Daily Appeal.

MEMPHIS.

SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1860.

Reading Matter on Every Page

Largest Circulation in the City.

CIRCULATION OF DAILY APPEAL.....1,024
CIRCULATION OF SUNDAY EDITION.....2,200
CIRCULATION OF TRI-WEEKLY.....526
CIRCULATION OF WEEKLY.....3,600

☞ Much interesting miscellaneous reading will be found on our first and fourth pages this morning.

ARKANSAS STATE CONVENTION. The Democracy of Arkansas met in convention on Monday last, for the purpose of nominating a candidate for governor, and also for appointing candidates for electors. The following is the result of the deliberations of the convention: For governor, R. H. Johnson, of Pulaski county. For electors for the State at large, W. W. Floyd, of Johnson county, and J. F. Sowells, of Jefferson county. For district electors, G. W. Taylor, of Washington, and W. W. Leake, of Ouchita county.

THE HINDMAN AND VAN WYCK AFFAIR. The *Herald's* Washington correspondent gives the following account of a difficulty which occurred on Saturday between Messrs. Van Wyck of New York and Hindman of Arkansas:

There was almost a street collision this forenoon, about 10 o'clock, between two congressmen, Mr. Van Wyck of New York and Mr. Hindman of Arkansas, in front of the National Hotel. There are various interpretations of the affair afloat, but the following I obtained from an eye witness: Mr. Van Wyck was standing upon the front steps of the hotel, with Mr. Stuart of New York and Mr. Lovejoy of Illinois. Mr. Hindman alighted from a carriage, and was passing near the three gentlemen named above to enter the hotel, when Mr. Van Wyck salted him with a bow, and the words, "How are you, Mr. Hindman?" The latter resented the salutation with a movement of the hand toward Mr. Van Wyck, to which Mr. Stuart interposed as an intended blow, but Mr. Hindman did not reach Mr. Van Wyck. Mr. Stuart stepped between and mildly remonstrated with Mr. Hindman, and he desisted—remarking to Mr. Stuart that Mr. Van Wyck had made a speech in the House of Representatives insulting to every southern gentleman, and he (Mr. Hindman) could not permit Mr. Van Wyck to speak to him. Mr. Van Wyck, not having been struck, made no resistance to Mr. Hindman. After some little conversation among the friends of the parties, grouping out of the affair, they separated. Out of these facts have grown all sorts of rumors of a desperate collision, the exchange of blows, and exhibition of deadly weapons, nothing of which happened.

CENSUS OF 1860—QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

On the first of June the work of taking the census commences. It is desirable that it be taken with great accuracy, and to enable the assistant marshals who will be engaged in the performance of this duty to have their work well done, it has been suggested that the publication of the questions necessary for all heads of families to answer, would be of great benefit. With this view, we publish the following list:

In the first place it is necessary to write down the name of every person whose usual place of abode, on the first day of June, 1860, was in the family.

The age of each, sex and color, whether white, black or mulatto.

Profession, occupation or trade of each male person over fifteen years of age.

Value of real estate owned.

Place of birth, naming the State, Territory or country.

Married within the year.

Attending school within the year.

Persons over twenty years of age that cannot read or write.

Whether deaf and dumb, blind, insane or idiot, pauper or convict.

Name of owner, agent or manager of the farm.

Number of improved acres.

Number of unimproved acres.

Cash value of farm.

Value of farming implements and machinery.

Live stock on hand June 1st, 1860, viz: number of horses, mules and asses, working oxen, milk cows, and other cattle, swine and sheep.

Value of live stock.

Value of animals slaughtered during the year.

Produce during the year ending June 1st, 1860, viz: number of bushels of wheat, rye, Indian corn, oats, beans and peas, buckwheat, barley, Irish potatoes, sweet potatoes, pounds of wool and pounds of tobacco.

Value of orchard products in dollars.

Gallons of wine, value of produce of market, garden, pounds of butter, pounds of cheese, tons of hay, bushels of clover seed, and bushels of grass seed, pounds of hemp, pounds of sugar, gallons of molasses, pounds of honey and beeswax, value of home made manufactures.

Name of corporation, company or individual, producing articles to the annual value of $500.

Name of business, manufacture or product.

Capital invested in real estate and personal estate in the business.

Raw material used, including fuel, viz: quantities, values, kinds of motive power, machinery, structure or resource.

Average number of hands employed, viz: male, average wages per month, of male labor, average monthly cost of female labor.

Annual product, viz: quantities, kinds, values.

Name of every person who died during the year ending June 1, 1860, whose usual place of abode was in the family, the age, sex and color, whether white, black or mulatto, married or widowed, place of birth, naming the State, Territory or Country, the month in which the person died, profession, occupation or trade, disease or the cause of death.

IMPORTANT TO EMIGRANTS.

As there will this season be an immense emigration to the newly discovered gold regions of Pike's Peak, we deem it proper to make a few remarks in reference to the best and most practicable route to the mines; and having had an experience of over five years upon the plains, and having outfitted and started from all the points north, we are prepared to furnish facts to the public that have been taught us by experience and actual travel. Parties outfitting from Kansas City, Leavenworth, Atchison or Nebraska City, cannot, unless they have corn, start on the plains, until after the first of May, and sometimes later, with the hopes of finding a sufficiency of grass for their stock. There is another great objection to the northern routes. During the months of April, May and June, the weather sets in, and most of the streams are rendered impassable for weeks at a time. To all, then, who are thinking of a trip across the plains, we would unhesitatingly recommend Fort Smith as the best starting point, as this route can be traveled six weeks earlier, and six weeks later than any of the routes above mentioned. Fort Smith, also, offers superior inducements to the emigrant, in the way of purchasing outfits, etc., as our merchants have immense stocks of all kinds of goods needed by them, which they will sell at low rates that will compete with any house in the west. Cattle can be bought in Arkansas twenty per cent cheaper than in Northern Missouri. All these things taken into consideration, make this the cheapest and best point for gold hunters.

Mr. Richard Rogers, has tried both routes to Pike's Peak. He says that the Fort Smith route is easier, better, and more bountifully supplied with the essentials of prairie navigation (fuel and water) than any other route, that is at present travelled.—*Ft. Smith Herald.*

Democratic National Committee.

WASHINGTON, April 5.—The Democratic national committee met this morning. Twenty-seven States are represented. Geo. A. Caldwell, of Kentucky, was chosen chairman pro tem., in the absence of Judge Scudder, and C. L. Vallandigham secretary.

The committee adjourned to meet at Charleston on the 23d, at ten o'clock, in the grand lodge of the Masonic Hall, which has been tendered and accepted for the use of the committee.

It was unanimously resolved, that it is inexpedient under existing circumstances to change the place for holding the Democratic convention from Charleston to another place.

Previous to action on the resolution, Mr. Vallandingham stated the reason for the call, which grew mainly out of the complaints of imposition in Charleston, concerning accommodations for visitors. He had received numerous letters on this subject. Gentlemen of Baltimore, Philadelphia, Richmond, St. Louis and Louisville, had presented inducements for change of the place of meeting to these cities. It might be stated that gentlemen from Charleston would, as far as they could, extend their hospitality to delegates.

Mr. Ashmore stated to the committee that he appeared at the Secretary's summons, but did not regard himself a member. He had met the Executive committee at its first meeting, as the substitute of the Hon. R. H. Williams, a member of said committee from South Carolina, as expressed in his letter, for the only object to appoint the time when the convention will meet in Charleston; he therefore regarded himself as footed to the single act fixing the time, which had been done, and not recording himself as authorized to act, should action, voting or participating further, than to say, as a matter of information, that he had received many letters from distinguished gentlemen from Carolina, of the conservative party, who assured him that the delegates of this party would be extended to the fullest extent of their ability to accommodate visitors and delegates. He was sorry to say that in his opinion nothing need be expected from the anti-convention party. As to the charge, he had not, and would not, attempt to direct one.

He did not believe the committee had the power to make any, and if it were so, it would have a very deleterious and injurious effect upon the friends of the convention in South Carolina, who he thought were unanimous in opposing the change, if not in other States. He had been informed by letter that many of the hotels would charge only three dollars per diem, but yesterday he received private letters saying that certain houses had been fitted up for entertainment for five and six dollars per day, including lodging and board-fees. The landlords of the city claimed the fifth privilege of prescribing the extent for the charges. He should not discuss the question, however, and as he should decline voting upon any of the propositions before the committee, would withdraw.

MEMPHIS, TENN., April 7.

EDITORS APPEAL: Permit me, although not a citizen of the South, to suggest an important element in the approaching campaign, which I see has been almost wholly overlooked by the conservative journals in the South, who are advocating the claims of Senator Douglas as a citizen of the State so ably represented by that distinguished statesman, and a member of the Democratic party, the only true conservative national party in our wide extended country. I hear Messrs Ethiers, through the columns of your widely extended and popular journal, to make a few suggestions to the Democracy upon the important partial omission above referred to, and that is with reference to the legislative branch of our Government, which seems to me to be fully as important as to its political relation to the nation as the Executive branch. The coming winter, one-third of the Senate is to be elected, one-half of which (or seven) are to be elected from the Northern States, and the entire lower House, with exception of the few that have been elected this spring. Whoever is nominated at the Charleston convention will have a great influence upon the elections of these legislatures, who will have the Senators to elect, as well as upon the elections of members of Congress. Now if Mr. Douglas is nominated, and the Cincinnati platform re-adopted, it will be a hard matter for us of the North and West to gain sufficient to insure him a Democratic Congress, and with the aid of the South to insure his election. But we can give no such assurances, if a gentleman favoring the views taken by the extremists of the South is nominated. How much would it profit the country were such a one elected, with the legislative branch of the Government against him? We have a striking example of some thing of that nature now. Could such an Executive effect any thing practically for the country with a Black-Republican Congress? But if on the other hand, Mr. Douglas be nominated, we feel certain, yea we know, that with the assistance of the South, we can elect with him a Democratic Congress. Yet I go farther, in risking the election with any other candidate, we may lose all, both the executive and legislative, and be wholly swallowed up in Black-Republicanism.—Helperism, by which means the "irrepressible conflict" may be thrust upon us when we are least prepared for it.

I speak advisedly when I say that nine-tenths of the people of Tennessee, and three-fourths of the people South, are in fair against anything like disunion; for in the call of Tennessee just the names of the indomitable and heroic Jackson, as also those of the intrepid, eloquent, and patriotic Polk and Jones, as well as thousands of other patriots, good and true. And, as we have seen so ably and beautifully said by your State senator, on the occasion of the meeting of the three legislatures at Columbus, Ohio, last January, I, although an Hibernian, feel some interest in the monumental pile which mark their last resting place, and a pride in the luster and grandeur they have added to the American character. They belong not to Tennessee, but the nation. No, every act of Tennessee proves her a patriotic, Union-loving State. We owe much for the gallant services of her patriotic son, who is now no more—Gov. Jones—he, while witnessing our struggle in '58 against the forces of the Administration and Black-Republicanism, left his native State and flew to our assistance, and with his masterly eloquence left us to successfully drive back this unholy combination, and triumphantly sustain our gallant leader. Illinois will not soon forget this noble patriot; though he is gone, yet will we cherish his memory with a lively interest.

But, Messrs Editors, my communication is getting too long. I had only intended calling your attention to the important matter, that it was equally as important to look after the direction of our legislative functions as our executive; for if Mr. Douglas is nominated at Charleston we can insure two Democratic Senators from that State, and, if defeated, we fear we cannot do so much. With his nomination we can send an additional member or two to the Democratic ranks. Illinois may be said of Pennsylvania, New York, the New England States, and all the North western States. Let me again suggest these ought to be considered by the Democracy—weighty considerations—with a hope that the meeting will be harmonious, and that a spirit of proper concession will prevail. I am yours,

C. A. S.

Departure of the California Pony Express—Interesting Proceedings.

ST. JOSEPH, MO., April 3.—The departure of the California pony express last evening was delayed two hours by the detention of the New York messenger. In the meantime an immense crowd had gathered around the express office to witness the inauguration of this great and novel enterprise.

Speech-making became the assembly were addressed by Mayor Thomson and Messrs. Marcus and Russell of the express company, which in brief and appropriate remarks set forth the importance of the enterprise, the success of the undertaking, and the prospects of its future and undoubted success, which were received with cheers.

The messenger from New York, by a connection by the withdrawal of a train between Detroit and Chicago, which would have delayed the express twenty-four hours, but through the courtesy of General Superintendent Hayward, of the Hannibal and St. Joseph railroad, he was brought on here by special train, from Patsyera, one hundred and ninety-two miles in four hours and fifty-nine minutes, making six stops of five minutes each, he arrived so as to only delay the express two hours and fifteen minutes.

At a quarter past seven o'clock the bag containing valedictory addresses and despatches from all parts of the country for the Sacramento Dalles, and San San Francisco *Bulletin* and *Alta*, forty-nine letters, nine pony express, and seven express for San Francisco and intermediate points, was on the request of W. H. Russell placed upon the pony, equipped as many days before, amid the loudest and most enthusiasm, when the rider mounted, and the little bay dashed off at a rapid rate, bearing her burden towards the Golden States.

The pony will be pushed forward from Fort Kearney next, April 13th, when his advices will be promptly forwarded.

All telegraphic despatches for this route are duplicated on paper, besides a triplicate being taken in lead, prepared for the purpose in indelible ink, and carefully sealed water-proof. Replacements will be made at the points, in order to guard against any chances of delay or misarriage.

CHEYENNE, April 4.—The pony express to San Francisco made the first forty-five mile to Kinnekuk in four hours and fifteen minutes, and showed no signs of fatigue.

The river has risen three feet at this point since last Friday, notwithstanding reports to the contrary, circulated by interested parties, and is now at a stand.

Leading Events in the Lives of Eminent Americans.

Under this head we propose giving, from time to time, brief sketches of eminent Americans, living and dead. To the student these facts are most be particularly valuable, as they will be found to be, for the most reliability, and it might be well to cut them out for future reference.

BUCHANAN, J.—Born in Pennsylvania. Has played many prominent parts on the political stage, and for the past two years has been playing *h—l* in Washington City. Unmarried, and single yet. He says that the Fort Smith route is easier, better, and more bountifully supplied with the essentials of prairie navigation (fuel and water) than any other route, that is at present travelled.—*Ft. Smith Herald.*

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MORMON BURIAL AND GRAVE.

"And he buried him in a valley, in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor: but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."—Deut. xxxiv. 6.

"No man knoweth of his sepulchre!" When the warrior dies, his comrades, with muffled drums and reversed arms, show banners taken, tell of battles won, and rehearse his noble deeds. And the king and nobles honored of the land—sages, poets, and statesmen—then lay him to rest, where costly monuments of bronze and marble speak to a world of deathless gratitude. But Moses, the servant of God, the bravest warrior, the most truthful sage, the inspired poet, and the greatest philosopher that ever earth knew, sleeps in a nameless spot.

"He kissed the Lord beside Nebo,
So God buried Moses in a valley
Over against Beth-peor, but
No man knoweth of his sepulchre."

Moses, whose life, from his very birth, was one of hardship, struggle and toil; who religiously refused to become the heir of royalty; who chose rather to share the honor which God designed should be bestowed on the savior of Abraham's children; who, under God, safely delivered them from their cruel bondage, and the tyrant scourge, who patiently listened to the complaints and bore the reproaches of the children of Israel; but who, finally, provoked to disobedience at the rock at Meribah, incurred the displeasure of the Lord, and forfeited his entrance into the promised land, whose fertile fields and pleasant rest had been the goal of his hopes, for more than forty years—this friend of God was permitted only to view the land, and then called to rest in his unknown grave.

Curious friends of mourner, do you grieve for your husband, your child, or your friend, lies in an unknown spot? Do you weep because you cannot plant anything but straw flowers above the unnerved grave, and sigh that no marble speaks of the worth, and guides to the resting place of the departed one? Remember that he who, favored as no other has been, talked with God, face to face, at the same time the greatest and the meekest man, has, for thousands of years, laid where man knoweth not his sepulcher.—*Intrix.*

CAPE RACE.

Cape Race, where the a cannibal Hungarian was lost, leaving no one to tell the sad tale of the disaster, is one of the most dangerous localities upon the coast, and many a gallant ship has found there a watery grave. Could the spirits which mariners tell of the hair-breadth escapes from the whirlpool be collected they would fill a volume. In connection with the mysterious disaster which has overwhelmed the steamer Hungarian, the following graphic and beautiful passage from Everett's address at the inauguration of the Dudley observatory, has a peculiar and almost prophetic sound:

"That no further improvement is desirable in the means and methods of ascertaining the ship's place at sea, no one, I think, will from experience be disposed to assert. The last time I crossed the Atlantic I walked the quarter deck with the officer in charge of the watch, at one occasion when we were driving along before a leading breeze, under a head of steam, beneath a starless sky at midnight, at the rate certainly of ten or twelve miles an hour. There is something sublime, but approaching the terrible, in such a scene; the restless ocean—the midnight chill—the awful swell of the deep—the dismal moan of the wind through the rigging—the all but volcanic fires within the hold of the ship—I scarcely know an occasion in ordinary life in which a reflecting mind feels more heavily its hopeless helpless inferiority forces beyond its own control.

"I asked my companion how nearly he could determine his ship's place at sea under favorable circumstances; theoretically, he answered, I think within a mile; practically and usually, within three or four. My next question was: How near do you think we may be to Cape Race, that dangerous headland which pushes its iron-bound, unlighted bastions from the shore of Newfoundland far into the Atlantic—the first land fall to the homward-bound American vessel. We must, said he, by our last observations and reckoning, be within three or four miles of Cape Race. A comparison of these two remarks, under the circumstances in which we were placed at that moment, brought my mind to the conclusion that it is greatly to be wished that the means should be discovered for fixing the ship's place more accurately, or that navigators would give Cape Race a wide berth."

The distance of Cape Race from Halifax would appear to make it possible, by proper precaution, to avoid it under any circumstances, but it requires the observance of rules for locating the watch and not to be trifled with. A correspondent gives the following account of a narrow escape of one of the Cunard steamships several years since, in which he was a passenger:

"Mr. Everett's description of the observations, the night at sea, the dangers of approaches to Cape Race, reminded me of an incident which occurred to me in 1848, on board one of the regular steamers, we found a pleasant party of officers, and an acquaintance who was intemperate, but with manners good, even in his cups.

"As we left Halifax a German asked our captain where the watch would be placed, and further, if there was not some difficulty on account of the variation of the currents. The captain replied in rather an indifferent manner, which naturally led me to think he was charged upon them often, but they denied it, and they dozed it long after it had spread among them, and came to be a common practice; and it was only after the fog had lifted the desert and Rocky mountains between them and civilization that they confessed it. Then they not only confessed it, but some seed boldly advocated it as the religion of Utah. Polygamy then is now the rule—monogamy is the exception to the rule among them. This doctrine is preached from the pulpit—it is in night everywhere.

EDUCATION AND HABITS.

The little education the children get consists in preparing them for the reception of polygamy. So at variance is that practice with all the instincts of humanity that it has to be pressed upon the people with great assiduity as a part of their religious duty. To prepare the women for the reception of the revolting practice it is necessary to brutalize them by destroying their modesty. The sentiment of love is ridiculed as a weak, cavalier fallacy and sentiment are laughed at, the sentimental desires of lovers and the winning kindness that sits on their dont on are hooted at in Utah. The lesson they are taught, and that is inculcated above all others, is "increase and multiply" in order that Zion may be filled. The young people are familiarized to indecent exposures of all kinds. The young men tend their wives their cattle; they chose them pretty words as they choose their cattle; and but great pink of delicacy, Heber C. Kimball, the next in consequence, as also the next in sin to Young, calls his women his cows.

A man is not considered a good Mormon that does not uphold polygamy by precept and example, and he is a worse Mormon if he does not practice it. The higher the man is in the church the more wives he has.

Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball are supposed to have each hot even fifty a hundred. The reverend Mormon bishops, apostles and the presidents of stakes have as many as their desire, and it is a common thing to see these horny-headed old Turks surrounded by a troop of robust young wives. The common people take as many as they can support, and it is not uncommon to see a house with but two rooms inhabited by a man, his half-dozen of wives, and a proportionate number of children; the rabbit is a warren, and resembling very much the happy family that we read of—the prairie dog, the owl and the rabbit. In one instance, Young, the saint, married a daughter and her mother for wives at once; some have as wives their own nieces, and Amos Johnson, of Spanish ville, one of the most influential men in Utah, has in his harem of twelve women no less than five of his brothers' daughters. Ole Walts, a Scotchman, who is one of the church reporters, is married to his own half sister. On her arriving in the country, he applied for permission to marry her, but Brigham at first refused, and settled the matter by taking her into his own harem; but in a few weeks he relented, the seal was broken, and he gave her to Walts.

To suppose that polygamy continues to happiness is to suppose a total subversion of woman's nature. In the matter of affection, woman is a complete monopolist; she must have all the heart or nothing. In Utah, she has to be contented with a small fraction of that smallest of all hearts, a Mormon heart, little attention, and no devotion. The little home, which ought to be her throne and her empire, is lost to her. They are jealously watched, and dreadfully abused if they are seen to show, by even so much as a glance, that they are unhappy. But the long and serious countenances of the "mothers in Israel" proclaim too plainly their entire misery. The ill-assorted children—the offspring of one father and many mothers—can show like so many wild animals. The first thing they do after learning vulgarity, is to wear a leather belt with a butcher knife stuck in it; and the next is to steal from the Gentiles; then to ride animals; and as soon as they can, "by hook or by crook," get a horse, a pair of pistols, Mexican spurs and a revolver, they are then Mormon cavaliers, and are fit to steal, rob and murder emigrants. The women and girls are coarse, masculine and are mostly drafted from the lowest stages of society. It is but seldom you meet handsome or attractive women among them.

If a foreign element largely predominates in Utah. The persons emigrating to the Territory are generally from the mining, manufacturing and rural districts of England. The American portion of the Mormons are generally above the rest, and are chiefly from the New England States. Most of them are no doubt fugitives from justice, and most of them are bankrupt in both fortune and character.

FASHIONABLE GOSSIP.

SCENES OF THE GRAND DUCHESS HELENA. "Nemo," writing from Paris to the *Courier*, says: The Russian year is the younger sister of our own. The latter is nearly two weeks old, and tall of the age, which the other enters into the world. No surprise should be excited, therefore, if we speak at this late date of the Polar year, celebrated the defunct year at St. Petersburg. It is not we who are behind time, it is the almanac. The charming ball given by the French ambassador, and the grand soirée of Madame Arnodon, at which the Emperor and the Grand Dukes were present, occurred just before the quite exceptional *fête* on the occasion of the birthday (by the Russian calendar) of the mansion of the Grand Duchess Helena.

Too great *dégagé* of Parisian assemblies is unfortunately. We will not say that we reverence this so much as to invite to our *soirees* its son, Monsieur Ennui; but it is only too true that we have no medium between the amusing chaos of a Bohemian festival, the confusion of an opera ball, and the somewhat insipid calm, the rather monotonous regularity of fashionable receptions. We should not be less respectable, not a whit less *comme il faut*, if we amused ourselves in a less symmetrical fashion. We have long since abandoned in our parks the solemn avenues and paths which Le Notre used to lay out; we prefer the scientific confusion, the premeditated disorder of an English garden, to the line-and-plummet charms of Versailles. In our demeanor, in general, we do not sin by excess of reserve and gravity on the contrary, the American *laisserzaller* has insensibly tinged our manners; but still there is a traditional custom of which we cannot get rid; it is that of formal balls and concerts, whose programme is as rigorous as a military countersign. Our *soirees* succeed each other, one exactly resembling the preceding. The nobility endeavor to honor by their presence, the occasion which the oldest fogy could accuse as innovation. In literature, all ranks, all rules, all confusion; but in receptions we could not easily the confusion of the houses who dare to offer concert and ball, for example, alternating on the same evening.

In this respect Russian customs are unknown. Even at the receptions of the princesses of the blood royal, where formality might be most naturally expected, fantasy often holds sway, and poetry and originality give a charm to the scene. An example of this was seen at the ball of the Grand Duchess Helena. The second quadrille was in progress, when a distant flourish of trumpets was heard, which seemed gradually approaching. The orchestra stopped at this signal, as if to listen politely to its invisible rival. The music ceased, and in its place a *cortege* defiled into the hall which enchanted every eye.

A tinsel bearer, oddly and fantastically arrayed, headed the procession. In his hands was a Janus-faced flag, bearing on one side, a symbolic figure of the year 1859 (on the other, an emblem of the year 1860. A comp-ny of musicians, attended by gaily attired heralds, minions and columbines, followed the standard. Four pages came next, harnessed to a magnificent chariot, covered with flowers, on which reposed a beautiful child, representing the infant year. A *cortege* of seasons and masks, and genius of every kind, surrounded the chariot, and closed the procession. After having made the tour of the hall, the masks quitted their ranks, and executed a fantastic dance.

The interlude being over, the ball resumed its course, the now and old costumes giving great variety and fascination to the scene. Fantasy was side by side with reality; the surprise of the carnival showing the every day elegancies, which are precisely the same at Paris, at London, at St. Petersburg, and at Madrid.

RUSSIANS AT PARISIAN CAFES.

But if we have not such Russian *fêtes* at Paris, we have plenty of Russian visitors. Where do we not see them? They are every where—at the *soirees*, the theatres—especially at the Italiens—at the masked balls of the opera, and of the Porte St. Martin. Do you wish a supper, after leaving the masquerade? At the Café Anglais, at the cabinets are encased by Russians; at the Café Riche, all the tables are theirs; at the Maison Dorée, all the covers are laid for them. By-and-by, the Parisians will be obliged to dine, or to cause their outlets in private, in their own chimney corners.

Three *coteries* of the subjects of the Czar have thus adopted three of the principal restaurants; yet these compatriots have little knowledge of each other. Some years since, but a small number of visitors arrived from the North, and these all belonged to the same society. Now, the number is greatly increased, and they are of every social strata. At the office of the *Le Nord*, we may meet now a Muscovite peasant, in his national costume. The purely French *salons* are beginning to abdicate before this great foreign movement.

REMINISCENCES OF DEFOE.

While Addison, in the early part of the eighteenth century, was doing what no man could, or ever has done, better, and was unrivaled upon the famous eighth volume of the *Spectator*, there appeared a production in the London Market, which, in a dull, heavy, stupid pilot upon a "middle-sized, spare man, about forty years old, of a brown complexion, and dark-brown hair, but wears a wig; a broad nose; sharp chin; grey eyes; a mole near his mouth; owner of the brick and pantile works, near Tilbury Fort, in Essex."

Defoe was then about to be sentenced to stand in the pillory, and stood there—while the crowd cheered him, and drank his health, and threw flowers upon him. He was a man whom we might hardly have loved. He was set peculiarly made for his own time, rather than for all time. The mention of his name brings up special reminiscences of the times of Steele and Goldsmith, Fielding and Smollett. His more name is not half so famous as Addison's and yet he has written the most permanently popular book in English literature.

He lost in the game of politics, in which Addison won; yet he was not a politician, in the sense in which Addison was. Addison was a Tory, an Episcopalian, who, at every period of English history, have fought for the rights of civil and religious liberty, unimpaired, and boldly bending.

King William valued no counselor more, and had no more faithful friend. But having took—having, at the age of fifty-four, to begin life anew—Daniel Defoe descended from the pillory, wiped from his brow the sweat of his long and bitter struggle, and did begin life anew, by writing Robinson Crusoe.

It is a story without a heroine, and without the usual resources of the novel. There is no love-making—no sentiment—no philosophy—no moralizing; in it. But Dr. Johnson says, in the annals of the world, there is not one anything else written by mere man, that was so shed longer by its readers. Other literary adventurers, seeing the success of all works of fiction, it is, perhaps, the most interesting and instructive. Forester calls Defoe the father of the English novel; and not only does the French have his works, and the Spanish, and the Italian, and every European and American child, know "Robinson Crusoe." Yet, Defoe died in poverty. Dr. Johnson heard it told, in the cool evening, by the wandering Arabs of the desert. Why try to say anything of this immortal story? Like the beauty of flowers, it is above all praise. It is court. It is not a study, but a picture. It founded a school, and the "Swiss family Robinson" produced, and the "Robinson Crusoe" is, even to our own day. It is the detailed development of real life, and the influence of character upon circumstances and fate, that "Robinson Crusoe" has superior to any book that had then appeared. There is not a touch of what we call the real in it, as there is in Fielding's novels, but it is the ideal of truth in the school. Every boy feels in reading it, that Robinson Crusoe did nothing that he could not easily do, and therefore it is like the best history.

BARON MUNCHAUSEN.

The "Adventures of Baron Munchausen" was a work written several years ago, for the purpose of putting to shame a class of writers, who, in giving to the world accounts of their adventures in foreign lands, told all sorts of incredible stories in order to render themselves famous as travelers. The book which professed to give the travels of the renowned Baron, was of course, a work of fiction, and the statements it contained so far outstripped those of all other travelers that it served as a severe satire upon them. When, therefore, persons are returning from abroad, and undertake to tell lies, or giving greatly exaggerated accounts of what they had seen or done, they were accused of being disciples of Baron Munchausen.

Perhaps the reader has never seen the Baron's book. If so, he will be amused with one or two specimens from its marvelous pages.

One evening the Baron declares that he was overtaken by a snow-storm. So much swell that he was obliged to dismount, and tie his horse to what he thought was the stump of an old tree, while he wrapped himself in his cloak, lay down on the snow, and fell into a deep slumber. When he awoke in the morning, his horse was missing. He couldn't see him anywhere. At length looking up toward the sky, he espied the animal suspended to the cross of a church steeple. There had been a fine thaw during the night, the snow had melted away, and what he had taken to be the stump of a tree the evening before, proved now to be nothing less than the cross of a church steeple! One hundred and fifty feet of snow had fallen on the same night, in twenty-four hours. The Baron took out his pistol, fired at the bridle, shot it in two, and when the horse fell to the ground, he mounted at once mounted him and went on his journey.

On another occasion he was passing under a gate, when it fell down by accident, and cut his poor horse asunder, but behind the saddle. The Baron didn't know of his loss till an hour afterward, when pausing over a brook, the horse took a drink, and having something gushing out like water behind him Munchausen turned round and saw to his amazement that, for the last four or five miles, he had been riding on a half a horse—the other whole one. The Baron turned back, got the bind quarters of the animal, and sewed the body together with a silver wire, which afterward grew to be fine trees, and proved a fine shelter to him from the sun when he was on his journeys.

One very cold day he was playing tunes on a bugle, when all the tunes froze before they came out at the further extremities of the instrument. However, upon bringing it near the fire, the bugle began playing, and never ceased till all the frozen tunes were played out in their regular order.

Travelers, with all their desire to excite the admiration or lovers of the marvellous, were taught a lesson by this book, and no doubt since its publication many a writer has been forced to keep—the story of his adventure within the bounds of truth, by the exaggeration and cutting sarcasm of Baron Munchausen.

For the Memphis Appeal.

TO MY SISTER.

BY F. P. RAMSEY.

From Winter's icy hand the sap springs forth,
And embows her form and shade assumes,
With wondrous instinct o'er the bud expands
Its tender petals to the soft south wind.
And beneath them, and glorious harvests come
In Nature's turn. There are the fruits of earth,
And for the mind, the deep the sub-soil of
The soul, and let it, labor unknowing
The hidden seed. Below with human
Labor; feed the bud sentiment with the
Richest compost. The sensitive flowers of heart
And fruits of mind—affection's dew-drop gems
And knowledge's compound of earthed bulk.
Determinate and lose their events and times
As Gulliver's land deserts her sacred task.
Then let us keep inner to progress
Above, around, absorbing time and strength
Live but in reference to some worthy end—
This is life's extent—and delightful fruit
Of life's sweet blossoms—the end—
A thousand fold were shelled their petals in
The morning sun! so many more salute
His calm decline! but one alone, with real
As unconsuming as the flight of time,
Seeks his immortal rays while days, and weeks,
And months, and seasons, come and disappear.
The heart! to that that flower, and Virtue! thine
Is the sweet fruit! Sister, I am sincere,
And one on thee the all sublime from God
Of Moral Glory that life rays direct,
Not more than, Life, to the fruits of night.

Short Chapter for Young Ladies.

There are certain young ladies in the world who hold peculiar notions as to the attentions they receive from gentlemen. They seem to think that if a man is polite and agreeable to them, if he appears to take pleasure in their society, and visits them two nights successively, he is bound to propose marriage. Strange to say some mammas labor under this delusion. A short time ago, a friend of our's visited a young lady three or four evenings in succession, and as he was leaving the house for the last time, the mother called him quietly into the parlor and asked him what his intentions were. Our friend promptly responded that he had no intentions whatever, and politely wishing the lady good night, left the house forever.

We live in a fast age, and it would seem that courtship must be conducted with the same railroad speed as other things. Marriage is a serious subject, requiring long and earnest consideration. Two young people may be everything that may be wished for; they may be amiable, affectionate in disposition, and yet, because they happen to be not assimilate, they will live a very unhappy life together. How are these young folks to find out each other's temper and disposition, if it is not through the medium of courtship before marriage? There can be no doubt that the numerous unhappy marriages which are made in the present day, arise entirely from the fact that the courtship is too short. Marriage is not regarded with sufficient reverence; it is often hurriedly entered into by persons who have known each other so little as to state that this is caused in a great measure by our young ladies. As we have just stated, the aspect to think that if a man is polite and agreeable to them, he is in love, and is bound at once to declare his intentions. They forget that, in seeking for a wife, a man ought to be very particular in his choice. The right eyes, a brilliant complexion and white shoulders. These are all very well in their way, but beauty is evanescent, and the day will come when other qualities are found which will bind a household together. There should be congeniality of mind, temper, and disposition; there must be mutual dependence and mutual forbearance, all of which cannot be discovered in the short courtships of the present day. A girl, too, should remember that patent leather boots, well-turned ankles, and unexceptionable whiskers, are not the only things requisite for her future happiness. Her lover may be a "perfect duck," but it is also necessary that he should have a little manhood about him, or four weeks of matrimony will dissipate her dream, and she will be compelled to settle down to the conviction that she has married a dolt, whom she must despise. The attributes of manhood are not to be discovered in five or three interviews. It requires months to find out a person's character and disposition. Complaint is often made by ladies that gentlemen are not polite to them, and do not show that respect which is due to their sex. We are ungallant enough to believe that the fair sex have only themselves to blame in this matter. If they would allow social intercourse without expecting anything more from their visitors; if they would put down politeness and agreeableness for what it is worth; if they would not read a proposal in every compliment paid to them, they would enjoy life more; they would have much better opportunities of judging of a man's real character, and by entertaining a large number of visitors, increase their chances of meeting with one who resembles to themselves in disposition, and who would make them loving, affectionate and devoted husbands.

DESCRIPTION OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.

The Paris correspondent of the New York *Herald* gives the following description of Napoleon:

The Emperor was dressed in the costume of a general of division of the French army, with the exception of the boots, wearing silk stockings and pumps instead. One gets an entirely different idea of his appearance, by seeing him on foot from the one obtained of him while driving or mounted. He has a long body and very short legs, and walks so much so that in walking he has an awkward air, while in riding he is very graceful. He walks, with his head thrust slightly forward, and his head inclined a little over his right shoulder, which combination of defects makes him look particularly ungraceful. His face has the same mixture of dignity and sweet expression, for which he has always been noted; his eyes, apparently half closed, are, nevertheless, wide open, and employed in looking about him, and his forehead exhibits no trace of development of what the phrenologists call "the perceptive faculties" in conversing, however, with those around him, he wore a smile which was really amiable; and, take him altogether, I must confess the near view of him put more than ever into the conclusion which an irishman would describe as "bothered entirely."

I stood and watched him for more than an hour, and I must confess that the distance between the dances about the square in which the imperial party were fenced off from the crowd, trying to convince myself that that little, dumpy, fat, ungraceful, ugly man was the one who, after years of wandering and care, placed himself at the head of this great nation, and made himself the most popular sovereign France ever had—the man who had but recently returned from the bloody battle-field of Solferino, and who, in the eyes of the people ever whom