Daily Appeal.

RIVER AND STEAMBOAT MATTERS.

BOATS LEAVING PORT TO-DAY.

REP. LEWIS, Capt. O'Neil.....ST. LOUIS.
RED WING, Capt. Smith.....ARKANSAS RIVER.
LADY WALTON, Capt. Williams, St. FRANCIS RIVER.

RIVER, WEATHER AND BUSINESS.—The river was about stationary at this point yesterday. If there was any variation whatever there was a slight rise. The Arkansas river is declining, with twenty-six inches in Little Rock. A private dispatch to Col. Miller, of the Cincinnati Commercial, dated at Marietta, Ohio, the 11th, says that there is forty feet water there, and still rising fast. The water is running over the banks, and into the lower parts of the town, doing great damage. The heavy drift caused the breaking of one of the telegraph lines across the Ohio river at Parkersburg, subsequent to, from the embankments and river bank, cutting Marietta from communication with the west for the present. The cable will be repaired as soon as the river recedes. The weather was very mild and pleasant, with clouds or fog in the atmosphere. There was much activity at the landing yesterday that during the previous few days of the week.

TELEGRAPHIC.—The Ohio river was rising rapidly at Louisville, yesterday, with twelve feet six inches water in the canal and nine feet six inches water on the falls.

ARRIVED AND DEPARTED.—The Gen. Quitman, from New Orleans, the Victoria, from Vicksburg, and the Lake City, down from Memphis, with a few passengers, arrived since our last report. The Quitman brought a large number of passengers, though but little freight. Included in the Victoria's manifest were one bale of cotton and 800 sacks of cotton seed. The Lake City came in light. There has been a large number of transient arrivals and departures, embracing the Skylark, Thursday evening, from St. Louis, for Arkansas river, the Natchez and Choctaw, from St. Louis, for New Orleans, the John Walter, from Louisville, for New Orleans, the Imperial and Twilight, from New Orleans for St. Louis, and the Ben. Johnson, from Nashville for New Orleans; all were heavily freighted. The Choctaw had a good trip, including 8000 sacks corn, 1000 bales hay, 107 bales cotton, 70 kegs tobacco, 1100 barrels flour, 200 barrels pork, 20 barrels whisky, 30 head cattle, 102 head hogs.....

The Twilight had a large trade up mainly of congeniality. The John Walter had a large amount of freight, as also the Ben. Johnson. The Imperial was full of people. The Gen. Quitman left for New Orleans last evening, which was the only regular packet departure. She had seven-eighths trip, both of passengers and freight, including 200 bales cotton and 10 hogsheads tobacco. The St. Francis No. 2, did not leave for White river yesterday.

INCIDENTS.—There was but a single engagement of cotton from this port yesterday, that of 2,000 bales by the Gen. Quitman for New Orleans.....The Gen. Quitman took the mails for New Orleans last evening for the Memphis and New Orleans packet company.....

The Jennie Deans arrived from the Illinois river yesterday morning, with 1,000 bales of cotton, consigned to Allen & Co., of this city.....A dark-hued negro train, who had a family in Louisville, was drowned off the Time at New Albany recently.....The new steamer B. J. Adams will leave Louisville for New Orleans next week.....Capt. Jas. Rees has left for his home in East Cape, Washington, N. Y.....The Ben. Johnson, of Mobile, has purchased a two-third interest in the new boat Prairie State, now plying this season and New Orleans there. Capt. A. J. Greer, of Mobile, who had her built, retains a one-third interest.....Capt. Jas. Rees, who has been in getting the boat out, but that has been satisfactorily adjusted with the builders and the present owners. Capt. James started for Mobile Wednesday, and will return soon and have the boat ready to that port, whence she will run as a regular passenger packet to Montgomery.....

The Louisville Democrat, of Thursday, contains the particulars of the explosion of a boiler on board the Time, 15 miles above Cincinnati, on Tuesday last. The boat was proceeding at a moderate rate of speed, the steam was by no means high, and it is said there was evidently plenty of water in the boilers at the time. Through the mildness of Mr. J. W. Gaston, the pilot of the boat, and the officers and crew, the fire was kept under until the arrival of the steamers Mars McLellan and Southerner, which were in sight, and immediately required to the duty. Mr. Armstrong, the chief engineer of the McLellan, kept a hose and extinguished the fire in the hold. Several of the ship carpenters were taken in a skiff to the shore in their night clothes, where they remained until picked up by the yawl from the Southerner. We are requested by the officers of the Time to express to the Southerner for the kind manner in which their wants were so ably met. Capt. Archer and Messrs. Harvey and Taylor of the McLellan, Capt. Smith (who commanded the Southerner this trip, during the absence of Capt. Goodall), and in fact every person connected with the two boats, Capt. W. E. Woodruff, and Drs. Pittman of Caseyville, and Taylor, of Memphis, passengers on the same, and Mrs. Hunt, Mrs. Simmons and Miss Raine passengers on the latter did everything in their power to alleviate the sufferings of the unfortunate. Two ladies were invited on board of the Southerner, but they declined, and turned and dressed the wounded until the duty reached Portland in two of the Southerner. Only one man, a German, was scalded to death, and another was fatally wounded. The following is a full list of the killed and wounded: John Quinn, German, killed. Said to have a brother in Chicago. Thos. Orr, German; totally scalded. G. Brooks, of St. Louis, badly scalded. J. McKnight, of St. Louis, badly scalded. Thos. Baker, son of St. Louis, badly scalded. Bernard W. Nalde of Louisville, hands and face scalded. F. C. Wilters of St. Louis, arm cut and badly bruised. Miss Maggie Raine, slightly scalded. Frank Bailey, of Louisville, head slightly scalded. John Campbell, slightly scalded. Stephen Cole, the second mate, was knocked overboard, and went under the boat, extricated the whole length, and coming on at the stern. He was slightly injured by a lick on the head and a bruise on the side. Mr. Cole, the pilot, a passenger, was knocked from the passenger deck to the lower deck, and somewhat slightly wounded. Bell chimneys fellow the pilot house, breaking it, and yet the pilot escaped unscathed. The pilot house was not damaged. Her deck was scorched by the fire. The engines are also unhurt, but the cabin is completely ruined. The upper works are, of course, all destroyed. The loss is estimated at between eight or ten thousand dollars, without insurance. We are told that the boilers were tested by the inspectors with seventy-six pounds of steam, and that when the explosion occurred, they carried seventy pounds.....

The Hero had her Louisville cargo on Monday evening for St. Louis. But was to run in the Missouri river for water, and on Red river during the cotton season. She was a very light draught, but had great capacity for freight.....Four boats, Ben. F. Bonch, Daniel Carroll, Jr., Lucretia, and Ben. Johnson, were in port on the Ohio river at Cincinnati, Ohio, Wednesday. The sleigh in the current and was spar.....Lovering and Meadian were drowned. Smith swam to a tree and was saved at two o'clock next morning. Lost all in the bottom of the skiff and after going down the river some distance, was carried.....The Ohio above Cincinnati is higher in many places than ever before known.....

The A. W. Quarrier, Capt. Jones, passed Louisville, Wednesday, for this port, and will be up next this morning. The Interchange is also due from Cincinnati.....Mr. John Samuels, a pilot of Louisville, died of consumption in Cincinnati, Saturday. We are grieved to learn that Capt. Larry Harnsted, who recently met with the serious accident, the amputation of his arm by his carriage, is rapidly recovering.....The Orb is on her way from Pittsburg to this port, and was at Cincinnati Thursday.

Boats Leaving To-Day.

FOR ST. FRANCIS RIVER.—The fine packet Red Wing, Capt. Williams, will leave for White river and the St. Francis river at the usual hour, this afternoon, in admirably adapted for the trade, having the accommodations and properties of a packet. Apply on board, or to Jas. Rees, in the clerk.

FOR ST. LOUIS.—The elegant steamer Ben Lewis, Capt. Jas. O'Neil, is the regular mail and passenger packet for St. Louis to-day, leaving at four o'clock this afternoon. She is the finest boat in the trade. Apply to the county officers, and having unexpressed accommodation.

FOR ARKANSAS RIVER.—The popular packet Red Wing, Capt. Smith, will leave for Little Rock at the usual hour, this afternoon. She is a fine river and mail boat, and gives universal satisfaction to shippers.

Port List.

ARRIVALS YESTERDAY.

Skylark.....N. Louis | Pearl.....St. Louis
Jas. Johnson.....Nashville | Imperial.....N. O
John Walter.....Louisville | Ben. Johnson.....N. Orleans
Twilight.....N. Orleans | Prairie State.....N. Orleans
Lake City.....Ark. river | Gen. Quitman.....N. O
Victoria.....Vicksburg

DEPARTURES YESTERDAY.

Skylark.....Ark. river | Hero (m).....N. O
Jas. Johnson.....Louisville | Lucretia.....St. Louis
John Walter.....N. O | Choctaw.....N. O
Twilight.....St. Louis | Gen. Quitman.....N. O

MARRIED AND SINGLE.

Sam Slick's new series of old papers are full of lively hits at life, much after the fashion of those which make the world up to a realizing sense of the Yankee clockmaker's merits in that peculiar style which mingles drollery with shrewd observation, and philosophy with fun. Here are two or three sharp hits at the ways of handsome young women, the moral philosophy of looking-glasses, and married life in Utah:

A CROOKED STICK.

My sister Urania was as splendid a critter as you ever saw, at sixteen or twenty, a real corn-fed, hearty-looking gall. Well, she was uncommon dainty, and plenty hard to please, and she fitted here, and jilted there, until she kinder overstood her market. A rose don't last for ever, that's a fact. It is lovely when in the bud, or expanding, or in bloom, or even full-blown; but there is a time for perfection and decay, that can't be postponed, no how you can fix it; the color will fade or wash out in the summer showers, and then it droops with the weight of its own beauty, and the wind will deprive it, from time to time, of a leaf, till its size and proportion is dwindled down to a mere nubbinny; if not plucked at the right time it's never gathered at all. Then it hangs, pinin' on the parent-stock, while younger, and fresher, and more attractive ones are chosen by fellers to put into their bosoms in preference to it, that in its day was far sweeter and lovelier than any of them. This was just the case with "Rainy;" she woke up one fine morning after the marriage of her youngest niece and found she was an old maid, and no mistake. Her vanity and her glass had been deceivin' her for ever so long, without her knowin' it, and she didn't believe nobody; false curls she wore looked so natural no soul could tell they weren't her own; that the little artificial color she gave to her cheek with a camel's hair brush was more delicate and more lovely than the glow of youth, and that the dentist had improved a mouth that had always been unrivaled.

Well, to my mind, looking-glasses are the greatest enemies ladies have; they ought all to be broken to everlastin' smash. It isn't that they are false, for they ain't; they will reflect the truth, if they are skewed. But, unfortunately, truth never looks into them. When a woman consults her glass, she wishes to be pleased, she wants to be flattered, and to be put on good terms with herself, so she treats it as she would her lover; she goes up to it all smiles, looking as amiable and as beautiful as she can. She assumes the most winning air; she gazes at the image with all the tenderness she can call up, her eyes beam with intelligence and with love, and her lips appear all a woman could wish or a man covet. Well, of course, the mirror gives back that false face to its owner, as it receives it; it ain't fair therefore, to blame it for being unfaithful; but as ladies can't see it in that deceivin' of themselves why total abstinence from it would be better. Now, people may deceive themselves if they have a mind to, but they can't go on for ever. Time will tell tales. What ever year a gall is born in, she has contemporaries; when she looks at them and sees that they are agoing, or the worst for wear, she tries to recall the days of her youth, and finds that they are lost in the distance, and when she sees her school-fellows and playmates married and parents themselves, all the glasses in the world fail, at last, to make her believe she is still young.

Well, the marriage of her niece startled Urania, as a shadow does a skittish horse. She left the deep waters where the big fish sport themselves, and threw her line into the shallow eddies where the minnows are, and she hooked little Tim Dooly a tommy-cod of a fellow, that was only fit for a bait for something bigger and better. It was impossible to look at the critter without laughing. Poor thing, it was hard work to fetch her up to the dressed at last; it actilly took three ministers and six bridesmaids to marry her. She felt she had a lonin' voyage in life, but she was clear grit; it didn't humble her one mite or morsel; it only made her more scorny than ever, as if she despised all the world, and despised all it could say. I could see a motion in her throat now and then, as if she fill in her breath and swallowed her pride down. She actilly held her head so high, when the minister said to Dooly, "Salute your bride," that the critter looked up in despair, for he couldn't reach her lips. Sais I, out of divelitry, "Stand on a chair, Tim." Lord! if you had seen her eyes, how they flashed fire at me, for I guess she actualized you, I know. Age hasn't quenched that, at any rate. To prevent folks from noticing how undersized he was, she just bent down forward and kissed him. Thinks I to myself, "old fellow, you have had all the condescension you will ever get out of her. She has stooped to marry you, and then stooped for you to salute her; after this, look out for angels, for there is a temperical time afore you." And so it turned out; he soon larned what it was to live in a house where the hen crows. "Rainy," sais I to her one day, when she had been givin' him a blown up, and was sending him off on some errand or another, (for she treated him, poor wretch, as if he had been the cause of her disappointments, instead of the plaster to heal them,) "Rainy," sais I, "I always told you you carried too stiff an upper lip, and that you would have to take a leaf out of my book." "Well," said she, "Eph, he ain't the tallest and richest husband in the world, but he is a powerful sight better than none."

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

For my part, I have always thought one wife was enough for any man to manage; and I have seen so many poor fellows have the tables turned on 'em in matrimony, and yet tassled and tattooed themselves, that I have always been rather skeared to try the yoke myself. Whenever I see a poor fellow going to get spliced, it always puts me in mind of a money I met at Madame Tussaud's exhibition in London. There was a guillotine there in the room of horrors, and a youngster examined it mo t attentively; and after walkin' round and round it, and looking up at the knife and down at the block, what does he but kneel down and put his head into the hole to try how it fitted, when he caught a glimpse, as he turned round, of the bright edge of the cleaver that was hanging right over him, suspended only by a string, and just ready to do the job for him. Well, he was afraid to move for fear of shifting the string, and letting the cutler down by the run. The way he shrieked ain't no matter—it was the naturalest thing in the world, and as was the way he called for help. There was a good enough man by him in time—you never see such a stir as it made, for in a general way it's a stupid place, that, with people going about as silent as if they were among the dead; but that set everybody talking at once. They thought it was part of the show, and that he acted his part beautiful, just as a body would if he was going to be beheaded in earnest. So nobody thought of helping him, but let him screech on as if he was paid for it, till at last one of the attendants came round up, secured the knife, got him out, and was beginnin' to pitch into him, when the feller saved him the trouble by fainting. I don't like puttin' my head into danger myself, and I don't think it's fair to ask a gaby to do it for you