Daily Appeal.

A WARNING FROM THE GHOST WORLD.

What was it? A tallow candle to be sure. The gas wouldn't burn, the kerosene strangled me with its noxious vapor, the fluid spoiled, burned blue, and went out. I am afraid of the dark; that ghostly blackness which makes one's eyes ache with its want of light; that palpable gloom which seems to beat like a roomful of palpitations of the heart around you, above you, about you, everywhere; that visible nothing, which holds the tables, the chairs, the portraits from its familiar with, yet hides them in its black veil from your view; that empty fullness through which you thrust out your groping arms, and then shrink back, oppressed with a presence you can neither hear, see, nor feel.

"Milly," I said to my little maid, "run some where and get me a light."

She ran to the grocer's wife, and came back with a penny dip in a brass candlestick.

As she placed it on my table, went out and shut the door, the little boy in house on my premises raised his hammer and struck the figure of time twelve ringing blows upon the heart. It was midnight.

The candle burned clearly. I resumed the old volume of German legends I was reading, and as I laid my finger on a paragraph, and paused to ponder on the possibility of spirits returning to earth to wreak vengeance on foes or work weal to friends, I heard a deep sigh at my elbow.

I turned and behold the ghost of my grandmother.

I knew her from her resemblance to her portrait. She wore the same white cap with its wide border plaited round her face—the same prim dress with which I had grown familiar in the picture.

She died twenty years ago. I was named for her.

I drew up the rocking chair for the ghost. She sat down in it. A pillow could not have sunk there more noiselessly than she did. She kept her hands in the same position on her breast, that somebody tied them twenty years ago.

She fixed her keen black eyes upon me—beautiful eyes, which I had always admired in the portrait. None of her descendants had such eyes.

"I could not come," she said, in deep sepulchral tones, "in gas-light. Ghosts and gas-lights are at war always. As for kerosene oil, we grown in spirit at its use. How mortal noses can night after night, inhale the odor it emits, is a wonder. It is worse than brimstone. We have put our cold lips under your chimneys, and blown our ghostly breaths into the flame. We have seen the chimneys blacken and crack—we have encountered fill with disgusting fragrance. People only said the lamp is in a draught. They moved it and here with it. We shall have to yield. Kerosene is a modern discovery. Ghosts are old-fashioned. To be out of date is to be out of mind. Your tallow candles please me. We ghosts like the light of other days around us. We always, in the body, burned tallow candles."

The fine eyes of my grandmother gazed at my penny dip steadfastly for a moment. She seemed to see visions and dream dreams.

"My dear," she said at length, "you are the first of the family that has returned to candles since the innovation of gas. You are indebted to your dip for my presence. How hollow I would have looked under a chandelier—how bloodless, how white! As it is, I think I am looking very natural, am I not?"

She glanced up at her portrait and waited my reply.

"A little pale, grandmother," I said; "tell me, dear madam, if your pursuits in the other world are of such a nature as to admit of your returning to this at any time?"

"By no means. I am permitted to appear in this sphere but seldom. My influence I can make felt others. Since I have been seen before since my coffin lid was closed. As I departed there arose a yell in Pandemonium. I looked in to see whence it came. I found the great chamber assigned to little children, of which is always full of little ones of all sizes and ages, the scene of great commotion. Infants were crawling into corners; three years old toddlers were tottering out of the way. Older ones were hastily finding seats, and all faces wore a listening expression. A small voice was saying: 'It was no fault of mine that brought me here. I, who am but five years old, might have lived to be fifty. Nature, unfortunately, gave me a fine physical development. My chest was round and full, my skin clear, my limbs finely moulded. My birthplace was in a cold climate; my tender mother, proud of her offspring, bared my neck and arms in the chill winters, when her rosewreaths and vines were helped in warm weather and thoroughly protected from every blast. I was brought down to be viewed by company, and exposed to different temperatures as I went from room to room. My mother, wrapped in soft velvet and comfortable silks, did not suffer; I did, but could not tell her so. I took cold; I became a great trouble in the house; my beauty died. I lingered on from month to month, and died at last, at five years old, of consumption. My mother cried over my little coffin. I knew, but I could not tell her then, that her own vanity had placed me there—would send me here.'"

"'I was trotted to death,' cried a more pig voice, as the first speaker sat down. 'A woman was hired purposely to take care of me, and she took care that I should not want for exercise. Her days and nights were spent in keeping me going 'up, up, uppy,' and 'down, down, downy.' Nothing wonder, perpetual motion, was to be found in my nurse's knees. Every bone in my poor little body was racked, every ounce of flesh was sore. My fond weat down with and came up cheese. If I cried, I was trotted; if I screamed, I was trotted; if I was still, I was trotted.—I became little better than a human churn, from which the butter had been taken and the sour milk left standing. My brains turned to bruises, my blood to whey, my bones grew so sharp they almost pierced the knees which trotted them. As I began to cut teeth, my tongue was constantly jolted between my jaws, and in danger of being bit off. I dared not whine, for I knew the penalty; I began at last to calculate the chances of being trotted possibly continue. Warm weather was coming on, and I thought one or the other of us must soon give up the ghost; and as my nurse's exertions were almost superhuman, I imagined that perhaps I might outlast her. One unlucky day, however, my mother entering the room unexpectedly, I smiled at her. I had never done so before.'

"'The darling, cried my parent,' 'see, it knows me.'

"'Poor thing, rather,' said the nurse, 'it has wind on its stomach.'

"'Forthwith she proceeded to trot it out. Every thump of her foot on the floor was, I knew, a nail in my coffin. My painful nurse continued her efforts, and I was trotted out of existence upon the poor old woman's knee.'

"As the speaker ceased, one of the older occupants of the room descried me," said my grandmother. "He at once made signs for me to enter, and begged me to remain awhile and hear the remarks. I consented, and took a seat near the entrance.

"'I said a little fellow, rising from his seat, with his blue eyes all blood-shot and his curls all matted together, 'died of cellitum tremens. At the age of six months I was a confirmed drunkard. I had not been a very quiet baby, and every time I was uneasy a little liquor was administered to do me good. I did not want wine, but water. I was naturally a very thirsty child, and everything that was put between my speechless lips increased my thirst. My mother's milk was sweet, the panals given me was sweet, and I sucked of now them I was blessed with a draught of goat or cow's milk. It was warmed and sweetened first, to make it as much like my mother's as possible. I used to cry. No other way do we poor babies have of expressing our feelings, and I was trotted ten to one that we will be understood. To stop my crying, I was put to the breast; this, at such times, I would indignantly refuse. Then there would be a commotion. 'Nurse, my mother would say, 'what shall we do with him?' The nurse was a stout, hearty old woman, who always made a practice of taking whatever was provided for her charge. Her sovereign remedy was liquor. It was taken, and a spoonful administered at a time. At first I rebelled—I strangled, kicked and coughed. The firm hand held the spoon to my little tongue, and down went its contents in spite of me. Little by little the dose was increased. I soon liked it. In my thirsty moments I cried for it. It was given me readily, or after a few moments of wild glee, I fell into a drunken stupor, which gave my attendants many opportunities of enjoying themselves, as my sleep was sure to be long and sound.

"'At length manie a pote assailed me. During my whole life no one had ever thought of giving me a single spoonful of the water I had craved—the cooling, cheering, refreshing drop of water! Now, I no longer cared for it. In my wildest frenzies I was accused of having the colic; down, as soon as ever the fery drink, until finally I was literally burnt out. I was nothing but a cinder within, a shell without. My stomach was cooked to a crisp, my intestines were shrivelled—my lungs no longer filled with pure air, belched forth only the fery fumes that had consumed me. I died. I was good for nothing. I hope whatever form my dust is destined to take on earth, it will not be watered, as when I inhabited it, with alcohol.'"

"As this speaker ceased, there arose a wail of sympathy, such as had first attracted me to the apartment. Immediate chamber; as it subsided, another little figure had taken the stand—

"'My legs,' he said, 'brought me out of the world. My mother laboured under the strange delusion that her child was born a Highland laddie of American parents and in America.

I was dressed, or left undressed rather, in short, plaid stockings, reaching to the calf of my leg, and an elegant kilt reaching just to the knee. My limbs were moulded in cherubic forms, and when exposed in the nursery were pretty. But the nursery was too narrow a field in which to display my beauty. On bitter cold days I was walked out over the icy streets, the keen wind chapping my flesh and chilling my blood till my knees looked like twin nutmeg graters painted purple. I used to look at my mother's long comfortable skirts and thick leggins drawn up over warm hose, and wondered if she could survive a fashion such as I were if adopted by herself. I became afflicted with inflammatory rheumatism, and, unable to endure the pain, gave up the ghost.'

"I felt" said my grandmother, "that this victim was a sacrifice to a fashion started since my day. I know that your father was never dressed in such a ridiculous style unless a little boy, for with my own hands I knit his warm woolen stockings, and saw that his comfortable little trousers came well over the instep of his little calf skin shoes.

"The next speaker was a dream-faced little girl, who trembled as she rose and said:

"'I was an opiumeater. My death-warrant was written on the label of the first bottle of Godfrey's cordial brought into my mother's house. A few drops at first sufficed to hush my feeble cries. Then Godfrey's cordial would not do. A few drops of pure laudanum was administered. Soon I could not go to sleep without it. Then my nurse would give me a small opium pill in my panada. Of course I was but little trouble. I was a deep sleeper, but my digestion became impaired; too much sleep weakened me, and I knew no natural slumber. My eyes became like those of a sleep-walker, full of dreams when wide awake. I lost my appetite; my head grew full of pain; my baby-heart was always aching. I closed my eyes one day forever on the home where I felt I could be little loved, when my low wails were never permitted to appeal to these around me, but were hushed at once; where my blue eyes were scarcely ever permitted to look around in the world in which they had been opened, and where, instead of proper care and food and exercise, the baneful pill and enervating sleep were all that was offered me. There are many parents who seem to think children must pass their childhood out of the way,' and only get in the way when they have been, in spite of all sorts of ill-treatment, useful or ornamental members of society.

"'This child was still speaking,' said my grandmother, 'when I rushed out. I had been incapable of hearing the sad tale before, but the moment I heard the fearful waiting chamber, repeatedly the woes that had sent them there, any longer.

"I felt impelled to revisit earth. I came. In no light could I make myself visible to you until your tallow candle was brought in.

"My dear, remember what I have told you. Some of these days you may be a mother. Be more than careful of the sacred charge of little children. Think for them—feel for them. Do not, to ease your cares, sink them into unnatural slumbers, or give them, over to selfish nurses. Upon you, rests the danger their lives—in a great measure their happiness, both here and hereafter—I beg you will give—"

Just at this moment the cock crew loudly. The voice at my elbow was still. I looked around—the chair was empty, the ghost had vanished.

LIST OF LETTERS

REMAINING in the Post Office at Memphis, Tenn., on the 16th DAY OF MARCH, 1861. In calling for them should say that they are advertised.

Ladies' List.

AMES mrs E; Adams B G; Avery Emma; Allman M; Armstrong Willie Anderson Robt Allen J; Adams Andrews A.

BLACK M; Brady miss M; Barrow Mary S; Bowman Mrs M; Bailey Mrs Ann; Bailey Mrs Isabel L; Al Nock M; Bowman P P; Broadhurst V; Buckley Annie; Barnett Mrs Sarah; Bailey Mrs Mary; Bell Mrs S; Burton H Mrs; Bird H; Brooks M; Brooks M V; Brown M; Brown Mrs Berry mrs M; Richmond Mrs B; Brown E H; Bowden Kate; Brown mrs M C; Brady A; Bennett E Ann Mary; Bond C R; Boark mrs.

CLARK Amanda; Cartwright Mrs; Castle R D; Champion H; Carter Frances Carroll Emma; Crosley H A; Collier Mary Frances; Cockrill Mrs; Cowell Mrs; Cowart D; Cooper Mrs M; Cooper Mrs; Cherry C; Collegs H; Colwell D; Collins M; Cox E; Cooper Mrs; Cox M; Cook H W; Chilton Mary; Carley C M E; Cook mrs H; Cook A M, servant; Commissioner M E; Clark J.

DAVIS mrs R; Davis L J mrs; Dewey J T; Davis L A; Davidson M F; Duncan H M; Dolson Clara; Dolson C mrs; Dennis mrs M.

ERWIN mrs M; English Mary; Everson Susan E; Eagle Mary; Ewaran mrs N.

FARLEY mrs R; Fitzsimmons M; Fellenwider H; Fortney mrs A.

GRAHAM M; Gregory Jennie; Gosling Finley; Grise Tudor M; Godfrey J.

HAYS mrs R; Hewitt M G; Hanson miss L; Harris S G; Harris H J; Hanes C; Harrington F; Haire Mary; Harris Amanda; Harris Mary; Hodges J Ed Nick; Hughes mrs W; Howes N B Jr; Hensley J; Hawkins L; Harper E; Hardee S J; Hartsock C; Hy Hancock M E; Hughes Mrs M; Hughes Mrs Mary; Hughes Mrs E; Hodges mrs W; Hoss S; Cimic Hughes R B; Horne Mary F; Hudson Mary.

IRWIN mrs A.

JONES P G; Johnson M B R; Jackson, Lou; Jones L; Bi Jones Coral Jordan mrs L.

KELLAY Anna; Kennedy M; Kelly miss M; Kelly J C; Kerr Pamela; Kavanaugh M.

LASHER H; Levi mrs M A; Lowe Emily; Laine M A; Lee Mrs Jenny; Lowe Emily; Lane S J; Lee Madame Louis Mary.

MAY Anna; Morgan J W; Mullins M B; Morgan D; Moore S M; Malone M L; Maxwell Mrs; Moore V J; Moore mrs O R; Moore N R; Mitchell Lodie; Marion M; Mallory Mrs; Marshall mrs C; Mahlon T J.

NEWSOM Mrs A; Newbold M G; McAbloch Mat; McCoy A; McDougal S.

NEI'. Posey; Norton Delia R D; Norman Pamela; Nolan mrs M; Nowlin Mrs Mary; Nagel Mrs M.

OWEN M miss O; Dwyer M E; O'Keefe mrs C; O'Brien Ann; O'Daniel Mary.

PARKS F; Powell Mary; Powers N I. P; Paschal S; Patterson mrs H; Powers Louisa; Polk Sarah; Perkins Rebecca; Patrick Mary A; Philips Lizzy; Payne M; Porter ——; Phillips mrs R; Pickett Lucinda.

QUINLES MAG.

RYAN Mary; Reid Laura; Rodgers Eleanor; Rayland Ann; Reinhardt M; Russell mrs M; Rowe S A; Robinson Jenny; Rigney Mary; Remy miss A; Rose Mrs M E; Rowlette mrs J; Rose miss Mary; Royal mrs M Roberts Lizzie.

SIMONS M; Shaw Dorina; Shantermine M; Smith Jennie; Stallion L W; Styler F W; Saunders mrs L; Stewart miss N; Stewart Mary; Weeks A; Sommer Mary; Sullivan C B; Shell mrs E V; Scanlon Margaret.

TAYLOR S; Thompson M A; Trotter L W; Thompson J; Thompson E; Tyler Lelia; Tumbler mrs V; Tatarice S M; Thomas Matilda.

UNDERWOOD J; Upchurch S.

VANNETER J; Vardoman A.

WADE D E; White M; Walters M A; Walker H; Walker H; Welborn miss R; Williams miss T; Williams Rhoda; Wheeler Mrs M; Wilkins A; Wright Mary; Weddle Lizzie; Wright M A; Wright K G; Wright mrs N; Wilson mrs M; Wilson E; Wesson R M; Weaver L J.

YOUNG M N; Young Mary.

Gentlemen's List.

ALEK K N; Allen L; Alford R; Allen W; Allen W A; Atkinson R H; Allison J P; Abbott Abert J; Adams J W; Adkins Alex; Allen R; Allen Alexander W; Allen J; Allen J; Atkinson W H; Alexander J; Adams J H; Adkins P; Atkinson R; Andrews G T; Askins W; Atkinson J; Aikins G; Atherton G G; Albanese F.

BRADY J; Bradford Jas; Bell Blackstone W; Bassett R; Burgess E S; Bradley R; Bowford J; Baxter L; Bennett S; Bennett Mr; Bennett D; Bailey W; Bell J; Barrow A G; Bedsworth J M; Brenaham J W; Benson J; Brenaah J; Bennett W; Bere D; Slate L R; Blair D R; Bain J; Barnard J L; Barnes W; Bates J E; Barnard G T; Bates I; Barnard T; Barnett P; Pb Bartlett G; Bennett; Bailey Bennett; Bell J; Bell J; Bell J; Bell W; Bennett; Bennett R; Bennett; Bennett R; Bennett; Bennett R M; Bibant G; Bowsinger H; Bird J; Bricker J P; Brown J L; Brown H W; Bond R; Bond H R; Bond H R; Bowdrick I; Bond S D; Brown R A; Brown R C & G C; Brown S H; Brown A; Brown A; Brown D; Brown P; Brown R; Barnes R A; Brown C; Bird W; Booker M; Brown Ro; Brogdon J; Bogg W; Bogan Jas; Bogan Jas; Bogan J; Bell W; Bland J R; Bell S; Bridgeman R; Bee Simon D; Bond S; Bennett W S; Bennett D S; Bennett A M; Bennett; Bennett; Bennett; Bird W; Bird H; Bowman S W; Bowley W; Brown J W; Booker W; Bow W; Bock T; Burke J; Butler J G; Burke M; Burr A E; Bowen J; Bell J; Bell J; Bell J; Bell J; Bell J; Bell J; Bewter J; Barbanks R; Burton D.

CARMICHAEL J; Cantrell L A; Cantrell G C; Chaney J; Cowan; Cowan G C; Cullinan T; Caldwell G C; Caldwell; Crawford D L; Cantrell T M; Clarke M T; Clarke G C; Clarke J S; Clarke M; Clark W; Clark J; Carroll M; Carroll P; Carriffee M; Carter L; Cy; Carney J; Carney J; Carney; Carney; Carney; Carney J; Carney; Carney; Cavanaugh M; Casey J; Casey P; Caswell P; Crawford; Cassady M; Chaver J P; Cerley E; Cantrell A; Cantrell; Chapman M; Chapman; Chapman; Collins; Collins R D; Cavalier J; Calhoun J; Calhoun J; Canterberry A; Crawford R; Crawford J; Carpenter; Carter; Cain; Clary J; Carden J S; Carrington L S; Cornell J B D; Cribes J; Carter H; Carter W W; Cavanaugh P E; Cantrell; Cantrell; Cantrell; Cantrell; Cantrell; Cantrell; Cassedy J; Chambers W; Childs I A; Childs T; Christopher M; Cox long the lame; Cox M; Cox; Cox J; Cohen Dr; Collins R; Coachler M; Cornell T; Cantelin J; Coats H; Cowan W; Cowan W; Cowan J; Cowan J; Cowan J