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Daily Appeal.

LETTER FROM "WILLIAM ATSON."

"Heart Whispers," the new Memphis book, heretofore advertised in these columns, has proved an entire success. There is no longer any doubt about it. The author, it seems, has been writing to his wife about the reception his book has met with, and his letter has fallen into our hands. It is in his best vein—in fact, it is so good we do not feel at liberty to withhold it from the public. Here it is:

BORDENSOLA GULA, January 1, 1859.

DEAR MOLLY: The book—"A Peep Behind the Family Curtain; or, Heart Whispers"—has been issued.

My secret whispers to you are now audible to the public.

The public, thus far, has heard with attention, and cheered with enthusiasm. The highest possible compliments have been paid "The Peep."

One reviewer declares that the unassuming little offering "is a clear addition to the literature of the country—a clear addition to our knowledge of the springs of human happiness." Another compliment, still higher if possible, is, that every husband, who speaks of it in my presence, says: "My wife and I read it together."

Is it not delightful for an obscure man, bid in a dark corner of the earth, working for victuals and clothes for self and family, amid the pauses of his labor, or during its continuance, to be able to say to himself: "I have, from good motives, attempted to scatter over the kind some thoughts designed to do good, which are being rehearsed at the family firesides—now in mom's rough voice, now in sister's dulcet tones—in the hearing of susceptible, fertile-hearted prattlers, just beginning the dangerous voyage of eternity.

What a singular effect praise has upon me. Had my offering been abused, misrepresented, ridiculed, I should have clothed myself in the armor of defence, and minicked with the blows of my battle-axe and thrusts of my broadsword the grander deeds of old Richard "the Dog-hearted." Nothing of shame would have mantled my cheek, no sense of fear would have quickened my heart-beats during the rage of the battle. In the excitement of self-defense I might have concluded, for the moment, that I deserved something, that I was a greater man than you or Uncle Sam. But I am completely disarmed. I have no weapons left. Praise has taken them away, and bound my hand and foot. I never fell so humble. Whatever good qualities I may possess, contrite as though looked at through a microscope. My defects rear up their huge forms as though the microscope were turned upon them.

What is most singular and most humbling is that the few who have discovered me in my hiding place, who know me just as I am, with all my faults, instead of saying, we are mistaken, "No good can come out of Nazareth," are most earnest and vociferous in their plaudits.

I write to tell you the effect of all this. I am going to try to do better. I intend to strive more earnestly to appreciate the ideal readers of the Peep seem to have formed of me.

We were fearful, you recollect, that some, not knowing how far away we had gone, how carefully we had hid ourselves, might think the book personal, egotistical, indecent; that it was merely an ambitious effort to project myself and family into prominence and notoriety. The charge has not yet been made. All seem to understand that I raked the seemingly indecent out from hidden depths of the common sense of the American community; because I considered my family a mere type of American families; because I believed that a majority of the latter, especially at the South and in the country, would bear without injury a scrutinizing peep behind the curtain that veils their thoughts and doings from the world; and that such a peep into the more mysterious realm, into the very holy sanctum of domestic Christian worship, would not make them worse and might cause the bad and the beastly unless given over to hardness of heart, to believe unchariitable suspicions and lies, that they may be dissed with on earth, to be ashamed of their badness and beastliness.

My acts, private and public, have shine been charitably interpreted. You have frequently heard me say, "O how sore to anticipate injustice and to have some reason to grumble at what is inevitable. I usually get disabled at every little effort." An idea has just entered my head explanatory of this. You know I judge my fellow-women kindly; that, however, I may abuse them before their faces, I shower always defend them behind their backs. Perhaps the more than justice usually done me is a mysterious fulfilment of the promise "with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged." I am absolutely crying. Perhaps the train of humbling, grateful emotions excited by the kindness being showered upon me will make you shed pleasant tears.

I hear of women weeping and great hulking men, coarse and ugly as the author, actually blubbering as they read our heart-whispers. People talk a great deal about the head. They are now talking a good deal about mine. But I tell you, the head—the mind is the mere organ of the heart. The heart—the soul is the motive power of the human organism. If you want to know a human being, grab him or her by the soul, and he or she will be pulled towards you keep your hold. This, I think, is the secret of the flattering reception given to Heart-Whispers. Written on a subject of exceeding delicacy and universal interest, they are the unstudied, unambitious, truthful utterances of a sensitive and docile soul. Every one, who hears their still small voice, recognizes music native to his heart.

I will not write, and I am thankful it is all small that I cannot write, unless my Molly's heart is "in support." Your image has the wonderful power of producing the harmonious action and co-action of these organs. Whenever my imagination catches a glimpse of you and the little ones, my soul wakes up, the current of emotion runs backwards and forwards through the apartments of this immaterial incomprehensible duality; and things old and new, as new to me as to any body elsewhere, of the mental chaos of mocked by Love. Lovely magicians.

I am no poet, but almost every poet drawsh inspiration from some real or imaginary embodiment of female loveliness.

So most every writer, who discourses of his race, and experts to reach the hearts of his readers.

Having spoken of humility as a consequence of being praised, you may inquire, how is this? I reply, comparison is the instrumentality which produces this apparently illogical result. We are not "puffed about," our signions are humbled. We look at our near relatives, then at our selves; the difference startles us. We look at good men in history, at good men around us; we think of the good Book; we glance up towards the good God. The disparity becomes alarming; we feel our littleness; we are humbled. To cut a long matter short by a home illustration: The judgmentally of the democratic editors in Memphis makes them appear large to the very man; they excel so highly. I ask myself, has Trousdale or Galloway written a book very interesting in many respects, but interspersed with uncomplimentary criticisms of whiggery, would I have had sufficient natural or acquired greatness of soul to assent, with all the enthusiasm of my nature, the tocsin of praise from the potent hight of an editorial tripod, without marring the divine poetry of the act by some spiteful fling at their political antagonists?

The course of the APPEAL did not so much surprise me, as that paper is regarded as the representative of conservative democracy; but that the thundering *avalanche*, charged with being anti-conservative, ultra-democratic, out-secession in its tendencies, should, for the sake of what it thought a good work, overlook my political errors, did greatly astonish me. The liberality thus displayed is a scathing rebuke to all the bigotry (your bell), that really teaches charity is quarrelsome sectarian.

I am bribed, bribed by magnanimity. "If you love me," Molly, now let me hear you again about a democratic editor, or any one else, unless he has committed some crime more heinous than the expression of seemingly erroneous opinions.

I have been so busy trading and arranging sundry little affairs preparatory to a settlement in our new home, that I have not had time to write or think about this book. We talk first day of leisure. The balance think of a matter so important to myself, remain as of old Mr. L. This old lady was a born aristocrat. She was brought up and lived and died in affluence. Notwithstanding this, she was a true woman; unostentatious, simple-hearted and guileless as an innocent child. In spite of aristocracy and wealth, she would attend personally to her domestic duties; she would make the bar apron, roll up her sleeves, and help the cook; wait on the house-servants and watch the kettle. One Sunday morning her tall, dignified, accomplished and pious husband desired its energetic little wife to accompany him to church. She did so. The "class-leader" approved it, and so poison times, I tell ye.

Sister L., how you are progressing in the divine life." All the class-leaders in Christendom could not have made that energetic little woman feel so good as the simple use of all, she replied. Really, I have been so much troubled about my duels and clickings lately, I have had time to think on that subject."

You perceive, I understand, that if husbands well make their wives weep, they should make them smile, even though they have to resort to an old anecdote. Kiss the little one, you remember me affectionately to all.

Yours, WM. ATSON.

TEXAN ITEMS.

The Indianola *Courier* states that a topographical party of the U. S. Coast Survey, under command of Capt. Wm. H. Dennis, have arrived in Indianola, and are about to commence operations, under instructions to connect our Texas coast with that of Mexico, and then extend their operations further southward.

The San Antonio *Ledger* states that the Sisters still divided in their town should "look on the evening of the 21st, with seven passengers, Arkansas coal, was greatly within schedule time. The St. Louis overland mail from California came on two days behind time, and had not arrived when the San Diego mail left. El Paso for San Antonio. On the 3d inst., snow fell to the depth of one inch at El Paso, and the weather was very cold. During this year recently been seen near Israel's river.

Major W. W. Leland, conductor with the Boundary Commission, is at the fort, and at Saltillo, and Captain Charles Leland, one of the proprietors of the Metropolitan Hotel, New York, have arrived at Galveston, on their way, with some fine stock, for their ranche, near San Antonio.

A letter from Newport, Walker county, says: "The Trinity river is in fine boating order. Mr. R. E. Cox's flatboat, from Parker's Bluff, and which was detained here on account of low water, started this morning with 200 bales cotton. The river is rising fast at this point, and is about 10 feet above low water mark."

The Victoria *Advocate* states that Ned, a free mulatto—the Lara's barber—who speaks the English, Spanish and French languages fluently—is a good musician—has traveled in the free States—is thirty years of age, and was made fully acquainted with the consequences of his act, has gone into voluntary servitude for life, and chosen Mr. E. Clegg, of Lavaca, for his master.

POLITICAL CONDITION OF CUBA.

A Cuban letter-writer gives the following graphic account of the political conditions of "ever faithful isle."

"There is in Cuba no freedom whatever, of religion or the press. Nothing can be printed without the supervision and approval of appointed Spanish censors. No man can go abroad or travel within the island without a foreign or native passport. Before arrival in a city, one of a change of domicile is required by the police, within a stated time, and under severe penalties. There is a limitation to the use of arms. None are allowed susceptible of concealment, or which might be made available in assassination or murder. Mines, even the use of walking canes of a certain size has been prohibited, and for several Cubans to assemble have been considered sufficient cause for suspicion, and the police has dispersed them with orders to the effect that if three individuals. Notice of balls and parties must be given to the police, who, after permission therefor is granted, must attend, in attendance. All documents must be turned on stamped paper, which varies in price from three cents (for the absolutely destitute) to, I believe, eight dollars per sheet. Political offenders are tried by a permanent military tribunal, which also takes cognizance of crimes or misdemeanors committed outside of military jurisdiction. The Cubans, unless he is known to be adhesive to the Spanish Government, can not hold the meanest office. For him to obtain a high one would amount prescription. Very few Cubans in the country. Judged by this test, the very few of any importance which are held by them, do not affect strong criticism upon the native loyalty. The Government has the power, which it has often exercised, of tearing a Cuban from the bosom of his family, and transporting him to Spanish Africa, consuming him in damp, insalubrious cells, or in the dungeon of the Moro or the Cabanas, where, sometimes without an accusation being preferred, he has been confined for months.

Sleeping with the Landlord's Wife.

We give the amused incident in regard to Rev. Zeb Twitchell's sleeping with bishops's bed on the evening of the 21st inst.,