DAILY APPEAL.

MEMPHIS.

THURSDAY MORNING, ... MAY 6, 1858.

Largest Circulation in the City.

THE SLAVE TRADE.

We publish on our first page an interesting and significant letter from Mr. Mason, U. S. Minister at Paris, to Mr. Secretary Cass. It makes some disclosures with regard to the views of the French Government on the subject of slavery, which, although not new, will arrest attention from the authenticity thus given them by the official document. The progressive and practical ideas of the present age are evidently making serious inroads upon the sickly sentimentality that has hung like an incubus upon the prosperity and advancement of both England and France for the past thirty years. The ideas and notions of their most enlightened statesmen are undergoing a change, and their eyes are beginning to be opened to the errors of those who preceded them. By the abolition of slavery in their West Indian possessions, they have deprived themselves of their comparative independence of other tropical countries, while they have only added to the miseries and wretchedness of the negro.

As commerce advances and civilization spreads, all other portions of the world are rapidly coming daily more and more tributary to, and dependent upon, the tropical regions, for half the necessaries and comforts of life. It is these regions that grow the Cotton, Sugar, Coffee, and a hundred other luxuries that supply the rest of the world. Free or white labor never has and never can produce these in quantities commensurate with the general demand, and hence those countries that have retained slavery, as the United States and Spain, together with South America, exercise a monopoly in these products.

These facts and ideas have had their effect upon the minds of both British and French statesmen, who are busied at this time in devising some system of cheap labor, in order to resuscitate their West India possessions; and make them tributary to the wants and necessities of the parent governments.

We invite attention to the letter of Mr. Mason, which is full of facts worthy of reflection.

Reading Matter on Every Page.

☞ The Memphis DAILY APPEAL, in a complimentary notice of Miss Davenport's performance of "Peg Woffington," in Masks and Faces, takes occasion to say that the "Ernest Vane" of that drama, was meant for the celebrated orator, Edmund Burke, and that the little episode in the life of Burke, brought out in this play, is the only blemish upon the fair fame and memory of the great commoner. This scene of the most wonderful revelations of this most wonderful age, "Peg Woffington" was contemporary with Pope, and it is very probable that she was even dead before Burke was born.—*Mobile Register.*

The *Register* will have to brush up a little in its chronology ere we can yield our position. We know nothing about the fact as to whether PEG WOFFINGTON was the cotemporary of POPE, yet we know that she was the cotemporary of GARRICK, who was cotemporary with BURKE, and his intimate friend and associate. In a late biography of BURKE, the author says that PEG WOFFINGTON "personified a young rake so as to make women fall in love with her, and deter GARRICK from ever acting the part of 'Sir Harry Wildair,' after she had, by her ease and vivacity, rendered it peculiarly her own."

Again, the same biographer says of BURKE: "About his acquaintance with this lady, (PEG WOFFINGTON,) there have been many strugs of the shoulder, turns of the eye and shakes of the head."

This, we think, ought to be pretty conclusive evidence that the lady was not dead when BURKE was born, as the *Register* supposes. Our friend must brush up a little in his biographical history.

DEFECTIONS OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

From the New York News, 2

The old story of the downfall of the Democratic party is renewed as usual, and repeated with as much vigor by the opposition press, as if that same old song had never been "said or sung" before. The prediction that the defection of such a distinguished leader in the Senate, and such a prominent demagogue in the House, will bring ruin and desolation upon the Democratic party is a worn-out and long since exploded humbug. What care the great mass of Democratic voters about the selfish designs of these self-house-power factionists? The main column moves on as steadily as if the little kettle drum stampede had never been attempted.

This business of breaking down Democratic administrations, because they will not lend a ready ear to every one who has an aspiration for the Presidency, is not the potent power to move the democratic masses. It smacks of disappointment—an unhealthy, corrosive canker which preys upon the ambitious. Give us the old-fashioned well-acting which pushes up in the Democratic heart of this Union, and we care nothing for the artificial stresses or hobbyhorses of your ambitious demagogues are trying to create or to cultivate. Their mad excitements are but the ignis fatuus, a will-o'-the-wisp of the rotty marsh, which glare for the moment, and are lost in the visions of the past—a school-boy's tale—the wonder of an hour.

The Democratic party of the Union is moved by the masses, and not by a few. The people can vote down its measures and its men if they will; but no one man, nor no fifty men can destroy its vitality. It owes no allegiance to the spur-dirt of any set of leaders or disorganizers. The heart-blood of this Republic is the history of the Democratic party. It was considered a high honor in the palmiest days of Rome to be called a Roman citizen; and now it has grown to be a proud boast of an American citizen, to say "I am a Democrat." To say the Black "Republican" is amazingly gratified at the idea of being called a Democrat.

The destiny of our great Republic will be consummated only through the progressive spirit of Democracy. It is responsible for our national progress. The whole burden of our Federal Government rests upon the shoulders of the Democratic party. No great measure of interest, no policy of any importance is ever brought forward or projected by the opposition. All that the foes of the Democratic party are capable of doing is simply to oppose everything good, bad or indifferent that may be inaugurated. Yet, notwithstanding all the blessings that unceasingly flow from a continuously wise and liberal Democratic rule, we have to witness every day the most unblushing, the most absurd and bloated tirades upon the character and motives of the experienced statesmen who is now at the head of the party, the President of the United States. All this unchristian abuse is vain, futile, and arrogant. It is unreasonable, unjust and wicked. The masses of our great Republic are becoming every day more and more disgusted with it. The practical results of a correct administration of the Government speak more with the public than all the charges a servant press can bring against it.

We certainly owe some sort of duty to our country, and that duty is real, and not a mere chimera of the imagination. Practical freedom and available rights are more to us, and to us, a great nation, than all the mere gammon of hireling "freedom spouters." Wherever white men may be oppressed by unjust legislation, we always find these shrieters taking a hand in the business of oppression. We have never yet known them to do anything for the practical benefit of white men. You may follow them through interminable windings and tortuous labyrinths, while seeking for the true principles of freedom, and they finally bring up to a "nigger."

It is exceedingly refreshing to hear these thin-pated scribblers discourse their most enchanting music about the downfall of the good old Democratic party, which fears her favors no man in particular, be he great or small, high or low, rich or poor. The whole history of the party opposed to the Democracy is one of false issues, false pretenses, and hypocritical blasphemy of the common interest of our common Confederacy. They will stick at nothing which promises a defeat of the Democratic party. Their perpetual cry is opposition. Opposition is what they want, and opposition is what they will have to their heart's content.

STATUS OF THE NEGRO.—We seldom find an opposition paper so much good sense within a little space, on the ill-understood matter of "slavery," as the following from the Evansville (Indiana) *Journal*. It touches upon several points of great weight:

"We confess ourselves very tired of the expression used in the manufacture of political platforms, that 'freedom is national and slavery sectional.' It will do to 'round off' a high-sounding resolution, but means just nothing at all. 'Freedom is national'—says one of the Indianapolis conventions. Does it mean the freedom of white men? It would be folly to enunciate a doctrine never called in question since the formation of the government. The inference is, that the convention meant to say that the freedom of the negro is national; a position hardly to be maintained. The anti-slavery party is prepared to subscribe to such a creed, why do they not go a step further and say that the freedom of the black man is national? They are ready to oppose every measure tendering the institution of slavery in any way, shape or form. He has no right of a freeman in Indiana. He cannot vote, he is taxed for the support of schools from which he is excluded, and a clause was engrafted in the constitution, by a vote of the people of this island, forbidding free negroes, under pain of fine and imprisonment, from coming into the State. Let us beat no more (if such high sounding fallacies. Let the anti-slavery party state the proposition fairly, if they want a vote of freedom to the negro in Indiana as well as elsewhere, and at the next election the party will be swept out of existence, and the anti-slavery movement will again be confined to such men as Garrison, Gerrit Smith, and Giddings, who never have been put forward in party platforms, it is no fact that the negro is not free in the North and the South, nor can he be until we are prepared to embrace the doctrine of Fred Douglas himself, that the blacks are entitled to all the rights and privileges of free born whites. Let all admit the truth fairly, however disagreeable to our feelings."

THE FINANCIAL PLETHORA.

From the New York Herald.]

The banks of this city now hold nearly thirty-six millions in specie. There is no prospect of any such revival in foreign exchange as would justify the renewal of shipments of specie to Europe before the fall; and it is more than likely that the shipments will be very light for the whole of the coming twelve months. We are taking so little in the way of goods from Europe that the debt which we shall have to pay will be very small indeed. There is no exaggeration therefore in presuming that the next three months, to wit, May, June, and July, will add from ten to fifteen millions to our specie reserve, and that in the beginning of August the banks will find themselves with a specie accumulation of from forty-five to fifty millions of dollars. Indeed, as the influx of specie to the financial centres of the world does not proceed alone from the gold producing regions, but rather flows from the pockets of private individuals who, in ordinary times, keep a certain amount of coin on hand, there is every ground for believing that the gain of our banks during the next three months may be much larger. The country is supposed to contain some $250,000,000 in specie; of this we can find some $65,000,000 in banks; the balance—which is now in the purses of private individuals—may be banked to a great extent if this stagnation in trade continues.

The Bank of London contains at the present time over $90,000,000, to specie the Bank of France $75,000,000. In comparison with these great institutions our city banks are small potato concerns; holding among them less than half the price which lies in the vaults of the Bank of France. Yet—as will occur to every reflecting mind at the first glance of these figures—this is a much more actively commercial country than France; we produce more than the French, and we ought naturally to have more of the common circulating medium of commerce. One reason why New York holds so much less specie than Paris is the division of this country into independent financial circles, each with its own financial centre. Thus Boston holds eight, Philadelphia six, New Orleans ten, and Richmond, Cincinnati and Chicago, four or five more millions of dollars—making altogether some thirty millions of coin which are banked, held and distributed at centres outside of New York.

One thing is certain: the accumulation of money at the great financial centres of the world must necessarily in the forerunner of a period of intense excitement and expansion. There is no use in saying that the example of the late breakdown will deter us. It is common sense to talk of the still surviving troubles impeding a speculative movement. No such movement was ever stopped, or checked by recollections, however vivid, of former troubles. As a body, mankind are strikingly contemptuous of experience. And there is another point worth considering. Whenever a necessary consumation is foreseen, it may be taken for granted that it is upon us. When people say on solid grounds that there will be failures in October, they generally come in August; when the public foresee speculation in August, it breaks forth in June.

Practically, the accumulation of money in the banks is a very disastrous and melancholy token, implying a stagnation in trade, dullness in commerce, and a general falling off here in wages, there in profits, there in food. But as the foolish man conceives himself to be richer when he has sold his houses and lands for half their cost, and rejoices in the spirit of the shabby gold pieces, so the country looks wealthier as to fact it grows poorer; and just as the fool aforesaid is more likely to be careless of his money when he sees it before him in coin, then when it was yielding him a revenue in houses and lands, so the people of the United States, seeing the millions accumulate in the banks, are certain to forget the sorrow which drove it there, and to fly into all manner of speculations just to keep it going.

Cotton Cultivation in Africa.

Mr. Thomas Clegg, of Manchester, has published an interesting letter, describing the result of the efforts which have been made by him for the last seven or eight years to promote the cultivation of cotton in Africa, with the view of putting down the slave trade by showing the native chiefs and others "that it was their interest to employ their people, instead of making war upon each other for the sake of getting a colorable right or pretext for selling into slavery the prisoners taken in such marauding expeditions." An opening experiment at Sierra Leone failed, and he decided to go at once to interior cotton fields and to the residence of the chiefs about Abbeokuta. Finding, however, that the European agents either died off or had returned to this country, several young Africans were selected by the Missionary Society and sent over to England, at the expense of the Native Agency Committee, to be educated and instructed in the best method of cleaning the cotton without injury in the fibre. The African Native Agency Committee of London also supplied parching presses and other machinery, and Mr. Platt supplied cotton gins, goods, and money to purchase the cotton with. Up to the last ultimo he had sent out 157 cotton gins, costing from £3 17s. 6d to £10 10s. each. He has entered into correspondence with upwards of 70 native and other African traders, 21 or 22 of them being chiefs, and many of them having begun to consign their cotton and other produce to him. Three manufacturers, of Manchester, have sent out 250 cotton gins, and the natives are at present, with their present appliances, able to turn out yearly 4,368,000 pounds of clean cotton, equal to 10,000 American bales. This he regards as a rare instance of rapid development of a particular trade, and, after a view of all the known facts, he can clearly see a prospect of the slave trade being entirely starved out. The cotton, from whatever part of Africa it comes, will invariably sell in Liverpool for 2d. or 3d. per pound more than Bras. India cotton. For some years it has never cost more than 4d per pound in the seed; more has been offered at that price than the agents, chiefs, and dealers have been able to buy up; and it can be laid down in Liverpool at 4½d per pound, while it is now worth 7d, and not long ago was worth 9d per pound. Mr. Clegg says, that, believing in the goodness of the cause, he is anxious to raise £20,000 for the establishment of four new cotton stations.

A FLOURISHING CITY IN CENTRAL AMERICA.—The New Orleans Picayune has a wandering, enquiring and intelligent correspondent traveling through the Central American States, who thus briefly notices one of the cities that he entered on the 26th of February:

San Jose, after the city of Guatemala, is probably the best built city of Central America, and contains about 15 000 inhabitants. It is situated in the beautiful valley of the same name, every foot of which is cultivated like a garden. The climate is delicious, and is very even, the thermometer ranging, between morning and night, most of the year round, at 65 and 75 degrees. It scarcely ever rises above 80 in the hottest part of the day, or falls below 60 in the coolest. The people of the city, like the great mass of the people of Costa Rica, are mostly pure Indian or a little Spanish mixed. To one accustomed to the idleness of Panama their industry appears extraordinary. Every one is busy. In fact an idler is scarcely to be seen. Gambling is prohibited by the laws, and if there are any tippling shops in the city they are hard to find. The laws are mild and reasonable, but always enforced. The police courts have but little to do, and the jails are tenantless. So healthy is the climate that there are very few persons in the hospitals, and these are mostly wounded or infirm persons. Besides, the people are generally so thrifty that when sick but few feel obliged to appeal to the public charity.

Among the agriculturists, on the coffee and tobacco estates, labor commands about forty cents per day, and it is not easy to be had. The cost of living among the lower classes, with their few wants, temperate habits and frugal ways, is very cheap. The wealthy make no great display either in their houses or their clothing. Their town-houses are simply but comfortably furnished, and their farm-houses, in the valleys, where they spend the planting and harvesting seasons, are almost as roughly kept as soldiers' barracks. And yet some of these planters send crops to market worth $50,000.

☞ The Washington correspondent of the *New York Times*, writing on the subject says:

"ROBERT J. WALKER and ex-secretary STANTON, we learn, are both in favor of the English bill. Governor WALKER has written a letter on the subject, which is expected to appear in the *Union* to-morrow morning, as a clincher for the anti-Lecompton men in the House."

OSSINI.—In Italy the name of OSSINI is stealthily written upon the walls in the towns and cities, and his medals and busts are found everywhere.

☞ The question as to the best means of obtaining a supply of labor is still vigorously agitated in the Jamaica papers. In the other British islands, as well as the French possessions of Martinique and Guadaloupe, the sugar planters are complaining loudly of the lack of hands.

AN ELOPEMENT CASE.—An affair of this kind, possessing more than ordinary interest, came to light yesterday. The circumstances are about as follows: About three months ago Mr. G. W. Anderson became an inmate of the family of Mr. E. A. Randall, of Louisville. An attachment sprung up between the former and Mr. Randall's wife, and an elopement was determined on. Last Thursday Mrs. Randall left her home, and about the same time Mr. Anderson was missing. Mr. Randall soon learned, by inquiry, that such had taken separate passages for Indianapolis, and pursued him to that place. On arriving there he learned that they had left that place in company, and probably for St. Louis. He accordingly started in pursuit, and yesterday morning at 4 o'clock was invoked, and yesterday afternoon the eloping couple were discovered on Sixth Street, on their way to the Pacific Railroad. The husband at once pitched into the lover of his wife, and a scuffle ensued which raised quite a commotion. Order was restored by the officer who accompanied the husband, and Mr. Anderson was arrested and taken to the police block. Mrs. Randall, when she left her home, took with her her child, aged two years, and Mr. Randall, supposed, has either merely to visit his child, and as having no inclination to prosecute any charge against the eloping parties. On examining Mr. Anderson at the police office he was found to have a considerable amount money in gold and a revolver. He merely waived the question of the pistol, the officer entered against him, and on this he was locked up in the calabooze. Soon after supper, however, the Chief of Police, to whom the commitment of Mr. Anderson was first entrusted, by request, released him from confinement, on his own recognizance, rightly thinking that, "forewarned is a ranger passing through our city on a charge of carrying concealed weapons is a good hospitality. On the suggestion of the Mayor, Mrs. Randall was taken in charge by Mrs. Mary Ward, City Missionary. The child was taking possession of by its father. This elopement creates a great stir in the circles of residence of the parties, both belonging to the first respectability, and one of them being related to one of the most distinguished families in the Union, and the sphere of sorrow is most unbounded.—*St. Louis Leader.*

The Andrew Jackson Legacies.

DUNDONNA, April 19, 1858.

To the Editors of the New Orleans Picayune:

DEAR SIRS: You may recollect that the will of Gen. Jackson contains the following clause: "The large silver vase, presented to me by the ladies of Charleston, South Carolina, my native State, with the large picture representing the unfurling of the American banner, presented to me by the citizens of South Carolina, when it was refused to be accepted by the United States Senate, I leave in trust to my son, Andrew Jackson, Jr., with directions that, should our happy country not be blessed with peace, an event not always to be expected, he will, at the close of the war, or end of the conflict, present each of said articles of inestimable value to that patriot residing in the city or State from which they were presented, who shall be adjudged by his countrymen, or the ladies, to have been the most valiant in defense of his country and our country's rights."

Knowing the deep interest which others of his countrymen besides myself feel in all things which relate to that venerated patriot, I enclose a letter from Gov. Allston, of South Carolina, and one from Major Eastman, of Tennessee, late Treasurer of the United States, from which you will perceive that the difficulties in the way of a literal execution of that clause of his will making bequests to the "most valiant" son of his native State have been obviated by Mr. Jackson's adoption of the Governor's admirable suggestion that the remains of the Palmetto Regiment "*be regarded as one man.*"

I have a letter from his Excellency this morning, of 10th instant, saying: "By last night's mail I received (with yours containing an extract from the will of Gen. Jackson, for which accept my thanks) a letter from Mr. A. Jackson, the executor, dated Memphis, in which he advises that the bequest has been placed in charge of Adams' Express, to be delivered to me; and conveys to me the authority to present it in accordance with the instructions in the [my] letter which you forwarded to him for perusal. I write, forthwith, to give you the earliest notice of this, and to invite you to assist me in the distribution of the bequest. I shall give the same invitation to Col. Gadsden and Col. Hayne."

It will strike you as very appropriate that those gallant soldiers, once distinguished members of the old Hero's staff, should be allowed to participate in carrying out his last wishes and bequests; and it is cause of deep regret to me (his cherished ward, and the devoted friend and chaunsman of the gallant and ill-fated Butler) that I cannot avail myself of the high privilege accorded to me, and assist in bearing the honorable bequests of the former upon the shattered remains of the glorious regiment of the latter.

How proud I should have felt in reading to them his affectionate and complimentary mention of them, in his last letter to me, and in reminding them of his noble reply to his immediate commander, in his great extremity, on the bloody field of Chippewa: "Go on, Gen. Shields, and South Carolina will follow you to the death!" Very truly yours,

R. G. W. BUTLER.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
CHARLESTON, March 9, 1858.

DEAR SIR: Since your last, I have been called to our seat of Government, and have there conferred (in relation to another matter) with a board of leading citizens from central parts of the State, one of them a prominent and sterling member of the Palmetto regiment of Mexico. They concurred with me in the opinion that no soldier of Mexico, who should be singled out from among all those who behaved so gallantly in Mexico, and should be made, for that reason, the inheritor of Gen. Jackson's bequest, could ever again live in peace.

I have met nearly the majority of the survivors of our volunteers in the Mexican war, and have talked with many. In no one thing do they all agree so entirely as in this: "all were brave and devoted whenever the opportunity offered; and there was no one man left who may be called the bravest."

Permit me to make a suggestion, through you, to the executor of the veteran hero of New Orleans. A year ago, or more, the surviving members of the Palmetto regiment (a remnant, indeed,) formed themselves into an association, in order to secure, annually, a reunion of the scattered fragments of the corps, and, at the same time, to care for each other when old and decrepid and needy, and each other's family. This association held its first meeting in May last; and, after listening to an oration, marched in a body to pay homage to the master roll of the regiment, and its tattered flag, which is in the keeping of my department, preserved in a glass case. It was a touching exhibition of natural and honorable sentiment.

They are to meet again the first week in May, of this year, and will be addressed by Gen. Quitman.

Now, what I propose is, that the regiment be regarded as one man, in the sense of the renowned testator; they acted almost as one man in the field, and that the Palmetto Association, the representative of that regiment, united for benevolent purposes, be made the recipient of your noble friends bequest. Should this suggestion be approved, and the plate, &c., be sent to me, with the proper authority from the executor, I shall feel proud to deliver it at Columbia, 1st May next. But, it would be more pleasing to me, and more grateful to the State, if you would be here, and present it in person—you who could represent the man and the sentiments which actuated him.

If the idea of the Association is not approved, the presentation might be made to the State, or its Executive, in trust, for the last survivor, being a citizen and resident of South Carolina, of the Palmetto regiment. In this case, I would take measures to have it preserved among the trophies of the regiment.

For the picture, if the executor feels disposed to present that in Carolina, I have the pleasure to mention the Art Association of this State, of which I am President, which has fitted up a gallery of art, now open to the city, as a worthy recipient; the managers of which would take pride in preserving the memento.

Yours, truly, R. F. W. ALLSTON.

NEAR NASHVILLE, TENN.,
March 28, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR: You have, doubtless, before now received mine of the 6th, accompanied by an abstract of the will.

Three days ago, I received yours of the 16th inst., with Governor Allison's to you of the 9th, and I immediately took measures to have an interview with Andrew Jackson, Jr., and I met him in town yesterday.

He at once fell in with the suggestions of the Governor; and, as there is but little time to spare, he said he would go directly home and have the vase and pictures carefully put up, in proper boxes, and deliver them on his way this week to Adams' Express, directed to the Governor at Charleston. I see he directs his letter to you, "Executive Office, Charleston."

Mr. Jackson says that he had lately been written to, on the same subject, by Col. Gadsden, and that he had replied to him, but did not state to me what was the purport of his reply. Yours, truly, DANIEL GRAHAM.

Col. R. G. W. BUTLER, Dunbonna.

THE END OF "GREAT MEN."—Happening to cast my eyes upon a printed page of miscellaneous matter, I perceived that the most conspicuous faces were Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, and Bonaparte. I had seen the same concordance arise in my bosom, as my mind hastily glanced over their several histories.

Alexander, after having climbed the dizzy heights of ambition, and with his temples bound with chaplets dipped in the blood of countless nations, looked down upon a conquered world, and wept that there was not another world for him to conquer, set a city on fire, and died in a scene of debauch.

Hannibal, after having, to the astonishment and consternation of Rome, passed the Alps—after having put to flight the armies of "the mistress of the world," and made her very foundations quake—fled from this country, being hated by those who once exultingly rolled his name to that of their god and called him Baal—and died at last by poison administered by his own hands, unwept, in a foreign land.

Cæsar, after having conquered eight hundred cities, and dyed his garments in the blood of one million of his foes; after having pursued to death the only rival he had on earth, was miserably assassinated by those he considered his nearest friends, and in that very place the attainment of which has been his great ambition.

Bonaparte, whose mandate kings and popes obeyed, after having filled the earth with the terror of his name—after having deluged Europe with tears and blood, and clothed the world in sackcloth—closed his days in lonely banishment, almost literally exiled from the world, yet where he could sometimes see his country's banner waving over the deep, but which could not bring him aid!

Thus those four men, who, from the peculiar situation of their portraits, seemed to stand as the representatives of those whom the world called great—those four, who each in turn made the earth tremble to its very centre by their simple tread, severally died—one by intoxication, or, as some suppose, by poison, mingled in his wine—one a suicide—one murdered by his friends—and one a lonely exile!—How are the mighty fallen!"

ROBERTSON COUNTY WHISKY.—From a notice that appeared in this paper yesterday, we were made to say that A. J. WALT & Co., were the only agents for this Whisky in Memphis. There are several brands of "Robertson County Whisky," and Messrs. WALT & Co., are the only agents for GEORGE W. RAY & Co.'s brands. There are agents for other brands of this Whisky in this city, among the number are Messrs. CAPERS & SMITH. It.

A SHOOTING CASE.—Yesterday, a party of Germans appeared before Esq. EAST, charged with having been concerned in an affray in the tenement of Mr. E. WOLFE, (who was one of the defendants,) on Main street above Adams, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. It appeared that Mr. CHARLES, a member of the German dramatic company, took a lease of Mr. WOLFE's place—the latter became dissatisfied with his tenant and yesterday, with two friends, entered the house and commenced an altercation, and refused to leave when ordered to do so by Mr. CHARLES. The latter left the room for a short time while the altercation was going on, when he heard his wife scream. On returning, he found that WOLFE was assaulting her; he drew a pistol and fired at him. The ball struck a pocket-book in WOLFE's pocket, and was turned back by some silver change in it, without doing him any injury. The escape was a narrow one. The whole party were brought before the Recorder, who fined WOLFE and one of his friends, named CHAS. BUTMER, five dollars each for making a disturbance. CHARLES, for firing the pistol, was fined twenty-five dollars. As Mr. CHARLES, who stands in the front of the theatre, has recently wrote the following laconic epistle: "If you don't quit her, I'll stop your allowance." To which the son replied: "If you do not behave, I'll worry her." The son will enjoy a seat in Parliament when he becomes of age.

The Affectionate Seal.

About forty years ago, a young seal was taken in Clew Bay, in Ireland, and domesticated in the kitchen of a gentleman whose house was situated on the sea-shore. It grew apace, became familiar with the family; its habits were innocent and gentle, it played with the children, came at its master's call, and as the man described him to me, was "fond as a dog, and playful as a kitten."

Daily the seal went out to fish, and after providing for his own wants, frequently carried in a salmon or turbot to his master. His delight in summer was to bask in the sun, and winter to lie before the fire, or if allowed, creep in the large oven which at that time formed the regular appendage of an Irish kitchen.

For four years the seal had been thus domesticated, when, unfortunately, a disease, called in that country the crippawn—a kind of paralytic affection of the limbs which generally ends fatally—attacked some black cattle belonging to the master of the house; some died, others became infected, and the customary cure produced by changing them to drier pasture failed. A wise woman was consulted, and she had assured the credulous owner that the mortality among his cows was occasioned by his retaining an unclean beast about his habitation—the harmless and amusing seal. It must be made away with directly, or the crippawn would continue; and her charms be unequal to avert the malady.

The superstitious wretch consented to the hag's proposal; the seal was put on board a boat, carried out beyond the Clare Island, and there consigned to the deep to manage for himself as he best could. The boat returned, the family retired to rest, and the next morning a servant awakened her master to tell him that the seal was quietly sleeping in the cove. The poor animal over night came back to his beloved home, crept through an open window, and took possession of his favorite resting place.

Next morning another cow was reported to be unwell. The seal must now be finally removed; a Galway fishing boat was leaving Westport on her return home, and the master undertook to carry off the seal, and not put him overboard until he had gone leagues beyond Innois Boffin. It was done—a day and night passed; the second evening closed, the servant was raking the fire for the night, something scratched gently at the door—it was of course the house dog; she opened it, and in came the seal! Wearied with his long and unusual voyage he testified by a peculiar cry, expressive of pleasure, his delight before the glowing embers of the hearth, he fell into a sound sleep.

The master of the house was immediately apprised of this unexpected and unwelcome visit. In the exigency, the beldame was awakened and consulted; she averred that it was always unlucky to kill a seal, but suggested that the animal should be deprived of sight, and a third time carried out to sea. To this proposition the person who owned the house consented, and the affectionate and confiding creature was cruelly robbed of sight. Next morning, writhing in agony, the mutilated seal was embarked, taken outside Clare Island, and for the last time committed to the waves.

A week passed over—but things become worse instead of better; the cattle died fast, and the beldame gave him the pleasurable tidings that her arts were useless, and that the destructive visitation upon his cattle exceeded her skill and cunning.

On the eighth night after the seal had been devoted to the Atlantic, it blew tremendously. In the pauses of the storm a wailing noise at times was faintly heard at the door. Next morning the door of the house was opened—the seal was there lying dead upon the threshold!

The skeleton of the once plump animal—for, poor beast, it perished from hunger, being incapacitated through fear to procure its customary food—was buried in a sand hill, and from that moment misfortunes followed the abettors and perpetrators of this inhuman deed. The hag who had denounced the inoffensive seal was within a twelve month, hanged for murder.

Everything about this devoted house melted away—sheep rotted, cattle died, "and slighted was the corn." Of several children one reached maturity, and the savage proprietor survived everything he loved or cared for. He died blind and miserable.

Of the cottage building there is not one stone standing upon another.

LOCAL MATTERS.

☞ Rev. Dr. BROWN will preach in the Second Baptist Church this evening at 8 o'clock, and will hold a series of meetings each evening during the week.

☞ Rev. S. D. BALDWIN, of Nashville, will preach at Wesley Chapel this evening, at 7½ o'clock.

☞ There will be services to-night at the Christian Chapel, on Linden street.

A FEELING ITEM.—Prof. FOWLER's experience is said to be demonstrative of the fact that feeling heads is more profitable than feeling hearts.

VENUS.—The beautiful bright star seen in the Westfearly in the evening, is the planet Venus, which is now in the constellation SAGITTUS.

NAPOLEON.—To-day is the thirty-seventh anniversary of the death of NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, who died in 1821.

GRAVELING.—The graveling of the streets will commence very late this year, the high water makes it impossible to get the material at present.

NEW STRAW GOODS.—See the advertisement of Messrs. SMITHWICK, SNEED & Co. They are selling, among other seasonable goods, an endless variety of straw goods which they have just received.

☞ The Botanico-Medical College of Memphis, situated on Beal street, will be sold by the Clerk and Master of the Chancery Court, this morning, at 11 o'clock. Sale on the premises. See advertisement.

LAW NOTICE.—JAMES MOORE, Attorney at Law, will attend regularly the courts at Marion, Crittenden county, Arkansas. Office No. 30 Madison street, Memphis.

LIQUOR DEALING.—Since the overturn of the nine o'clock ordinance, the retailing of liquor has greatly increased in Memphis. In every part of the city new saloons and doggeries are making their appearance. They will prove more powerful for evil than the daily prayer meetings for good.

CUBA MEETING IN ALABAMA.—The Moulton *Democrat* has a notice of a public meeting which was to take place on the 3d inst. in that place, "for the purpose of putting on foot measures for the acquisition of Cuba by the Government of the United States, or its emancipation from Spanish misrule." The meeting was called at the request of sundry citizens.

☞ Monsieur MARTINA, the well known ventriloquist, with his lady, arrived in the city on Tuesday, and will remain here several days. Monsieur proposes to give an exhibition at Odd Fellows' Hall, at an early day, for the benefit of the free schools of this city. He has given benefits for schools and other public institutions at nearly every place where he has exhibited. He may be found at the Worsham House.

A NEW PAPER.—We see by a prospectus that has reached us, that J. C. FERRIS, Jr., is about to publish, in La Grange, a weekly paper to be called the La Grange *Independent Journal*, price two dollars a year. It will pay special attention to the local interests of La Grange and neighborhood, and in political matters will maintain a strictly independent position. We wish Mr. FERRIS abundant success in his undertaking.

BEAUTIFUL AND ACCEPTABLE PRESENTS.—Our particular and attentive friend, Major REDMAN, of Crittenden county, Arkansas, yesterday presented us with a bouquet of most beautiful and tastefully adjusted flowers; also a mess of Irish potatoes of this season's growth. Both were grown on his place, (*Villa Rosa,*) in Arkansas.

ROBERTSON COUNTY WHISKY.—From a notice that appeared in this paper yesterday, we were made to say that A. J. WALT & Co., were the only agents for this Whisky in Memphis. There are several brands of "Robertson County Whisky," and Messrs. WALT & Co., are the only agents for GEORGE W. RAY & Co.'s brands. There are agents for other brands of this Whisky in this city, among the number are Messrs. CAPERS & SMITH. It.

A SHOOTING CASE.—Yesterday, a party of Germans appeared before Esq. EAST, charged with having been concerned in an affray in the tenement of Mr. E. WOLFE, (who was one of the defendants,) on Main street above Adams, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. It appeared that Mr. CHARLES, a member of the German dramatic company, took a lease of Mr. WOLFE's place—the latter became dissatisfied with his tenant and yesterday, with two friends, entered the house and commenced an altercation, and refused to leave when ordered to do so by Mr. CHARLES. The latter left the room for a short time while the altercation was going on, when he heard his wife scream. On returning, he found that WOLFE was assaulting her; he drew a pistol and fired at him. The ball struck a pocket-book in WOLFE's pocket, and was turned back by some silver change in it, without doing him any injury. The escape was a narrow one. The whole party were brought before the Recorder, who fined WOLFE and one of his friends, named CHAS. BUTMER, five dollars each for making a disturbance. CHARLES, for firing the pistol, was fined twenty-five dollars. As Mr. CHARLES, who stands in the front of the theatre, has recently wrote the following laconic epistle: "If you don't quit her, I'll stop your allowance." To which the son replied: "If you do not behave, I'll worry her." The son will enjoy a seat in Parliament when he becomes of age.

Port of Memphis.

Arrivals and Departures.

WEDNESDAY, May 5, 1858.

Pacific, New Orleans to Louisville.
Republic, New Orleans to Louisville.
Fremont, New Orleans to Cincinnati.
N. W. Thomas, New Orleans to Cincinnati
T. L. McGill, New Orleans to St. Louis.
Imperial, St. Louis to New Orleans.
Kate Frisbee, Vicksburg to Memphis.

River News.

The river was falling more rapidly yesterday, having last evening gone down four inches in the twenty-four hours. The effect of the decline is already very perceptible along the banks, and a sense of relief is experienced by many who looked for results even more disastrous than those that have actually occurred.

The Memphis last evening took out 850 bales of cotton, and the Nick Thomas 475, all for the Ohio.

The Evansville did not get out last night, but will leave this evening at 6 o'clock. Thomason is in the office, and will make all the passengers comfortable.

The Kate Frisbee, Mason commander, Folger and Wood in the office, in the Vicksburg packet for to-morrow. Kate is now in elegant trim, and, since her alterations, performs most admirably. A more agreeable boat and more attentive officers than saucy Kate and her attaches cannot be found.

From the St. Louis *Republicans* of Tuesday last: The river at this point swelled 9 inches in the twenty-four hours ending at 6 o'clock last evening, and was still rising at dark—Bull, rain, rain! Nothing but rain all day yesterday—the most determined, impetuous sort of a rain—a soaking, steady, driving, drenching rain—a torrent all the time. The streets and levee were running rivers of mud and water, and of course business was almost completely suspended on the landing. At the present writing, 8 o'clock P. M., it is still raining, and there is no prospect of a suspension. It is believed that this rain is general all through the upper country, and it may be anticipated a still greater rise in the rivers. It is coming up pretty now, and its present rate of rise will soon examine what has fallen in a week past. The officers of the Chippewa, from Lansing, report the river rising when they left, on the 25th ult.

☞ Lord Brougham's son, who is yet a minor and consequently dependant upon his father for support, has been noted somewhat of late for attention to a young actress in the Bristol theatre. His father recently wrote the following laconic epistle: "If you don't quit her, I'll stop your allowance." To which the son replied: "If you do not behave, I'll worry her." The son will enjoy a seat in Parliament when he becomes of age.

For the Memphis Appeal.

THE PRIVIES.—The night grows late, the streets are hushed, the moonbeams deck the deserted pavement, and sleep strews its slumbrous poppies over the inhabitants of the silent city. All are at rest, save the printer, who is busy at his case.

Dreams, lovely as winged cherubs, hover about the repose of man and maiden—visions pure and beautiful as first lilies soothe the rest of matron and child, but to the printer all is reality, toil and weariness.

How nimbly and cheerfully does he adjust the faithful types, as if he took "no note of time," and the duties wearing out his life were more a diversion than a laborious avocation. But amid their monotonous discharge, believe me, the printer thinks of home and sweet rest, and sighs within himself for the time when he can, if he will, enjoy the blessings of quiet and repose. And yet there is no repose for him, though the night tramps on, and the jocund dawn will soon appear.

Why do his motions grow less rapid? Why move his fingers in so deliberate and mechanical a way? Whence is that smile that lingers at his lip like the first sunbeam at the gates of morning? There is a gentle presence at his side—an eye, bright as love itself, glancing into his own—an accent, sweet as music, entrancing his ear and reaching his very heart. It is but a moment; it was only a reverie; it did not even win him from his occupation. It caused his hand to falter, and to cease, and the printer awakens to busy toil again.

You that receive your sun-rise favorite, and wander perhaps listlessly over its pages, remember it is the fruit of toil which was active and untiring while you were quietly sleeping, and that your convenience and comfort is bought with the price of weariness. There is an "electric chord" which, being charged with sympathy, will carry the gentle burden even to the most distant hearts. Let us bespeak its agency in behalf of the faithful printer.

TIP. VICKERS.

☞ For late papers, we thank the accommodating clerk of the fine packet-boat *Eclipse*.

RECORDER'S COURT.—Ten applicants for justice, most unwilling ones, appeared at the bar of the Recorder's Court yesterday. They were all finally fined a live operation for the city finances.

GROCERIES BY AUCTION.—Do not forget that a rare chance at present exists for securing cheap groceries. The fine stock in SPIGER's store, on Shelby street, near Union, is for sale by auction this morning, at 10 o'clock. Bargains are certain.

CARBONIFEROUS.—In consequence of the impossibility of landing at the wood yards below, and of the loss of immense quantities of cord wood carried off by the waters, the boats leaving this place are obliged to lay in large supplies of coal; a profitable occurrence to our coal merchants, who have at present unusually large stocks on hand.

A PHILOSOPHER.—After searching the Exchange Building, the Calabooze, and the Station-House, and interrogating policemen, public characters and men about town yesterday, our "Local" returned without an item, declaring that he had reached the height of philos