Daily Appeal.

A HYMN.

MEMPHIS, September 2, 1861.

EDITORS APPEAL: The following hymn was composed by the late Gen. William T. Haskell, going from Ripley Court, in Lauderdale county, Tenn., to Brownsville. The original in the hand writing of Gen. Haskell was presented to me by him, and is now in my possession. He was, at the time of writing it, I think, a member of the Methodist Church.

Blest pilgrim on thy way to God!
Faint not that Jerusalem with the ready
Press on—the morning soon shall come
To welcome you to your eternal home.

CHORUS.

In the morning, in the morning, etc. etc.

That morning's brightness will unfold
A heaven whose glories are untold,
When clouds and shadows fade away,
And darkness yields to radiant day.

What though our faith with sense be bound,
With doubts and temptations, Yet,
In the gloom we see the Lord our God,
We drop with joy the chisel and rod.

For, smiling by the misty shade,
A Saviour leads your spirit there,
While angels, on with hosts proclaim
Our welcome in our Saviour's name.

When shall we's send in blest Lovers,
Forever in light of darkness here,
And morning's light and bright scene,
Shall strike a sound in glory there!

FEBRUARY 19, 1861.

HARD WORDS AND KIND WORDS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Jacob Bowman was a self-willed, ill-natured man, who endeavored to make his way in the world by driving everything before him. Weak, timid people yielded to his imperative manner, when in contact, and avoided him as much as possible; but every little while he ran against some one not inclined to be bartered or crowded, and then came trouble.

In his family, Jacob endeavored to rule with the strong hand. Feeling and impulse, not reason and judgment, guided his conduct here. No law of love held his children in obedience to his will; he governed by the law of force.

Men like Jacob Bowman, who are always ready to strike hard, cannot, usually, bear the weight of a feather in return. He was particularly sensitive touching the deportment of others toward himself, and quickly resented a dictatorial word. This sensitiveness was inherited by his children, who, in consequence, were hurt from the beginning, by his harsh way of treating them, and led, from natural impulse, to resist his will. So, there were trouble and misrule at home. Disregard of authority and disrespect on the sides, and the strong arm that sought to enforce submission to the other. Alas! in such a contest there is no hope, for the power of resistance grows stronger daily, and will is strengthened in like ratio with power. Jacob's children had no love for their father, and so obedience rested only in fear, and as fear ceased to hold them in submission, restraint grew weak. As for his wife, she, poor woman! had grown very cold toward her husband. For years using a common and very significant form of expression, she had hardly dared to say that her soul was her own. But, at the time of which we write, nearly fifteen years from her marriage day, she was beginning to react with some firmness upon her husband's dictatorial ways, and to treat him with an indifference particularly annoying to one of his temperament. He could not storm her into submission as in earlier times. The sharp word or harsh command fell impotent from his lips, not moving her from the way in which she cared to walk.

Mr Bowman was beginning, about this period, to feel greatly discouraged in regard to his children. They did not grow more obedient as years added strength to bodies and minds. His word was not obeyed as law, though spoken in thunder daily. They did not shrink from his person, nor tremble at his threat. They were immovable, though he stormed. He raged, and they heeded him not. He punished, and they were not restrained.

One day, on returning home, Mr. Bowman was met by his wife in the hall. She was pale, and her eyes were in tears. Laying her hand upon his arm, she drew him into the parlor.

"What ails you?" he asked in his usual rough way, yet betraying the anxiety that came over his mind.

"Sit down, and I will tell you."

Mr. Bowman sat down. There was a peculiarity in his wife's voice that, unconsciously, subdued him.

"Lu's arm is broken."

"What?"

"Her arm is broken badly; but Dr. Edwards has been here."

"Lu's arm broken! How did that happen?"

Jacob threw her down stairs."

Mr. Bowman started to his feet, his face instantly flushed with anger, and advancing one foot said, in a threatening tone:

"Where is he?"

Mrs. Bowman arose, and laying her hand on him, bore him gently back. But he was in no yielded mood.

"Why did he throw her down stairs?" He turned toward his wife, sternly confronting her.

"Sit down again. It is no time for angry punishment. I think there has been enough of that. You must try some other way, Jacob."

Mr. Bowman could hardly credit his senses. Was this his wife speaking? How dared she address him thus! In very surprise he sat down; and, in so doing, felt a loss of power as between himself and the woman he had so long treated as an instrument of his will.

"Lu and Jacob had a dispute this morning about some dried grapes that have been in Jacob's room. In took them away, and Jacob ordered her, in his ill-natured style, to put them back again, which she refused to do. They had a little scuffle before you went out this morning, and you, instead of patiently"—Mr. Bowman started and frowned, but his wife kept on—"ascertaining which was right and which wrong, caught hold of Jacob, and, after shaking him violently, threatened to flog him if he said another word about the grapes. Now, Lu had taken what did not belong to her; and if you had adjudged the case rightly, you would have compelled her to give up the grapes to Jacob."

Mr Bowman frowned still more heavily. His wife did not, however, heed his threatening face. She had, all at once, risen to a place of thought and action above him, and freer pulses were throbbing along her veins.

"But," she went on, "having wronged Jacob in your decision, and encouraged Lu to persist in her invasion of his rights, continued strife between them was inevitable. My word was powerless. I could not exert the influence required to produce harmony, because your decision in the case excited the worst feelings on both sides. All the morning they wrangled and contended; notwithstanding, in the hope of turning their thoughts away from the cause of trouble, I took the grapes from Lu and locked them up in one of my drawers.

"When anger is in the heart, there is no lack of causes for dispute. About two hours ago, Jacob, in coming down stairs, found Lu sitting with her foot across one of the steps. He ordered her, in an angry tone, to get out of the way; but angry words never bring ready obedience." She spoke something slower, and paused a moment, in order that the sentiment might have force in the mind of her husband. "Lu did not stir. Jacob stormed; but made no impression on the ill-natured girl. Then he threatened to pitch her down stairs; and she laughed at him with tantalizing scorn. I heard what was passing, but before there was time for interference, Jacob had thrown himself mostly against his sister, tearing her hold from the railing to which she clung, and hurling her headlong down the stairs. They fell together, Jacob receiving a cut on his forehead, and Lu breaking her arm."

Mrs. Bowman paused and looked calmly at her husband. She had drawn up her person as she spoke, with the dignity of a conscious power, and now waited for the response. Mr. Bowman felt a new consciousness: the consciousness of inferiority to his wife. She had, in soberly spoken, direct language, accused him of wrong; and he could not gainsay her words. Nay, self-accusation was giving them additional force.

"This is a sad business," he remarked, in a troubled voice, as he began moving up and down the room. "Poor child! did she suffer much?"

"Yes, until the doctor came. After the arm was set the pain subsided. She is asleep now."

"Where is Jacob?"

"In his room."

"Did you punish him?"

"Why should I punish him?" asked Mrs. Bowman.

"Why?" Mr. Bowman knit his brows. His wife seemed trifling.

"Punishment," said Mrs. Bowman, still retaining her calmness, and speaking as from a conscious right to speech—all of which was new to her husband, and not a little puzzling—"is for reformation. You have punished Jacob a great many times, and often severely, for the very wrong done this morning."

"Did he ever break Lu's arm before?" demanded Mr. Bowman, with rising irritation.

"That was a consequence of his fault. The wrong lay in his anger toward his sister, and his purpose to annoy her. Now, I am very sure that punishment will not go to the root of this disease. You cannot alter the mental disposition by inflicting pain on the body. Fear may restrain the outward act for a time, but the will to do wrong is unimpaired. Your dealing with Jacob, if you deal with him at all, must go deeper than this; or you had better leave him to his own conscience. Love will do more for the cure of such a disease than all the mere physical pain you can inflict. Love, if it be in your heart, will find the way to his mind, and not to the anger and self-justification that must take place if you inflict punishment."

Ah, if Mr. Bowman had been courageous enough to speak after this manner to her husband, years before, how different might have been the rule in the household! He was blind to reason; only blind when permitted, as he had been at home, to let selfish impulse govern, instead of a wise and loving regard to his wife and children. The unreflective tyrant had put aside the man, and ruled in his stead; and the sensitive, yielding almost timid wife, had permitted this rule, until indifference of his regard, uniting with an aroused sense of duty, brought forth timely words that could not be gainsaid. In her calm speech, and well considered language, Mrs. Bowman completely subdued her husband. There was no setting aside her appeal. Its self-evident force disarmed him.

"What am I to do?" he asked, in a weak, bewildered way, his thoughts beating about in the obscurity of a newly opening state of mind.

"My husband," said Mrs. Bowman, whose heart, as she saw the strong, self-willed man, giving way before her, softened with a new-born affection, instead of thrilling with triumph, as many an oppressed wife's heart would have thrilled—she spoke with unwonted tenderness—"My husband, love is all powerful; and loving words are often magical in force, where angry speech would die weakly in the utterance. You have not always thought of this. Oh, for my sake, and for the sake of our children, will you not, in the time to come, speak more kindly, more gently? Give us loving tones and pleasant words, always, always, my husband."

The voice which lost its firmness ere half this sentence was spoken, broke down utterly, closing in a sob, as Mrs. Bowman laid her face against her husband's bosom. Oh, as his arms closed around her, tightly, tightly, drawing her to his heart, what joy was her's! It seemed as if there had been a sudden birth into a new life.

Beyond this, she did not speak. Then and there, admonition died on her tongue. She had borne her husband upward, through a sudden strong impulse, to a higher plain of thought and perception, and then withdrew her uplifting arms, that he might dwell there in his own consciousness.

"Will you not speak more kindly and more gently?" Could Mr. Bowman ever forget this appeal? No—no! What a revelation of his home life did it bring! How it turned for him, leaf after leaf, in the book of memory, bringing shame and self-reproaches. "More kindly and more gently." What stinging accusation was in the words!

Mr. Bowman was humbled and subdued; and this fate was favorable to right perceptions. He not only saw clearly, but resolved soberly and in earnest. How must the gentle heart of his wife have suffered through long years, thus to react against him now—thus to cry out for him to stay the iron heel with which he had well nigh crushed out all love from his home! He was oppressed, humiliated, pained at the revelation of himself that was suddenly presented.

When, half an hour afterward, Mr. Bowman went to Jacob's room, where the boy had retired on hearing him enter the house, and where he had been waiting a summons, and steeling his mind for the endurance of punishment, he found the boy cold, calm, and hard of aspect. There was some fear in his countenance; but no sign of sorrow for the evil he had done.

"Jacob," said Mr. Bowman, speaking in a low, serious voice, but without a sign of anger, as he sat down by the boy, "how did it happen that you threw your sister down stairs?"

This manner of address was so very different from what Jacob had anticipated that his aspect changed instantly. His pale, cold face flushed: his eyes grew moist; his lips quivered.

"I was angry, father." He could say no more, the floodgate of feeling were too suddenly opened. He covered his face with both hands and wept.

"I thought it was so," replied Mr. Bowman, without manifesting displeasure. "I knew that, my son, could not, if in his right mind, do any harm to his sister. See what a dreadful thing anger is! You could have stepped over her form."

"Yes, father. I could have done it." Jacob looked up with his eyes still running over with tears. "But she put herself in my way on purpose, and I felt so angry that I could have done almost anything. I don't care when I'm mad."

"That's a dreadful thing, Jacob! Don't care when you are angry!" Mr. Bowman spoke very gravely.

"I can't help it, father," said the boy, in a pleading voice. "I'm always sorry after I've been angry. But when anybody speaks in a rough way, or does wrong things to me, I fire right up, and don't care what I say or do. I wish it wasn't so; indeed I do, father! I'm sorry almost every day. I want to do right and please you; but it seems as if I can't. O dear! O dear!" And the unhappy child covered his face again, and wept bitterly.

Was not Mr. Bowman rebuked by this? Ah, yes! He saw deeper into that boy's conscious life than he had ever seen before, and understood how painful, yet how fruitless, had been his efforts with inherited passions and impulses. Instead of helping, he had hindered; wounding instead of healing whenever his hand was outstretched.

"We must let the past go, Jacob," said Mr. Bowman, speaking with encouragement. "There has been too much wrangling and jarring; too much loud and harsh talking to one another. It does no good; it makes no one happier. Kindness is better. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, father. But nobody is kind in this house."

"Nobody?" There was a shade of surprise in Mr. Bowman's voice.

"Mother is kind, but—" The boy hesitated.

"But what, Jacob?"

"She can't do much."

Mr. Bowman did not reply for some time. That last sentence suggested many thoughts.

"If each one is kind, then all will be kind," said the father. "Won't you try to do your part?"

"Yes, I'll try; but I know I shan't always succeed."

"Shall I tell you how you may succeed?"

"Yes, father."

"If provoked to utter a harsh word, at any time, hold it back resolutely until you feel calm enough to speak a kind word."

Jacob sat evidently revolving the proposition in his mind, in order to see its entire force.

"If all would do that," he said, his thought going from member to member of the inharmonious family. His tone was slightly despondent.

"If you will do it, I will," said Mr. Bowman, with a frankness that surprised even himself. Jacob's countenance lighted instantly. "Are you ready for the trial of this new way in the family?"

"Yes father; but you mustn't be discouraged with me if I fall sometimes. It is not an easy for a boy like me," answered Jacob, with a hopeful smile glistening through tears.

All seated with the father, and well did he understand it. Fully awakened as he now was to his past errors and future responsibilities, he was in little danger of stepping down from the higher place to which he had ascended. His interview with Jacob surprised and instructed him almost as much as his interview with his wife. He saw that he had not acted in his family as though each individual possessed a separate life and consciousness that must be developed in some sort of freedom, and grow to strength and beauty in sunshine. Command and obedience involved the whole rule of family government; and under this rule he had well nigh destroyed the bonds of filial and fraternal love. But under the new rule, inaugurated in pain and self-humiliation, there was a joyful promise that did not die.

For a man of Mr. Bowman's inherited and acquired disposition, the government of kindness was a difficult order of home administration. Old states were constantly recurring, and hard words instead of gentle remonstrances forever rising to his tongue. But instructed through that single lesson, so forcibly given, he could not forget his duty; and so, though resolute self-compulsion, held on in the better way—blessing instead of cursing the human souls which God had placed in his keeping.

MORTALITY IN CAMPS.—Let not our people be alarmed at the number of deaths of our soldiers in camp. According to the tables of mortality constructed from the materials furnished by the United States census about nine out of one thousand of men aged twenty-five year die annually from ordinary causes. Assuming that North Carolina has twenty-five thousand soldiers in the field, and that their average age is twenty-five, of that number two hundred and twenty-five will die during the first year of their service. Two hundred and twenty-five would have died if there had been no war. So that although it is distressing to every humane heart to see the dead bodies of our gallant citizens brought home from our camps to be buried, let us not be deceived or disheartened by the common saying that "these camps are graveyards."

According to the Northampton tables of mortality three hundred and ninety-six out of twenty-five thousand men at an average age of twenty-five years die annually. The Carlisle tables show a mortality about one-half as great as the Northampton tables.

☞"You say Mrs. Smith, that you have lived with the defendant for eight years; does the court understand from that, that you are married to him?"

"In course it does."

"Have you a marriage certificate?"

"Yes, your honor, three on 'em—two gals and a boy."

Verdict for the plaintiff—call the next.

☞When neighbor Jones went to dinner the other day, he found one of his apprentices in the kitchen, quietly rolling up his sleeves. "What are you going to do?" said Jones. "Oh," quietly responded the boy, "I'm going to dive down into that pot to see if I can find the bone that soup was made from."

☞A woman quarreling with her husband, told him she believed if she was to die, he would marry the devil's daughter. "The law does not allow a man to marry two sisters," replied the tender husband.

☞"Well, sarvant, you told us your woods was a good place for hunting; now we've tramped it for three hours, and found no game." "Just so—well I calculate, as a general thing, the less game there is, the more hunting you have."

THE PASTORAL LETTER OF THE BISHOP OF NATCHITOCHES.

The Catholic *Standard*, of the 17th ult., published at New Orleans, contains a long pastoral letter written by the Right Reverend Aug. M. Martin. We append the following closing paragraphs:

On the frontiers of our Confederacy two hundred thousand of our brethren, under arms, offer their generous bosoms as a barrier to the invasion that threatens us. Many have already fallen, yielded their lives for us. Thousands, felled by the deadly weapons of the enemies of our independence, have reddened with their blood our country's violated soil, and their mutilated forms now pine upon affliction's bed. Not only the voice of humanity, not only the great law of universal charity, but the blood of brethren appeals to us. If love of country has induced them to sacrifice even life in her service, ah! what should we not do for such magnanimous souls!

For the dead we may only offer good works and prayers to hasten their participation in the glory and felicity of a better life. Whatever can do we should do. Let us imitate the admirable example left to posterity by one of the noblest heroes of antiquity. Mighty under the protection of God, invited by his faith, Judas Machabeus, at the head of six thousand soldiers, routed an Assyrian army one hundred and forty thousand strong. Many of his warriors purchased victory with their lives. After the battle Judas sent to Jerusalem to have propitiatory sacrifices offered in the temple for the sins of the slain; considering that great mercy was reserved for those who had died piously defending their country, we, also, will perform a sacred duty by praying for the dead that they may be released from their sins.

As to the dear wounded, who of us, very dear brethren, would not be honored to shelter such men, to dress those glorious wounds, to soothe such sorrows? What we cannot perform individually we should, at least, aid in accomplishing. Let us give a little of our means to those who have been so prodigal of their blood. Our generosity, however great, will never equal the magnanimity of which they have given proof; but let us, while testifying to them our tender and lively gratitude, discharge simultaneously a religious debt.

For the reasons mentioned above, we have ordained and do ordain the following:

1st. To the prayers of Mass for the Holy Father, which we prescribe anew, the Rev. clergy of our diocese will add each day, if not prevented, prayers for peace, so that in His infinite mercy and through the merits of His Son, God, by giving victory to our arms, may abridge the season of our trials.

2d. The first days of each month priests will offer the Holy Sacrifice of Mass for those of our brethren who have died under the flag since the commencement of hostilities. The day and hour of this mass will be announced previously to the faithful.

3d. Curates will announce a collection for the wounded, which should take place at latest during the latter half of September, to be made either by themselves or persons they select, and in the manner they judge most efficacious. The proceeds of these collections will be transmitted to us with those of all other contributions of imperial green will be produced, for which flavor and effects upon the nervous system, far surpasses the original article.

TO MAKE CHOCOLATE.—Take thirteen ounces of old guords ground to a fine powder; add one ounce of sealing-wax and ten grains of Spanish brown; boil with clear water, or if milk is preferred, add to the water a cupful of calcined magnesia, and boil until the proper consistency is obtained. This will be found to be superior in many respects, to the best Nicaragua chocolate, and is best when taken hot.

TO MAKE LAGER BEER.—Take ten pounds of freshly dried cockroaches, six pounds of stale cheese, a pair of old boots, mix well with Mississippi water, in a barrel which is well perfumed with decayed onions, and leave it four days to work. Then draw off and bottle for use, being particular not to wash the bottles, as nothing spoils beer so quick as clean bottles. The beverage is especially recommended to students of Heidelberg.

TO MAKE WHISKY.—Take oil of vitriol one quart, strychnine one gallon, and spirits of turpentine twenty-four gallons. Mix with rain water, and allow it to settle for thirty days, and then it will be ready for use. This article adds greatly to the combativeness of the drinker, and can be given with advantage to qualmish militia men who can't exactly make up their minds to go to war; but who boast loud of an intention of doing so.

THE OTHER BIG GUN DISCOVERED.—Our readers will recollect the thirty-two pounder rifled cannon that the Yankees lost in the battle of Manassas, and the congratulations which they bestowed among themselves upon the manner in which they had disposed of it, but the latter has been discovered in the run, by Col. Pendleton, who had the river dragged, upon information given by a young lad who overheard the artillerists, in their retreat, commenting upon the loss of their pets. The first has been sent to Aquia Creek, but what disposition will be made of the second is not yet determined upon.

☞A wag said, "When my wife was very sick, I called an Allopathic physician; she got no better. I then called a Homeopath, and she 'mended a little.' One day he broke his log and couldn't come at all; then she got well!"

☞"Julius, what's a latitudinarian?" "A keyderdermarian, Mr. Snow, is a man what ascertains the circumference of de hemisfear, and brings the contirc of de air opposite de hub of de universe."

To Our Country Friends.

COMMISSIONERS can be kind enough to turn in 100 cords of wood for the power of the city, in exchange. The Memphis and Charleston will weigh them Pro Bono Publico. Then, shall bring the wood to the city free of charge. We will make proposition for a year, and I regret exceedingly that we have a brotherhood of railroads to follow the example of a twenty-fifth Mr. Bowman, and we do be all ready with the champagne of Saint Tabe.

Res certainly,

JOHN PARK, Mayor.

oct9 1m

IN GOD WE TRUST!

To All Good Secessionists Generally, BUT TO ALL Kentucky Secessionists Particularly!

I HAVE some very VALUABLE PROPERTY which I will sell for the price in Confederate money, or for Tobacco, and will sell great bargains, take the BONDS of the Confederacy in payment as cash.

$16 Acres—Homestead,

Two miles southeast of Jackson, Tenn. Two hundred and sixty acres in cultivation, and the balance in good timber. A good house, good stable, good cistern, good spring. The house and lot fronts on the main road, and goes through the north end of the town.

Several valuable improved LOTS in Jackson.

2000 acres in diff rent Tracts in Madison county.
1000 " " " Lauderdale county.
3000 " " " Obion county.
7000 " " " Dyer county.
800 " " " Henry county.

My son, Dr. John Chester and Robert H. Chester, in showing the Madison county property, are authorized to sell. My post offices are Jackson, Madison county, Tenn.

sep11 tm ROBERT I. CHESTER.

The Memphis Appeal.

PUBLISHED Daily, Tri-Weekly and Weekly BY JOHN R. MCCLANAHAN.....BENJAMIN F. DILL, Under the firm and style of McCLANAHAN & DILL, To whom all orders or business, or otherwise, should be addressed.

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☞Announcing Candidates for State, County and Municipal offices, $5 each, to be paid in advance in every instance.
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☞All legal and transient advertisements will be charged by the insertion.
☞Editorial notices in local columns will be charged twenty cents per line.
☞No deduction or variation will be made from the foregoing rates.

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MEMPHIS NOVELTY WORKS!

THOMAS LEECH & CO., CORNER MAIN AND MCCALL STREETS, Memphis.....Tennessee, MANUFACTURERS OF ARMY CUTLERY AND BRASSCASTINGS OF ALL KINDS.

WE are now prepared to receive and fill orders for the following articles, viz:

Infantry Swords, Cavalry Swords and Sabers, Artillery Cutlasses and Knives!

BOWIE KNIVES of every description. Bayonets for Shot Guns and Rifles, ARTILLERY AMES.

STIRRUPS AND SPURS of the best and most approved patterns. Ball Moulds of all sizes. Brass Mountings for Gensmiths. Brass Mountings for Saddlery. Special attention paid to repairs of

Printing Presses, Light Machinery and Machine Blacksmithing Generally.

We have engaged the services of competent workmen and will wait on our work to give prompt satisfaction. All orders will meet with prompt attention. We will pay a high price for all the old Copper, Brass and Lead we can get.

sep18 1m

SELLING AT VERY REDUCED PRICES!

BEARD & M'ANALLY 205 Main Street.

A LARGE LOT OF GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS! Consisting as follows:

All Linen Bosom Shirts, and others; Shaker, Merino and Cass. Undershirts, Shaker, " " " Drawers, Silk Undershirts and Drawers, Home Knit Wool, Merino, Silk and Cotton Socks!

A LARGE LOT OF FINE CLOTHING!

Sealskin, Beaver and Super Overcoats; Cassimere Business Coats; Cloth, Fancy and Dress Coats; Black and Fancy Cassimere Pants; Cloth Cassimere, Black Silk and Silk Velvet Vests.

ALSO—A lot of Cloth Cassimere, suitable for Officers' Uniforms.

ALSO—A lot of home made Tennessee Jeans.

100 dozen Men's Knit WOOL SOCKS!

All of the above we are determined to sell and will sell at low figures. Call and try us.

Beard & McAnally, sep30 1m 205 Main street.

20,000 LARGE AND SMALL GUNNY BAGS FOR SALE!

ALSO, a large quantity of Gray Brass and Copper, Pig Lead and Sheet Zinc. For sale by PHILIP MCGUIRE, 104, 106 and 108 Monroe street.

REMOVAL.

E. D. CRANDALL has removed his Tent and Military Store to Main street. He is prepared to make and fill orders for Tents, Clothing and Camp outfits to any extent.

Also.

Has constantly on hand—

Waterproof Coats, " " Wagon Covers, " " Gun Carriage Covers, " " Camp Rugs, etc.

sep28 3m

White Winter Seed Oats.

A FEW sacks just received and for sale by R. G. CRAIG, Corner Second and Union streets, Memphis.

sep29 daw

DISSOLUTION.

THE firm of Gilbert, Anrows & Co., has been by mutual consent dissolved, by the retiring of W. F. and Samuel Gilbert. The auction and commission business will be continued at Silversteen's old stand, 262 Main street.

A. L. ANDREWS & CO.

sep28 1m

MISCELLANEOUS.

DRS. J. B. & WM. WASSON, No. 320. DENTISTS, No. 320. Main street, Memphis, Tenn.

HAVE moved into Hill's store, corner of Main and Union streets, where they will be ready to attend professionally to all business entrusted to their care. In consideration of these with many years of practice, they feel confident, and having instituted permanently under their professional services in the different branches of Dentistry, proud to be able to serve them in the most skillful and judicious manner, and to a very reasonable class of patronage. Their charges for the same. Family, than this we wish to hold out no inducement whatever, in assuring the public or those who favor them with their patronage, that no pains will be spared to render them the most successful operators in the profession. Office in Lenoir's Building, Union street, between Main and second, Church does east of Main.

Dr. Spiegel has in his thirty years' practice, especially on chronic diseases, cured them with the utmost success. He has in his possession over five thousand testimonials, which he can show to any one who may question the diseases which are by the most successful practitioners pronounced incurable.

He also seeks with a view of practice to cure all private diseases which he may undertake, and claims no matter of how long standing, or of what nature.

All Dr. Spiegel asks from the afflicted is a fair trial, when all the references he will give will be speedily cured to stay.

Thousands of testimonials, from the most reliable citizens of this city, can be seen.

DR. SPIEGEL, RESIDENT PHYSICIAN, And the Most Successful CANCER OPERATOR IN THE WORLD! Eight Years in Memphis.

INFORMS the public in general that he is prepared to treat all diseases, but especially those which are pronounced incurable, and of long standing.

He treats all diseases in a manner not surpassed by any other physician, and cures without any trial, before the patient is expected. From the success, with a lifetime of trial and three years of continual treatment in the Hospitals of Europe, he feels confident of success in all cases, according to the most approved science of medicine in Europe. Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Gout, Ophthalmia, Fistulas in Ano, Secondary Syphilis, Dyspepsia, Chronic Diarrhœa, Purple Fever, Gravel, Fits, Tape worm, Piles, Dropsy, Diseases of the Skin, Bronchitis, Consumption, all diseases of the Eye and Ear, gives particular attention to all female complaints, particularly those of the womb.

Negroes with one, diseased with any of the above diseases will be cured, and can find good board and accommodations while under treatment at the Doctor's infirmary.

The Doctor calls attention of patients at a distance to the fact that they are not prepared to consult the Doctor personally by writing to him when they must state all the symptoms of the disease, medicine will be forwarded by Adams express.

Office in Lenoir's Building, Union street, between Main and second, Church does east of Main.

Dr. Spiegel's private residence.

Dr. C. Spiegel has in his thirty years' practice, especially on chronic diseases, cured them with the utmost success. He has in his possession over five thousand testimonials, which he can show to any one who may question the diseases which are by the most successful practitioners pronounced incurable.

He also seeks with a view of practice to cure all private diseases which he may undertake, and claims no matter of how long standing, or of what nature.

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Dr. Spiegel's private residence.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOHN C. CARTER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Memphis, Tennessee.

OFFICE in the Adams Express Building, up one flight of stairs.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.

THE undersigned have qualified as executors of the Estate of H. B. Roberts, deceased, before the Hon. Probate Court of the County Court of Shelby, and all persons have claims against the estate of said Roberts, to appear and file the same with the Clerk of said Court, authorized by the statute, or be barred by law, on or before Saturday next preceding the first Monday in March, 1862, or they will be barred.

J. W. KERSHAW, E. S. BRIDGES, Executors of H. B. Roberts, dec'd.

sep11 1m

BOOK BINDERY!

JACOB C. WARD

RESPECTFULLY announces to his friends and patrons that he is now located at No. 246 Main street, opposite the City Building, where he is prepared to serve the public with every kind of BOOK BINDING, in a neat manner, and on reasonable terms. BLANK BOOKS of every description, with or without printed heads, on hand or made to order.

Having one of the most approved Rolling Machines, he is prepared to do any kind of ruling. Particular attention paid to the binding of Music and all kinds of pamphlets in a neat plain or fancy style.

All orders from the city or country will receive the prompt attention.

JACOB C. WARD.

Main street, opposite City Building.

BLUFF CITY INSURANCE COMPANY, OF MEMPHIS.

Capital, - - - - - - - $200,000.

DIRECTORS.

J. D. WILLIAMS, H. LAPSLEY, S. M. GATES, C. C. CLEAVES, J. M. MCCOMBS, J. W. CROCKER, C. S. PENNEL.

J. D. WILLIAMS.....President. W. S. MACRAE.....Secretary.

INSURE FIRE RISKS on houses and merchandise, and Marine and River risks on cargo.

Losses equitably adjusted and promptly paid.

OFFICE—No. 273 Main street.

☞OVER ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS of losses paid in the city of Memphis in less than three years.

jy23 6m

LOOK TO YOUR INTEREST!

J. & M. FLAHERTY,

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

FURNITURE,

Which we will sell on as reasonable terms as the expense of obtaining goods will admit.

Confederate Bonds and Treasury Notes,

taken at par for all debts due us on or before April 1st, 1862.

[14] WARD & MCCLELLAND

WATER PIPES, FIRE BRICKS, ETC., ETC.

THE SOUTHERN FOR CELAIN MANUFACTURING COMPANY, KAOLIN, S. C., is now prepared to furnish, at short notice, WATER PIPES, double glazed inside, of perfect vitrification, suitable for conduit pipes for cities, varying from two to six inches diameter in one inch, cap life of a standing pressure of one hundred and fifty head of water.

ALSO,

FIRE BRICKS, WHICH HAVE NO SUPERIOR.

We also manufacture all kinds of C. F. and Gouge Ware, and would most respectfully solicit orders for the above goods.

W. H. FARROW, Agent, Knoxville, S.

NOTICE.

Contributions of Blankets, Socks, Etc., FOR THE VOLUNTEERS!

IN compliance with a request of the Board of Mayor and Aldermen of the city of Memphis, the undersigned has appointed the following named ladies to receive and collect contributions of their respective Districts of BLANKETS, SOCKS, and CLOTHING, for the Volunteers, and earnestly requests the active and prompt co-operation of the people in the execution of this object. Let each man, and every family, respond with patriotic zeal to the wants of our brave soldiers, that little they are fighting our battles they may know we are mindful of their comfort. As far as these articles can be made up, or purchased, they will be forwarded to the seat of war, by W. D. Miller & Co., and D. William & Co., in the city of Memphis.

District No. 1.....J. S. DICKISON.
District No. 2.....H. P. T. [illegible]
[illegible] No. 3.....[illegible] PERSON.
District No. 4.....T. W. HINE.
District No. 5.....M. D. L. STEW. E.
District No. 6.....O. M. ALSI P.
District No. 8.....J. M. THOMPSON.
District No. 9.....D. A. H. BRIDGES.
District No. 10.....J. G. MOORE.
District No. 11.....J. M. WOODSON.
District No. 12.....LLOYD PIERSON.
District No. 13.....JOHN ARNOLD.
District No. 15.....A. G. EDMONDSON.
District No. 16.....WESLEY GORE.
District No. 17.....J. W. PETTUS.

sep18 tf Ladies Tie.

THOMAS, GRISWOLD & CO., (Formerly Hyde & Goodrich,) Corner of Union and Royal streets, New Orleans, La. MANUFACTURERS OF Jewelry, Silverware, Swords and Military Accoutrements; And Importers of Watches, Fine de Clocks, Bronzes, Porcelain Plated Ware, Guns, Cutlery and Fancy Goods.

THE subscribers will continue the business formerly held by Hyde & Goodrich, Hyde, Thomas and A. B. Griswold will attend to the choice of the goods, their long experience and to the same parties they have enjoyed for the last fifteen years, with the same capital and business facilities as formerly. We shall have always on hand for the trade one of our friends and the public the largest and best selected stock of goods in our line in the Confederate States.

sep 21 6m T. THOMAS, GRISWOLD & CO.

PETITION TO SELL LAND!

State of Tennessee, Hardeman county, Sept. term, 1861.

Jno. Dougherty, Admr., etc., of Simpson Carper, dec'd, vs. The Heirs of Simpson Carper, deceased.

IT IS REMEMBERED that this cause came on to be heard before the year Hardeman County Court of Hardeman county on the 3d day of September, 1861, upon the complainant's petition and it is ordered to the court that——H. Brown and wife, Sarah M. W.