THE APPEAL.

THE COMET.

From the Washington Star.]

Mr. Editor: In the year 1843, in the New York American, the following verses appeared. I have not a copy of the paper from which I copy them. As they seem so entirely "apropos" to the present time, I send them to you. If you consider them worthy of publication, they are at your service. Respectfully, &c.,

WEST R. SHORES.

THE COMET OF 1843.

Deep in the blue of heaven serene,
A wonderous shining shape is seen;
Beyond each well known star.
Full would we ask from whence it came,
With its long lurid track of flame;
That followed it so far.

Strange thoughts within my soul arise,
Mysterious traveler of the skies,
Whence on thy form I pass;
I marvel not, in days of old,
That priest and sage have foretold
Dread omens from thy blaze.

Hast thou no voice? can'st then not tell
In what bright sphere thou wert thine to dwell
Before thou wandered'st here?
Or hast thou, just from Chaos sprung,
Its radiant beauty, fresh and young,
To run thy circling year.

Art thou a world like this of ours,
With silver streams and shady bowers,
And seas and mountains rich?
Hast thou fair forms that live and love
Amid thy happy realms above?
Also! art thou dark like?

Or art thou, as some minds delight
In dark and gloomy strains to write,
A large inhospitable orb,
Which soon shall from its orbit flash
And all our earth in ruin dash
To wind-wind, fire and water?

But hark! those angel-breathing notes!
A voice from that far region floats,
The stars in chorus ring
Oh! fear not Him whose name is love,
Who sitteth on His throne above,
Telegraphic thy small skiff's wing.

We ask not whence this stranger came,
Nor why that bright unwonted flame
Which on him we attended,
Enough for us with rays divine
In our appointed paths to shine
And serve our Maker's ends.

The sweet strain dies, and with its fall
Again deep silence brooks the hall
The shining orbs of Heaven,
Father of light! to thee we bow:
We seek not more to know than thou
Hast in thy wisdom given.

THE REWARD OF CURIOSITY.

A few years ago, on a radiant spring afternoon, two men, who, from their conversation, appeared to be foreigners, stopped before the gate of one of our large workshops in Philadelphia, for the manufacture of locomotive engines. Entering a small office, the elder of the two then inquired of the superintendent to attendance, if he would permit them to inspect the works.

"You can pass in and look about, if you please," said the superintendent, vexed apparently at being interrupted in the perusal of his newspapers. He then scanned the two strangers more closely. They were respectably but plainly clad, and evidently made no pretensions to official dignity of any kind.

"Is there any one who can show us over the establishment and explain matters to us?" asked Mr. Wolfe, the elder of the strangers.

"You must pick your own way, gentlemen," replied the superintendent, "we are all too busy to attend to every party that comes along. I'll thank you not to interrupt the workmen by asking them questions."

It was not so much the matter, as the manner of his reply, that was offensive to Mr. Wolfe and his companion. It was spoken with a certain official assumption of superiority, not to say with contempt for the visitors, indicating a haughty and selfish temper on the part of the speaker.

"I think we will not trouble you," said Mr. Wolfe, bowing and taking his companion's arm they passed out.

"If there is anything I dislike, it is incivility," said Mr. Wolfe, when they were in the street. "I do not blame the man for not wishing to show us over his establishment; he is no doubt annoyed and interrupted by many heedless visitors; but he might have dismissed us with courtesy. He might have sent us away better content with a gracious refusal, than with an ungracious consent."

"Perhaps we shall have better luck here," said the other stranger; and they stopped before another workshop of a similar kind. They were received by a brisk little man, the head clerk, apparently, who, in reply to their request to be shown over the establishment, answered, "Oh, yes! come with me, gentlemen. This way, if you please." So saying, he hurried them along the area strewed with iron bars, broken and rusty wheels of iron, fragments of oil cylinders, into the principal workshop.

Here, without stopping to explain one thing, he led the strangers along with the evident intention of getting rid of them as soon as possible. When they passed where the workmen were riveting the external casing of a boiler, the clerk looked at his watch, tapped his right foot against an iron tube, and showed other signs of impatience. Whereupon Mr. Wolfe remarked, "We will not detain you longer, sir," and with his friend took leave.

"This man is an improvement on the other," said Mr. Wolfe, "but all the civility he has in on the surface; it does not come from the heart. We must look further."

The strangers walked on for nearly half a mile in silence, when one of them pointed to a picture of a locomotive engine with a train of cars underneath. It overtopped a small building, not more than ten feet in height, connected with a yard and workshop. "Look," said the observer, "here is a machinist whose name is not on our list. Probably it was thought too small a concern for our purpose," said his companion. "Nevertheless, let us try it," said Mr. Wolfe.

They entered, and found at the desk a middle aged man, whose somewhat grimmy aspect and apron round his waist, showed that he divided his labors between the workshop and the counting-room.

"We want to look over your works, if you have no objection."

"It will give me great pleasure to show you all that is to be seen," said the man, with a pleased alacrity, ringing a bell, and telling the boy who entered to take charge of the office.

He led the way, and explained to the strangers the whole process of constructing a locomotive engine. He showed them how the various parts of the machinery were manufactured, and patiently answered all their questions. He told them of an improved mode of boring boilers, by which the power of generating steam was increased, and showing with what care he provided for security from bursting.

Two hours passed rapidly away. The strangers were delighted with the intelligence displayed by the mechanic, and with his frank, attentive and unsuspicious manners. "Here is a man who loves his profession so well, that he takes pleasure in explaining its mysteries to all who can understand them," thought Mr. Wolfe.

"I am afraid we have given you a great deal of trouble," said the elder stranger.

"Indeed, gentlemen, I have enjoyed your visit," said the mechanic, "and shall be glad to see you again."

"Perhaps we may," said Mr. Wolfe; and the strangers departed.

Five months afterwards, as the mechanic, whose means were quite limited, sat in his office, meditating how hard it was to get business by the side of such large establishments as were his competitors, the two same strangers entered. He gave them a hearty welcome, handed chairs, and sat down.

"We come," said Mr. Wolfe, "with a proposition to you from the Emperor of Russia."

"From the Emperor? Impossible!"

"Here are our credentials."

"But, gentlemen," said the now agitated mechanic, "what does this mean? How have I earned such an honor?"

"Simply by your straightforward courtesy and frankness, combined with professional intelligence," said Mr. Wolfe. "Because we were a stranger, you did not think necessary to treat us with distrust or coldness. You saw we were in earnest in acquainting ourselves with your works, and did not ask us, before extending to us your civilities, what letters of introduction we brought. You measured us by the spirit we showed, and not by the dignities we could have exhibited."

The mechanic visited St. Petersburgh, and soon afterwards moved his whole establishment thither. He had imperial orders for as many locomotive engines as he could construct. He has lately returned to his own country, and is still receiving large returns from his Russian workshop. And all this property grew out of his unselfish civility to two strangers, one of whom was the secret agent of the Czar of Russia.

Late Arrivals of Boots and Shoes.

WE are now in receipt of our Fall and Winter stock of BOOTS AND SHOES, which we offer on terms which will astonish. We have taken unusual pains in selecting our stock with reference to this market, and feel assured that we can give satisfaction, both in price and quality.

From planters, River Traders, and Merchants, generally, we would request an examination before purchasing. Terms Cash, or city acceptances.

WALLACE & VAN PELT.

sep16-3-m

BANJO TAUGHT
— IN —
TWELVE LESSONS!
F. B. CONVERSE,
(Late of Peel's Campbell Minstrels.)

WOULD respectfully announce, that he has taken rooms at Odd Fellows' Hall, where he is prepared to give lessons on the Banjo in a manner that will suit the most fastidious.

Persons desiring instructions, can ascertain terms, &c., by calling on Mr. F. Converse, at G. W. Alexander's Music Store, also at Bowen's Music Store, Main street.

Ladies wishing instructions on the Banjo will be waited on at their residences, by leaving orders at the above place. sep21-tf

NEW HOTEL
FOR SALE.

THE subscriber has to the town of Grenada, Haywood county, Tenn., a NEW HOTEL, known as the Sprague House, and kept that name by F. B. Fortune, containing twenty five rooms entirely new, and in good order and both in appearance, with double galleries both in front and back of the building. A large fine Livery Stable newly built and in good order. Also a large Wholesale Grocery Building, formerly occupied by Messrs. Adams, Sneppes & Co., as a Wholesale Grocery. The above property is situated on the south side of the public square, near Depot, and close to the Hotel. The buildings are all new, in good order, built strong and substantial.

The undersigned would be willing to dispose of the property on reasonable terms, and take in exchange for them Lands lying on either side of the Mississippi river, or on the Indian, or within four to six miles from the river below Memphis, and will pay the difference in money and land. The Hotel is now in full blast, and at the present month, the Hotel will be vacated for the next five years, and any person wishing to become an occupant, can find no better stand in the Mississippi Valley. McDowell's Law

H. W. DOTSON, Sr.

Sheriff's Sale.

BY virtue of an order of sale to me directed from the office of Hiram W. Hill, Esq., Chancery to be attributed to favor of W. Walker Wright, Jr. and W. A. and F. O. Crawford for $61 62 and cost. I will on 10th November next, in front of the Sheriff's Office in Memphis, Shelby county, Tenn., between the hours of ten and one, sell at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, the following real estate, to wit: Lot one street between third and fourth streets, and adjoining the property of Mrs. Mary Ann Gresham's adjoining property of Mrs. Mary Ann Gresham's adjoining property of Mrs. Mary Ann Gresham's adjoining