THE MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL.

BY M'CLANAHAN & DILL. MEMPHIS, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1860. VOLUME XI—NUMBER 272.

Daily Appeal.

GOD PRESERVE THE UNION.

BY JOHN E. BAYNE.

"There is no safety for the owner monarchal government, if the representative part of the form of the United States is found to succeed. Blood trouble, and perhaps revolution, will follow the overthrow of the Union."—London Morning Chronicle

"I think, I know, that there is no safety for society, for women, for children, for property, if we cast the ties of the Union to the winds. Then we must immediately enter upon a civil war in vindication of the Constitution, and not breaking the Union."—Douglas at Memphis, October, 1860.

Brothers, there shall come when nature
Shall, like a lake, be made
Leave their proud, but troubled quiet
To the tempest and storm!
When the tempest will sound for brothers,
And by all of old ties made dead,
A sword given the soul with feelings
That blow fogs and hot lead!
When the Demon and Spirit that wins
The true, true hearts loved
To curse the ever children arm,
And every child shall be freed
Of man fill up
The brimming cup,
Or death is swallowed up!—
Here's hand and blow
For our sacred land,
And NOT PRESERVE THE UNION.

There are fashion passion-quelled,
Their eyes to fashions and wealth,
And swinging fashion fellowship,
Around the People's pelt;
There are false hearts in the darkness,
There are black hearts in the light,
And false hearts are admitting
The "Constitution Free left world!"
So shall the Dome never crumble,
The column be smashed to dust,
Can with its ruined pillars come
Man's home with fashion now,
Or friends? It's said
For Fatherland!
In brotherly association,
Let every much
Be "North and South,"
And GOD PRESERVE THE UNION.

While the young Republic's banner
Shall wave over every area
Gloriously from the sacred freedom
Of the heaven within it free!
Homes in each quiet valley
To defend or sanctify,
Let there be state sovereignty
Or not, we will defend them.
Or not, but "Union Forever!"
Forever and Union forever!
Let this be our watchword
Wherever we may be!
Another tyrant collapse
The world then rejoice
In unison with freedom now,
Or Union! It's said
For Fatherland!
In brotherly association,
Let every much
Be "North and South,"
And GOD PRESERVE THE UNION.

Rises that star, whose Union people's
Shall be a light to the nations gathered,
Like a bright star on a cloud!
Rises that star, whose Union people's
Shall be a light to the nations gathered,
Like a bright star on a cloud!
Where on Q and C Corporation
Shall be the light of empire
Brightly shine, and shall
Each people's right be secured
Beneath the light of the Union!
And GOD PRESERVE THE UNION.

Consumptive and Free-Love Troubles of an Aged Millionaire—A Strange Tale of Secret Vices in a Mad House.

Some ten years since a wealthy merchant of Boston retired to the classic region of the White mountains, to enjoy during his declining years in quiet his ill-gotten wealth; after journeying from Lincoln's to a cottage among the busy marts of a crowded city; and during which period he had seldom permitted himself to go on a pleasure tour to the Southern states of the Confederacy of America. He having acquired, not a competence merely, but a fortune that would satisfy him to a position among millionaires, he felt that he had spoken in a retirement which he had really sought since the noisy era of business, and the monotony of one cannot life.

Now, judging from his face, were his years misspent? Having passed his sixty-fifth year, he was apparently out of the reach of those you hitherto which so frequently prove anger sensibilities, and by active amusement. His death was much better than that of most men of his age; his conduct had always been exemplary, and he was not required to spend the time of his life in preparing for the freshness of his youth. His wife, to whom he had been united for more than forty years, said that in chest him; and he was a kind husband, and a good and affectionate father. The spot he had chosen for his retirement was peculiarly adapted to gratifying every laudable desire. The classic scenery, the foliage, the rich tints of the forests, combined to gratify the senses. His home was decorated with everything beautiful and pleasing that a collector of fancy could suggest. He had grounds and groves such as novelists delight to describe and artists to paint; in a word, all things around him—both in nature and art—were all that any a local mind could desire.

But in this paradise the serpent coiled. He who had resisted all the temptations of the city, who had passed through the ordeal of gold, fell into a scattered citadel, when the danger was apparently past.

It is unnecessary to relate the manner in which the insinuating poison crept into the old man's heart, after sixty-eight winters had passed over him; but, as she did, and he consented to leave home, friends, relatives, wife, and the world behind, and go to the Forties, to the West. Arriving in Cincinnati, he and his paramour, a beautiful girl of nineteen, took rooms in a retired part of the city, where they lived, unknown to the world, for three years, when the old man, who had been rendered miserable by his new life, was made still more unnerved by the intelligence of the death of his deserted, heart-broken wife. His remorse, the compunctions of conscience, the prompings of his better nature, however, were of no avail to disembarrass him from the subtle coil of the serpent, vice, that had firmly fixed its worldly fangs.

His paramour had, up to this time, apparently used every endeavor to render him happy. She was waiting for an opportunity to make the old man's fortune—and she hoped by kindness to induce him to settle the greater portion of it upon her, to the exclusion of his children. Now that his wife was no more, she determined, at once, to place herself in a position to command that which she had hoped to win by kindness. Her therefore repeated to him that as all obstacles to their legal union had been removed, their transgression might be blotted out by a legal marriage, which was consummated in Cincinnati.

But the ambitious bride still failed to induce her husband to settle his estate upon her; and hoping that she might, by coercion, compel him to do so, she changed the whole line of her conduct, and was as studious how to render him miserable, as she had before been solicitous for his happiness, until he sunk beneath the weight of his cares, and his once well-balanced mind gave indications of aberration.

At this juncture, she applied for a divorce, having been told by a legal adviser that she could by that proceeding at once come in possession of one-third of the estate, without waiting for the usual mode death and as that nothing was sufficient to render her affluent, she unhesitatingly made the application. The court, however, on hearing the facts, granted her no time but a life annuity of $200 and the bill of separation, thereby apparently defeating her application forever. But she was not thus to be thwarted, but immediately offered to be reconciled to her former husband, and once more united to him.

She was, however, too late. His reason had left him, and he was taken to the lunatic asylum, near Cincinnati, where he remained until last week, when she made application to have him removed to the place of his nativity, and, in accordance with it, he was brought out, with the view of trying the question of his sanity.

When taken into court, he declared his willingness to be remarried to his faithless spouse, and evinced some anxiety on the subject. The court, however, in view of the case, thought it apparent to admit of his discharge, and he was remanded to Longview, where he still remains. Whatever our readers will say of this case, we will say nothing in comment. His death was much better than that of most men of his age; his conduct had always been exemplary, and he was not required to spend the time of his life in preparing for the freshness of his youth. His wife, to whom he had been united for more than forty years, said that in chest him; and he was a kind husband, and a good and affectionate father. The spot he had chosen for his retirement was peculiarly adapted to gratifying every laudable desire. The classic scenery, the foliage, the rich tints of the forests, combined to gratify the senses. His home was decorated with everything beautiful and pleasing that a collector of fancy could suggest. He had grounds and groves such as novelists delight to describe and artists to paint; in a word, all things around him—both in nature and art—were all that any a local mind could desire.

But in this paradise the serpent coiled. He who had resisted all the temptations of the city, who had passed through the ordeal of gold, fell into a scattered citadel, when the danger was apparently past.

It is unnecessary to relate the manner in which the insinuating poison crept into the old man's heart, after sixty-eight winters had passed over him; but, as she did, and he consented to leave home, friends, relatives, wife, and the world behind, and go to the Forties, to the West. Arriving in Cincinnati, he and his paramour, a beautiful girl of nineteen, took rooms in a retired part of the city, where they lived, unknown to the world, for three years, when the old man, who had been rendered miserable by his new life, was made still more unnerved by the intelligence of the death of his deserted, heart-broken wife. His remorse, the compunctions of conscience, the prompings of his better nature, however, were of no avail to disembarrass him from the subtle coil of the serpent, vice, that had firmly fixed its worldly fangs.

His paramour had, up to this time, apparently used every endeavor to render him happy. She was waiting for an opportunity to make the old man's fortune—and she hoped by kindness to induce him to settle the greater portion of it upon her, to the exclusion of his children. Now that his wife was no more, she determined, at once, to place herself in a position to command that which she had hoped to win by kindness. She therefore repeated to him that as all obstacles to their legal union had been removed, their transgression might be blotted out by a legal marriage, which was consummated in Cincinnati.

But the ambitious bride still failed to induce her husband to settle his estate upon her; and hoping that she might, by coercion, compel him to do so, she changed the whole line of her conduct, and was as studious how to render him miserable, as she had before been solicitous for his happiness, until he sunk beneath the weight of his cares, and his once well-balanced mind gave indications of aberration.

At this juncture, she applied for a divorce, having been told by a legal adviser that she could by that proceeding at once come in possession of one-third of the estate, without waiting for the usual mode death and as that nothing was sufficient to render her affluent, she unhesitatingly made the application. The court, however, on hearing the facts, granted her no time but a life annuity of $200 and the bill of separation, thereby apparently defeating her application forever. But she was not thus to be thwarted, but immediately offered to be reconciled to her former husband, and once more united to him.

She was, however, too late. His reason had left him, and he was taken to the lunatic asylum, near Cincinnati, where he remained until last week, when she made application to have him removed to the place of his nativity, and, in accordance with it, he was brought out, with the view of trying the question of his sanity.

When taken into court, he declared his willingness to be remarried to his faithless spouse, and evinced some anxiety on the subject. The court, however, in view of the case, thought it apparent to admit of his discharge, and he was remanded to Longview, where he still remains. Whatever our readers will say of this case, we will say nothing in comment. His death was much better than that of most men of his age; his conduct had always been exemplary, and he was not required to spend the time of his life in preparing for the freshness of his youth. His wife, to whom he had been united for more than forty years, said that in chest him; and he was a kind husband, and a good and affectionate father. The spot he had chosen for his retirement was peculiarly adapted to gratifying every laudable desire. The classic scenery, the foliage, the rich tints of the forests, combined to gratify the senses. His home was decorated with everything beautiful and pleasing that a collector of fancy could suggest. He had grounds and groves such as novelists delight to describe and artists to paint; in a word, all things around him—both in nature and art—were all that any a local mind could desire.

But in this paradise the serpent coiled. He who had resisted all the temptations of the city, who had passed through the ordeal of gold, fell into a scattered citadel, when the danger was apparently past.

It is unnecessary to relate the manner in which the insinuating poison crept into the old man's heart, after sixty-eight winters had passed over him; but, as she did, and he consented to leave home, friends, relatives, wife, and the world behind, and go to the Forties, to the West. Arriving in Cincinnati, he and his paramour, a beautiful girl of nineteen, took rooms in a retired part of the city, where they lived, unknown to the world, for three years, when the old man, who had been rendered miserable by his new life, was made still more unnerved by the intelligence of the death of his deserted, heart-broken wife. His remorse, the compunctions of conscience, the prompings of his better nature, however, were of no avail to disembarrass him from the subtle coil of the serpent, vice, that had firmly fixed its worldly fangs.

His paramour had, up to this time, apparently used every endeavor to render him happy. She was waiting for an opportunity to make the old man's fortune—and she hoped by kindness to induce him to settle the greater portion of it upon her, to the exclusion of his children. Now that his wife was no more, she determined, at once, to place herself in a position to command that which she had hoped to win by kindness. She therefore repeated to him that as all obstacles to their legal union had been removed, their transgression might be blotted out by a legal marriage, which was consummated in Cincinnati.

But the ambitious bride still failed to induce her husband to settle his estate upon her; and hoping that she might, by coercion, compel him to do so, she changed the whole line of her conduct, and was as studious how to render him miserable, as she had before been solicitous for his happiness, until he sunk beneath the weight of his cares, and his once well-balanced mind gave indications of aberration.

At this juncture, she applied for a divorce, having been told by a legal adviser that she could by that proceeding at once come in possession of one-third of the estate, without waiting for the usual mode death and as that nothing was sufficient to render her affluent, she unhesitatingly made the application. The court, however, on hearing the facts, granted her no time but a life annuity of $200 and the bill of separation, thereby apparently defeating her application forever. But she was not thus to be thwarted, but immediately offered to be reconciled to her former husband, and once more united to him.

She was, however, too late. His reason had left him, and he was taken to the lunatic asylum, near Cincinnati, where he remained until last week, when she made application to have him removed to the place of his nativity, and, in accordance with it, he was brought out, with the view of trying the question of his sanity.

When taken into court, he declared his willingness to be remarried to his faithless spouse, and evinced some anxiety on the subject. The court