MEMPHIS APPEAL

Office—No. 13 Jefferson Street.

CITY MATTERS.

THE NICHOLSON on Monroe street is finished from Second to Front.

GO, to-night, to the Greenlaw Opera House, and listen to the eloquent utterances of the gifted young orator, Rev. R. A. Holland.

ELDER J. W. BARRES will preach tonight at the Linden street Christian Church, at 7 o'clock. After the discourse the ordinance of baptism will be administered.

THE CUMBERLAND ALMANAC is the title of a well gotten up and handsomely printed almanac for the coming year which is gotten up by Messrs. Roberts & Purvis, of Nashville. The astronomical and other calculations are made by Gen A. P. Stewart, and are very voluminous and correct. The almanac is to be obtained from the *Banner* office, Nashville.

$100 Reward.

Lost, or stolen at the race track, on Saturday evening, November 14th, 1868, a large diamond breast pin, nine stones. I will give one hundred dollars reward for its recovery and no questions asked

C. T. SMITH,
21 Mayor's Office.

MARAUDERS.—Two "female burglars" of the African persuasion, named Lucy and Julia Jones, made a raid yesterday on the house of a Mr. George Washington, a colored gentleman, who lives in the Devil's Elbow, and carried off, bodily, one stove, several pots, some chairs, a sofa, and some other furniture of a "promiscuous nature, too numerous to mention"—all this while George H. Washington was honorably and honestly engaged at his profession (which is washing) away from home. The beauties were arrested with the plunder in a wagon, taking it away, and carried to the Second District station house.

DAN ABLE'S RESIDENCE FOR SALE—This splendid piece of property is for sale at once. Those who wish to make a profitable investment can find the proper party this morning at Royster, Trezevant & Co.'s, corner of Main and Jefferson streets. It is not for auction.

"ALPINE" HAT.—Francisco & Wiggin. 3t

RABBI TUSKA'S LECTURE.—The beautiful Concordia Hall was quite filled (so far as the seats would accommodate) last night with the intelligence and thinking portion of the Hebrew part of our community, who were assembled there to listen to a discourse from Rabbi Simon Tuska, on the subject of the utility and good effects of literary and debating societies, and urging the proposed organization of such a society in Memphis. A proportion of the attendance were ladies, and Rabbi Tuska delivered one of his best efforts, making an effect which guarantees the success of the project.

BARGAINS in silks at B. Lowenstein & Bros. nov14 2t

MESSRS. BIGLEY, MELLERSH & CO. are prepared to furnish, at the very shortest notice, steamboats, hotels, factories or private dwellings, with wood or coal in any quantity, or of any quality. Call at their office, corner South Court and Main streets, and leave your orders for fuel. 2t

PERSONAL.

The races were graced during a portion of the late meeting, with a most elegant party of young ladies, who came down from Cincinnati on a pleasure excursion to our city. The party consisted of Misses Hoey, Allen, Guild, Lola Hosy, Clark and Benjamin, and remained during their stay, at the Overton, where a most delightful "hop" was gotten up in their honor by their Memphis friends on Saturday night. They return home this evening, and leave behind them many a one disconsolate at their departure.

500 A No. 1 Sattinet Suits, at $6 50, at Rice & Engel's, 233 Main street.

OLD CLOTHES MADE NEW.—Thos. H. Hunt & Co., No. 246 Second street, are prepared to do all kinds of cleaning, dyeing and scouring. They will make old clothes look as good as bran new, and that at a cost which, compared with new ones, is almost nothing. By a new process the original luster and shape of the garment is preserved in an astonishing manner. Gentlemen will consult economy by sending Hunt & Co. their old garments. 2t

BLACK AND COLORED SILKS just received at B. Lowenstein & Bros. nov14 2t

IF you are in need of a good coat go to Lew Wexler's, 222 Main street, where you can buy some for less money than anywhere else. 3t

THE TAILOR makes the man in most communities, and although a man may have the erudition of a Johnson, or the eloquence of a Clay or a Webster, he will be thought very little of unless he is habitually neatly and well dressed. A tailor, therefore, is an important adjunct to success in life, and a good one is a jewel beyond price. POWER & McGROY, on Second street, near Jefferson, are the fortunate possessors of a half dozen artists in the line of getting up men, and we recommend all who will take the hint thrown out in this notice, to go to them for the outer covering which is the passport to success and good society.

SILKS! SILKS!! SILKS!!!.—A new arrival of black and colored silks, very cheap, at B. Lowenstein & Bros. 2t

Best Madder Prints, at 12½c., at Rice & Engel's, 238 Main street.

THE finest clothing in the city can be procured at LEW WEXLER'S, 222 Main street. 2t

PATENTS GRANTED to Southern inventors for the week ending November 3, 1868, as reported by F. Stith, Solicitor of Patents, Kit Whitsitt' block, Memphis, Tenn.: 85,591, car coupling, Robert M. Bartholomew and Charles C. Miller, Savannah, Ga.; 83 642 animal trap, John A. Lee, Chattanooga, Tenn.; 83 659, butt hinge, Benj. C. Pole, Richmond, Va.; 83,665, skate, R. J. Russell, Moundsville, W. Va.; 83,675, combined cultivator, plow, harrow and roller, Sterling C. Thornton, Macomb, Texas; 83,717, railway car, E. T. Ligon, Demopolis, Ala.; 83,755, medical compound, Sterling Base, M. D., Savannah, Ga.; 83 758, process of preserving wood from decay, Charles Brown, Albemarle county, Va.; 83 760, butt hinge, James H. Carter, Montgomery, Ala. Re-issues to Southern inventors: 2 398, machine for slaughtering hogs, J. Verson Parker, Louisville, Ky.; 82,338, glass mould, M. Sweeney, J. E. Matthews, and T. Hartley, Wheeling, W. Va.

Foreign patents to Southern inventors, England: 2795, apparatus for lighting and regulating the flow of illuminating gas, Arthur Barbarin, New Orleans, La.

THE PATRICK Cleburne Circle of the Fenian Brotherhood gives a grand ball on Tuesday, 17th inst., at the hall of the engine-house on the corner of Adams and Second streets, the proceeds to be used to send a delegate to a convention that is to be held in Philadelphia on the 24th inst. For a pleasant night's entertainment there is no place can surpass a Fenian ball. 3t

JUST received, a new lot of elegant dress goods, at 233 Main street.
RICE & ENGEL.

COUNTY SCRIP! COUNTY SCRIP!! wanted at Memphis City Savings Bank, corner of Jefferson and Front streets.
oct27 tf

NEW SILKS just received at B. Lowenstein & Bros. nov14 2t

ATTENTION TAX PAYERS.—City, school and police scrip and county warrants in sums to suit tax payers, can be obtained at the lowest rates at the Memphis City Savings Bank, corner of Jefferson and Front streets. tf

MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL—MONDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1868.

CUBA.

Movement in New Orleans a Myth.

(New Orleans Picayune of Saturday.)

Nothing how great an exciting up from an idle rumor which has absolutely no fact. Before the publication of the newspapers of the Washington concerning the movement which was to be made from the cities, of which New York, Mobile and Mobile were mentioned was no whisper of such a rumor, even among men who are conversant with such matters. The publication of that letter, however, rumor has run riot. Our contemporaries have published statements which have but added fuel, and the consequence is, instead of a contemplated movement at this point has gained ground, and is out in Washington. The Marshal, Gen. Heron, received a dispatch yesterday, to take steps to arrest any attempt to organize a filibuster party in this city. He is at a loss how to proceed, but convinced, from all information command, that the whole story is a myth, existing only in the imagination of a few excitable souls. He remarked jocosely he should have to call on reporters of the press for their aid, as they seemed to know all about it. We begged him, whatever he might do not to arrest the double-headed shrewdly suspected the statement in regard to her having been the leader of the expedition was a hoax.

We do not believe there is any organization of filibusters in this city. It has been talked of, though we are aware that there are several men here out of employment, who would gladly join any expedition for the promise of something to do, and pay.

"H. G."

Private Habits by Mark Twain

(Correspondence of the Spirit of the Times.)

Everybody gets up at three o'clock in the morning; for it is one of his favorite maxims that only early rising can keep a man unimpaired and the brain vigorous. He then wakes up all the household and assembles them in the library, at daylight, and, after quoting the maxim, "To bed and early to rise makes one healthy, wealthy and wise," assigns each individual a task for the day, sets him at it with encouraging words, and goes back to bed again. I am there, in no fault-finding spirit, but with the deference justly due a man older and wiser and worthier than myself. He snores awfully. In a moment or two, once, I was rash enough to think he would sleep with him until I had proved to him by the unfortunate sleeper himself my word with biting and unwavering determination.

At past eleven o'clock Mr. Greeley came in. He shaved himself. He says there is great virtue and economy in shaving himself. He does it with a razor, sometimes humming a part of a tune, and the rest of the time, and the consequence is, he knows part of a tune, and is decent delight in regarding it as such by half of Old Hundred; but parties with that hymn have felt doubtful lest they could not recognize it, and, therefore, the noise he makes doubtless an unconscious origin of Mr. Greeley's,) and sometimes, when the razor is especially dull, he makes himself with a formula like "Damo the damned razor, and the infernal idiot who made it.—H. G."

When he goes out into his model garden he applies his vast store of agricultural knowledge to the amelioration of potatoes; after which he writes an agricultural article for the instruction of American farmers, his soul is at the while with the reflection that cabbages were worth $11 apiece and farm would pay.

He goes to breakfast, which is a tremendous meal with him, and consists of nothing but just such things as a market affords—nothing more, he drinks nothing but water—nothing but water, tea and coffee, and tea, beer, ale, and lager beer, and lemonade with a fly in it—sometimes a fly and sometimes a horse fly, according to the amount of inspiration required to warm him up to his daily work. During breakfast he reads the *Tribune* all through, and enjoys the satisfaction of knowing that all the brilliant things in it, written by Young, and Cook, and Hazard, and myself, are attributed by a confiding and infernal public to Horace Greeley.

After breakfast he writes a short editorial and puts a large dash at the bottom of it, thus (——), which is the sign that he put H. G. after it, and takes a savage pleasure in reflecting that none of the understrappers can use that dash except in profane conversation or in cursing over the outrage. He writes this editorial in his own handwriting. He does it because he has a villainous penmanship. He always did have an inordinate pride in his penmanship.

He hired out once in his young days as a spelling-master, but the enterprise failed. The pupils could not translate his remarks with any certainty. His copy was, "Virtue is its own reward," and they got it "Washing with soap is wholly absurd," and so the trustees discharged him for attempting to corrupt by bad morals through the medium of a fair penmanship. But, as I was saying he writes his morning editorials. He tries to read it over and can't do it, so he sends it to the printers, and they can't do it; and they can't do it; and

B. LOWENSTEIN & BROS. offer great bargains in silks this week. nov14 2t

TO-DAY elegant lunch at 15 Jefferson street. 1m

1000 good 'banters' Hats, at $1, at 233 Main street. Rice & Engel.

NOTICE.—I am now collecting two per cent. penalty for all taxes paid for the forty-first coloratе year. On the first of December next, an additional penalty of five per cent will accrue. All parties owing taxes for this year, wishing to avoid these heavy penalties, will consult their interest by coming up and paying.

JOHN R. BOWEN,
1w City Tax Collector.

LADIES' MINK FURS.—Francisco & Wiggin. 3t

NEW HOUSE with a new stock of clothing and gent's furnishing goods. 3t LEW WEXLER, 222 Main street.

FIFTH AVENUE SILK HAT.—Francisco & Wiggin. 3t

ALL kinds of French and Hamburg embroideries. We defy competition.
RICE & ENGEL.

LUNCH!—MONSTER TURTLE!!—The Monroe Exchange, No. 35 Monroe street, will set a splendid lunch for its customers to-morrow (Monday) morning, at ten o'clock. One of the great attractions on this occasion will be turtle soup, made from a monster turtle, weighing two hundred and fifty pounds. The finest of wines and liquors at the bar, and the best of beer fresh on tap. 2t

DOLBEAR'S Commercial College, 230 Main street, open day and night. New pupils can begin any day in writing, book-keeping, arithmetic, etc., etc. tf

LADIES' FURS.—Francisco & Wiggin. 3t

FREE LUNCH daily at Raggio's, 15 Jefferson street. 1m

Warranted genuine Alexandre Kid Gloves, at $1 75 pr pair, at Rice & Engel's.

CENTRAL M. E. CHURCH SOUTH.

Laying of the Corner-Stone.

An Imposing Masonic Ceremony.

Large Attendance.

A very large number of our citizens were present yesterday to witness the ceremony of laying the corner stone of the new Methodist Episcopal Church, on Union street, which took place at 3 p.m. The different Masonic bodies of the city turned out, and made an imposing appearance. The following deputy officers of the Grand Lodge of Tennessee conducted the ceremonies, which were of more than ordinary interest to all who were witnesses of a sight not at all common in this community:

R. W. S. G. W., A. J. Wheeler, acting as G. M.; Wor. H. J. Lynn, acting as D. G. M.; Wor. John Zent, acting as S. G. W.; Mr. Geo. Mellersh, acting as J. G. W.; Mr. J. F. Sellers, acting as G. T.; Ben. K. Pullen, acting as G. Sec'y; J. D. Stewart, acting as G. S. D.; H. P. Woodward, acting as G. J. D.; Rev. S. Tuska, acting as G. C.; J. M. Petigrew, acting as G. S. B.; A. P. Burdett, acting as G. Marshal; W. R. M. Mason, acting as G. P.; Jos. Haines and Geo. C. Harbin, acting as G. Stewards; W. S. Mathews, acting as W. G. Assistant; J. P. Lallemand, acting as G. Tyler; together with the members of South Memphis Lodge, No. 118; Lelia Scott Lodge, No. 289; and Kilwinning Lodge, No. 341, representing the M. W. Grand Lodge, escorted by Angerona Lodge, No. 168, and Hamilton Lodge, No. 299.

The Lodges formed in procession at South Memphis Lodge, on the corner of Madison and Second streets, and marched down Second to Union and out Union to the church, where an address was delivered by the Rev. R. A. Young, of Nashville. The reverend gentlemen traced the part taken by the Masonic fraternity in laying the corner stones of some of the most famous edifices dedicated to the service of God which have been built since the temple of Solomon first reared its head in honor of the Most High, but the extreme length of the discourse was severely commented upon, and was certainly out of place on such an occasion, causing hundreds to become weary and leave before the ceremonies which they went to look upon had commenced. After a discourse of nearly two hours in length, Mr. Young, the Grand Master, announced to the craft the object for which they were assembled, which announcement was followed by a prayer by Rabbi Simon Tuska. The following articles were then placed under the stone: A list of the officers and official members comprising the quarterly conference of the Central M. E. Church, South:

A copy of the Holy Bible.

A copy of the Discipline of the M. E. Church South.

A copy of the Hymn Book of the M. E. Church South.

A copy of the APPEAL *Avalanche* and *Bulletin* of the 15th, the *Evening Ledger* of the 14th, and the Memphis and Arkansas *Christian Advocate* of the 12th instant.

A specimen of the silver coin of the United States, and a copy of the proceedings of the craft upon this occasion.

After which the stone was fitted to its place and adjusted according to the interesting ceremonies of the craft.

The following appropriate and beautiful address was then delivered by the Grand Master:

Friends and Brothers: Thus closes the masonic ceremonies of this day. In ages that have passed these rites were extended almost exclusively to the noble structure and works of art built alone by masonic enterprise and intelligence. To our craft did the world look for the most skillful architects and workmen. Years, however, have rolled away, and our operative character is nearly forgotten in the beauty and glory of our speculative nature. The Mason always rejoices in any work of art that tends to improve man morally, socially, physically or religiously. The Jew and Gentile Mason is alike made glad in seeing churches, temples and synagogues erected among them. As *Masons we know* no religious sect or creed, but, believing in one living and true God, we alike pray to that common Father, Benefactor and Preserver, and doubt not, through the merits of the Lion of the tribe of Judah, of the resurrection and the life everlasting. While we claim none of the prerogatives of the sectarian creeds, yet the Mason rejoices at the prosperity and growing liberality of the church. Bigotry and religious intolerance is giving way to a more liberal, universal and boundless charity. I know that my Masonic brother will not consider my giving undue acknowledgment when I say that we view the sect to which this structure belongs as one of the most liberal and tolerant of the various religious denominations of the day. It does not become us as Masons at this time to show what Masons, in a religious point of view, desire; that is to be learned in our lodge rooms; but we bid God speed to all creed, sect, society, or opinion that elevates or improves the heart of man. Forty years ago, in many parts of these United States, when the anti-Masonic excitement was sweeping over the country, a Masonic gathering and work of this kind would not be countenanced. Well do I remember of a certain Bishop of New York (himself a Mason) who felt unwilling to see his church erected without this time-honored custom; not being able, and unwilling to create ill feelings in his Church by introducing any Masonic rites, he took the Masonic ceremony and with slight changes made it appear as a Church service, and the public supposed it to be a religious form. For example, when he well knew and could have used the secret words which accompany each stroke of the gavel upon the stone, he substituted and spoke in a loud voice the words, "In the name of the Father, the Son and of the Holy Ghost." But the bigotry and intolerance of that day is passing away, and Masonry has now more to fear from the ignorant and unworthy within her folds than all the influences at work without. The most intelligent, religious, noble and illustrious men of this and passed ages have knelt at our Masonic altar, and in the great changes of human life and religious progress we doubt not that all religious orders, including the Roman Catholic Church, will ask, receive and accept our services on occasions like this. So sure as time flies, even so sure will this day come; but in the delays and dangers of its coming, let Church and Masonry unite in that charity which is the sweetest incense that can be offered to a God of Love.

Rev. Simon Tuska delivered the benediction.

116 LIFEWARD STREET.
NEW YORK, October 13, 1867.

Dear Sir: It is with much pleasure that I say to you that I consider the Plantation Bitters of untold value. In the fall of 1867 I was taken with chills and fever, with the most severe pains in my chest and head. It was with great difficulty that I could breathe. My lungs were greatly distressed, and there was severe pain in my right side, by spells. I could hardly get up from my bed. I called a Doctor, who attended me all winter without the least benefit. About the first of August I commenced using your Plantation Bitters—a wine glass full three times a day—and have used it most of the time since, and I am now well and strong, able to do all my own work, and the care of a large family.

Yours, etc., SUSAN WILSON,

MAGNOLIA WATER.—Superior to the best imported German Cologne, and sold at half the price. 3td&w

LADIES' SABLE CAPES.—Francisco & Wiggin. 3t

We sell the latest and most elegant styles of ladies' cloaks, cheaper than any house in the city RICE & ENGEL.

STOCK SALE AT THE ARCADE.—The sale of fine draught horses will be continued on Monday and Tuesday. Bound to close out. No limits. Parties going away. 2t

I AM offering a large stock of Shaker flannel underwear at low rates.
3t LEW WEXLER, 222 Main street.

NEW MEMPHIS THEATER.

Tennyson's "Dora," as Dramatized by Charles Reade.

The week that closed on Saturday night was not as satisfactory to the management as the public should have made it. Notwithstanding the presence of Mr. Couldock and his estimable daughter, both of whom appeared in a number of striking pieces adding to their characters for natural delineation of character, the attendance was such as scarcely paid expenses. We hope better things of our people this week. The attractions of the race track are no longer in existence, and nothing of a kindred character will occur to interfere with a generous support of our theather such as our people used to give in *ante bellum* times. The week opens well. Tonight we are to have a dramatization by Charles Reade (author of *Peg Woffington* and *Foul Play*) of Tennyson's "Dora," which for the benefit of our readers, we present this morning entire. It will help all who read it to understand the play, which, under the stage management of Mr. McWade and in the hands of Mr. and Miss Couldock, and the excellent stock company that now holds our boards, will doubtless be well presented. Here is the poem:

DORA.

With farmer Allan at the farm abode
William and Dora. William was his son,
And she his niece. He often looked at them,
And often thought "I'll make them man and wife."
Now Dora felt her uncle's will in all,
And yearned towards William; but the youth, because
He had been always with her house,
Thought not of Dora.

Then there came a day
When Allan called his son, and said: "My son,
I married late, but I would wish to see
My grandchild on my knees before I die:
And I have set my heart upon a match.
Now therefore look to Dora; she is well
To look to; thrifty too beyond her age.
She is my brother's daughter: he and I
Had some hard words, and parted, and he died
In foreign lands; but for his sake I bred
His daughter Dora: take her for your wife;
For I have wished this marriage, night and day,
For many years." But William answered short;
"I cannot marry Dora;" by my life,
I will not marry Dora." Then the old man
Was wroth, and doubled up his hands, and said:
"You will not, boy! you dare to answer thus!
But in my time a father's word was law,
And so it shall be now for me. Look to't;
Consider, William: take a month to think,
And let me have an answer to my wish;
Or, by the Lord that made me, you shall pack,
And nevermore darken my doors again!"
But William answered madly; bit his lips,
And broke away. The more he looked at her
The less he liked her; and his ways were harsh;
But Dora bore them meekly. Then before
The month was out he left his father's house,
And hired himself to work within the fields;
And half in love, half spite, he wooed and wed
A laborer's daughter, Mary Morrison.

Then, when the bells were ringing, Allan called
His niece and said: "My girl, I love you well;
But if you speak with him that was my son,
Or change a word with her he calls his wife,
My home is none of yours. My will is law."
And Dora promised, being meek. She thought,
"It cannot be; my uncle's mind will change!"
And days went on, and there was born a boy
To William; then distresses came on him;
And day by day he passed his father's gate,
Heart-broken, and his father helped him not.
But Dora stored what little she could save
And sent it them by stealth, nor did they know
Who sent it; till at last a fever seized
On William, and in harvest-time he died.

Then Dora went to Mary. Mary sat
And looked with tears upon her boy, and thought
Hard things of Dora. Dora came and said:
"I have obeyed my uncle until now,
And I have sinned, for it was all through me
This evil came on William at the first.
But, Mary, for the sake of him that's gone,
And for your sake, the woman that he chose,
And for this orphan, I am come to you;
You know there has not been for these five years
So full a harvest: let me take the boy,
And I will set him in my uncle's eye
Among the wheat: then when his heart is glad
Of the full harvest, he may see the boy,
And bless him for the sake of him that's gone."

And Dora took the child, and went her way
Across the wheat, and sat upon a mound
That was unsown, where many poppies grew.
Far off the farmer came into the field
And spied her not; for none of all his men
Dare tell him Dora waited with the child;
And Dora would have risen and gone to him,
But her heart failed her; and the reapers reaped,
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.

But when the morrow came, she rose and took
The child once more, and sat upon the mound;
And made a little wreath of all the flowers
That grew about, and tied it round his hat
To make him pleasing in her uncle's eye.
Then when the farmer passed into the field
And came and said: "Where were you yesterday?
Whose child is that? What are you doing here?"

So Dora cast her eyes upon the ground,
And answered softly: "This is William's child!"

"And did I not," said Allan, "did I not
Forbid you, Dora?" Dora said again:
"Do with me as you will, but take the child
And bless him for the sake of him that's gone!"
And Allan said: "I see it is a trick
Got up betwixt you and the woman there.
I must be taught my duty, and by you!
You knew my word was law, and yet you dared
To slight it. Well—for I will take the boy;
But go you hence, and never see me more."

So saying, he took the boy, that cried aloud
And struggled hard. The wreath of flowers fell
At Dora's feet. She bowed upon her hands,
And the boy's cry came to her from the field,
More and more distant. She bowed down her head,
Remembering the day when first she came,
And all the things that had been. She bowed
And wept in secret; and the reapers reaped,
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.

Then Dora went to Mary's house, and stood
Upon the threshold. Mary saw the boy
Was not with Dora. She broke out in praise
To God, that helped her in her widowhood.
And Dora said: "My uncle took the boy;
But, Mary, let me live and work with you:
He says that he will never see me more."
Then answered Mary: "This shall never be,
That thou should take any trouble on thyself:
And, now I think, he shall not have the boy,
For he will teach him hardness, and foolsight
His mother; therefore thou and I will go,
And I will have my boy, and bring him home;
And I will beg of him to take thee back;
But if he will not take thee back again,
Then thou and I will live within one house,
And work for William's child, until he grows
Of age to help us."

So the women kissed
Each other, and set out and reached the farm.
The door was off the latch; they peeped and saw
The boy set up betwixt his grandsire's knees,
Who thrust him in the hollows of his arm,
And clapt him on the hands and on the cheeks,
Like one that loved him: and the lad stretched out
And babbled for the golden seal, that hung
From Allan's watch, and sparkled by the fire.
Then they called in; and when the boy heard
His mother, he cried out to come to her:
And Allan sat him down, and Mary said:
"O Father!—if you let me call you so—
I never came a-begging for myself,
Or William, or this child; but now I come
For Dora: take her back; she loves you well.
O sir, when William died, he died at peace
With all men; for I asked him, and he said,
He could not ever rue his marrying me.—
I had been a patient wife: but, sir, he said
That she was strong to curse his father thus:
'God bless him!' he said, 'and may he never know
The troubles I have gone through!' Then he turned
His face and passed—unhappy that I am!
But now, Sir, let me have my boy, for you
Will make him hard, and he will learn to slight
His father's memory; and take Dora back,
And let this be as it was before."

So Mary said, and Dora hid her face
By Mary. There was a silence in the room;
And all at once the old man burst in sobs:—
"I have been to blame—to blame! I have killed my son!
I have killed him—but I loved him—my dear son!
May God forgive me!—I have been to blame.
Kiss me, my children!"

Then they clung about
The old man's neck, and kissed him many times.
And all the man was broken with remorse;
And all his love came back a hundred fold;
And for three hours he sobbed o'er William's child,
Thinking of William.

So those four abode
Within one house together; and as years
Went forward, Mary took another mate;
But Dora lived unmarried till her death.

Miles' Cloth Gaiters, at 3 25, at 233 Main street, Rice & Engel's.

CHILDREN'S FURS.—Francisco & Wiggin. 3t

TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS' WORTH OF DRY GOODS AT AUCTION.—We will commence to sell on Tuesday evening, at two o'clock, a large and varied assortment of dry goods. Sale positive, at the Arcade.
2t M. C. CAYCE & CO.

WHO IS HE?

He is Not Known to Gov. Harris.

In the Nashville *Union and American* of Friday, we find the following:

WHO IS HE?—The New York *Herald* of Tuesday last, gives an account of the arrest, for drunkenness, of a rebel General, named Ramsay, who was attached to a Broadway firm in a subordinate capacity. Speaking of the arrest, that paper says:

"This man has had a remarkable history. Originally he was a Northern man who went South before the war. When it broke out he threw his fortunes in with Gov. Isham G. Harris, of Tennessee, whose friend he was, was commissioned Colonel of the Fifth Tennessee regiment, and rendered distinguished service in several battles.

"After the war closed he settled in St. Paul, Minnesota, and became attached to a daily paper in that city. A year ago he arrived in this city, and the gentleman who yesterday recognized him at headquarters found him in Park Row in a semi-drunken condition. He was taken to his hotel and cared for."

The *Herald* also says that he is a member of a distinguished New England family, and corresponds with and is related to some of the ablest statesmen in Connecticut and Massachusetts, and adds: "So much for his connection with the rebel cause." We are not very inquisitive, but would like to know who this remarkable man is.

The anxiety of our contemporary to know "who this remarkable man is," prompted us to inquire of Governor Isham G. Harris, who was kind enough to respond in the following note, which, so far as that portion of this individual's Confederate-Tennessee career is concerned, disposes of Ramsay and proves him as wanton a falsifier as he is unfortunately besotted in drunkenness. The *Herald* should relieve the Southern cause of its share of responsibility for the drunkenness of this man and publish the reply of our late Governor, as follows:

MEMPHIS, November 14, 1868.

Editors Memphis Appeal:

Gentlemen: I do not know of any officer by the name of Ramsay, who at any time held the rank of General in any one of the Confederate armies. Nor did any man of that name ever held the rank of Colonel, or any other rank that I remember of, in the Fifth Tennessee regiment.

Nor have I any recollection of any Northern man of that name having been in any manner connected with the Confederate army. Nor do I remember to have, at any time, known any man of that name who was by birth a Northern man. Very respectfully,

ISHAM G. HARRIS.

THE LATE HENRY M. SCALES.

Eulogy by Henry Craft, Esq.

From the Holly Springs *Reporter* of the 6th inst. we learn that on Tuesday, October 6, 1868, the members of the Bar of Tunica county, in attendance upon the Circuit Court, met to consider the death of Henry M. Scales, Esq., late a member of said Bar; and the Hon. Wm. L. Harris was called to the Chair, and T. J. Woodson, Esq., was appointed Secretary.

On motion, a committee of three, composed of Henry Craft, Thos. W. White and T. J. Woodson, was appointed by the chairman, and instructed to report appropriate resolutions to an adjourned meeting to be held on Wednesday morning.

On Wednesday morning, October 7, 1868, the meeting having been again convened by the chairman, the committee reported an appropriate preamble with resolutions attached, which were presented to the Circuit Court by Mr. Henry Craft, who asked that they be spread upon the minutes, which was according ly done.

On presenting the resolutions, Mr. Craft spoke feelingly of the worth and virtues of the deceased. Glancing briefly over his life, Mr. C. said: "That he was born in Orange county, Virginia, and early in life removed with his parents to Marshall county, Mississippi, where he received the instruction necessary to fit him for college. Having completed his collegiate course at the University at Oxford,—during which he formed many warm personal friendships, which continued in after life—he read law with the Hon. A. M. Clayton, and returning to the University, graduated also in the Law Department; after which he commenced the practice at Hernando, Mississippi, in partnership with Col. T. W. White and Gen. James R. Chalmers, which continued until the war commenced.

"Having enlisted with them in the old 9th Mississippi regiment, he went out among the first troops that were raised in the State. As a soldier, while ever among the foremost in the discharge of duty, and by his cheerful, kindly disposition and good natured humor, endearing himself to his comrades and enlivening the tedious and hardships of soldier life, he was still mindful of his duties as a Christian, and the bible which he carried with him through the war is still treasured by his wife. Returning at the close of the war, cheerfully and earnestly to peaceful pursuits, he lived with his mother and family in Marshall until January, 1867, when he opened an office and resumed the practice of his profession in this county, having meantime married during the year 1866. Here, as the frequent appearance of his name upon the docket of this court attests, he was building up a practice that evidenced a most gratifying success; and established for himself a character for strict probity and attentive industry in business that won him the esteem and confidence of the entire community. The non-resident members of this bar remember well his unvarying kindness and polite attentions to them while in attendance upon the sessions of this court.

"In August last, while on a visit of condolence with his wife to her sister, in De Soto, upon an occasion of incurring, he met his death a casualty as sudden and unlooked for as it was distressing in its consequences.

"He has been cut down in his youth, when full of life and health and promise—full of hope and expectation—with a young and loving wife by his side, and a child just learning to lisp his name; with plans developing into success, and worldly competence and comfort coming to crown his labors and his thrift. Without warning, without dread, by one of those strange casualties, sometimes so trivial, sometimes so fatal, the death-blow fell, so sudden and so quick as almost to baffle comprehension of its reality.

"Just one year ago he stood in this very place, to speak, with great feeling and beauty, of the then recent death of *his* friend, Col. Day, who had also been a resident member of this Bar.

"His face and voice were very familiar here, and we are constantly reminded of him as his name recurs upon the docket, and he does not come to answer to it. He is gone to fill another of those new-made graves, whose tenants but lately stood with us before courts and juries, and whose voices now seem to utter, out of the darkness of the great unknown, the solemn—"Be ye also ready." One by one, the names are transferred from the attorney's roll of our courts to the tomb-stone, and to the long and ever lengthening catalogue of the departed. For each one of us, the inevitable hour more or less slowly approaches, but, oh! how surely, and—however much delayed—how fast! Whose name shall next be entered, in sorrowing resolutions, upon these minutes? At the next term of this court, perhaps, the question will be answered. Come when the summons may—whether meeting us at the verge of the grave to which we have been dragged by wasting sickness and suffering, or startling us in the midst of high health and the eager pursuit of life's labors and pleasures, may it find us, as it found Henry Scales, prepared. Coming so, it matters little when or where it may meet us, for while it is a summons to darkness and the grave, Faith whispers that thus coming, it is also a summons to immortal realms, where intellect may expatiate in endless development, and eternal health and vigor and love and purity, and joy, be found."

MORTUARY REPORT.—The following are the interments for the week ending November 14, at 12 m.:

A. Batonell, 35 years, female, white, disease of kidney; C. Webb, 30 years, female, white, typhoid pneumonia; child of E. Gollver, 3 days, black, unknown.

OWEN SMITH, Undertaker.

M. Buton, 28 years, female, black; E. Furgerson, 60 years, female, black, debility; J. Johnson, 3 years, male, black; G. Townsend, 32 years, female, black; negro child, 8 weeks; white child, 2 months; Mrs. Shyork, 45 years, white; S. Williams, male, black, dysentery; W. Smith, 29 years, black; E. Wadkins, 21 years, female, black; negro child, 3 months; negro woman, 21 years; H. Virginia, 29 years, black.

McCAFFREY & CORNELIUS, Undertakers.

Mrs. Mary Cain, aged 27 years, female, white, consumption; A. Howe, 5 months, male, black, diptheria; J. C. Gilmore, male, 50 years, white, fall; M. Ryan, 7 months, female, white.

FLAHERTY & WALSH, Undertakers.

W. Smith, 20 years, male, black, congestion of the brain; S. P. Beck, 33 years, female, white, general debility; E. Weidt, 4 months, female, white, ——; Mrs. A. K. Kerchival, 32 years, female, white, ——; Col. W. H. Ross, male, white, ——; L. Sicker, 54 years, female, white, consumption; infant of J. Mayer, male, white, still born; G. Strappack 20 years, white, general debility; M. Ruth, 40 years, female, black, dropsy.

J. C. HOLST & CO., Undertakers.

Recapitulation—Negroes, 15; whites, 14. Total, 29.

W. E. ROGERS, M. D., Health Officer.

THE DAILY APPEAL *is delivered by faithful carriers, Seven times a week for twenty-five cents.*

COTTON THIEVES.—On Saturday morning about 10 o'clock a one-mule dray, loaded with three bales of cotton, was seen leisurely going down the alley between Second and Third streets, in classic Pinch. The driver, a negro, was walking by the side of the mule's head, and on the dray, hid behind the top cotton bale, was a little nigger pulling cotton out of one of the bales and stuffing it in his sack. The driver seemed to be oblivious as to this proceeding, and the fact of his taking a back alley to come down from the depot is proof positive that he connived at the robbery and shared in the spoil. Unfortunately we could not get his number.

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