Daily Appeal.

A NIGHT IN A PIGEON ROOST.

From the Louisville Sentinel.]

All of our readers are aware, we suppose, that the wild pigeons resort only to one place to roost, within a very widely extended district, and that only for a short time. At present the pigeons frequenting our forests, congregate every night in the Chenango swamp, in Crawford county, Pa., and about two miles east of the Ohio line. This swamp is about ten miles long, by some two or three wide, grown up with the hickory or hickory nut tree and alder bushes. Being in Andover, on business, last week, and pretty near the roost, we were seized with a curiosity to see it and try the far famed sport of pigeon hunting. We heard great stories of the vast numbers of birds killed every night by the hunters, which only increased our desire to "see the elephant," and as it was necessary to have company in the enterprise, we asked some of the boys if they wished to go along; but they significantly told us they "had been there," which means a good deal in reference to a pigeon roost, as we found out. But finally we found a couple of fellows of the right grit, (Harvey Putnam and William Wightman,) and the expedition was fitted out. Through the kindness of that most obliging of landlords, Mr. Keen, of the Union House, we were supplied with a costume suitable for the trip—which, let it be remembered, is not to be undertaken in Sunday clothes; and min. [illegible] for the swamp, and provisioned in the we set o[illegible] by a most provident care of Mrs. best manne[illegible] night's work

Kerr, for a lar[illegible] ies of the roosting place

We were within two m[illegible] of the wings of the birds long before we h[illegible] ed, which bewildered, or at any rate, so stu[illegible] the roar of Niagara. The sight and sounds that greeted us as we ent[illegible] the swamp, beggars description. There were probably a hundred hunters assembled and at work. These were divided into parties of not more than two or three—some in the Tamarracks and some in the Alders. At a shot in the bushes, the birds rose in a mass and settled on the top of the trees near by; shot there, they flew to the bushes. This changing continued all night. At a single shot, the flock always rose and flew a short distance to settle or be fired upon again. This scene lasted all night. The usual mode of hunting the pigeons is for two men to go together—one with a gun, and the other with a bag and lantern and matches. As soon as the shot is fired, the bag-man strikes a light, and "bags" the birds; and this must be done speedily, or the wounded ones will bite and be lost. Six dozen is a heavy load for any man. We "cin sout" under five dozen, very soon. We were told to fire with one barrel at the bushes, and with the other at the "bile up." The term *bell up* is a very natural one; for, at every shot, the flock will rise straight upward, and after circling a few rods in the air, take a sweeping course, and then slight perhaps within a few yards of where they rose. The number killed seems almost incredible. One man killed four dozen at a single shot, and nine hundred in the night.

Like everything known to man, the almighty dollar is connected with pigeon roosts. Pigeon buyers are stationed on an island in the swamp, who purchase them as fast as killed, at 20 cents per dozen. Women are employed to pick them, who receive 5 cents per dozen, which is about what the feathers are supposed to be worth. These buyers keep a full supply of ammunition, candles, etc., the latter item probably enhancing their wealth "marvellous bonsh" in New York in "original packages." The pigeons are immediately shipped for New York, where they bring a good price, and where the delicacies of the season are sent from "fresh" to as article decidedly appreciable to the olfactories.

Among other conveniences, the buyers have employed a man to blow a horn all night to direct the hunters to the camp. He makes a Gabriel of himself for one dollar each night, and hunter after hunter follows the sound of his trumpet, to unbag the pigeons and pocket the dimes.

The habits of these birds are an interesting study; and that alone would repay a visit to their haunts. They appear to have no individuality; and all their actions are in flocks—the flock seeming to be the individual. At night they come in flocks, and in the morning they make up in flocks to leave uniting smaller into larger ones, where the appearance is like a mass of bees. At the early light of a flash they instantly change their course or scatter. We noticed an immense flock like a cloud, when a large number of the advance, at the sight of the silhouettes of which the feathered host scattered in all directions. In the morning, a little after sunrise, they begin to leave, and in fifteen minutes they are all gone, spreading in all directions over the country to feed. From this roost they diverge daily in all directions over a distance of twenty miles, some two hundred miles, to return against night, and be hurried from bush to bush, and kept in motion by the rapidity of man, instead of the rest that nature directed them to seek in this sequestered resort.

DID THE CZAR NICHOLAS COMMIT SUICIDE.

"How did the Emperor Nicholas die? Of apoplexy?" These are my questions which one asks when reflecting upon the premature and wholly unexpected end of that remarkable man. There are two very different replies to these questions. The following is what is asserted publicly:

After the annihilation of Poland and the crushing of Hungary, the Emperor Nicholas was convinced that nothing could withstand great him. He was impatiently awaiting news from the Crimea, firmly convinced that the allied armies, French and English, of the English and French armies. A courier is announced. The Emperor, with a confident smile on his lips, bids him enter. The courier, pale, astounded, announces the total destruction of the French army, offers the despatch to his Majesty. "Well," says the Emperor, "we have beaten the English!" "Yes, sire." "Will your Majesty please to read?" and the Emperor read: "Was the day doubtful?" "Read, sire." "Answer me, sir; I will read afterwards." "Sire, we have been beaten." "At the Alma?" "Yes, sire." The Emperor become livid and started up. "You lie!" said he. The courier bowed. "Read, sire." Nicholas opened the dispatch and read it. It was the battle of Inkerman. Mentioned revealed all. The French and English had been victorious. The Emperor fell back in his easy chair, as though both his legs had been broken.

A month afterwards arrives the news of the battle of Inkerman. The man whom nothing could shake with a smile, whom experiences had only a double resistance, but a double defeat, he could no bear this double reverse. From that moment his health became deranged, and the weight of sorrow, of the annihilation of his greatness. He died on the 18th of February, 1855.

This is generally received account. The following is what is asserted privately. The effect of these two pieces of intelligence had not been less terrible than is above described, but the apoplectic complexion of the Emperor would have been borne up against it. Nevertheless, he took no exalted and terribly heroic way out of his difficulty. He resolved to die! Should he retrace his footsteps and abandon his policy, he would have to give the lie to a train of thirty years. Should he persist in carrying on the war, he would ruin Russia.

But what he could not ask for without loss of honor, viz: peace, his successor might. He therefore, by pressing solicitation, obtained from his physicians a dose of poison strong enough to kill him, but weak enough to allow him to live a few hours after having taken it. Such a dose should have said "Adieu world, strong enough to have taken it." The physician, like a wise man, left St. Petersburg on the 17th February, having given the Emperor a document, a declaration in writing which made him safe at all points. On the morning of the 18th the Emperor swallowed the poison, after which he said for the last time Great Duke Constantine, (now Emperor) and told him all. The latter would have cried out for help, but the Emperor prevented him by an order so positive that, as a son and subject, he could not disobey his father and his sovereign.

Then the Emperor explained to him in detail the motives which had induced him to take this heroic step. The young prince, broken hearted, the tears streaming from his eyes, his utterance choked by sobs, listened to the dreadful secret. Then, at 10 o'clock, he embraced the hands, exclaiming, "My father! My father!" The Emperor would not allow him to quit his side until he had obtained from him a solemn promise to let death take its course without attempting to stop it. But the instant the young prince was out of the room his filial love triumphed over his duty, and he had to be dragged by force from the side of his dying father. He immediately summoned the whole of the royal family, and also three physicians. The latter arrived too late. The Emperor, after a not very violent agony, expired at 20 minutes past 12, noon, on the 18th of February, 1856. At the same instant Russia changed not only her master, but her policy.

If this last version be the correct one, why not proclaim it aloud? It might be less Christian, but more glorious than his whole life.

ALEXANDER DUMAS.

A Venice letter announces a fact which the lovers of art will regret. The Hall of the Doges threatens to fall; the fresco on the ceiling is cracked across, and a portion of it has fallen. This hall is the largest in any European palace.

Cape Lime.

WE have received and keep in Agents for Dittmar's Rock Lime and Cape Lime, also the Lime for City of Memphis. All orders for the above Lime will be promptly attended to. A. B. MEMINGER & CO. de7-tu Upper Wharf Boat.

A Situation Wanted.

FOR a number of years, in a prominent one, who is desirous of a change, would prefer a situation in a Wholesale Grocery and Commission House, or wholesale and retail Dry Goods, where he can make himself generally useful. Best of references given as to character, etc. Address

W. P. COLE,
Care of Wilder & Shaw,
nov30-tdw* Hotchkiss, Miss.

Runaway.

FROM the premises, on Sunday night, the negro Jeff Davis, alias Gilbert Moss, my negro boy ARCHER, about twenty years of age, five feet six inches, and will weigh some one hundred and fifty pounds. Jeff is a very black negro, with a small scar on one side of his face, and a small knot on the other, and is a mulatto by a No. 1 blow. The above reward will be paid for his delivery to me, or for his safe confinement. Address

W. P. COLE,
Care of Wilder & Shaw,
nov30-tdw* Hotchkiss, Miss.

Notice.

PROTOTYPING in counties proceedings in admiralty, U. S. Commissioner, with Judge R. Trimble, Hon. Jas. Pollard and others. Address

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nov27-d2w

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NOVEMBER 1, 1859.

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nov1

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JOHN A. PUTNEY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Memphis, Tenn. Office in Walker's Building, Main-st.
oct25-deo

A. PITMAN.....H. R. HOPSON,

Medical Notice.

DRS. J. PITMAN and H. R. HOPSON have associated in the practice of medicine, and have located at the office of Dr. J. Pitman's old office, on the south side of Court street, one door west of Main, Memphis, Tenn.

Dr. Hopson resides on Wellington street, first house north of Bell. oct-deo

H. T. STANTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, will give particular attention to Collections and securing Claims in West Tennessee, Eastern Arkansas and North Mississippi.
Office—No. 19 Jefferson street, Memphis, Tenn.
sep21-tf

DR. P. G. S. GRASTY,
OFFERS his professional services to the citizens of Memphis. Office with Dr. D. D. Saunders, No. 61 south side Court Square. sep9-deoly

D. M. DUBOSE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Memphis, Tenn. Office on the south side of Court Square in Stewart's new block.
feb6-ly

GEORGE DIXON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, has removed his office to Lobby's Block on Union street, two doors east of corner of Main and Union streets. oct15-tf

J. W. STEVENS.....W. A. REVES
BUTLER & BEVENS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Batesville, Arkansas.
feb26-1y*

JOHN P. FARRELLY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Memphis, Tenn. Office on the east side of Court Square, in Hedgins' Block.
jal1-ly.

JAMES E. TEMPLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, at the corner of Main and Adams streets, third door over Wade's Drug Store, opposite the Worsham House. Refers inform the profession and the public that he is prepared to attend to the duties before called and others, and solicits their patronage. Refers to Judge Hamilton, Judge Ingersoll, Judge Caruthers, Hon. Jos. Lewis, Memphis; Hon. Jos. Leftwich, Memphis; Hon. Lucius Desoto, Memphis; Hon. Jas. Phelan, Memphis; Hon. Jas. Phelan, Jr., Memphis; Hon. Jas. Phelan, Sr.,