THE MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL.

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Daily Appeal.

WESTERN HOTEL, February 4, 1859.

EDITOR APPEAL: In my rambles about your city, I have frequently amused myself by taking a stand on the corner of some street, and noting the great variety of faces, dress, gaits and expressions of the passers-by; and I will here give you the result of an hour's observation from a stand-point opposite Court Square on Main street. Here comes one whose tottering step, and silvered hair proclaim him to be far on the downward slope of the hill of life. His countenance is deeply marked with the furrows of time, and as we look upon him we feel that his pilgrimage on earth is nearly at an end. Yet, the mild look of that blue eye, now deeply sunken, and the benign expression of that face, tend us to believe that he looks back upon a life well spent in good deeds, and that the monster has but few terrors for him. He fodifies by, and we silently ejaculate the prayer that his few remaining years may be fraught with pleasure.

Next we behold one whom we recognize at once as belonging to that class yclept "Young America." His dare-devil look—his rollicking gait—his *fast* appearance generally, and last, though not best, (at least in his estimation,) the little streak of fire on his upper lip which he is bold enough to call a "moustache," convince us beyond a doubt that he is one of the "b'hoys." He looks and walks as though he was "Monarch of all he surveyed," and as he passes on we wonder whether or not his "mass-knows he's out," and are left guessing whether he is destined for the Halls of Congress, the walls of a State prison, or to fill a drunkard's grave. May it not be either of the two last named, is our devout wish.

But ah! whom have we next? We hear the rustling of silks, and as we raise our eyes we behold two lovely creatures, sweeping past. Sweeping, did I say—you, that is the word; and if you will observe them for a little way, you will come to the definite conclusion, as I have long since, that sweeping the side-walks with brooms, is time and labor thrown away. But let us reflect a little. In the beginning of the mighty Year, when God and Mother Earth were in her pristine state, and man was in his infancy and alone, the All-Wise gave him woman. She was the best of his works, and was given to man for a companion and helpmate. For a long period they were in a state of perfect happiness and contentment, and it is a remarkable fact, that during all this time Adam didn't have to *foot the first store bill* for his wife. But after a while the forbidden fruit was eaten, and for the first time, woman evinced a penchant for dress. The style in those days, dear reader, was very simple; and yet Madame Eve—we have good reason to believe—was one of the most beautiful women that ever lived; and we venture the assertion that the skirts of her dress were never, at any period of her life, long enough to sweep tobacco quids and other filth off the side-walks. Simplicity and comfort seemed to be the ends they aimed for a very long time afterwards, in their mode of dressing, and they depended on their pretty faces and sweet dispositions, and not on their fine silks and satins, to marry them off. Alas! alas! How we sigh for the good old days when hoops were made only for barrels, and five yards of *homespun* was enough to make any girl a Sunday go-to-meeting dress.

But we digress. The next one who attracts our attention is, we are quite certain, a planter. See his long strides, his careless, though not shabby dress, and the awkward way he holds his cigar between his teeth. He smokes the pipe at home, but having sent his cotton to-day for a fine price, (at least we judge so from the smile of satisfaction that now and then plays over his countenance,) he has treated himself to a fragrant Havana, and though he enjoys the "weed" hugely, he is somewhat awkward in its use. As he goes by, we notice a little wound-be dandy point at him, and laugh, while with a contemptuous toss of his head, he says something in the country-man makes two hundred bales of cotton per year, and the dandy is in debt for the very clothes he wears. So wags the world. From all such ways "good Lord deliver us!"

Next, in this living panorama, is the cotton-broker. For the past few days he has invested largely in the "staple," and is just returning from the telegraph office, where he received a dispatch, showing a further decline. There is no smile on his countenance. His lips are compressed, and his brow sit; and we are left understanding whether he intends jumping in the river, or risking another hundred thousand on the uncertainty of the cotton market. We rather incline to the later opinion.

We would like to give you a sketch of several other characters that we noted down, if we had not already occupied too much space; but we cannot conclude without noticing briefly one more. We will let sidermen, editors, and apple-women pass, and notice the young man, dressed in plain cloth, coming down the street. Mark the smile of perfect religious resting on that face—see how, occasionally, it spreads into a broad grin, as something particularly nice seems to occur to him, and see how he laughs almost right out, when he meets an acquaintance. We know him well. He has just returned from a visit to his lady-love, and she has at last listened to his prayer and promised to become his bride. ... named the happy day when the twain shall be one. He is by far the happiest looking individual on the streets to-day, except one, and that is a thick lipped darkey, whose *master made him* a present of a banjo this morning, and he (that is the darkey) hasn't been able to keep his teeth out of sight since. May the pathway of the bridegroom elect be strewn with flowers, and may the darky make glad his "gal," with the melody of his old banjo, is my prayer.

Yours, R. K. N. SAW.

Railroads in Arkansas.

The General Assembly has passed an act releasing the Cairo and Fulton, the Memphis and Little Rock, and the Fort Smith and Little Rock railroad companies from the conditions and restrictions upon which the lands granted by Congress for their construction were given them. These companies now hold their lands under no other restrictions than those imposed by Congress.

The General Assembly has also passed an act authorizing the Governor to subscribe stock to the amount of $40,000 in the Memphis and Little Rock and in the Mississippi, Ouachita and Red river railroads.

At a meeting of the board of directors of the Cairo and Fulton railroad company, recently held at their office in this city, Judge Edward Cross resigned the position he occupied as its President, and Col. John Robertson, of Memphis, was elected to fill the vacancy.

Col. Robertson is a man of ability, of great energy, and well acquainted with the subject of constructing railroads. His success as President of the Memphis railroad bar done his great credit. His late selection as President of this Cairo and Fulton railroad was a wise one.—*Little Rock True Democrat.*

The same paper has the following:

ELECTION OF JUDGE IN THE FIFTH JUDICIAL CIRCUIT.—A bill has been passed at the present session of the Legislature, postponing the election of a Judge in the fifth judicial circuit, composed of the counties of Prairie, Pulaski, Conway, Pope, Yell, Perry and Saline, till the next general election in August, 1860.

FALL OF AN ÆROLITE.—The following description of the fall of an aerolite is given in a letter, dated 9th of December, from Cluny, a village in the neighborhood of Toulouse, France:

About seven o'clock this morning, we heard a terrific explosion, similar to the sound of a heavy clap of thunder, which continued at least five minutes. At the same time, we perceive a million of sparks in the air, followed by a black cloud, which greatly astonished us. While we were gazing at the heavens, an enormous stone, of a nature unknown in this country, black and burning hot, fell close to our church, on a little farm belonging to the widow Marie Caperan. She was standing at the door, and being terrified, she called assistance. Her neighbors responded to her appeal. They went in the direction of the noise, and perceived an enormous stone, which they endeavored to raise up, but it was too hot. They found, on breaking it, that it was perfectly calcinated. It was observed that the weather is cold, and the mountains in the neighborhood are covered with snow. Our first impression was, that an aerolite had taken place in the mountains of Bigorre, and that the stone was cast from them; but on reflection, we found that could not be.

From New Mexico.

INDEPENDENCE, January 29.—The New Mexican mail, with Santa Fe dates of the 10th inst., arrived this evening.

Colonel Bonneville, the Superintendent Collins arrived at Santa Fe on the 8th, from Fort Defiance, having concluded a treaty of peace with the Navajoe Indians, the terms of which are quite advantageous to the United States.

Dr. J. M. Whitlock, of Las Vegas, accidentally shot himself in Santa Fe. The wound was a severe one, but not regarded as a dangerous character.

Lieutenant Beale and party were at Hatch's Ranche encamping.

Mr. Richard Owens, a merchant of Santa Fe, died on the 27th ult. in that city.

Drs. Kavanagh and Beck had amputated the leg of O. C. Perkins; also the leg of Sesar Juan Landaval; the limbs having been badly frost-bitten, rendering that operation necessary. Both of the gentlemen were doing well.

CONCORD, N. H., February 1.—The railroad depot at this place has been destroyed by fire. Loss $25,000 which is covered by insurance. The books and papers are saved.

CLIMBING TO THE MOON.

From the Boston Post.

Robert rushed in from school one bright September afternoon, with more than usual impetuosity. He threw down his books and exclaimed:

"Aunt, I am tired of this study, study, study. When I'm a dozen years older, I shall be through with all, and then—then—" and here he paused as if overpowered by the magnitude of the thought.

"What then?" asked his aunt, looking up from her sewing, and smiling, half sadly, at the boy's eager face.

"Then I shall be almost a man, and I mean to be one people will hear of, I tell you. Perhaps I shall earn heaps of money, and be very rich, but on the whole, I would like to be a member of Congress, and make famous speeches like those I've heard father read sometimes. At any rate, I expect to be very happy, and enjoy myself immensely."

"Robert," said his aunt, as she looked out of the window to the glowing West, where the new moon shone very pale and dim, "did you ever hear of the boy who tried to catch the moon?"

"What do you mean, auntie; is it a story you have to tell? I don't think I ever did."

"Once, on a pleasant evening, a boy, not as old as you, nor as wise, either, I should think, stood looking from the window of his father's house, toward the west, where the sun had set but a little while before. A high hill rose just before him, its huge form standing out clear and bold against the ruddy sky. The moon was shining brightly just over the summit of the hill, and it really seemed to the boy that if he should climb thither, he would catch the glittering prize in his arms and bring it home in triumph. The next evening, there was the moon again, a little higher up in the clear blue, but not so far off. The boy thought he could reach it still. It looked so bright and beautiful that he could not resist the charm. So out he went into the sharp, frosty air, very eager and hopeful. First, he had to cross some fields, and he was astonished to find that the hill was much farther off than he had thought. How huge and high it seemed as he approached, how gloomy now that the sunshine had all left its sides. But he could see the crescent moon shining so temptingly that he began to climb.

"Oh, what a foolish boy!" interrupted Robert.

"It was hard work, I can assure you. There were many stones, and low, tangled bushes, and trees full of prickles, which, all the time it was growing darker and darker. At last he was so tired that he could go on no longer, but sat down on a great rock and cried as hard as he could cry. Just then, he thought he felt a little touch upon his shoulder, and looking up, there was a little old man, with a long white beard, and a very kind face, standing close by him. The little man said, in a very pleasant voice, 'What is the matter, my boy?' Then the boy told him how he was climbing up the hill to catch the moon, and how he was so tired and discouraged that he could not go on. The little man said, 'Come, I will help you.' So he took the boy by the hand, and they went on together, and it was not long before they came to the top of the hill, and there, sure enough, was the moon, shining brightly just over the summit of the hill, and it really seemed to the boy that if he should climb thither, he would catch the glittering prize in his arms and bring it home in triumph. The next evening, there was the moon again, a little higher up in the clear blue, but not so far off. The boy thought he could reach it still. It looked so bright and beautiful that he could not resist the charm. So out he went into the sharp, frosty air, very eager and hopeful. First, he had to cross some fields, and he was astonished to find that the hill was much farther off than he had thought. How huge and high it seemed as he approached, how gloomy now that the sunshine had all left its steep sides. But he could see the crescent moon shining so temptingly that he began to climb.

"Oh, what a foolish boy!" interrupted Robert.

"Yes, I think I can," said he after a few minutes pause. "The moon is like the enjoyment I mean to have when I am a man. You think I shall be obliged to climb through places, and fight my way through a great many difficulties, and when I'm at the top, I shall be no happier than before, and wish I was a boy again—say, aunt, is that the meaning?"

"Something like it," she said, "many climb very hard and long to win their riches and the glory that you were wishing for, and if they attain them, and not wholly lose their way, they are still much the better satisfied."

"But you would not wish me to sit still and do nothing all my life—you said the other day that 'forward and upward' must be my aim."

"Yes, if you remember that the end which you are seeking is not one towards which any worldly elevation will lift you nearer. The prize is one that shineth in the heavens, and God gives it to those who love him, and who, instead of working to be rich or great, are trying earnestly to be like His dear Son, our Saviour."

CHAUNCEY LEWIS, THE BOY SOLDIER.

A boy of fifteen years of age was standing before the open door of a Connecticut farm house, with his mother, who had laid her hand upon his shoulder, while a matronly looking woman was standing in the door-way, and gazing with moistened eyes upon him.

"Go, my son," she said, "but remember, when amid the smoke and the heat of the battle, the sentence in the blessed book I have given you, 'the merciful shall obtain mercy.'"

"I will not forget it, mother," he replied, but our company is waiting, and now farewell!"

"Good-by, my son"—she kissed him as she spoke—"and may He who has two score years watched over the mother, protect the son!"

A cloud of smoke hung over and enveloped the blood-stained soil of Bunker's Hill. A little-looking man, in the uniform of an American General, was slowly retreating, with his face to the foe. The sharp report of a single rifle was heard, and the General fell! A young soldier—almost a boy—sprang towards him and lifted his head; at the same instant a giant grenadier in the British uniform, came charging at him with bayonet advanced.

To draw an old rusty horse-pistol from his breast, prime and fire it at the approaching foe, was but the work of a moment. The grenadier fell, stabbed, and seizing the sword of Warren, which had fallen from his grasp, the boy-soldier ran and raised it over the red-coat to stretch him to the ground.

But why does he pause when the sword is uplifted, and allow it to fall slowly to his side, and then turn away and weep?

He remembers the injunction of that mother, whom two years ago he left in the open door of the farm house. "Remember, my son, amid the smoke and heat of the battle, 'The merciful shall obtain mercy.'"

The tide of battle had swept like a whirlwind over the plains of Trenton. The British cavalry had charged the American rear guard, a detachment of men and boys, forming a portion of the left wing of the American army, had assisted in driving back the foe; a boyish soldier, wounded, and with his right arm broken.

A merciless party of Hessians were ranging over the field murdering and plundering those who had fallen. They approached the boy soldier, who desultorily emitted the impending death, and one of them drawing his sword was about to plunge it into the boy's side, when a gigantic form descended, grenadier rifled between the boy and the murderous Hessian and struck up the weapon.

"Hide, ruffians! That boy scored my life at Bunker Hill. It is now my turn," and raising him in his strong arms, he bore him from the bloody soil to a place of safety.

Ah! how those comforting words of his mother again rung through his brain and made sweet music in his soul! "Remember, my son, when amid the smoke and heat of battle, that 'The merciful shall obtain mercy.'"

It was never forgotten, and when a little more than two years ago I stood above the venerated form and gazed upon the calm features of the grey-haired soldier, it was with a feeling gone out like the last flickering of a candle which has burned down in its socket, I thought of those words, and in imagination could see the parting of mother and son, at the old farm house eighty-three years ago.—*New York Weekly.*

A HAY-FIELD ANECDOTE.—An old gentleman, who was always dragging how folks used to work in his younger days, and what time folks got his two sons to pitch on a load of hay as fast as he could load it.

The challenge was accepted, and the hay wagon driven round, and the trial commenced. For sometimes the old man held his own very creditably, calling out, tauntingly, "More hay! more hay!"

Thicker and faster it came. The old man was speechless, and "stiffle kept crying, "More hay! more hay!" until stopping to keep on the top of the disordered and disjointed load, it began first to roll, then to slide, and at last off it went from the wagon, and the old man with it.

"What are you down here for?" cried the boys.

"I came down after hay," answered the old man, stoutly.

Which was a literal fact. He had come down after the wagon load, which had to be pitched up again rather more deliberately.

Woman's Power.

"Nor alone in the noisy world of men
Like woman is her conquering power.
Her influence, like the unseen air, pervades
Society—and works in weak hearts there."

The poet had disclosed the whole secret of woman's conquering power. Fair in her virtue, and lovely in her goodness, she holds an influence which mailed warrior never could. Her strength is in her graces, her weapon is love; and from her sphere in existence when these are combined with modest merit, and dictated by conscious duty.

Intelligence woman is much superior to man, and affection is more powerful than intellect. Man represents the understanding of the universe, and woman the will; man the mind, woman the heart. The one is the reason, woman the heart. The power of observation and reflection are cold, useless appendages to the human being, unless warmed into exercise and attached to good objects by the heart. Woman's affections are the effectuate mind. How little is the world do we think, judge, and know, in comparison with what we feel! Woman is the mighty things in the intellectual advancement of the world; but

"What I most prize in woman
Is her affections, not her intellect
The intellect is cold, but the affections
Are intensely warm and powerful."

THE CUBA COTTON SOCIETY.—An association has been formed in Cuba for the immediate and extensive promotion of the cultivation of cotton in that island. Large tracts of land have already been secured for the purpose; a ton of cotton seed has been sent by the British Government, which has been admitted duty free; the Captain-General has assigned a hundred of the recently imported slaves who have been seized, to be employed in the work, and offers have been made of six cents a pound for all cotton raised by non-slaveholders, and eight by members. Great confidence is expressed by several Spanish papers in the success of the project. The society have issued a prospectus for a company, to be called the American and Cuban Cotton Society, ("Algodonero," and subscriptions are opened in this city, shares two hundred dollars each, one-fourth payable when the company shall be chartered. Specimens of wild cotton pods brought here from large and very white.—*New York Journal of Commerce*

Eye-Sight.

Milton's blindness was the result of overwork and dyspepsia.

One of the most eminent American divines having, for some time, been compelled to forego the pleasure of reading, has spent thousands of dollars in vain, and lost years of time, in consequence of getting up several hours before day, and studying by artificial light. His eyes never got well.

Multitudes of men and women have made their eyes weak for life by the too free use of the eye-sight in reading small print and doing fine sewing. In view of these things, it is well to observe the following rules in the use of the eyes:

Avoid all sudden changes between light and darkness.

Never begin to read, or ride, or sew, for several minutes after coming from darkness to a bright light.

Never read by twilight, or moonlight, or of a very cloudy day.

Never read or sew directly in front of the light, or window or door.

It is best to have the light fall from above, obliquely over the left shoulder.

Never sleep so that, on the first waking, the eyes shall open on the light of a window.

Do not use the eyes at night by light so actual that it requires and effort to discriminate.

Too much light creates a glare, and pains and confuses the sight. The moment you are sensible of an effort to distinguish, that moment cease, and take a walk or ride.

As the sky is blue and the earth green, it would seem that the ceiling should be a bluish tinge and the carpet green, and the walls of some mellow tint.

The moment you are instinctively prompted to rub your eyes, that moment cease using them.

If the eyelids are glued together on waking up, do not forcibly open them; but apply the saliva with the finger—it is the speediest dilutent in the world—then wash eyes and face in warm water.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

AN INTERESTING BEAR.—There are those in this country who are yet firm in the belief that a message was never sent from one continent to another by means of the Atlantic submarine cable. We refer such persons to the news of the Chinese treaty, received here on the day it was made known in London, and to the account of the disaster to the steamship *Europa*, published in London a day or two after the collision. The early intelligence received in England of the latter occurrence was followed by the reception by the Telegraphic Company of the proffer of a check for a considerable amount from the agent of the Cunard Company, with a request that the particulars of the disaster might be repeated, and a fuller account was immediately forwarded from Newfoundland. We had the pleasure, yesterday, of examining a portion of one of the original messages sent from Valentia to Newfoundland.

It was that of the Lord Mayor of London to the Mayor of New York, and consists of a strip of paper of less than an inch in width, prepared chemically to receive and register in characters the indications of the mighty instrument. On this strip of paper these characters are imprinted in a distinct form, and after the manner of the head rule of a newspaper, the length of the dashes and dots indicating the different letters. The President's Message to Queen Victoria was, on the whole, the most successful performance of the Cable, having been sent from Newfoundland to Valentia without interruption, at the rate of four words per minute. We understand that the offices at Valentia and Newfoundland are still open for experiments and observation.—*Boston Traveller.*

☞ There are 722 convicts in the Ohio Penitentiary—seventeen more than there are cells. This extraordinary large number the warden regards as an evidence of its popularity.

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