Daily Appeal.

☞ The following Journal for twenty-eight minutes was kept from the Richmond (Va.) Whig, of the 6th inst. Some additions taken to the pen of John H. Pleasants, Esq., the editor-in-chief of the Southern Literary Messenger:

ODE TO WILLIAM H. SEWARD,

ON HIS RETURN FROM EUROPE.

Sic in Dixie, patria Cyri,
Sic Dulcis Sewardus,
Vindemiaque rapit pater,
Dulcinia alia, pater Ingres,
Haeu, quae tibi creditum
Debet Virginius, Dulce Attice
Redisti Sewardus, Dulce Attice
Redisti Sewardus.
(Hartfordus, Editor 1, Corrector 2.

Si tel be the ship that brought you safe to shore,
Long failed with the winds and waves to wrestle,
As that of old which Virgil poudly bore,
(If mortal's not, you must yourself confess, Sir,)
You never have been so much mistaken yet,
Thus soon not now upon another visit—
The ship of State is drifting free to leeward,
And needs your master hand to steer her forward!

I cannot tell, indeed, but we shall go
To Dary Jones with such a Palinurus,
There's been of late a 'drift' heavy blow
From Seward's quarter and adverse Horse:
And this—seriously—alone, I know,
Makes me—dreadfully—uneasy for you.
And yet—as I was saying—I am sure
Had you not happily come home from London!

But I digress—I come direct from France,
You've been a guest at Compiègne of the Emperor—
Methinks I see you lighted in the dance,
Like unto Dan Immanuel (O Ill Sir Scripsit!) or
Quiting with jests of tenderness arrayed
The fair Empress in the seven-and-twenty,
Apart with Lotte, with a cool affability,
Plotting the speedy downfall of your country.

You've made a pilgrimage, another "Childe,"
To Greece, where dwell the ancient Athenians,
And roamed through "groves that are fragrant" still,
And dreamed in measures fine the hoof Te Deum,
In galleries studded where Raphael's Mary smiled,
And seen the ruins of Pompeii—
And how return to an affronting nation,
To see the ruins of your reputation.

Enough—you've wanted to visit country now,
For alone you inspired to the pen of Gower,
They're gone and made, O! such a precious row
In Congress over the "Impending Crisis,"
Sir Hinton Helper, not Dr. Dover.
Of which but little seems the present price is—
They print it cheap to make it more accessible.
The handbook of your Conflict Irrepressible.

They've hung John Brown, the martyr and the saint,
To whom New England sings an enraptured—
The Devil himself would Wendell Phillips paint
Sir Hinton and Lowell were a little careful dinner
But none of Ruth-Republican complaint.
You'll hear to-morrow, I think, of "Bleeding Kansas"
Virginia slandered (not to the purchase),
Last month, you know, it bonging Cassandrina.

☞ Omitted picture in the Book of Titmarsh—
Perhaps you'd say, "Was a starved Dunsany,"
But not Beverly, title-view (contents the volume!)
Some worthy critic—at Kingston's Fancy;
Think of the poor and children of Virginia
And (Sir Sir) rightness note at home make merry,
Or quickly seek Dixie's Land—the Lowery,
And there confess how wisely you betrayed him.

We've heard about your knowledge of his whereabouts,
And how you said they never should have left you,
Or, if they did, you'd follow them to Canada—
The Black-Republicans had only "sold" you!
Oh, no, you know "Dear sir, I'm not to blame,"
No doubt, a misunderstanding—twixt you committed you—
For Hoe and other to go and pleasing stories,
Full the brilliant Seward of Mr. Verdicts.

"Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,"
Well may the same be by Sewards assembly,
To welcome to his half-deserted seat,
The man whose name shall ring in Madiana Senators tremble—
So fashionable people thrill with pain
At Lady Macbeth, read by Fanny Kemble,—
And who shines alone in the Senate Hall,
Eloquently pleading into slavery.

There is a prison in that pleasant town,
That should have (flown) on its hospitalities,
Or (unfamiliar speech) its prison-house—
Quite near the Central Railway and cannot be—
There you might write the Dove or Chapman Brown,
The quietest of undisturbed localities,
And there I trust that—as sure as he is resident,
Call the "colored gentleman" make you President.

QUILQUEN.

LIFE OF ACTORS--THE FRENCH STAGE.

Correspondence of the New Orleans Picayune.]

PARIS, November 17, 1859.

Let us once more enter fairy land—the fairy land bounded by the foot-lights, and which is, after all, so prosaic, so mechanical, so laborious. I know you cannot make your readers think so. They will go to the fairy land as long as theaters hold spectators. It is one of those current deceits nobody will refuse to accept for true. How many men are there on the stage who have gone on the boards because they thought it a lazy life! And too late they found that even in the obscure parts they did, the moment must be jaded, and the attention fatigued, and the body exhausted, by the monotonous round of rehearsal and performance. Work, work, work, longer than the factory girl, longer than the day laborer, for when darkness falls, girl and laborer are released from toil, and forget all the hardships of life in the arms of Death's sister—sleep. But night is the actor's day. From seven till midnight his public toil lasts, in a crowded theater, amid every kind of excitement, mind, body and spirits, all active, until the curtain falls, the lamps are extinguished, the excitement cools, reaction creeps on, and even when the bed is reached, the late supper keeps off sleep, and he tosses restlessly on his couch until late in the night, a feverish sleep closes his eyelids until it is time for him to begin getting his lessons be heard.

Apart from fatigue of this nocturnal exertion, there is the fatigue of mechanical mental exertion. One may dig with a spade day after day, until three score years and ten, and feel all the better for the physical exertion. A woman may draw her needle until her raven hair is silver and her bright brow wrinkled, without enfeebling the flight of years. But neither man nor woman could stand before a clock for fifteen days and count the tickings of its pendulum. The mind is more delicate than the body. Now the actor is obliged to go over his part time and again, until not only every word is fixed in his memory, but until every tone in which the words are to be spoken, every pause between them, everyaccent in the whole scale of human passion, from the shriek of despair and the hoarse notes of scorn, to the musical breathings of love, is inscribed in his memory so as to be in excellent mood or be dropping under those clouds of despondency which overcome us all despite everything we can do. *His cues, his labor est.* A celebrated actor told me he was a whole year before he could recite properly! "Oh that this too, too solid flesh would melt," and the next following lines

It is, therefore, not so much to be wondered at that art is resort to various physical helps to drown this fatigue and drive away despondency, when they would be in their most stay mood. Cooper, Cooke and Booth found it in the water of brandy. Mahlotan would not beefsteaks and drink brandy between the acts of the operas in which she played. Mme Bazghi-Mamo takes snuff (!!) and drinks sugared water and liquid liquorice. Mlle Rachel drank a bowl of gravy soup between the acts, and so did Duprez. Mme Dorval took brandy; Mme Georges, coffee; Jenny Lind taking a great deal, and with feverish gratulations between the acts. Mme Ristori maintains a profound silence around her, and never opens her mouth, if she wishes any thing she shows it by signs, and even these are very slight. Frederick Lemaitre, whose love for wine I have frequently instanced in these columns, said one day to LaFontaine, the well-known actor, when he saw the latter drinking a glass of kirsh as the curtain rose: "You are wrong old fellow; I have liquors to the comedians, we actors require Bordeaux, nothing but Bordeaux. Bordeaux in large quantities." Talma, before he appeared in the fourth scene of the third act of Hamlet, would take his body servant by the collar and shake him until he, Talma, was breathless, that he might appear on the stage full of the fervid, energetic agitation which characterized the doubtless perplexed Prince. Mr. Macready himself resorted to this mode, but instead of shaking his servant, he would get his servant "sups" to shake him.

It is not alone because the stage is supposed to be an idle life, that a great many women resort to it in the great European capitals. Even in London, the manager of more than one theater asks the petticoated applicant for an engagement: "How many private boxes can you dispose of?" In Paris, one great source of revenue for the minor theaters, such as the Vaudeville, Varieties, etc., is the dinner paid by the actresses who wish to pay from the manager, but pay him to appear. They use the stage "to post" their charms, to give them a name, to attract public attention to them—that they are actresses and actresses. In Paris the violet is a slighted flower, nobody will stoop to discover its delicate hues and soft perfume beneath the thick leaves which screen it; the modest ivy, perfumless camelia is the flower for our market.

There are two theaters, especially, which exhibit these comedies, the Gymnase and the Delassements Comiques and Folies Dramatiques. Acute girls soon find their way to these theaters, and there are several "professors" who can take girls from the coach stable and fit them to play queens in, I am afraid to say how many hours. For, know, one of the most difficult things actors and actresses have to learn is to walk, sit, and stand. Garrick, himself, said it took him nine years to learn "the tread of the stage." There is among these comedies, one in one act, Gaston and Andrée, the rapidity with which he transforms the most ignorant, awkward woman into a genteel lady, capable of giving a brilliant "reply," and singing her cavalier with grace and ease. Of course, at all these theaters, (and at some of the great theaters, too,) there are men employed whose business it is to beat into actors and actresses' heads every "point," every phrase, every note, in fine, their whole part. It is not until the whole company has been very well drilled that any new piece is brought out.

These minor theaters usually hold some of the fashionable audiences collected in Paris. Foreigners feel a great desire to them in great numbers. If a pair of petticoats is wanted for gay supper at the Maison Dorée, the suppers drive to one of these theaters, sure to find what they want. To give you an example of the manners and customs of the place, I will lay before you a copy of a correspondence between one of the beauties of the place and a German Baron who is on a "pleasure excursion" here. To attract her attention he took a stage box, and for three consecutive nights he occupied it, his eyes fixed on her; every night he tried to tangle her eyes by his corvette, his watch-chains, his diamonds and shirt-bosom. Persuaded that he had made an effect on her, he wrote her: "I love lorinet." She replied to it in these words:

"As for loving you, that is out of the question. Therefore, before going any further, let me tell you that you must deposit 40,000f. to my credit at your notary's office; capital, a suit of clothes, at at not less than 5,000f. a year; pay the whole twelve months rent in advance; have it comfortably furnished; and above all don't forget a check in the same envelope the receipt of the cabinet-maker and upholsterer, with the receipt of the landlord. You must guarantee to me 1,200f. a month to support me, and then I'll give you a

"GABRIELLE."

The German replied:

"Mademoiselle: I am sorry, very sorry to say that, after taking an inventory of my estate, I find I am worth just seven francs less than you require, and as I never could jew down a woman, you must give Gabrielle to someody other than

"WILHELM VON KEHNER."

The New Haven girls have assumed their long year privileges, by inviting the young men to accompany them on sleigh rides. The "weaker sex," like Captain Scott, once "came down."

Official List of Letters.

LIST OF LETTERS

REMAINING in the Post Office at Memphis, Tenn., on the 15th day of January, 1860. Persons calling for these should say that they are advertised.

Ordered to be advertised in the MEMPHIS APPEAL, agreeably to the following section of the *New Post Office Law*, viz: the newspaper issued the longest time in any week, is ordered to be published in Memphis.

SECTION 3. And be it further enacted, That Lists of Letters remaining uncalled for in any Post Office, in any city, town, or village, which is unweighed, shall be printed, shall hereafter be published once only in the newspaper, which being issued twice or oftener, shall have the largest circulation within the range of delivery of said office, to be published by the proprietors of such office.—*New Post Office Law, passed March 3.*

Office open for delivery of letters on Sunday morning, and from 7 o'clock A. M. to 2 o'clock P. M., and from 3 o'clock P. M. to 5 o'clock P. M.

No. 2 square street and on Sunday.

Any body calling for letters will please say that they are advertised.

Ladies' List.

Avery A R
Anderson L A
Andrews M J
Bailey P
Baker P S
Bass E
Bowen P
Brown M
Brown E
Bryant M
Burton M
Burton M
Burton