundantly satisfy all who will peruse them.

MOBILE REFERENCES,

OF THE MOST UNQUESTIONED RESPECTABILITY.

DR. J. C. NOTT,
Professor of Surgery, Medical College.

DR. F. A. ROSS,
Professor of Materia Medica, Medical College.

DR. G. A. KETCHUM,
Professor of Practice of Medicine, Medical College.

HON. A. H. MEEK,
HON. JOHN FORSYTH,
Members of the Legislature.

AUGUSTA TESTIMONY:

From Drs. H. F. Campbell, W. S. Jones and J. A. Eve.

Having experienced the benefit of Dr. Warner's method of treating Club Feet, we feel it to present to add our testimony to that of others, in regard both to the skill and quickness of his operations, and we cheerfully recommend him to those who require his services.

HENRY F. CAMPBELL, M. D.,
W. S. JONES, M. D.,
J. A. EVE, M. D.

AUGUSTA, GA., August 3, 1860.

Those Suffering from Club Feet, Corns, Bunions, Callosities, or Diseased Nails, will be Permanently CURED.

DR. WARNER

May be consulted from 9 a. m. till 5 p. m., at his

CONSULTING ROOMS,

GREENLAW'S BLOCK,

329 Main Street,

BETWEEN UNION AND GAYOSO.

☞ LADIES will be waited upon at their residences, if leaving their address at the doctor's office.

o26-1m

291 *MAIN STEET*

MEMPHIS.

HORTON & HUNTER

HAVE RECEIVED THEIR STOCK OF

FALL AND WINTER GOODS,

Ladies' Brest Goods, every variety; Cloths, Cassimeres, Cassinetts, Tweeds; Trim Linens, Silks, Satins, Merinoes; Bright Carpets, Floor Oil Cloths, Mat'ngs and Rugs; Certain Goods, Table Linens, Towels and Napkins; Flannels, Plain and Plaid Linseys; Linen, Brown and Bleached Sheetings; Blankets, Jeans, Kentucky Jeans.

READY MADE CLOTHING!

For men's and Boys' Wear.

Marseilles Quilts and Bed Blankets;
Plantation Goods, Kentucky and Georgia Twills and Linseys, Osnaburgs and Kerseys;
Negro Blankets, Wool Hats and Brogans.

And every other article usually found in Dry Goods Stores, all of which we will sell for less profit FOR CASH, than any house in this city, or elsewhere in the same class of Goods. All we want is an examination of our stock by those who wish to purchase, and we are sure we will have repeats on by honorable dealers or no off-dawdw HORTON & HUNTER.

SIXTY DOLLARS

Will purchase one of these celebrated

SINGER

LETTER A FAMILY

SEWING MACHINES.

WITH iron stand, and all complete for use, being precisely the same machine that has been offered for sale and extensively advertised at much more than cost, and which has hitherto been sold for $85.

The Old Style Family Machine, $40.

All who buy a SINGER MACHINE have the consolation of knowing that they are not to be humbugged, and the assurance that they have got the best machine in use. The cases of hinge are secure at will, all that is good and reliable in a Sewing Machine. Salesroom

190 Main street, Memphis.

oct-3r EDWIN DEAN, Proprietor.

LAFLINS, SMITH & BOIES,

MANUFACTURERS OF

GUNPOWDER,

OFFICE NO 88 FRONT ROW,

Memphis, Tenn.

All kinds of Gunpowder constantly on hand. Orders promptly attended to. 1y26-dly

Fairs.

WE are prepared to furnish SILVER and SILVER PLATED PREMIUMS, on the most reasonable terms.

oct-tawtm F. H. CLANK & CO.

Opening of the Fall Fashions!

On Saturday, October 6th,

At 326 Main Street.

MISS M. PERDUE, of Baltimore,

HAVING returned from the East with a choice selection from the first importing houses, is now prepared to open with fall and winter fashions of

MILLINERY,

To which she invites the attention of her friends and the public.

N. J. VANARNAM,

OLD ESTABLISHED WHARFBOAT,

STEAMBOAT AGENT,

STORAGE, FORWARDING

AND

COMMISSION MERCHANT,

AGENT FOR BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD.

Dealer in Boat Stores and Ship Chandlery,

oct-1m MEMPHIS, TENN.

Attachment Notice.

E. H. POTTER vs. JAS. M. WARREN.

It appearing from affidavit filed in this case that the defendant is a non-resident of this State, it is hereby ordered that publication be made in some newspaper in the city of Memphis, according to law, notifying said defendant to appear before me at my office, at 10 o'clock, A. M., on the SECOND MONDAY IN APRIL, 1861, and defend the suit, or the same will be proceeded with ex parte.

oct7-1m(w) J. HORNE, J. P.

Cotton Factors.

J. S. BROWN, Grenada, Miss.; HENDERSON OWEN, Late of Somerville; MILES OWEN, Memphis Tenn.

BROWN, OWEN & CO.,

Cotton Factors,

RECEIVING, FORWARDING,

AND

GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

No. 5 Monroe Street,

MEMPHIS, TENN.

ALL Cotton, Tobacco, or other produce consigned to us or insured, unless otherwise instructed.

Bagging, Rope and other supplies furnished at the lowest market prices. Cash advances made on consignments. oct8-dawdw

JAMES ELDER,

Cotton Factor,

COMMISSION

AND

FORWARDING MERCHANT,

Cor. Madison Street and Front Row,

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

oct8-dawdtw MEMPHIS, TENN.

R. B. GOODLETT.....W. H. GOODLETT.

GOODLETT & CO.,

Cotton Factors.

RECEIVING, FORWARDING

AND GENERAL

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

DEALERS IN

Bagging, Rope and Plantation Supplies,

No. 35 Front Row,

MEMPHIS, TENN.

☞ Store and sell Cotton at seventy-five cents per bale. oct8-dawdtw

W. L. STEWART.....M. C. KING.

STEWART & KING,

Cotton Factors,

General Receiving, Forwarding

AND

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

No. 54 Front Row,

Memphis, Tennessee.

☞ Entrance on Court street. oct8 dawdw

W. F. MASON.....CARRINGTON MASON
Holly Springs, Miss. Memphis, Tenn.

MASON & CO.,

Cotton Factors,

COMMISSION, RECEIVING,

AND

Forwarding Merchants,

283 Main Street,

MEMPHIS, TENN.

☞ Our charge for storing and selling Cotton will be, as heretofore, for per cent, on the gross proceeds of sales. Insurance always effected, unless advised to the contrary oct8-twe6m

SHEPPERD M. ASHE.

Cotton, Tobacco,

AND

GRAIN FACTOR,

AND

GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANT,

No. 47 Front Row,

MEMPHIS, TENN.

CHARGES for selling Cotton 75 cents per bale; other produce 1½ per cent. on sales.

Orders for Bagging, Rope, Groceries and Plantation Supplies solicited and filled at lowest rates. All produce insured unless otherwise instructed.

oct8-dtawdw

NAPOLEON HILL.....CHAS. H. DORIN, Jr.

HILL & DORION,

Cotton, Grain,

AND

Tobacco Factors,

COMMISSION, RECEIVING,

AND

Forwarding Merchants,

Second door Manby & Horton's wharf, MEMPHIS, TENN.

☞ Store and sell at 75 cents per bale. Bagging, Rope and supplies furnished at lowest prices. Will fill all orders carefully, and give prompt attention to any business intrusted to them. oct8-dawdtw.

COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE.

WE have associated with us Messrs. Winfield and Howell, under the firm and style of Fabrington, Howell & Co., for the transaction of our Cotton Factorage and General Commission business. FARRINGTON & WALKER.

WM. M. FARRINGTON.....JAS. L. WINFIELD, Sr.
HENRY B. HOWELL.....WM. W. BOND
Memphis, Tenn. Brownsville.

FARRINGTON, HOWELL & CO.,

Cotton Factors,

GROCERS,

AND

Commission Merchants,

No. 17 Front Row,

MEMPHIS, TENN.

A WELL selected stock of Bagging, Rope and Plantation Supplies kept constantly on hand. Navigator at Fulton always ready to receive Cotton, Merchandise, etc., which will be stored free in transit by steamboat, unless instructed to the contrary.

Our charge for storing, weighing and selling Cotton is 75 cents per bale, as formerly. Insurance on Cotton at 75 cents per bale. All Cotton sent to us will be stored in a new and well constructed brick warehouse.

Receiving and weighing will be attended to by an experienced and competent man. Each partner will devote his personal attention to the business. Particular attention paid to receiving and forwarding merchandise. oct8-dtawdw

J. L. VERSER,

(Successor to Verser & Borum,)

COTTON

AND

Tobacco Factor,

Commission and Forwarding Merchant,

17 1-2 FRONT ROW,

Memphis, Tenn.

I WILL sell orders for Bagging, Rope, Groceries, etc., at the lowest market prices. All cotton in store or in transit will be insured, unless otherwise instructed.

oct8-dawdw

BARNETT GRAHAM,

COTTON FACTOR

AND

GROCERY MERCHANT,

No. 4 Front Row,

Memphis, Tennessee.

☞ Will continue to store and sell Cotton at 75 cents per bale, and wholesale Groceries.

oct8-dawdw

LAFLIN, SMITH & BOIES,

MANUFACTURERS OF

GUNPOWDER,

OFFICE NO 88 FRONT ROW,

Memphis, Tenn.

All kinds of Gunpowder constantly on hand. Orders promptly attended to. 1y26-dly

Fairs.

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HAVING returned from the East with a choice selection from the first importing houses, is now prepared to open with fall and winter fashions of

MILLINERY,

To which she invites the attention of her friends and the public.

REMOVAL.

GOGGIN, TRADER & HOLT

HAVE REMOVED TO NO. 16 FRONT ROW, where they will be pleased to see their old customers and friends, and as many new ones as may find disposed to give us a call. Our stock of Bagging, Rope, Bacon, Tobacco, Molasses, etc., is unusually large for the fall. We store and sell Cotton at 75 cents per bale; store and ship at 50 cents per bale.

Patrons and others will find they have consulted their interest by calling on us at No. 16 Front row, next door to Messrs. Orgill & Co., the house formerly occupied by Messrs. E. P. Hall & Co.

oct8-dawdw GOGGIN, TRADER & HOLT

L. C. CHURCHILL.....C. STARKWEATHER.

L. C. CHURCHILL & CO.,

(now permanently located)

No. 14 Exchange Building,

DEALERS IN

FEED AND PRODUCE GENERALLY,

No 12, EXCHANGE BUILDING,

oct8 Memphis, Tenn.

Cotton Factors.

JOHN C. COOPER,

COTTON FACTOR

AND

COMMISSION MERCHANT.

No. 5 Monroe St., Up Stairs.

AGENT FOR SALE OF H