

THE MEMPHIS UNION APPEAL.

SAMUEL SAWYER.

MEMPHIS, SUNDAY, AUGUST 3, 1862.

Editor and Proprietor

UNION APPEAL

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Year	1862	1863	1864	1865	1866	1867	1868	1869	1870	1871	1872	1873	1874	1875	1876	1877	1878	1879	1880
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ATTENTION COMPANY!

GOVERNOR'S GUARDS for PROVOST DUTY in the City of Nashville.

\$100 BOUNTY!

160 ACRES OF LAND!

First Month paid in advance.

REMEMBER 25, FRONT ROW.

Capt. W. P. HOGUE,
1st Lieut. C. H. WALBRIDGE,
2d Lieut. M. S. B. TRUAX,
Recruiting Officers.

ATTENTION FARMERS AND PICKET GUARDS!

I LEFT my stable, and probably the city, on Sunday morning June 29, a HORSE, seven or eight years old, about fourteen hands high, pony-built, round rump, heavy neck, in very good order, light bay color, with collar marks three inches long on both shoulders; black saddle with a blue bridle, broken bit with long branches and steel curb reins, which remain. I hired her out at 2 o'clock A. M. to a young man about twenty-two years old, five feet nine inches tall, sparsely built, yellowish complexion, black hair and wearing grey cassimere pants and black coat. Any one who will return the Mare or give such information that I can find her, will be liberally rewarded.

PAUL SCHUSTER,
Arabian Stable, Union street, between Second and Third streets.

ATTENTION ALL!

BOOTS, SHOES AND HATS.

Ladies, Misses and Childrens, Mens, Boys and Youths, Officers and Soldiers.

OUR stock is complete, and of the best goods the market affords and must please all.

CALL AND SEE.

LITTLE & LOCKWOOD,
315 Main street.

MEMPHIS GUARDS,

FOR

HOME SERVICE!

SECOND TENNESSEE REGIMENT.

(INFANTRY.)

NOW, fellow-citizens, here is your chance to

SERVE YOUR COUNTRY.

And stay at home nearly all the while "with the old little ones." The ration that one man receives will support a small family if properly managed.

ONE MONTH'S PAY IN ADVANCE!

\$100 BOUNTY

AND

160 ACRES OF LAND

WHEN MUSTERED OUT OF SERVICE!

Headquarters and Office in the Irving Block on Second Street.

A. CLARK DENSON,
Captain Commanding.

The artillery company for Nashville is about completed.

CASH PAID FOR HIDES,

AT THE

NEW HIDE AND LEATHER STORE,

SECOND STREET,

Between Court and Madison.

SADDLERS, SHOEMAKERS and the public generally, are respectfully invited to call at the above place and examine our

fine Harness, French Calf Skins
fine and Topping
fine and Lining
fine and Leather, Lining

Also, an assortment of army cavalry boots, fine calf, No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, etc., etc.

A of which we offer for sale at low prices.

J. H. MENDELAR

FOR SALE.

FINE STOCK and FIXTURES of a retail Drug Store, in one of the best locations in the city. Apply at this office.

SONG TO OLD UNION.

BY F. R. LUDLOW.

Air—Sparkling and Bright.

Let the Grecian dream of his sacred stream,
And sing of the brave old Union,
That floats on the waves of the sea,
At the golden gates of the East;
But the prize that bounds through Union's grounds
Gleams as bright as the Pacific water,
And a prize as fair as a gold may wear
Is a dip from our Alma Mater.

These here's to thee, the brave and free,
Old Union smiling o'er us;
And for many a day, as they walk grow gray,
May they ring with thy children's chorus.

Could our praises throng on the waves of song,
Unchanged leave Time's ocean drifting,
We would bear to thee the brave and free,
And crown thee with pearls of singing.
But thy smile beams but a health a crown,
Whose glory asks no other.

Who enters is not from the green sea grown—
"The low we bear our mother!"
These here's to thee, the brave and free,
Old Union smiling o'er us;
And for many a day, as they walk grow gray,
May they ring with thy children's chorus.

Let the joy that falls from thy dear old walls,
Unchanged leave Time's ocean drifting,
And our only tear fall once a year
On hands that clasp our parting;
And when we meet again, singing thy songs,
And their spell once more hath bound us,
Our faded hearts shall revive their flowers,
And the past shall live in our minds.

These here's to thee, the brave and free,
Old Union smiling o'er us;
And for many a day, as they walk grow gray,
May they ring with thy children's chorus.

INCIDENT OF THE REVOLUTION.

While General Howe, with his British army, held possession of Philadelphia, and General Washington, with a few half-starved troops under his immediate command, was encamped at a place called White Marsh, a few miles distant from the city, an incident occurred, though seemingly trifling in itself, may have had an important bearing upon the destiny of the whole country.

Lieut. Col. Craig, commanding a detachment of light horse, was ordered to approach the enemy's lines, and hover near them, in the capacity of videttes, to pick up any intelligence that might be of value to the army.

While engaged in this important duty, one cold, raw day in December, an orderly called his attention to a woman who was coming up the road.

The officer watched her as she ascended the hill, and when he perceived, by her stopping and looking frightened, that she had discovered his command, he rode forward, and called out, in a reassuring tone,

"Advance, madam—you have nothing to fear from true soldiers."

The lady, who was well wrapped up in plain, warm garments, with a hood that quite concealed her features at a short distance, now came forward, without hesitation, to meet the colonel, as if satisfied from his language and appearance she had nothing to fear. When near enough for him to distinguish the features that were turned full upon him, he exclaimed in a tone of surprise,

"Mr. Darrah, as I live! Why, what on earth can have brought you, all alone and unprotected, into this dangerous locality?"

"These knows, friend," she replied in the Quaker style, "I have a son in the American army—who is, like myself, an officer under George Washington—and a mother's heart yearns towards her offspring, even though he has departed from the ways of his fathers."

"I was, but perhaps they would carry a message for me, and let me turn back to the city," said the lady, but still with a cautious, hesitating air.

"It will afford me great pleasure to oblige Lydia Darrah in any way," bowed the gallant colonel.

"Thank thee, friend—thee is very kind. If thou wilt dismount then, and walk with me a little way, I think I will tell thee what I have to say, which is a secret I would not like to have any other person hear."

The colonel assented, and, riding back to his men, gave his horse in charge of one of them, and ordered them to keep in sight of him, but not to approach near enough to overhear an ordinary conversation. He then returned to the lady, and they began their walk down the road, in an opposite direction to that which she had come. For a short time she maintained a deep silence, with her face averted, and, as the officer fancied, with her whole frame trembling with some secret emotion.

"Friend Craig," she at length began, with something like a sigh, and speaking in the rapid, earnest manner of one communicating some startling fact, "these must hasten at once to George Washington, and tell him that he has certain information that, on to-morrow night, a large body of British soldiers will secretly march out of the city, for the purpose of surprising and capturing him and all his men. Not to mystify thee, friend, and that thee may attach all due importance to this information, I will now inform thee that I, Lydia Darrah, overheard an order read through two high officers, to the effect that I have stated. These must also know that the man called General Howe has come to abide in the house opposite my husband's, and that for some reason, to us unknown, two men, one of them is supposed to be called the adjutant-general, have come over to William Darrah's several times, and held private conferences in one of the back rooms of our dwelling. Last night these two men came again, and one of them told me he wanted my family to go to bed early, and that when they should get ready to leave, which might be late, they would call me to let them out."

"Well, friend Craig, I sent the whole family early to bed, as requested to do, but I myself felt very anxious to know what was going on of so much importance, and so I did what I never did before, took off my shoes, walked on tip-toe to the door of the room where these men were, put my ear to the key-hole, and listened, and heard what I have informed thee of."

"God bless you, Lydia Darrah, for a noble woman!" said the colonel, with excited warmth, "perhaps you have saved our country—who knows? for had this plan succeeded, which we will now defeat, and General Washington been taken prisoner, I much fear our cause would have been hopeless."

"I will make haste to finish my story, for thee must ride fast to George Washington. After hearing what I have said I rode back to my room, trembling at the importance of what I had heard. When the men, soon after, knocked on my door for me to get up and let them out, I pretended to be asleep, and they had to knock three times. Then I came out, rubbing my eyes, and saw them off. But I slept none that night, for thinking what I ought to do; and I did not dare to tell my husband, for fear the secret might get out. I wanted to get the information to George Washington, and save a great many lives, but for some time I could not see my way clear to do it. At last it occurred to me that I might go to Frank-

ford for some flour, if the man Howe would give me a pass out of town. I went over to him, and he gave it. Then I told William and my family that I would go alone to Frankford for the flour, which greatly surprised them and caused much remonstrance. But I did go alone, and there, friend, how much I have since strayed beyond the mill!"

In due time Lydia Darrah returned home with her flour, secretly trembling at all she had done and the fear of discovery. The night following, she laid awake, and heard the heavy, solemn tramp, tramp, of the British troops, as they marched past her window, and on out of the city, to surprise, defeat, and capture the army for whose success she had not only often prayed, but had so lately perilled more than life.

When, a few days after, these same troops returned, Lydia Darrah dared not ask the question she was the most anxious to have answered, lest her emotions might betray her. Soon after, the adjutant-general called upon her and said:

"Madam, will you do me the favor to enter my room, that I may ask you a few important questions?"

Lydia Darrah, believing her secret discovered, either by chance or betrayal, turned deadly pale, and almost fainted with terror; but fortunately the officer took no notice of her emotions; and soon recovering herself, she determined to boldly brave out the worst. She therefore went to his apartment with a firm step, nor showed any signs of trembling when she saw him lock the door.

"Now, madam," he said, with stern and stately dignity, as he handed her a seat and took another facing her, "I beg you will answer me truly, as if your life was at stake! Who was the last person up of your own family, on the night I was closeted in this room with a brother officer?"

"Myself," was the firm and quiet reply of Lydia Darrah.

"Are you certain, madam?"

"Quite—for she requested me to send all the family to bed by eight o'clock, and I did so, myself going last."

"You would be willing to swear to this, madam?"

"We Friends never swear," returned the other, with dignity, "but thee has my word for the fact."

"Well," returned the officer, with an air of chagrin, "I do not understand it. You, I know, was asleep, for I myself knocked three times at your door before I could arouse you. We that night laid a plan to attack and capture General Washington and his army; but by some means unknown to me he got news of our design, and was frustrated our purpose. When we arrived before his camp, we found all his cannon mounted, and his whole command prepared to give us battle; and disappointed and chagrined, we have all marched back like a parcel of fools! That is all, madam! I concluded the officer, rising, unlocking the door, and bowing out the mistress of the dwelling.

Lydia Darrah retired, with feelings of relief better imagined than described.

Who shall say how much the subsequent dwellers in this land of freedom have owed and still owe to the cunning and heroism of this noble woman?

Latest from the 8th Indiana.

Rev. A. W. Sanford writes to the Indianapolis Journal from Augusta, Ark., on the 5th ult., and from Helena on the 14th ult., from which letters we make the following summary:

The army left Sulphur Rock and marched to Jacksonport on Sunday, June 23d. On the 25th crossed Black river, and marched down on the East side of White river on the 26th and drove in the enemy's pickets. 27th, had a severe skirmish with Hooker's guerrillas seven miles below Village Creek, losing four men killed and over thirty wounded, the rebels retreating, carried off their killed and wounded. The 28th was employed by the 8th Indiana, 33d Illinois, 1st Indiana cavalry and Klaus's Battery, in an unsuccessful effort, to find and cut up, or capture this band of guerrillas. July 1st, the army moved ten miles toward Augusta, driving back the enemy's pickets, taking twenty prisoners, and encamped on Dr. Pickett's plantation, where they found eighty contrabands, big and little, deserted by "ma'r," and having things pretty much their own way. Laid over on the 2d, while an advance party removed timber felled by the rebels. 3d, marched through the scorching sun, and dust six inches deep, to Annetta.

Here they celebrated the glorious Fourth. Had prayer by the Chaplain, and Gen. Benton, Col. Hovey, Col. Busby and Lieut. Col. Washburn made speeches, in a beautiful grove, where they also had some fine music by the band of the 18th Indiana. At this time Mr. Sanford says:

"The health of the regiment remains extremely good. Out of seven hundred enlisted men, only eighteen are unable to march, and there are no cases of dangerous or even severe sickness among them. The weather is very uniformly hot—but like our Indiana extreme midsummer—but the boys have become so gradually accustomed to it that they seem to mind it no more than an ordinary summer at home."

On the 8th they marched to Cache river, on the road toward Cleveland, and on the 9th encountered the rebels, killing from 150 to 200—103 of which they buried on the ground. This was an obstinate fight, but our men never gave back an inch. They followed the rebels on their retreat, and killed 40 to 50 more. Our loss is not stated, if anything. From Cache Crossing, the place of the above memorable fight, they marched to Cleveland where they arrived on the 9th, just in time to be too late, for they had moved so slow that the boats from which they expected supplies of provisions and clothing had returned down the river. On the 11th they moved toward Helena, which is one hundred miles below Memphis on the Mississippi, where they reached on the 13th. By some military blunder—and by the way, blunders are the rule, and good generalship the exception in this war—Gen. Benton's division was sent one road and his wagons another, occasioning the men to perform a march of fifty miles without tents, blankets or provision, except four crackers apiece, which was furnished by Col. Carr's division, they taking the same road. Arriving at Helena, Mr. Sanford thus speaks of the health again:

"The health of the regiment previous to the last four days, has been remarkably good, but I fear our starvation march will result in considerable sickness."

A YOUNG lady who shows an admirer's letters to his rival is not to be trusted. No girl guilty of such a shameful trick. On the other hand, no girl of spirit can ever be won by a sulky or stupid fellow who will mope and pout in the presence of a gentlemanly and agreeable rival, instead of behaving in a sensible and pleasing manner.

British Debt and Taxation, 1863.

Debt due to the Bank of England at 3 per cent. 11,215,100 0 0

Consolidated 4 Annuities at 3 per cent. 460,228 2 4

Redeemable Annuities, at 3 per cent. 114,453,138 1 0

New Annuities, 5 per cent. 2,586,151 10 0

Total at 3 per cent. 276,156,618 11 0

New Annuities, 5 per cent. 2,586,151 10 0

Exchequer bonds, 5 per cent. 418,300 0 0

New Annuities, 3 per cent. 240,746 6 4

New Annuities, 5 per cent. 420,663 11 7

Total Great Britain. 478,252,338 9 6

New Irish Annuities, 5 per cent. 3,686 6 0

Consolidated Annuities, 3 per cent. 6,023,169 15 11

Reduced Annuities, 3 per cent. 127,896 13 1

New Annuities, 5 per cent. 3,216,512 5 3

Debt due to the Bank of Ireland, 5 per cent. 2,630,769 4 8

New Annuities, 5 per cent. 2,000 0 0

Total Ireland. 41,008,428 1 11

Total United Kingdom. 478,252,338 9 6

In addition to the above is an "unfunded debt" consisting of Exchequer bills. 12,917,900 0 0

16,517,900 0 0

Grand total. 490,770,238 9 6

Customs revenue. 42,378,250

Excise duty. 12,543,135

Stamps. 9,368,870

Tax on property and Income Tax. 3,144,070

Income Tax. 10,957,000

Post-office. 2,467,063

Crown lands. 412,451

Miscellaneous. 1,453,161

Total. 476,569,998

The foregoing figures will afford the means of comparison between the public debt and taxation, on a peace establishment, of the United Kingdom, with a population of 29,440,252, and the public debt and the new war taxes of the United States, on a gross population of 31,749,281, or a total population of 23,187,721. Counting the pound sterling as the equivalent of \$5, the debt of Great Britain is four thousand millions of dollars, or eight fold greater than the present debt of the United States. The annual taxation, including customs in Great Britain, is the equivalent of three hundred and fifty millions of dollars; while the customs and war taxes of the United States are on a basis of less than two hundred millions of dollars. The excise, income and stamp taxes of Great Britain amount to \$42,016,133, equal to \$210,000,000; while our taxes of the same nature—the income tax being limited to four years—are on the basis of \$110,000,000 per annum.—N. Y. Times.

Royal Families.

It is fortunate for "Royal Houses," and especially for those of the despotic type, that their private sayings and doings are seldom reported; for whenever we obtain a glimpse of the interior life of despotism it sickens us. Truly has it been said by a distinguished essayist, that the Masters of mankind, when stripped of the artificial pomp which invests them in public, resemble nothing so nearly as the meanest of the multitude." There are sound philosophical grounds for this opinion. The very highest and the very lowest of the human race are equally beyond the influence of that wholesome control, to which the intermediate classes are subjected, by their mutual dependence, and the need they have of the good-will and esteem of their fellows. Those who are at the very bottom of the social ladder are beyond the sphere of this influence; those who stand on the topmost round are above it. Persons who have nothing to gain are pretty much in the same position, relatively, to the rest of the world as wretches who have nothing to lose; and both are equally apt to disregard the maxim of reckoning one's self last, which is the basis of all politeness, as well as of all benevolence.

And, accordingly, that absolute monarchs, however respectable some of them may have been as monarchs, have generally been positive brutes in their families. Frederick William, of Prussia, the father of Frederick the Great, starved and beat his wife and children; and was accustomed, after having eaten his dinner, to spit into each dish, lest they should partake of the remnants of the meal. Peter the Great compelled the Czarina, Catherine, to associate with vile creatures, most of them scoundrels and wash-money, whom he had ennobled and raised to the dignity of ladies-in-waiting; and amused himself frequently with caning his entire household, from the Empress down. In fact, whenever a prince or a princess tells tales out of school, as a sister of Frederick the Great—the Margravine of Baroth—did some forty odd years ago, or we get, by any means, a peep behind the veil, judiciously interposed between the public and the private history of absolute sovereigns, we invariably find that the objects of vulgar worship are as brutal, as violent, as neglectful of all the usages and proprieties of decent society in their palaces, as the most debased of their subjects in the wretched hovels to which misery has consigned them. Thus do the extremes of vicious power and vicious poverty meet in a common level of abasement.

Let us be thankful that our system of government exempts us from the curse of rulers to whom vice is privileged, and that our social system is but little infested with those drops of humanity that seem inseparable from despotism, and in fact its complement.

Letter from the Captain for Gen. Gen.

of the 66 West Thirty-seventh street, N. Y.

From N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

New York, July 27, 1862.

MEN: EDITORS: Greatly to my surprise, my attention was directed to an article in the evening papers of Saturday, advertising me as a deserter from my company, which is wholly untrue. My resignation, unconditional and immediate, was written, offered to, and accepted by the Colonel commanding a day or two previous to my leaving. Said resignation was necessitated by an injury received while in the performance of my duty, rendering me totally unable to discharge the duties devolving upon me; therefore, by the advice of many of my fellow officers, including both the surgeons of the regiment, I resigned. For no other cause could I have been