Daily Appeal.

A REFLECTIVE RETROSPECT.

From Sue's New volume of Poems:

"Do sweet years, and sunshine more,
Bloom, all in vain, for world knowledge,
Truth some dreamer of classic lore,
Dreams—enchanted, enamoured sleeper!
Yet I remember all that one
Night we took to heart of perjuration;
Then to us the love, the value, the King,
But now a simple Comic Section.

I recollect those harsh affairs,
Which I thought that never so pained,
I recollect the formal prayers,
The second like business in Methuen;
I recollect the drawer way
To which the wretches listened to them,
As cheerly, in my wist, we lay,
As when, a boy, I slumbered through them.

I recollect the noisy, all
As frolic here, if I may say so,
As are sharper I recall
In Home or Gentine Nan.
I recollect—I recollect—
"Old Hunt," "the author of fame" so!
I well remember, "Wilkins Micawber"
But, very frankly, Mathematics.

I recollect the prayer call
"To bounce Nathaniel to the bottom;
(Alas, the sacrilegious wretch! fall!)
I recollect the chaise who ran top—
The night expeditions who stolen
Other county pumpkins reduced money;
And look the—Hunt—Street—sacred
A single home to a pony!

Ah me! how—what changes time has wrought,
And how profoundly—what changes!—
Of those who I knew—the—Hunt—
And some are dead, and some are married!
And—one is—dreary—sad
And some as social—one—Shakespeare
Are—one—prosper at the bar,
For forty-seven years or longer!

And some are trade and commerce wait,
And some in school with thrown battle;
And—one—the gospel preaching,
And some the choice of heads of cattle;
And some are living at their ease,
And some were wrecked in the "revulsion!"
Some serve the State for handsome fees,
And—one, I hear, thinks compulsion!

Lenore, who, in his sixteen days,
Thought—I—on a cross a moral slander,
Has left his Parthenon days,
And now bites now with hell and earth;
And—Kane, who mounted the moon's pale,
And—who—the—Hunt—Street—
Now both—him, at the market—
On a platform—Hon. Hannibal!

Tom Knox, who—curse in such a—tone
If I falsely might be dashed whether
It seems—who—Hunt—alone,
Or Kane and Hunt—together—
Has grown a very shrewd man,
And—of—business—and—all—accurate,
Now—commands the Christian plan
Of—engage in Diabolic!

Alas, for young Abolitionists now,
How—curious—has—one—overthrow it!
Peter Harper to O'Connor now,
Who—expected—to—be—a—saint!
Faith—curious—fancies—well—prophetic—
Now—I—to—with—the—Hunt—Street—
Half—death—in—bitter—and—"Poem Jones"
Is—dealing—fate—in—Chicago!

And, neither, with the brilliant Hays,
Poem Jones, honest—and—sublime,
Has taken—laurels—to—wear
Recently—conflagrant—and—vicious;
By—slow—degrees—I—can't—tell—how—
He's—another—after—the—wary—counsel,
And—in—New—York—he—grows—
A member of the Common Council!

STRICTLY TRUE.

She was a wild, little creature with her pretty, dimpled face, full of mischief, always to do, always for extravagant things and acting people own—[illegible] Little of Mrs. Dudley Rivington. Her will [illegible], who was decidedly grave and [illegible] not support his dignity, and his sometimes sufficient dignity, and he sometimes undertook to lecture her upon what he considered her "little failing;" but with some misgiving, for people who was always sure to put to flight his gravity.

Every one wondered how two people so totally unlike as Dudley and Lizzie Rivington Rising had ever been drawn together; but it is a true saying that people like their opposites, and Mr. Rivington, who was at first shocked, she felt sure, that some false report had been circulated, but how she could not tell. While she was musing on this subject the door opened, and Mrs. A——was announced. Lizzie rose to received her visitor, who received in a commiserating tone:

"You poor little creature! I have come to on purpose to condole with you!"

"Thank you," said Lizzie, mistaking her meaning, "I almost think I need condolence, being left alone in this great house, with only the servants."

"Yes," continued Mrs. A——, "but you may be sure that every one will take your part, for people always do sympathize with the bride. Now, I think he was a perfect wretch to leave you, and so soon, too."

Her meaning began to break upon Lizzie's mind, and she exclaimed almost fiercely, "Of whom are you speaking?"

"Mr. Rivington," replied Mrs. A——, in some surprise at Lizzie's excited manner. "I heard that he had quarrelled with you, and that was the reason of the separation; I acknowing that you must feel lonely. I hastened to offer my sympathy, trusting that you would excuse the intrusion."

Our heroine drew herself up with considerable dignity as she replied, "Allow me to say you have been quite misinformed; this is the first time I have heard of any quarrel, and the sensation was caused by some business which has called my husband away for a few days."

Mrs. A——looked with a mixture of wonder and sorrow at the speaker, and soon after left the house. Then came honest little Sally Brewster, who threw her arms around Lizzie's neck, and exclaimed in a tone of sincere sympathy:

"Mr. poor dear Mr. Rivington! how sorry I do feel for you!"

"Why do you feel sorry for me, Sally?" asked Lizzie, in a calm tone.

"Oh, because—because—you know why," said Sally, hesitatingly.

"I know of nothing about me to excite sympathy, except that I have been left alone for a few days, in consequence of my husband having been called away on business."

Sally replied in a tone of sorriness, "Why! I was informed—that—that——"

"That my husband and I had quarrelled and separated?" inquired Lizzie.

"Yes have heard of the report, then, and it is not true?"

"Oh, yes, I have heard of it, and I have also been condoled with, but I cannot imagine what gave rise to such an idea."

Sally did not hurry away as Mrs. A——had done, and Lizzie felt that it would be a comfort to have a friend with her. She was obliged to receive visits of condolence all the afternoon, and in the evening her gentlemen friends came. "To offer their sympathies," as they said, but Lizzie thought it was rather to satisfy their curiosity, and she wished herself anywhere rather than in a position to listen to the expressed and such deep sorrow for her, that she almost began to think she must be a very unhappy being, and was half inclined to work up to a state of wretchedness; she did not dare to venture out, and it length excused herself politely to all visitors.

This state of affairs continued until the return of Mr. Rivington which took place rather sooner than his wife had anticipated. Lizzie ran to meet him, and throwing herself into his arms, burst into tears.

"What ails my pet?" he asked, as he kissed her affectionately.

"Oh, Dudley!" sobbed Lizzie, "there has been such a strange report circulated throughout the whole place—they said that you had a big quarrel, and that was the reason that you had gone away and left me."

A quizzical air came over Dudley's face as he replied:

"Why, very strange reports, my dear, gain credence! How could this have arisen, do you know?"

He's wife replied—

"I have not the slightest idea; I am sure it could not have been for anything that I have said, this time."

The look of care his had thoughtfully across his face as he observed slowly, "Could it have been from a remark that I made on the morning I left you? I expected now meeting one of the neighbors, but thought how you were, I replied that you were very well when I last saw you, but that we had a few words together and I supposed, I recollect that he looked rather surprised at my answer."

"Oh, Dudley! how could you?" exclaimed Lizzie.

"Why, my dear, I was only in fun, and then besides it was strictly true; but people are so very matter-of-fact—any one right know that I would not leave you, no matter for how short a time, without having a few parting words with you."

"But it has placed me in such a very strange position. I did not think that of you, Dudley."

Mr. Rivington folded his little wife in his arms, and asked to be forgiven. Lizzie had acknowledged that she was in some trouble at the bad often been the cause of bringing upon him in a similar way, and now, in her turn, she heartily ever the mortification she had suffered.

Her husband's remedy proved a most effectual one, and from that time she was more careful to preserve the truth in the spirit as well as in the letter, of what she said.

"Y—," was the reply; "but then they were unknown to each other, that one can scarcely wonder at it."

"That is true," continued the first, "he is so very grave, and she so full of mischief."

As Lizzie walked quietly on, wondering what they could mean, and if it was possible but they referred to the joke, she lost the remainder of the conversation. Then the words reached her from another direction—

"I should not think she would like to be so out so soon!"

And again—"I think it was her extravagance that drove him off."

Lizzie returned to her home, feeling sick at heart, and earnestly longing for her husband to come back to her. What she had heard puzzled her; she felt sure that some false report had been circulated, but how she could not tell. While she was musing on this subject the door opened, and Mrs. A——was announced. Lizzie rose to received her visitor, who received in a commiserating tone:

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Her husband's remedy proved a most effectual one, and from that time she was more careful to preserve the truth in the spirit as well as in the letter, of what she said.

"Dear Lizzie, what did possess you to say such a thing?" continued Mr. Rivington.

"Only for mischief. I meant to have undeceived her before she left me, but I forgot it."

"Do you think it is right to say what is not true, even in fun, Lizzie?" asked her husband, with a grave look.

"But it was strictly true, Dudley; for do you not recollect my telling you that the night before we were married, I became alarmed by the cry of fire next door, and sprang out at the window, which, as you recollect, was not so low as the first feeling of fear was over, I remembered waken my father and mother?"

"What should they wear—in the night, but was it so in the spirit?" asked Mr. Rivington, as he gazed earnestly into his wife's face.

"Now, grandma," said Lizzie, as she stroked down his whiskers, "please don't preach me a sermon, for I was only in fun when I said it, and I would be ashamed of myself if I ever—I—so dreadfully matter-of-fact."

"But when you make your assertions with so grave a face, you must expect people to think that you are speaking seriously."

Lizzie laughed, and wondered what made her husband so very sober, and wished that he was a little more like Dudley; while he, in his turn, wished that his wife was not quite so full of spirits. But he had still considerable answer to go through with, before Lizzie gave up the whim of being "full."

It was in vain that he talked to her about dignity; her eyes would dance with mischief as she listened to him.

One day he went up to his wife as she was looking out of the window, and putting his arm around her, inquired why she was looking out so wistfully.

"I was searching for some blue sky or sunshine, for I am perfectly crazy to go out a little while this afternoon."

"This is sad," said her husband, with an air of much solemnity, "for I believe there is no hunting so low—no—no—"

"Now, Mr. Solomon, do be quiet; there is no comfort in telling one's troubles to you; I suppose you would have one say that I should rather like to go, wouldn't you?"

"You might express it rather more strongly than that, Lizzie, without being so extravagant; you will certainly get yourself into trouble if you continue to talk in this style, saying things you do not mean. I was only this morning that I had failed, and my wife was teaching a school; do you know how the report originated?"

"No, I am sure I do not."

"Are you certain that it has not come of your mischief? Think."

Lizzie blushed, as she replied evasively, "I suppose it might have been through Mrs. Mimo, she is such a gossip."

"But what should give her the idea?"

"Why, it was probably from a remark of mine. I had forgotten about it until you spoke; really she is so prying that she proved quite."

"But what was your remark?" asked her husband, smiling.

"It was something, I said, the other day, when she came in, and found me seated in the midst of a number of neighbors' children, who had come in for the purpose of learning to crochet a mat. She looked astonished at seeing such a circle of little people, and I laughingly, 'I have turned teacher,' whereupon she asked in a surprised tone, 'Have you?' And when I saw that she believed me to be in earnest, I said very gravely, 'Yes.' Then she inquired if my husband had failed, and as I recollected that it was only that very morning that you had failed in your attempts to get on your new coat, which was too small for you, I answered her in the affirmative. I quite enjoyed the good lady's look of anger and surprise, as she received the piece of information, and she soon after took her departure, but I suspect thought of her telling it round."

"That was certainly every good foundation for the report; she could have wished for a better," said Mr. Rivington, calmly.

"What I said was all perfectly true, Dudley; but it was very ridiculous of the woman to take me so literally."

"I am afraid, my dear, that your fun will give me considerable trouble."

"I do very sorry," said Lizzie, as she raised her sweet childlike face to his.

As he bent down to imprint a kiss on her rosy lips, he felt half tempted to give up the plan which he had formed for preventing further mischief, and he recollected the many times that her love of fun had drawn them into trouble, and with an effort he resolved to carry it through.

"I shall have to leave you for a few days, my dear."

"Leave me?" she exclaimed, "for what?"

"I am obliged to go to A——to-morrow morning on business; but I will make my stay as short as possible."

It was with a heavy heart that Lizzie retired that night. She could not bear the thought of being separated from her husband even for few days, and her over active imagination conjured up all sorts of dreadful things which might happen to one or the other of them before they should meet again. But it was necessary for him to go, and the next morning she followed him to the door, and received his parting kiss, and then returned to the room to cry. But her tears were not easily dispersed for a long time, and she soon dried her tears, and busied herself about the house, thinking all the time how pleasant it would be to have him return when the few days had expired.

In the afternoon the bright sun seemed to invite her out for a walk, and she accordingly went. She met a number of her friends, by some bowed coldly, while others passed her by with a scornful look. At one time she discovered two ladies commenting together and looking at her. What could it mean? Then she caught the words—

"Very strange, is it not?"

Official List of Letters.

LIST OF LETTERS

REMAINING in the Post Office at Memphis, Tenn., on the 31st day of February, 1860. Persons calling for them 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, over the newspaper having the largest circulation of any daily newspaper published in Memphis:

SECTION 4. *And be it further enacted*, That lists of letters remaining unclaimed for in any Post Office, in any city, town, or village, where a newspaper shall be printed shall hereafter be published once only in the newspaper, which being issued weekly or oftener, shall have the largest circulation within the limits of delivery of said office, to be designated by the Postmaster of said office.—*New Post Office Law, passed March 3.*

Other papers will advertise precisely on Sunday morning, and closes at Berkbeck A. M., also opens at 5 o'clock P. M., and closes at 8½ o'clock.

No papers given out on Sunday.

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

Ladies' List.

Adams Mrs Angelina L 2
Allen Mrs Angeline M 2
Allison M Anderson M P
Armstrong L Anderson M N
Allison M Alexander H
Alexander G 2

Bowman Mrs Brooks Annie 2
Bowers Mrs Brown P
Bowman M Burbee E
Brown A G Bunch N L
Brooks Vic Brown S L
Brown Mrs M Brown S E
Brown Sallie Brice N
Brier A Brooks Hannah
Bryan O M Brandon S
Bright S Bateman Annie
Barber P Barber Bettie 2
Barton J N Black N
Barnett B Bunker —

Connell Mrs Cook L 2
Cook T Cummings M
Collier M E Curtis Martha
Cornelia E Cotton M
Colbert S Child L
Chilwood S Cleary Mary
Colburn Jane Campbell M J
Connor J C Cannon R
Cowan J C Dixon M J
Dean M Dixon Jenny
Dalton P Doran M
Davis R Dooley L
Davidson S Dermont M
Davis J D Davis S A
Edgar R Evans M
E Bostick C S Everson S
Earwood M Eldridge M
Felton Mrs Fleming A Forsythe Mrs J
Fowler Mrs Freeman Mary Fine M
Fowler S C Fowarder S C Fletcher L
Fowler Mrs Fleming A Forsythe Mrs J
Fowler Mrs Freeman Mary Fine M
Fowarder S C Fletcher L

Gordon Sallie Glynn Mrs
Gossach — Gilon L A
Griffith M Graves S
Gipps Mrs Jno F Gwynne L A
Gettman C S Garrison Ada
Gooch J D Graham Ellen

Hunter M A 2 Hamon L S
Hewitt L Hewitt Sallie
Hunter M C Jordan Mollie
Howard S Holliday N 2
Howell L J Howell L J
Hill M Hill M
Harper M A Harding M A
Hall Mollie Hardway Kate
Hamilton S Harris Mattie

Johnson R Johnson Jane
Jackson Kate Johnson A Kate
Kinsella Mary Kneedy S
Kerr Marie Kinnell N

Lowrance J Levy M J
Lynch C Lester P A 2
Lewis A Labrier M
Leo A Lobrium Fannie

Malone Mrs John Morgan M Ann
Morrison M A Morris P E
Morris C S Mallett N
Mitchell A Mitchell M
Mahoney S Mallory E C
Novey L A

Odell Mrs Joe

Parham S J Pursley N
Pickett M Philpot M
Prince T Pleasant N
Porter S W Pearson M A

Reeb Mrs C
Robinson Mrs Reed Mrs
Richards Mollie Roberts M L
Robertson M Rutland M
Richmond S Rasland N R
Reynolds P Reeves N C
Rice M Reed M N
Smith Mrs Smith H P
Stewart Mrs Jno Shelton M
Sullivan Stelle S
Sullivan R Sweet S J
Stone Mary Stanton M
Stewart N W Shelton S
Sanford M Sharp S A
Sayre L D Shadrick J C 2
Sparks CC Shadrick J W

Thomas M H J Tinsley N W
Thomas E G Thorn R E
Thomas Jane Taylor M
Trevor S A Tuley P A
Taylor S Tucker M

Vass A

Wood Mary Wood Jane Wilkinson Mrs Wm
Woodson E Woodson M
Williamson M T Wilder P Williams Clara
Williams Ida C Williams M
White M White Sallie Weaver S
Wisdom M Wheeler Mary
Wilson L A Walker S E Ward M C
Wheler S L Warren T Wash Mollie

Young E

McCollister Mrs Meanally Pattie McIlvoy —
McCrosten E Mcallister L McLean S
McKinney M

Ogden Mrs Ogburn Mary O'Brien —
O'Brien M T O'Brien M

Gentlemen's List.

Alexander S R Alexander J S
Alexander R Abere W
Albright Rev Bedford Allen J W 2
Andrews E Allen T
Allen A Bernell Allen J
Alford C Avery G
Ayer S Abbie W P Anderson T
Anderson J T Anderson W
Anderson M Anderson J
Anderson S Anderson C
Adams J Austin R W
Austin J Auberlehn H
Avery S Arnold G W
Arnold A Ashford T
Black Q Black J M
Blackard H Blackburn P W
Bonner S Bonfoy P
Bennett T Bateman J A
Bidwell W Bidwell W M
Bell J Bell J
Bell J Bellamy C
Bishop A J Bishop C
Bishop J Bishop J
Bishop C Bishop C
Bartlett D J Brown C
Brown A M Brooks J S
Brown J Brown A
Bailey T B Bailey T B
Bartlett R M Barnes W
Bartlett M Bartlett T
Bennett J Berry W
Bennett P Berry W
Bright A C W Bilton W
Briggs W J Bilton S
Brown J Bookwalter W
Bond A J Boswell L B
Bond A J Bond J
Bond W Bonner P
Bowen J Brown W C
Bowen J Brown J R
Bowen R Brown D
Bowen J Brown J N
Bowen J Brown J
Bartlett J Bartlett J
Bartlett C Brown C
Bartlett J Burton T
Barton A H Brach R
Bartz J B Burke W M
Bartlett J S Burke A M
Bartley D Bass R
Calhoun W R Chapman C
C Carlton G J Campbell M
Campbell J Campbell S
Campbell J C Carthrew J C
Campbell J C Carthrew J C 2
Crawford R C Carmen J
Cook J Cumberland W C
Cain A Calhoun N
Cain T Chappell C
Carroll M Casey D
Cooley J Cooley J
Cooper J Castle G H
Cooper J P Cooper J
Carter J Carson B Clark J R
Clark G Clarke A P
Clark J Clarke L
Clark J Clarke J
Clarke W Crittenden O
Christie A Cobb H
Coberly C Collier J P
Coleman R Crouch W
Canel S L Cummins C
Cooper J Cartright G
Cox J Cowell W
Crook J Cowan J
Cartlin J M Clemens T D
Crowton P Crawford J C
Crowton R G Childersson J
Charlesbow W Cobbs S
Cochran W Cobbs J
Cobb J L Cale W
Cobb J Cowin J D
Connell M Cowell J
Cooper J Cowley J
Cooke R C Crosby J
Cook R

Davis J M Day J D
Day J Dyer J
Dyer J Davis R M
Davis C B Davis J M
Davis C B Dibble J
Dunn J Dunnah J
Dotter S Dotter J
Dotter W Dotter J
Dotter R Dotter J
Dotter J Dotter J
Dotter J Dotter J
Dotter H F Dotson S
Dotson R Dotson W
Dotson J Dotson T
Dotson T Dotson R G 2
Dotson J Dotson T
Dotson J Dotson J L
Dotson J Dotson J
Dotson J Dotson J
Dotson J Dotson J