Daily Appeal.

For the Memphis Appeal.

A MOTHER.

BY "PARSIE."

A Mother's devotion can we ever forget?
Deep treasured through life it lingers' there yet,
Like moss-rose where-ever in the cool lone hidden,
Where the sweet rose have ceased and mutely away.

Let fortune assail, her dark tempest lower,
Ah! who then will shield me, in that cheerless hour,
When friends all forsake and fortune has fled,
And the last ray of hope has wasted and dead?

When the dark tongue of slander has lacerated your name,
And have sick to sink thro in misery and shame;
Who then will uphold you? who'll stand by your side,
To comfort and bless you and in you confide?

A Mother! 'tis her's to still the will throes,
Thro' the eye's quiet sanctum, the ear with tender tones;
The hand whose rudy kindness has soothed the aching head,
And wetted tear and chiefly thy poor suffering's bed.

Ah! the heart will thro, in all its travel pain
Long for the power that soothe close to a Mother's side,
Beloved and loving, yet cherished ever and ever.
A friend like here, so safe, so true, and so kind.

To her maternal love, unchanged she will remain,
In sickness, in sorrow, in pleasure, and in pain;
And when closed are your eyes in night's dark eclipse,
Then gently she'll press the cold kiss to the lips!

Then we bless the kind Mother, the stay of our youth;
The Mother who guided us in wisdom and truth;
The Mother who watched, and cared for, nothing save;
Whose footsteps are first treading to the bear, about grave.

COLUMBIA, TENN., January 9, 1860.

PERSONAL TRAITS OF WASHINGTON.

A volume of recollections and private memoirs of Washington, by his adopted son, with a memoir of the author, by his daughter, is just out. There is much in it that will be read with great interest:

HOW WASHINGTON RODE AFTER HIS HOUNDS.

During the interval between 1759 and 1774, the time which Washington could spare from his building and agricultural improvements was devoted, in a great measure, to the pleasures of the chase. He appears to have had no taste for shooting or fishing; but fox-hunting was a sport in entire accordance with his athletic habits and his fondness for equestrian exercises. His kennel was situated near the family vault, in which his remains were at first deposited. It was a rude structure, but afforded comfortable quarters for the hounds. The pack was very numerous and select. Every morning and evening, Washington visited and inspected the kennels, in the same manner as he did his stables. He took pride in the discipline of his hounds. If in running, one of them lost the scent, another was at hand immediately to recover it, and then when in full cry, in sporting phrase, you might cover the pack with a blanket. He kept a register of his horses and hounds in which might be found the names, ages, and marks of each, and with these companions of the chase, he was as punctual in his attentions, as to any other business of his life. At the commencement of the season, Mount Vernon became crowded with guests from the neighborhood, from Maryland, and elsewhere. Their visits were prolonged not only for days but for weeks, and they were entertained with the exuberant hospitality of the Old Dominion. Washington was always superbly mounted, and in the genuine costume of the chase. He wore a blue coat, scarlet waistcoat, buckskin breeches, top boots, and velvet cap. With his long-thonged whip in hand, he took the field at daybreak. Will Lee, his huntsman, and a brave array of friends and neighbors, followed in the train, but none rode more gallantly in the chase, or with more cherry voice awoke the echoes of the woodland, than the host of Mount Vernon.

After the close of the Revolution, he hunting establishment, which had gone down during the last war, was renewed by the arrival of a pack of Fox hounds, sent by Lafayette. These dogs were of great strength, and fierce courage. They would have been able to encounter the wolf or bear, or even to grapple with the lion on his native sands, as well as to pull down the stag in the American forest. It was necessary to keep them in close confinement, as from their ferocious disposition, they would not hesitate to devour a stranger, who might pass their kennel after nightfall, should the gates be unclosed. The huntsmen always resided at their meals, and it was only by the vigorous use of the lash that any degree of law and order could be preserved among these savage animals. If the weather permitted, there was a hunt three times in a week. Breakfast was served on those mornings by candle light. Washington, as usual, took nothing but an Indian cake and a bowl of milk. Before sunrise, the whole cavalcade would often have left the house, and unkenneled the fox. Washington was one of the most accomplished cavaliers. He rode with ease, elegance, and power. He took no account of any vicious propensities of his horse. The only quality which he demanded of a horse, was that he should go along, and ride called the idea that he could be unseated, provided that the animal kept on his legs. Indeed, with his sinewy frame and iron muscles, he had such a mastery over his horse, if necessary, that a horse might as easily throw off his saddle as such a rider. His favorite animal for the chase was a dark colored Hibernian, of a dark iron-gray color, approaching to blue. This was a fine, but fiery steed, and of great endurance in a long run. The huntsman Will, better known in Revolutionary lore as Billy, rode a horse called Chinkling, a wonderful leaper and very much like its rider, low but sturdy, and of great bone and sinew. The activity of Will was to keep with the hounds. Gallantly did he perform his task. Mounted on Chinkling, throwing himself almost full length on the animal, with no stirrup, but a firm back, and his spur in flank, this bold rider would rush, at full speed, through brake or tangled wood, in a style at which modern huntsmen would stand aghast. There were roads cut through the woods in various directions, by which timid hunters and even ladies could enjoy the exhilarating cry, without risk of life or limb; but Washington rode gally up to his dogs, nor spared his imperious word, as the distended nostrils of Blueskin would often show. He was always in at the death, and yielded to no man the honor of the brush. After the chase, the party would return to the mansion-house, where at the well-spread board and with the flowing glass, the incidents of the field were discussed; while Washington, never deviating from his orderly habits for the sake of convivial pleasures, would, after a few glasses of Madeira, retire supperless to bed at nine o'clock.

HOW WASHINGTON'S HORSES WERE GROOMED WHEN HE WAS PRESIDENT.

During the whole of his Presidency, Washington preserved the habit of rising at four o'clock and retiring to bed at nine. On Saturdays, he rested somewhat from his labors, by either riding into the country, attended by a groom, or with his family in his coach drawn by six horses. His stables were always in the finest order and his equipage exquisite both in taste and quality. Washington's master of horse was an old fellow named Bishop, who had been the body servant of General Braddock. At cock crow the stable boys were at work; John Stoney, Bishop's nephew, into the stables, a muslin handkerchief in his hand, which he applied to the coats of the animals; if the slightest stain was perceptible on the muslin, the luckless stable boys were at once subjected to the punishment by the veteran disciplinarian. In Philadelphia, the stables were under the care of German John, who groomed the whole three chargers with equal skill. The night before the horses were to be ridden, they were covered over with a paste made of whiting, then they were washed in hot water, and finally, with a slow process, with straw; in the morning the composition had become hard, was well rubbed in, and carried out brushed. This process gave to the coats a beautiful satin-like gloss. The hoofs were then blacked and polished, the mouths washed and the teeth picked and cleaned. The Lord-provided-with housings were then properly adjusted, and the chargers led out for service.

A Prince Becomes a Bad Boy.

Malahoff writes to the New York Times, from Paris:

Fashionable society in Paris just now has a nice bit of gossip in the movements of the young Prince of Orange, who has been in France for a month past. This young prince, who is twenty years of age, and held to the throne of Holland, is destined, as you already know, to marry the Princess Alice, second daughter of Queen Victoria. But the Queen, having herself made a marriage of inclination, holds sanctimonious to the doctrine that her children should have the same right, and thus it was arranged that after a short stay at Paris, the young prince was to go to Windsor, to make himself agreeable to the Princess Alice, or in other words, that there should be a little courting preliminary to the signing of the marriage contract. Just before the time fixed for the visit to London, the Queen learned from Paris, by some means or other, that the young Prince had found some more agreeable, if not very respectable, company, in the gay French capital, and that, to sum up the prince's French visit in one word, he had been "going it." Now the Queen is a good mother of a good woman, as every one knows, and does not approve of such peccadilloes even in a Prince; so that just as his juvenile highness was on the point of leaving Paris for London he received a telegraphic dispatch from the Hague, peremptorily ordering him to forego his visit to London, and to start instantly for Bordeaux. The prince's astonishment knew no bounds. We ever heard of a prince being exiled to the gauld old sing-growing, brandy-making town of Bordeaux? What did it mean? But the order came from the King, his father, and must be obeyed. The Queen was not willing to receive the young gentleman into her family from the Parisian conquests, and thought a ventilation in the direction of Bordeaux, and a little penitence would do no harm before allowing him to come between the wind and her nephew." She so intimated to King William, of Holland, who seems to have held the same opinion.

Tobacco.—It is remarkable how universal is the demand for this product. The official returns show a list of one hundred and twenty-five different articles of export; and out of that number, with the exception of grain, there is not one that is shipped to so many different countries as tobacco. The Government report enumerates seventy-six different foreign markets to which our products are exported; and out of that number there are only six that do not buy our tobacco, viz: Mexico, the air of which is possibly too pure to be polluted by the fumes of the weed; Egypt, San Domingo, Greece, Bolivia and Equador—most of which places produce their own.

The value of the tobacco exported from the United States last year was nearly five times that of our pig products, fifty per cent more than the products of the forest, not quite three millions of dollars less than the whole export of vegetable food, and rather over an eighth of the value of the cotton crop.

It is clear that the general taste for tobacco smoking is steadily increasing, whether to the public injury or otherwise we leave for those better skilled in the doctrines of narcotics than ourselves to decide. The fact is, that despite of King James' counterblast, and Urban's excommunication, and the ever-lasting anti-narcotic fulminations of our modern physicians—the people are most resolvedly intent upon having the weed; and this being the case, our tobacco planters will continue to grow it and prosper.

THE QUAKER LADIES OF MAINE.—Quaker young ladies in the Maine law State, it is said, still continue to kiss the lips of the young temperance men to see if they have been tampering with liquor. Just imagine a beautiful young girl approaching you, young temperance man, with all the dignity of an executive officer, and the innocence of a dove, with the charge: "Mr.——, the ladies believe you are in the habit of tampering with liquor, and they have appointed me to examine you according to our established rules—are you willing?" You nod acquiescence. She gently steps close up to you, lays her soft white arm around your neck, dashes back her raven curls, raises her stylph-like form upon her tiptoes, her round, snowy, heaving bosom against your own, and with her angelic features lit up with a smile as sweet as heaven, places her rich, rosy, pouty, sweet, sugar, molasses, butter, eggs, strawberry, honeysuckle, sunflower, lily, baby-jumper, rosebud, cream, tart, apple-pie, peach-pudding, apple-dumpling, gingerbread, nectar lips against yours, and—(Oh, Jerusalem! hold us!)—kisses you, by cracky! Hurrah for the gals and the Maine law, and death to all opposition.

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Terms of Sale—one-quarter cash, balance in one, two and three years, with interest at six per cent per annum.

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Of Every Variety and Texture,

To which the attention of the Ladies is invited.

Mr. Simon's Department comprises a heavy stock of Fancy and Staple Dry Goods, Clothing, and Gents' Furnishing Goods, Shirts, Hosiery, Gloves, Hats and Caps, Notions, Umbrellas, Trunks, etc.

The above is of Southern Merchants, Given Tickets and Peddlers is respectfully solicited.

Having my own Manufactory at No. 37 North Third street, I can make up Clothing, Pantaloons, the cassimere of any cloth being bought for cash, I am prepared to sell the same on the most favorable terms to the strange customers.

M. SIMON,
No. 194 Main street,
Opp site the Clay Building.

TO LEASE.

FOR a term of years, a Lot on Market street, opposite the Triton Hotel, fronting about 60 feet and running back about 150 feet, with the privilege of connecting the two or three buildings, on Alabama street, opposite John Gaston's Hotel, at their office, on Jefferson street, or to one of the late residence of John B. Nannary, deceased.

RICHARD R. CRUMP,
Guardian of the heirs of John McNamara, dec'd.
mr21 3t

House and Lot for Sale.

THE subscriber offers for sale, on accommodating terms, the east half of lot No. 173, in the city of Memphis, on Market street, bounded on Adams Square, with the buildings thereon, being a desirable country tenement, each tenement containing five rooms.

It not disposed of soon, by private sale, it will be offered at auction on the first day of March next, to the highest bidder. Terms made known at the sale on the premises.

RICHARD R. CRUMP.

feb-26

The Mound City Packet,

WILL run this date until altered, regularly and punctually, and leave Memphis every day at 4 o'clock and Mt. Vernon at 8 and 9 A. M. Leave Mound City at 4 o'clock, and Mt. Vernon at 8 and 9 A. M.

The Mound City packet is now and well adapted for pleasure trips to Mound City.

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100 BASKETS Piper Heidsick Champagne;
50 cases Scotch Lemon Parfait;
25 kegs Harris & Walker's Ale (6 lbs. and 1d. lbs. Mackerel);
25 dozen Catsup.

ALSO,

Sugar, Coffee, Tea, Tobacco, Cigars, Sardines, Raisins, Nuts, Figs, Grapes, Lemons, Wines, Brandies, etc., etc.

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