Daily Appeal.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER—A FRAGMENT.

BY J. H. SYNNOTT.

For the Memphis Appeal.]

The people lounge thereon the parlor wall,
And Milk leans upon her father's knee;
The old man's eyes upon her features fall,
And beam with brightness to gladness gone.

"My child," he softly said, "do I remember right,
Twelve summer suns have rolled beyond the sea
Since then first smiled, and I looked the light
Of those blue eyes that now look up at me."

"O yes, papa, this is the very night,
And now I wish to press upon your mind,
That every year since first I saw the light,
To me you have been beautiful and kind."

"Hush, daughter, hush—no more, I pray, of this;
Small have thine, my child, to you been dear;
But times have changed;—I feel not now the bliss
Of days gone by—for you I am blessed in you.

"Thou art the only child now left to blush
With thrill of rapture heart with harmony!
Where shall I find a joy to love so much,
When those joys cease no longer beam on me?"

"O speak not thus so melancholy, sir!
Come, let me dry the tear-drops in your eye,
And chase away those fancy fears that stir
Thy gentle heart to sorrow and to sigh.

"Good sire should never weep; 'tis the defiance,
Where wicked deeds have darkened hearts and homes
Who ought to cry with fear, although unused
To sacred rites beneath cathedral domes."

"Ay true, my child, the honest are the best,
Whether in faith, in charity, or work;
Why a Christian cripple prays in jest,
And many a laity believers called a Turk."

"The world is full of wishes. I'd have thee learn
To know the good from bad by Nature's law;
Look into hearts, my child; there read, discern,
Pierce through the skin, if thou wouldst find a flaw.

"Trust not to smiles, or gaiety, or looks;
Things fair outside are often foul within;
Rankest friends are you would confide books;
And bear in mind that saints are apt to sin."

"The finest phrases don't make the finest bird,
Be lady—your neighbors act by how they're dressed;
Of manner—I've been and in lady words,
Make I come sits at home in silence red.

"Yet Charity, our child, have hide a away
Unknown in ancient times, unsold in song;
Though it seems makes the stilly and the gay,
Times will divorce the social thing."

MEMPHIS, November 19, 1859.

AN OLD STORY VERSIFIED.

As a preacher once labored, with learning profound,
Great truths to promulge, and doctrines expound,
An old darky passing, took quite a strong notion
To spend a few minutes in prayer devotion!
But Jack, as a sailor is wont so, they say,
Where where, had imbibed rather freely that day;
And being in the fore part of the house, he thought
Or rather imagined little each good society,
Kept "hooking and filing" about the church door,
Prepared to cut and run, if the sermon should bore,
Till the preacher, as Irishman just from the cod,
And composed of great zeal to the service of God,
Confiding spirit of our friend, thought 'twould be quite as well
Just to hint him step in, and pray save him from hell.
"Now, my good friend, we have nothing to fear!
Step in and sit down, till the paper you'll hear."
So Sambo perched himself on the end of a pew,
The old sailor thought to walk in he'd make bold;
He blundered up his trousers in nautical style,
And sauntered down the aisle of the church grew dare,
And he ceiled with a clump, "I'm mad all my
But such preaching as that is worth—the—make a do.
C. H.

VICISSITUDES OF A MILLIONAIRE.

At the time of our story, there was an auction store near the Bourse.

The Viscount Robert N. de P—— was twenty-five years of age, had an income of 25,000 livers, with good looks, an illustrious name, and could have made a very brilliant marriage. He ought to have been the happiest man in the world. He had only one regret—he had nothing to do. He was unhappy at his happiness. The constant tranquility of life fatigued him. He needed a little bitter in his cup of perpetual sweets. But heaven refused to grant it to him. He resolved to fly to other lands, there to seek the fatigues, the sufferings, the novelties he lacked.

So, days gone by, he entered by chance an auction room, just as they were putting up a capital portable writing desk.

He stuck about to travel, and it was just what he needed; so he bought it for three hundred francs.

It probably cost more than ten times the sum. In the interior there were compartments for everything, and a plate bore the name of Lord N——, one of the richest peers of England. He was enchanted with his purchase, and carried it home to triumph some days after he set out for Spain; as he went from Madrid to Cadiz, he was stopped by thieves who completely despoiled him. He prayed them to return. They refused; but their chief, Don Jose Marie, promised to send it after him to Cadiz, on receipt of a ransom. Robert promised ten hundred reals, and gave the address of the hotel where he meant to stop at Cadiz. He sent the money, and got the desk.

In America, in the wilds of Mexico, his desk was carried off by the Mexicans. He thought it lost. Four months afterward he found it in a shop in Vera Cruz, and paid five hundred francs for it.

In 1852, having returned to France, he thought of going to Baden. He passed the summer there and went to Paris, visiting Cologne and Aix-la-Chapelle on the way.

Arrived at the frontier which separates France from Belgium, he fell into the hands of the custom house officers. Some days before some skillful thieves had robbed the Czar, who lost to a considerable amount, consequently the officers were on their guard.

The search was long, and the Viscount became fearful lest they should find the desk.

"What do you fear?" he asked a negro.

"Oh, sir, objects of great value can be concealed in a small space."

"Have I the air of a smuggler?"

"No, but there are embassadors who smuggle without scruple."

The search continued, and the Viscount was satisfied to see the officers open drawers in his desk of the existence of which he was ignorant. At last, full of impatience, he wished to reclaim it.

"Now, that you have seen all," said he, "let us not prolong this unpleasant investigation."

"What do you say, sir?"

"I say that you have seen all, and know that I have nothing contraband."

"Your coolness, sir, makes me pity you. Have you neither to bribe nor to plead? Or, if you will, be freed by paying the duty of me, and I find anything, there will be a confiscation and a fine?"

"But you have seen all?"

"Perhaps."

"What do you mean by 'perhaps'?"

"It is well done. Any one but myself might have been deceived."

"But I swear to you that you have seen all?"

"Why decive me? I am going to prove the contrary."

"Well—profane anything else, I swear I know nothing of it."

"A poor excuse. I warn you that I do not believe you."

"Let us finish this bad joke."

"We will, and so much the worse for you."

And with a nail the officer pressed against a spring concealed in the ornaments, which flew back, disclosing a drawer in which was a paper parcel.

The officer took it out, looked at it, and put it back.

"That is not contraband," said he with a bow, "and with so much money I was wrong to examine it."

But the Viscount was stupefied.

"Bank notes!" cried he. "But I did not put them there."

"You are very fortunate, sir, if you can forget a million so readily."

In fact there was a million of pounds sterling.

The Viscount took the notes, counted them, replaced them, and determined to find the owner. Arrived at London, he sought out Lord ——, whose name was engraved inside. The nobleman affirmed that the money was not his. He had given this desk to a former valet of his, whose address he gave to the Viscount.

This valet was now a wealthy shopkeeper in Pall Mall. He told the Viscount that he knew nothing of his money, but while in Italy had sold the desk to Count Luigi Settimani, who was immensely rich, and in whose service he then was.

The Viscount set out for Italy, and went to Ravenna, where Count Settimani lived. He recognized the desk, but avowed that he had never placed any money in it. He sent the Viscount, however, to the Marquis Rocca, a former prima donna of the San Carlo, at whose house, in his gay days, he had forgotten his desk.

The prima Laura recognized the desk and related that she had given it to the Russian Prince, Alexis R——, in exchange for a pearl collar.

The Viscount set out for St. Petersburg. He was very happy. He now had something to do—to find the owner of the hidden money. He pinned it all interest, in order that it might run the risk of being lost.

Prince Pa—— knew the desk, but declared that he had never concealed a single bank-note in it. He told the Viscount that in leaving Italy he had gone to Paris, and had given the desk to a dancer of the opera, Louise P——, who was not in the habit of concealing money.

Robert returned to Paris.

He learned that after a life of raillery and luxury, Louise P—— had died in misery, and that her furniture was sold by her creditors. It was at that sale that he had bought the desk.

Want to do now? He could only think that the maker of the desk had placed the money there, or that it had been stolen there by the Spanish robbers who stole it.

The maker at London wrote that he knew nothing of it, and the Viscount learned that the Spanish robbers had all been hung long since.

Ah! perhaps it had been deposited in the desk by the Mexicans. He went to Mexico, whence he returned two months ago.

He there discovered that one of those into whose hands it had fallen was a trapper, who had carried on a considerable trade in skins with the Americans. This was sufficient. He must have been the man who concealed the bank notes.

The Viscount continued his search, and at last found, one day, at Vera Cruz, a very pretty girl of seventeen, the daughter of the Mexican by the French woman, who had come to Vera Cruz as a milliner.

In answer to his questions, she told him that she knew nothing of her father, but that he had been killed by a Texan ranger.

She was exceedingly pretty, and like a sensible fellow, he married her, and having at last something to do, returned to Paris with her to enjoy the fortune of which a singular chance had put him into possession.

WASHINGTON'S HOME.

We append a communication from the Boston Evening Transcript, suggested, as it seems, by an interesting letter we recently published, from the pen of an intelligent Washington correspondent, who had made a flying trip to Mount Vernon, and sent us his impressions, which we gave place in the Press.

We are not a little gratified, in view of what the Ladies' Association has so successfully accomplished, in already quite reaching the sum of $200,000 for the purchase of Mount Vernon, that the propriety, or even necessity, of immediate and prompt, continued action to get up an equivalent sum for its restoration and maintenance, is apparent to all right-thinking people, and that our Massachusetts friends are also alive to its importance and necessity.

The entire press of the country, no doubt, will continue to lend its potent power to the great object. Washington is surely not to be forgotten by the ladies. First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen!

MOUNT VERNON.

To the Editors of the Transcript:

A letter in the Philadelphia Press, of October 11th, will be read by all who are interested, (and who of us is not?) in the present condition of Mount Vernon. To such as have personally visited the place, and beholding, have mourned over the "abomination of desolation" there, no such description is needed, but there are very many others who suppose that the purchase money for Mount Vernon is all the money that it is necessary to raise; and that, once bought and in the hands of the Association, the estate will somehow be kept and cared for—perhaps by Congress, possibly by private donation, undoubtedly by bequests.

Now, without recurring to the old proverb, that "what is everybody's business is nobody's," and that it is "ill waiting for dead men's shoes," which dispose of the first and last suggestions, we may safely say that the ladies are entirely open to the force of the second; that they count it, and are willing to be overpowered by so convincing an argument.

Mount Vernon once in the hands of the ladies of the Association, will undoubtedly be kept. Kept, and never parted with, even if not another dollar can be raised in this country, to put it in order, and restore it to its early condition. Still, it is clear that such a restoration should be at once attempted, and carried on as rapidly and as far as funds will warrant.

The appeals heard may have responded warmly to appeals for Mount Vernon. The public purse, however, as certainly responded very feebly. An uncertainty regarding the whole scheme and management confined as it was to women generally, whose characters and position were their only bonds of fidelity, or guarantee for success, brooded like a black raven over every effort, and croaked with every disaster that fell into the patient hands of the ladies. When it is considered that we are a work-a-day population, that our earnings are difficult, and our calls for expenditure legion, it is saying much for the patriotism of the country that it was willing to shape itself in this cloud-fashion at all. It was also a compliment to female character, on the whole, most flattering. That the Regent has great good financial ability, is clear—or else she has the equal discretion to choose good advisers. At all events, the purchase was made, and the money paid for Mount Vernon; and if the last payment is not made by Miss Cunningham to Mr. John A. Washington, it is because that party is unwilling to take upon herself the responsibility and expenditure of possession, without the requisite funds to begin necessary repairs—some slight alterations only having been attempted during the past season, with the permission of the present incumbent.

What is lightly won goes lightly. It is said the permanency of Mount Vernon is associated with personal sacrifices, the part of those women who have acted as collectors, so great as to insure its prudent and external keeping. It has been gathered in the Massachusetts from the hard-handed laborer and the school-child—from the old woman "who remembered Washington," and from the young girl who remembered her country on the altar of feeling. Occasionally, and in response to personal appeals which could not gracefully be set aside, the gifts of the wealthy cheered the prospect; but in general, the purchase-money has to be paid to the gift of the poorer dime. The only of persons of limited means classes—certainly [illegible] and contribution call. [illegible] cannot be expected. With physical suffering [illegible] rely patiently daily on their sympathies, [illegible] the appeals for all objects patriotic will fall otherwise than coldly or cruel. The portion, possibly the tithe, which they have set aside for charitable purposes, they do not choose to encroach on for other uses. And after receiving the mites of such persons, it is an insulting act to be useless, to ask them for more, even for the purpose of preserving their own gift. There is also a certain distinctness, or it might be called a sense of propriety, which makes it difficult to ask funds for an object, the worth of which would seem to be equally clear to all. Yet we must, and ought to count on the generous impulses of the rich, in cases like this. From those to whom much is given, it is required that their gifts be cast freely into the treasury of patriotism, taste and gratitude, the grave of Washington's height. His house and home is the property of the American nation. That nation delights to honor the name of Washington, and to bring its offerings, its votive statues, to eulogize him. It loves his memory. Will it be contented to call those "walls salvation, and those gates praise," while the tangled grass has free play in the grounds, and the walls moulder? Will the country be willing to own Mount Vernon only as a ruin?

H.

CAMBRIDGE, Oct. 25, 1859.

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