Daily Appeal.

THE COCKNEY.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

It was in my favorite river,
At a place I call home,
That I met a wealthy person
With a very rich chain;
And his only was something saucy
And was done in Broad cloth,
And was perched in the buttoned
In the manner of a gnat's.

He was clad in elaborate trousers,
And his coat was of a cut
To display serenely pattern
It wonderful every chart;
And his pea-waistcoat blue,
Such as sailors wear (and)
And he wore a pair of gaiters,
And an immense heavy chain.

I addressed the man in English,
And he answered in the same,
Though in quite a fashion
That I thought a little queer;
For the accents was missing
Which people should have been,
But somehow it wasn't wanted,
He was sure (upon it) to!

When I spoke of a substitute
Of St. Peter's dome,
He remarked: "Its really nothing
To this (mighty) dome of mine!"
And declared upon his honor—
Though, of course, I take his word—
That he doubled if the Rotunda
"At the fact of seeing (one)!

Then we talked of other countries,
And he asked if I had heard
That Hippodrome (with Blondin)
Had so charmed (it quite) delighted
Paris (with its) Emperor!
Blondin (nimbly walk)
Of a wonderful (rope) in Georgia
Was in Boston or New York?

Whenever I (offer some) (illegible)
He was generally (illegible)
Alike (in) (illegible) of the (illegible)
Of the Parisian Pantalon Bleu!
And he talked a very Britain,
(In, mentioning Lord Brougham (illegible)
He (pronounced) the name
That was mentioned in the bill!

JIM JONQUIL'S COURTSHIP.

BY GEORGE MARYAT.

Let anybody who likes turn up their nose, I feel not the slightest hesitation in avowing that I was in a hurry—in a great hurry.

The steamboat bell was ringing, for one thing, and blowing off steam in a way to send a nervous man distracted.

"I know I couldn't stand—my boots were too tight. The man my wardrobe was on board—my gray suit, and my blue suit, and thirteen other suits—all my shirts and embroidered handkerchiefs, and that new pomade.

"I'll see the company, if they're lost," I exclaimed mentally. "What business have they to be so frightfully punctual? Here I stopped for a moment to talk with Jenks, who has brought over the last new neck tie, and—"

"Ha, ha! You'd better run, old boy; I'll have the first chance at the heiress."

I looked up and saw Ned laughing at me. Confound the fellow, how handsome he looked! If that boat started, should I ever dare to present myself, dusty and begrimmed, at Elm Grove, to find him there—as, of course, he would be—duly washed, shaved and curled, whispering in Nelly Langworth's ear.

"Run," shouted Ned again. The men were already withdrawing the plank. There was a young and very plainly dressed woman just in front of me.

"Out of the way, woman," said I, pushing past her. She scarcely moved slightly, and would have fallen if one of the "hands" had not extended his arm and caught her. So Ned told me, for I was too much absorbed in looking after my large trunk to think about her.

Said he, "you nearly knocked that little woman sitting behind us down."

"Do you suppose I was going to let you have Miss Langworth to yourself?" I answered, chuckling.

"Why, is she so attractive?" asked Ned.

"Heavy!" was my reply, as my dear fellow. You know I'm only acquainted with her father; but I'm sure she's an angel. She has four hundred thousand in her own right."

"Five hundred thousand is a nice little sum."

"Yes; when I get it, (for to be plain with you, Fred, I have a sneaking idea that much, but the matter beyond a doubt,) when I get it, I shall start with Miss Nelly for Paris, where I shall spend six months. From there I shall go—"

Ned burst into a loud laugh.

"Wait till you're introduced, Jim; perhaps she's cross-eyed."

"If she were a hunchbacked, for half a million I'd make her Mrs. Jonquil."

"Well, you are welcome to her. Give me a little, rosy, bright cheeked woman, who can say no, and yet was my money, sir, that made you what you are."

"There's the house—a fine old place, ain't it?" I said, with pardonable pride, as we neared the bank. "When I'm master there you shall come and spend the summer with me."

Ned laughed louder than ever. The boat stopped, and the little woman, whom I had so nearly knocked down, landed with us, but what was our surprise, after encouraging ourselves in Mr. Langworth's handsome carriage, to behold her perched upon the driving seat with the coachman. "Its some governess or poor relation," I said, trying to re-assure myself.

"I'll bet you five to one that it's Miss Langworth, herself!"

"Miss Langworth, indeed! Why, she has actually cotton gloves. There—see, now we turned the grounds, didn't I tell you so? She is going to the back way."

"All the same, I'll tell the heiress what you said," persisted Fred, and wou'd talk of nothing else till Mr. Bergwer hand his family appeared, which they only did after a long delay.

At the first word he uttered, I cast a glance of triumph at Fred. The little plainly-dressed woman, who, by the-by, was an insipidly pretty person, with blue eyes, regular features, and brown hair—was a Miss Jenny, a sort of companion to Miss Langworth, who proved to be about five feet two, fair, pale, high-nosed, dreaming, and a little under thirty.

Of course, I immediately opened a conversation with her, leaving it to Fred to make the agreeable to the milk-and-water Miss Jenny.

"You have a charming retreat, Miss Langworth," I said.

"Oh! you sir. Hush! you never saw it before."

Clearly, Miss Langworth was independent of grammar, but I admired her the more. It was only a proof that she was unsophisticated, and not spoiled by the world.

"I am a stranger here, but I should think this such a spot as Lamb, the great poet, would have lived."

I recorded this at a venture, for I'm not great in the poetical line, but I was sure she wouldn't find one out, if I did make a blunder.

The reply was, however, somewhat unexpected.

"Lamb? why he used to live down here. He was the butcher, and we used always to be a laughing about his name."

I saw Fred and Miss Jenny smile, and proposed a walk in the garden, where Miss Langworth murdered the Queen's English at her own sweet discretion, and I made love at mine, at which she didn't blush (though I believe she tried to), but giggled in such an encouraging manner, that I should have proposed on the spot, if the dressing bell had not sounded at that moment.

"Splendid, ain't she?" said I, enthusiastically, to Fred.

"Raw-boned, rather," said Fred doubtfully.

"Raw-boned! She's a perfect Juno."

"She's no chicken."

"Can you, old boy—you're jealous."

"Not a bit of it. That little Miss Jenny is charming, modest, intelligent and pretty.

"Every one to his taste. Miss, I confess, is more exalted."

"If you refer to her high, I agree with you."

"Then you'd better hurry up Jim. It takes you about half an our to tie that cravat." And away went Fred, laughing maliciously. He would take the vacant seat by Miss Langworth, of course. I should be unbeconing, red in the face—my cravat would be a bundle—my left whisker wouldn't look like a breakfast roll, and—down went the jar with the new pomade

Pitiful vinegar, for it isn't gentlemanly; but said something forcible about the jar, and then went down to the dining-room.

There my worst fears were realized. Fred was helping Miss Langworth to gravy, as I entered, and the only empty chair was by Miss Jenny.

It struck me as I seated myself, that my arrival had thrown this little person into something of a flutter. She dropped her handkerchief to her face, and when she asked for potatoes, I fancied that her voice faltered.

I was amazed. If it had been in a country farm-house, and nobody else near, I might have rattled her; but with Miss Langworth opposite, I was surprised that she evinced no more discretion. It was not my fault if I she fascinating, and if my clothes did fit well, it was not agreeable to have impoverished young females falling in love with me.

I believe she made some remark about the opera, but I turned my head and talked to Mr. Langworth.

I would not sewer to it, but I think I saw her drop her handkerchief. I could not take my oath, however, that Jim Jonquil didn't pick it up.

After dinner, we adjourned to the bowling-saloon, which Mr. Langworth had built in the rear of his house.

"Not bad, is it?" said I to Fred. Only I mean to have a window let in there—its not light enough.

I heard a suppressed titter behind me, and fancied for a moment that Miss Langworth had overheard me; but it was only Miss Jenny, who seemed to have an unconquerable propensity to burst out into causeless fits of laughter

I stepped past her to Miss Langworth, for I was determined that Fred should not cut it me this time.

"Miss Langworth, shall we have a game? We can play against Fred and your—friend."

Miss Langworth acceded graciously, and I instructed her in the mysteries of coaning up, for, strange to say, she knew nothing about it and placed them in her somewhat bony hands, and I cried brave when she knocked down a pin, and looked out of the corner of my eye to see the other little woman roll, which she did like a Trojan.

I must confess, I was disconcerted, but I recovered that bowing was a somewhat masculine accomplishment, and that the lady who could make a ten-strike might be able to knock her husband down with a backhanded blow.

But, of course, Miss Langworth was a proficient in music, of which I am fond.

"No," she said, "I kin neither play nor sing; I could never beat it."

Miss Jenny could, however, and straightway rewarded one of Beethoven's sonatas in masterly style.

Fred was in raptures. But I talked all the more to Miss Langworth, who told me that she was not cold-hearted, but she was afraid to marry, because everybody knew her father would hand her over five hundred thousand dollars on her wedding day, and she was afraid they wanted her for her money.

Dear creature, how I loved her—how I burned to assure her of my disinterested affection! How I longed to ask her to fly with me to some romantic isle (with the five hundred thousand in her pocket,) and live, "the world forgetting by the world forgot," in a brown stone palace, in that remote corner of the beautiful isle of Manhattan, known as Fifth avenue.

What orders I'd give Grasch, my tailor! what a team I'd drive! and wouldn't I have a yacht, and belong to a club, and drink five bottles of champagne at dinner every day?

All this happiness within my grasp, and nothing to secure it but the momentary absence of Fred and the disagreeable Miss Jenny, who was tittering again.

"The ladies propose a sail," said Fred. Will you go Jim?

Of course I would, and I wrapped Miss Langworth in a shawl, for the day was cool, we started down a winding path shaded by overarching trees, and descending a few stone steps found ourselves on a fine gravelly beach, on which lay the boat high and dry.

We soon got her off—that is, Fred did, for he was a stalwart fellow, and I didn't wish to soil my new pantaloons—and we helped the ladies into the boat—then I discovered that Miss Langworth had a large scale, but it failed to dampen my love. Incensed to be influenced by such worldly considerations, and I even offer more devoted to Miss Langworth, who leaned up heavily against me, while Fred and Miss Jenny rowed.

The boat mentioned lady, after a short time, proposed that we should run the boat up a little inlet, and make our way home by another and more circuitous route, the whole distance being about two miles.

"She wants Fred to pop the question, I thought; poor fellow! but I'm obliged to hear—I shall have a chance to propose to Miss Langworth," and so I seconded the motion with ardor.

Fred agreed of course, and Miss Langworth said Lo, yes! she didn't care, and getting out, the lady and myself walked on slowly behind Fred and Miss Jenny, who were speedily out of sight.

Now was my time.

"How beautiful all this is!" said I; "and yet it makes me sad, Miss Langworth."

"Dear me, dee-ii give you the (fluttering) Folks do say it's dangerous, but I never feel it."

"Rheumatism of the heart, Miss Langworth," I answered. "To-morrow I leave you, should I ever (which is improbable) revisit this part, on whose arm should I find you leaning then?"

Miss Langworth said, archly, she was sure she couldn't tell.

"A husband, perhaps," I continued in my deep haunt voice; "some fortunate being, who, unlike me, may be esteemed worthy to possess that priceless treasure"—I meant five hundred thousand dollars, but said—"your heart."

"I shall never marry," she said faintly.

"Oh, say not so," I cried, about to sink on one knee, but finding down I saw it was muddy. "Say not so, brightest and best of beings. Drive not to despair (seizing her hand) one who loves you so fondly. Give me but the faintest glimmer of a way but that you will be mine, after years of toil shall have enabled me to ask your hand of your father, and I will go forth more joyfully than ever—ever a horse went to water."

That wasn't very poetical, but I could think of nothing else. "Speak, dearest—only one word."

Miss Langworth had hidden her face behind her handkerchief, but she gasped out

"Yes, dear Jim; ask pa, right away. He won't wake you up from out and forth, and all that sort of thing."

Blessed innocent! he could not wish it less than I did. But it was only after long persuasion that I consented to forego my resolution, to win name and fame, and ask her pa at once.

The old gentleman was in the library, and just as I entered I met Fred coming out. I gave him a nod and a wink, and walking up to Mr. L., told him the fair daughter had just declared her willingness to be united with me in the bonds of holy matrimony; and respectfully implored his blessing.

"I am sorry, sir, Mr. Jonquil," said the old gentleman, looking at me somewhat quizzically, "but I have just promised her to your friend, Mr. Drummond."

"Impossible!" I exclaimed, "I have this moment left her, and if you will permit me, I will bring her, that you may hear my statement confirmed by her own lips." And running out, I found and conducted the fair lady to her father, in an exceedingly short time.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Jonquil," said the old gentleman, as soon as he saw her, "I was speaking of my daughter Nelly, whom I have promised to your friend. But as for this lady, I have seen as much as you please; my jurisdiction does not extend to my daughter's seamstress."

It was too horrible. I rushed madly out of the house. The little plainly-dressed woman, whom I had nearly knocked down, and treated since with such perplexing and scornful neglect was not her than Nelly Langworth—the overhearing my conversation (the hussy), has chosen to revenge herself, by substituting the lean, lean, ugly, awkward creature, with whom I had been playing the fool, for her sweet little self.

I'll count in the next train, where I shortly after received an invitation to her wedding with Fred. I leave it to the reader to guess if I went.

WHERE DID YOU BUY YOUR

FINE WATCH?

—AT—

MERRIMAN'S!

I THOUGHT SO.

WHY?

Because I never knew you to fail in meeting your engagements, or to be too late for the cars. apr1-tw

For Sale or Lease.

TWO HOUSES AND LOTS in Port Pleasant, with large yard containing shrubbery and fruit trees attached to each.

JO. PRANDOLFI.

LUCIUS HART,

AGENT SHELBINGLIP, New York.—Office and BLOCK TIN, ANTIMONY, SPT. SP. PIG LEAD, BAR LEAD, BAR TIN, 1-OUT COPPER, SHEETS, ZAC & PTRTER, TIN & PTRTER, TINNERS SOLDER, PPR. TIN SOLDER, Also, manufacturer and importer of Silver Plated Ware and Britannia Ware. Old Metals exchanged or taken in valuable trade. jan26-3m

Mattress Manufactory!

TO THE PUBLIC IN GENERAL!

RESPECTFULLY announce to the people of Memphis and vicinity that I have and always keep on hand, at my manufactory, on Jefferson street, between Third and Fourth, near the Theater, a large assortment of

MATTRESSES,

Of all kinds such as Spring, Hair, Moss, Cotton, Husk and Straw Mattresses.

Also, Feather Mattresses, which I will sell at manufactory prices.

Also, all kinds of old Mattresses renovated. Call and see for yourselves.

J. P. LALLEMAND.

NUNN & CLARK'S PIANO FORTES

FOR SALE BY

F. KATZENBACH,

AT the Variety Store of ARNOLD & BROS., 349 Main street, south of Court.

Having procured the sole agency of the above celebrated pianos, we warrant them superior to any others in the public at New York retail prices. Teachers and others are invited to examine them. Call and examine the newly arrived lot of Pianos.

Professor Katzenbach will continue to give lessons in instrumental and vocal music as heretofore.

mr31-1m

TITUS & CO.....R. A. BURTON.....JAMES T. TITUS

BURTON, TITUS & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail

DEALERS IN

CHOICE FAMILY

GROCERIES, PLANTATION SUPPLIES,

AND

WOODEN-WARE

NOS. 10 AND 12 JEFFERSON STREET,

(Opposite Commercial Hotel.

Respectfully call attention to the above Card

WOULD invite inspection of our large and well selected stock, consisting in part of

Fairbanks', Gunther, Hitson, Lear, Grandstaff and Brown Grains.

Rio, Laguayra, Mocha, Java, and Mocha Coffees.

Extra Imperial, Gunpowder and Black Teas.

Pickles, Preserves, Jellies, Fresh and Pie Fruits.

Mustards, Salad Oils, Catsups, Sauces and Bitters.

Spices, Flavoring Extracts, Nutmegs, Farina and Jellies.

Citrons, Currants, Prunes, Figs, Lemons and Sultana Raisins.

Western Reserve, English Dairy, Pine Apple and Relished Cheese.

Salmon and Mackerel.

Dried Beef, Beef Tongues, Mole Pork and Ham, Hams.

Shoulders, Clear Sides, Breakfast Bacon and Lard.

T. Harrison's Macaroni, Chow, Vermicelli and Buckwheat Flour.

Brandy, Wine, Whisky, Ale and Porter.

White Wine, Cider and Orchard Vinegar.

Old Monongahela, Old Bourbon, Iron Top, Indian and Kentucky Bourbon.

And many other articles too numerous to mention, which we invite the trade to call and examine for themselves, and will sell on as good terms as any house in the city.

BURTON, TITUS & CO., Memphis.

Notice.

Here is that We May Never Want Bread.

CITIZENS OF MEMPHIS: On the 9th of last November, my excessive Crusher Bakery was totally destroyed by fire. Since that time I have been obliged to disappoint a great many of my Memphis friends in not having Crackers to fill their orders, which I assure you is not their fault nor mine. Thus, this time, I am prepared to fill orders promptly. I have built a much larger factory than I had before. I have a boiler, substituted for baking, three battery flats, fifty feet wide and eighty-five feet long, with seven ovens and two brick-set stationary stationary. My price will be ten per cent. lower than any baker in the city. Favor me with your orders.

Extra quantity.

JOSEPH GARTEAU.

St. Louis, March 31, 1860.

[Daily Herald copy and send bill to J. P. G.]

Miscellaneous.

LOOK TO YOUR INTEREST!

J. & M. FLAHERTY,

Have on hand and are daily receiving a large assortment of most elegant

Furniture,

PIANOS, CARPETS,

OIL CARPETING, ETC.,

At No. 41 Union street.

And invite the public to call and examine their stock before purchasing elsewhere. 1y29

Eureka---Eureka

SEWING MACHINE

NOW is the time for all those who want a good Sewing Machine without Elias Howe's permission, were subject to damages. We will be prepared to the public two machines fully patented under the Elias patent, and all other persons intended to be responsible or contributory infringers. These machines are of the latest manufacture, and are in every respect superior to the old style machines, combining all their advantages with the latest improvements, and are intended to last a lifetime. Call and see for yourselves. All persons are cautioned not to purchase Singer's Machines, if they prove otherwise, we will exchange them until satisfaction is given. Always in good order, free of charge.

We stand responsible all to sell and warrant the machines we have for sale, and will give bond for the faithful performance of our contracts, and will make good our word.

Circulars with full description and testimonials, sent free on application.

Certificates from Hon. Schuyler Colfax, Hartford, and a very number list of Thriving Business and Responsible Men.

ALEX. J. SMITH,

G. A. SMITH.

VALENTINE WERNER'S

Blacksmith and Wagon Shop.

ALL kinds of new work made, and all kinds of repairing done at the shortest notice. All work warranted. Shop adjoining Mr. Ryan's Wagon Shop and Foundry. Horse-shoeing executed to suit. Prices very low, and will bear for cash.

VALENTINE WERNER.

Corner Vance and Causey streets.

feb26-3m Memphis, Tenn.

500 BAGS Cotton Seed Meal, for sale at manufacturer's prices, in lots to suit.

HENDEE & FICKLEN.

TALBOT & DANCY,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

DRUGGISTS,

340 Main Street.

PROVINE BUILDINGS,

DEALERS IN

FINE DRUGS,

Medicines, Chemicals, Perfumery, Surgical Instruments of the latest finish, Medicine Chests and Medical Saddle Bags.

mr25-1y1m TALBOT & DANCY

SWAYNE & GORSUCH,

DEALERS IN

CIRCULAR SAW MILLS,

PORTABLE and stationary steam engines and boilers, Gray's Patent Improved Mill Saws, Belting, Mill Castings, Mill Stones, Bolting Cloths, Mill Furniture, Engine and Mill Repairs, Machinery, Agents for Sizer's celebrated cotton Press, Gore's Patent Improved Cotton Gins, and manufacturers of Cotton Gins, Saws and Gin Stands, Shafting, Pulleys and Hangers, Gearing, Patterns, Castings, Iron and Brass Castings of every description, Iron Fencing and Railing, Cast Iron Sash Weights, Cast Iron Window Caps and Sills, Door Sills, Door Caps, Door Plates, Door Locks, Door Bolts, Door Knobs, Door Springs, Door Hinges, Door Bells, Door Knockers