Daily Appeal.

POETICAL.

For the Appeal.]

FATHER OF WATERS

Father, on thy banks broad rolling,
Hailed thee, in the time of morning,
Midst great dangers, toils, vexations,
Was the first to catch the lessons,
Dancing in the western sun.

What a moment, fraught with pleasure,
Was it, in the moonlight hours,
When you held bright stream sweet past him,
Smiling on the enchanted sight,
Like a vision of romance.

Gentle hope infused his bosom,
With the golden fairy wand;
Not one! but one hundred hopes burst,
Bursting, mingled with the foam,
Sport beneath on curling waves.

What a change has come on thee,
Mighty river of the West!
Where the broad and graceful swan bird,
Floated peaceful on thy breast,
Sporting in the rapid tide.

Where the dusky stagnor,
Basked along the wooded banks;
And the wild bank, at its leisure,
Quenched his thirst and laved his flanks
In the cool, refreshing stream.

Lo! the city stands in splendor,
Lifting gleaming shrines on high;
And the lofty blocks of granite,
Frown in the evening sky,
Orange the rivers brink.

Monuments of gigantic honour,
Thunder where the wave roll,
Of the thousands and his warriors,
Paddled quietly in the stream
And sporting Winnissimo!

Father of waters! onward roll
Thy flood, to new domain;
Wending onward, to the glorious future?
Who can tell of ville, town
And palace, "long thy shores?"

PAST DAYS—A BEAUTIFUL LYRIC.

BY EPES SARGENT.

We will not deplore them the days that are past!
The gloom of misfortune never them cast;
They are imprinted by sorrow and sulled by care;
Their gravity were too sunny, their loss were too rare;
Yet now that their shadows are with us no more,
Let us welcome the prospect that brightens before!

We have cherished fair hopes, we have painted brave schemes,
We have lived till we find them illusive as dreams;
Wealth has pelted like snow that is grasped in the hand,
And the steps we have climbed have departed like sand;
Yet shall we despond while of health sufficeth,
And honor, bright honor, and freedom are left?

Oh! shall we despond, while the pages of time
Yet open before us their records sublime?
While examples of Valor's triumphs are than gold,
We can walk with the warriors and heroes of old?
While humanity whispers each truthe in the ear,
As it utters the words that are musical to hear?

Oh! shall we despond, while with vision still free,
We can gaze to the sky, and the earth, and the sea?
While the mountain, and valley, and ocean, and shore,
And the stars are alike and a glory to behold?
While the harvest yearly ripening, bounty can take
To our spirits the impulse of gladness and praise?

Oh! let us no longer then vainly lament
Over scenes that are past, and hopes that are spent;
But by faith unbreaking, unawed by misadventure,
Go hope's warning harbinger still lead to our glances!
And cast down serene from years end and from the last,
Let us look to the future, and not to the past!

A STORY FOR YOUNG HUSBANDS.

One of the best stories we have met with for some time, is ingeniously but truthfully given, a lesson that many young married people need, we clip from the London *Family Journal*:

"Where are you going, George?" asked Mrs. Wilson, as her husband rose from the breakfast and took his hat.

"Oh, I'm going out," was the careless response.

"But where?" asked his wife.

"What odds does it make, Emma?" returned her husband. "I shall be back at my usual time."

The young wife hesitated, and a quick flush overspread her face. She seemed to have made up her mind to speak plainly upon a subject which had lain uneasily upon her heart for sometime, and she could not let the opportunity pass. It required an effort, but she persevered.

"Let me tell you what odds it does, dear," she said, in a kind but tremulous tone. "If I cannot have your company here at home, I should at least feel better if I knew where you were."

"But you know that I am safe, Emma—and what more can you ask?"

"I do not know that you are safe, George. I know nothing about you when you are away."

"Pour! pooh! Would you have it that I am not capable of taking care of myself?"

"You put a wrong construction upon my words, George. Love is always anxious when its dearest object is away. If I did not love you as I do, I might not be thus uneasy. When you are at your place of business, I know you are safe, because I know I can seek and find you at any moment; but when you are absent during those long evenings, I get to wondering where you are. Then I begin to feel lonesome; and no one thought follows another, until I feel troubled and uneasy. Oh, if you would only stay with me a portion of your evenings!"

"Ah! I thought that was what you were aiming at," said George, with a playful shake of the head. "You would have me here every evening?"

"Well, can you wonder at it?" returned Emma. "I need to be very happy when you come to spend an evening with me before we were married, and I know I should be very happy in you society now."

"Ah! said George, with a smile. "those were business meetings. We were arranging then for the future."

"And why not continue so to do, my husband? I am sure we could be as happy now as ever. If you will remember, one of our plans was to make a home."

"And haven't we got one, Emma?"

"We have certainly a place in which to live," answered the wife, somewhat evasively.

"And it is our home," pursued George.

"Ah," he added with a sort of confident triumph, "home is the wife's peculiar province. She has charge of it, and all her work is there, while the duties of the husband call him to other scenes."

"Well, I admit that, so far as certain duties are concerned," replied Emma. "But you must remember that we both need relaxation from labor, and that we need social and mental improvement and enjoyment, and what time have we for this save our evenings? Why should not this be home of an evening, as well as in the day time and in the night?"

"Well, isn't it?" asked George.

"How can it be if you are not here? What makes a home for children if it be not the presence of the parents? What home can a husband have where there is no wife? And what real home can a wife enjoy where there is no husband? You know, George, how lonesome I am all alone here during these long evenings. They are the very seasons when I am at leisure to enjoy your companionship, and when you would be at leisure to enjoy mine, if it is worth enjoying. They are the seasons when the happiest hours of home life might be passed. Come—will you not spend a few of your evenings with me?"

"You see enough of me as it is," said the husband, lightly.

"Allow me to be the best judge of that, George. You would be very lonesome here all alone."

"Not if it was my place of business, as it is of yours," returned the young man. "You are used to staying here. All wives belong to home."

"Just remember, my husband, that previous to our marriage I had pleasant society all the time. Of course I remained at home much of my time, but I had a father and a mother there, and I had brothers and sisters there, and my evenings were happily spent. Finally, I gave up all for you. I left the old home, and sought a home with you, husband. And now have I not a right to expect some of your companionship? How would you like to have me away every evening while you were obliged to remain here alone?"

"Why, I should like it well enough."

"Ah, but you would not be willing for it."

"Yes, I would," said George, at a venture.

"Will you remain here every evening next week, and let me spend my time among my female friends?"

"Certainly I will," he replied; "and I assure you I shall not be so lonesome as you imagine."

With this the husband went out, and was soon among his friends. He was a steady, industrious man, and loved his wife truly; but like thousands of others, he had contracted a habit of spending his evenings abroad, and thought it no harm. His only practical idea of home seemed to be, that it was a place which his wife took care of, and where he could eat, drink and sleep as long as he could pay for it. In short, he treated it as a sort of boarding house, of which his wife was landlady; and if he paid all the bills he considered his duty done. His wife had frequently asked him to stay at home with her, but she had never ventured on any argument before, and he had no conception of how much she missed him. She always seemed happy when he came home; and he supposed she could always be so.

Monday evening came, and George Wilson remained true to his promise. His wife put on her bonnet and shawl, and said he would remain and "keep house."

"What will you do while I am gone?" asked Emma.

"Oh, I shall read and sing, and enjoy myself generally."

"Very well," said Emma. "I shall be back early."

The wife went out and the husband was left alone. He had an interesting book, and he began to read it. He read until eight o'clock, and then he began to yawn, and look frequently at the clock. The book did not interest him as usual. Ever and anon he would come to a passage which he knew would please his wife, and instinctively he turned as though he would read it aloud, but there was no wife to hear it. At half-past eight he arose from his chair and began to pace the floor and whistle. Then he put his flute, and played several of his favorite airs. After this he got a chess-board, and played a game with an imaginary partner. Then he walked the floor, and whistled again. Finally the clock struck nine, and his wife returned.

"Well, George," said she, "I am back in good time. How have you enjoyed yourself?"

"Capitally," returned the husband. "I had no idea it was so late. I hope you have enjoyed yourself?"

"Oh, splendidly," said the wife. "I had no idea how much enjoyment there was away from home. Home is a dull place after all, isn't it?"

"Why—no—I can't say that it is," returned George, carelessly. "In fact," he added, "I rather like it."

"I'm glad of that," returned Emma, "for we shall both enjoy ourselves now. You shall have a more comfortable week of it."

George winced at this, but he kept his countenance and determined to stand it out.

On the next evening Emma prepared to go away again.

"I shall be back in good time," she said.

"Where are you going?" her husband asked.

"Oh, I can't tell exactly. I may go several places."

So George Wilson was left alone again, and he tried to amuse himself as before; but he found it a difficult task. Ever and anon he would cast his eye on the empty chair, and the thought would come, "How pleasant it would be if she were here." The clock struck nine, and he began to listen for the steps of his wife. Half an hour more slipped by, and he became uneasy.

"I declare," he muttered to himself, after he had listened for sometime in vain, "this is too bad. She ought not to stay out so late." But he hesitated to go out to meet her often remained away much sooner than this, and he concluded that he must make the best of it.

At a quarter to ten Emma came home.

"A little late, am I not?" she said looking up at the clock. "But then I fell in with some of my old friends. How have you enjoyed yourself?"

"First rate," returned George, bravely. "I think home is a capital place."

"Especially when a man can have it all to himself," added his wife, with a sidelong glance at him, but he made no reply.

On the next evening Emma prepared to go out as before, but this time she kissed her husband ere she went, and seemed to hesitate.

"Where do you think of going?" George asked.

"I may drop in to see Uncle John," replied Emma. "However, you won't be uneasy, you will know I'm safe?"

"Oh, certainly," said her husband; but left to his own reflections he began to consider seriously upon the subject thus presented for consideration. He could not read; he could not play; nor enjoy himself in any way while that chair was empty. In short, he found that home had no real comfort without his wife. The one thing needed to make home cheerful was not present.

"I declare," he said to himself, "I did not think it would be so lonesome. And can it be that she feels as I do, when she is here alone? It must be so," he pursued thoughtfully, "it is just as she says. Before we were married she was very happy in her childhood's home. Her parents loved her, and her brothers and sisters loved her, and they did all they could to make her comfortable.

After this he walked up and down the room several times, and then stopped again and commoned with himself.

"I can't stand this," he replied, "I should die in a week. If Emma were only here I think I could amuse myself very well. How lonesome and dreary it is, and only eight o'clock. I declare, I've a mind to walk down as far as Uncle John's to see if she is there. It would be a relief if I only saw her. I won't go in. She shan't know that I hold out so finitely."

George Wilson took another turn across the room, glanced once more at the clock, and then took his hat and went out. He locked the door after him, and then bent his steps toward Uncle John's. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and the air was keen and bracing. He was walking along, with his eyes bent upon the pavement, when he heard a light step approaching him. He looked up, and he could not be mistaken—saw his wife. His first impulse was to avoid her, but she had recognized him.

"George," she said in surprise, "is this you?"

"It is," was the response.

"And you do not pass your evenings at home?"

"This is the first time I have been out, Emma, upon my word; and even now, I have not been absent from the house ten minutes. I merely came out to take the fresh air. But where are you going?"

"I am going home, George. Will you go with me?"

"Certainly," returned the husband.

She took his arm, and they walked home in silence. When Emma had taken off her things, she sat down in her chair, and looked at the clock.

"You are home early to-night," remarked George.

The young wife looked up into her husband's face, and with an expression half smiling and half tearful, she answered: "I will confess the truth, George; I have given up the engagement. I felt that I could not leave home, for I did not hear it through to-night. When I thought of you here all alone, I wanted to be with you. It didn't seem right. I haven't enjoyed myself at all. I have no home but this."

"Say you so?" cried George, moving his chair to his wife's side, and taking one of her hands. "You have made up my mind. I have stood it not a whit better. When I left the house this evening, I could hear it no longer. I found that this was no home for me while my wife was absent. It seemed as though I would walk down by Uncle John's and see your face, if possible. I had gazed upon your empty chair until my heart ached. I knew I loved her as to spoke, and then added, while she reclined her head upon his arm, "I have learned a very good lesson. Your presence here is the greatest attraction that I know of, and if you love me as I love you—which, of course, I cannot doubt—my presence may afford some sunlight to you. At all events, our next experiment shall be to that effect. I will try and see how much home comfort we can find while we are both here to enjoy it."

Emma was too happy to express her joy in words; but she expressed it nevertheless, and in a manner, too, not to be mistaken.

The next evening was spent at home by both husband and wife, and it was a season of enjoyment. In a short time George began to realize how much comfort was to be found in a quiet and peaceful home; and the longer he remained at home the more plainly did he see and understand the simple truth, that it takes two to make a home, and that if the wife is one party, the husband must be the other.

The Conjurer and the Yankee.

Anderson, the wizard, met with a Yankee who thought he was a portion of your humbug.

"Ah! I thought that was what you were aimin' at," said George, with a playful shake of the head. "You would have me here every evening?"

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At a quarter to ten Emma came home.

Insurance.

THIRD ANNUAL STATEMENT
OF THE HOLDERS AND POLICIES OF THE
QUAKER CITY INSURANCE COMPANY

As presented to its Stockholders, January 4th, 1859.

Capital Stock	$200,000 00
Surplus, January 1st, 1858	77,679 97
Premiums for Insurance in 1858	205,894 40
Interest account	12,214 30
Salvage and Re-Insurance	22,316 11
	$517,104 78

LOSSES, EXPENSES, ETC.

Losses paid in 1858	$122,807 12
Dividend, Commissions to Agents, Taxes, Licenses, Printing, Advertising, Office Rent and Expenses	49,918 97
Re-Insurance and Return Premiums	77,812 79
Salvage paid in 1858	8,345 19
	$258,783 84

ASSETS.

Bonds, Mortgages, Stocks, Corporate Bonds, Loans on Collateral and on Call	$188,559 30
Bills Receivable	36,119 20
Cash due from Agents and outstanding premiums	29,842 49
Cash in Bank and on hand	23,904 91
	$258,321 42

For Fire or Marine Insurance, apply to SAMUEL PUSKAM, Memphis, Tennessee.

STATE OF TENNESSEE, COMPTROLLER'S OFFICE, NASHVILLE, February 1, 1859.

THIS is to certify that the Quaker City Insurance Company, located at Philadelphia, in the State of Pennsylvania, has complied with the requirements of an act passed by the General Assembly of the State of Tennessee, in March, 1856, entitled "An act to regulate the Agencies of Insurance Companies not incorporated by the State of Tennessee," and that D. Putnam is the legally authorized agent and attorney in this state of Memphis.

Secretary of State. J. J. DUNLAP,
Comptroller.

Phœnix Insurance Company,
HARTFORD, CONN.
Cash Capital $200,000 00
Surplus 219,084 66

S. L. LOOMIS, President.
H. KELLOGG, Secretary.
M. HAGELL, General Agent.

THIS favorite Company still continues to take Risks on Dwellings, Stores, Merchandise, Furniture, etc., on as low terms as are consistent with safety and fair remuneration to the Insured, and losses equitably adjusted and promptly paid at this Agency, by

J. E. CHADWICK, Agent,
5e145 Bank Building, Market.

HOME INSURANCE COMPANY,
112 and 114 Broadway,
NEW YORK.
Cash Capital $600,000 00
Surplus 477,990 10

C. J. MARTIN, President.
A. F. MILLWORTH, Vice President.
THOMAS MILLER, Second Vice President.
JOHN McGEE, Assistant Secretary.

POLICIES issued in the above extensive and popular Company, and losses promptly adjusted and paid at this Agency, by J. E. CHADWICK, Agent,
5e145 Bank Building, Market.

Memphis Insurance Company.
OFFICE—Commercial Building, Jefferson street.
MEMPHIS, TENN.
CAPITAL
$150,000.
SAM. MOREY, President.
BEN MAY, Secretary.

DIRECTORS.

S. MOREY, J. C. STRINGER,
T. H. MALLORY, J. G. HARRIS,
J. GREENLAW, J. J. NELSON,
5m27-tf W. R. TOWNSEND.

BLUFF CITY
INSURANCE COMPANY OF MEMPHIS.
Office—Bank Building, Main street, third door north of Madison street.
Capital, $200,000.
JAS. W. CROCKETT, Secretary.
J. W. WILKINSON, President.
CHAS. POTTER, HENRY LAIRD,
J. W. ESTES, T. W. WICKES,
T. W. WHITSON.

THIS Company, composed of the hundred and thirty of the leading men of Memphis, is now ready to take Risks on Dwellings, Stores, Merchandise, Furniture, and every other description of property, on as low terms as any other responsible Company.

ROBINSONS
PATENT CHAIN PUMP!

THIS PUMP for Buckets, attached to the Chain. It needs no Pulleys and no Wheel on the Well. It is simple in its construction, and lasting for its use. It will work in a Crooked or Well of any depth, and in any inclination, no change will be made. It is an invention

For a Few Days Only, at the
Green Tree Hotel,
MEMPHIS, TENN.
Comes Rights for sale.
Apr14-tf F. S. JACKMAN, Agent.

Old Type Metal.
A PLENTIFUL SUPPLY for Sale at the APPEAL OFFICE. 5m97

For Sale.
TWENTY ACRES in Prairie Bend, Plankmill, adjoining the residence of Rodney Graham, Esq., Superintendent of Public Works. Apply to MONNARRAT, DUPREE & CO.

FOR SALE OR RENT.
TWENTY acres of land, two miles from the city on New State Line Road, will exchange for city property, or improvements, or rented for a term of years. Apply to HILL & DOSSON.

CARPETS! CARPETS!
WE are now in receipt of our Spring supply of Carpeting. In our stock may be found every quality and description, from the cheapest to the most fashionable. Persons in want of such goods will find it to their interest by examining our stock before purchasing elsewhere.
WITHERS & CO.
5m97 194 Main street.

Memphis Classical Academy.
THE subscriber begs leave to inform the citizens of Memphis that he intends SPECIALLY DEVOTING HIS ENTIRE EFFORTS to the 1st of March. The course of instruction will embrace the usual English branches, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Mathematics, Surveying, Book Keeping, and the Latin, Greek and French languages. The subscriber has been engaged in Principal of a large Male School in Virginia, for the last five years, and feels confident he can furnish a thorough education to his patrons, in the shortest possible time, consistent with a sound and thorough system. Extraordinary facilities will be afforded to those who may desire to prepare themselves for the University of Virginia and other colleges. It is the intention of the subscriber to procure a fully qualified assistant, and confine his entire attention to the duties of his profession. Terms moderate. Session to commence on the 1st of March, ensuing. For further information, address the undersigned, or call at his residence, on Adams street, No. 245.
REFERENCES—Hon. Jno. Bell, Tenn.; Hon. J. Thompson, Tenn.; Hon. Geo. Smith, Va.; Gen. Henry A. Wise, Va.; Hon. Geo. W. Jones, Tenn.; Gen. Gideon J. Pillow, Tenn.; Hon. Jno. Bright, Tenn.; Hon. Andrew Johnson, Tenn.; Hon. Thos. Ruffin, Pres. Court of Appeals, Va.; Hon. Geo. Summers, Va.; Hon. Geo. W. Smith, Va.; Gov. Henry A. Wise, Va.; Hon. Geo. W. Jones, Tenn.; Hon. Andrew Johnson, Tenn.; Hon. Jno. Bright, Tenn.; Hon. Gideon J. Pillow, Tenn.; Hon. Jno. Bell, Tenn.; Hon. Jno. Thompson, Tenn.; Hon. Geo. Summers, Va.; Hon. Thos. Ruffin, Pres. Court of Appeals