THE MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL.

BY M'CLANAHAN & DILL. MEMPHIS, SUNDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1860. VOLUME XI.—NUMBER 249.

Daily Appeal.

For the Memphis Appeal.]

MEMORIES.

Once, since our latest meeting,
I sat by that lone mountain,
Where first within my third year
Too poured love's burning dream;
And yet, not, you would never hear
My other reason that year,
Still faithful to our early vow,
You'd seek no other shrine.

Have you no fond remembrance
Which quiet evening brings,
Or warm of tendresse, hours of love,
And sweet enchantment?
Can you no sufferings, sighs, deep,
I transport even now,
Because its misery wealth into pain
And fell upon the blow.

Alas! I fear you treasury not
Those relics of the past;
Years, was the lovish love of youth,
Too childish ever to last.
I hold a heart of woman's wealth
Upon a worthless stake,
For manhood's deep, devoted love,
Will never, never take.

I, turning to love's distant past,
With many love's vanished dreams;
With you, 'tis but a passing sigh—
A bubble on the stream.

L'INCONNUE.

THE RECALL.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Come again! (one more, I pray!)
Some love comedy after play,
Ah! long fed nearly, twilight,
Fitzwalter, who doth ne, entranced,
Brightening every cloud of gain,
As the year, which dies in cheerful
Blooms in a world of flowers.
Called by some a vernal strain,
Come Time—for which tears were falling,
And a thousand hearts are calling!
Come again! O, come again!
Be the earliest after rain!

MY FRIEND, JOHN SMITH, DID HE PROPOSE!

BY A. P. ALPES.

From the New York Dispatch.]

Reader, do you know John Smith? Now do not run away with the idea that my friend is a myth, a creature of the imagination who may be incarnated at will for the benefit of scribblers, as lawyers by a scratch of the pen and do such veritable personages "as the said John Doe and Richard Roe."

No, John is a "real reality," as metaphysicians say, when they wish to confound you with the profundities of their learning and the abstruseness of their meaning—one of those elegant fellows whom *drapiers* love to patronize and ladies smile on when they meet them in a ball room, or lance lovingly at out of the corners of their eyes, when in Broadway. Elegant in person, handsome of feature, collet, and, to intellect, with a "perfect" "love of a moustache," but poor in pocket, the only wonder among his acquaintances was that he "did not propose," in other words marry a charming heiress, and sport a span of thorough breds on the avenue.

Yes, why did he not marry? was a question as often pondered by the ladies as by the men. It was not that he could not get married. He had only to ask, and any one of the whole bevy of beauties would have volunteered to change his state of single wretchedness at any hour's notice; and it may be added that no one of these but, at her nuptials, could have exhibited dowers worth the annual income of a dozen German dukes.

How many hearts John unwittingly broke, how many buckets of tears, shed in secret, he has been the cause of I may not say, but I should shock the nerves of some gentle maiden, and make her exclaim through her rosy lips, "How hard hearted," which he really was so. On the contrary the vulnerable organ of my friend John is his heart.

In other respects a braver fellow never shouldered musket than he, a more intrepid he sought reputation, and won it too at the cannon's mouth; but when the wearer of a—a crinoline played her batteries upon him he was an arrant coward, and invariably exhibited the whitest of feathers. Consequently Johnlored and loves the ladies; and consequently he is afraid of them. John is not bashful. We mean he resolves to do, and does so brilliantly in conversation? Who so courteous, so gentle, so winning in his manners in the drawing room? Who so ready to offer assistance to have acquired etiquette in a pig-sty or some other equally delectable place; and, in the matter of falling in love, he could give any of his friends a good beat at the game, and then beat them. When the pinch come, however; when it was necessary to propose or "back down"—a very comprehensive, if not a vulgar phrase—he invariably preferred the latter.

"However, there was plenty of time," thought John, "I'll propose," he would say to himself, "when—when I feel sufficiently prepared herself." Now, it must not be understood that John Smith was a "free love," because he employed a word which has been ostracized from good society. Affinity, in my opinion, is the good noun and well meaning. It has been shockingly used and abused; and it has much to complain of; but John Smith is the honest man who first dared to rescue it from the grasp of ban from the rule of the parson and stick to it.

One evening, not many winters since, John received an invitation to attend a *soiree*, in good English, an evening party; but among fashionable people, if you would not be voted vulgar, you must say *soiree*, and if you have would obtain the good will of your hostess pronounce *soir-ee*. John elaborated himself in a style that would have had he been alive, excited the envy of Beau Nash. In his dress, he must say that he looked superb, manly, glorious—a splendid specimen of our sex. When John had completed his toilet he stepped back to darkey list pants, and to his fine dark hair that contrasts well with his deep blue eyes, its last touch, he descended to the street, and entering a coach, was driven in fine style to the mansion of the lady who had enrolled his name on her select list of visitors.

Parenthetically, the lady, although very rich and consequently advanced in years, greatly admired John Smith, and not unfrequently in the management of her estate, took him into her counsels; and whatever he suggested, she unhesitatingly adopted—the lady never thought of John as a husband, but she had two fine specimens of womanhood in her house whom she called her nieces, who were certainly jealous of each other, each firmly believing that John would yet be pursuaded to declare his love for her, and not for her sister. John admired these young ladies greatly—but—but there was the rub—his admiration of them never could, in their presence, be resolved into words.

To return to our text. On entering the brilliantly illuminated apartment, John had "a vision of beauty," in the form of a woman that he transcended anything he had ever met. To obtain an introduction to the peerless one was not difficult, and the Senorita Duclot at once established herself, or rather installed John to her side, as her property. She could waltz charmingly, and her voice, which was music itself, rang like golden bells on his ear long after she had ceased to speak. John admired a superior waltzer, and he loved "a low, sweet voice in woman." It was not many minutes before he discovered that he was deeply enamored of the Senorita. He had, he thought, loved before; but the sensations which she caused in his heart were entirely different from the humdrum affairs in which he had been engaged, until the feeling almost palled him. He now knew for the first time what love was, and he summoned all his powers to please the beautiful creature by his savans; and, that he could please, the lady would doubtless have admitted, for under one pretext or another, she managed, to the very great chagrin of her nieces, and a host of gentlemen, of the party, to monopolize his attentions during the entire evening. When she retired, she cast on him a smile so sweet, so captivating, that his heart swelled until it seemed to John his body was too small to retain it.

"Ah, Smith," exclaimed a coxcomb who had vainly endeavored to attract the stranger's attention, as they were about entering their carriages, "the senorita has made you her slave. Beware of her, my boy. They say she is a terrible heart-breaker, and when she finds that you are irrecoverably in love with her, she will discard you as she has thousands of poor devils in other quarters of the globe and then laugh at you."

"Indeed," said John.

"Yes, yes," reiterated the coxcomb. "It is said of her that she keeps a book in which she records the names of her rejected suitors, and a portfolio which serves as a receptacle for the heads of the 'flames' she has put out. Look out, Smith, or you will find your name in her category, which, doubtless, she will hand down to posterity."

"Indeed," repeated my friend.

"And," continued the puppy, with a malicious grin, "if you sigh for fame, you have an excellent opportunity to have your name and features immortalized. I should not wonder if, when she dies, her heirs published the book under the taking title of 'The would-be Suitors of Senorita Duclot, with their causes alphabetically arranged.' A good idea, is it not? Ha! ha!" and the fellow laughed a little, effeminate laugh as he entered his carriage and drove off.

"So," soliloquized John, "the Senorita is a trifler, or at all events has the reputation of being one. Fitzsnob declares she is, and he is the individual to pick up any piece of scandal afloat. Well, the lady is a beauty, and who shall say she has not an undoubted right to put on record the names of her admirers. I have no objection to her indulging the whim or eccentricity, whichever she may chose to call it. I shall certainly not reprove her for it; but if she gets mine on her list, with my consent, may I be—

What John would have said further, we are unable to write, for the beauty interrupted his soliloquy at the moment, by running down the steps to enter the carriage. Her quick eye detected my ruminating friend on the walk, his carriage door open, ready for him to enter.

"Ah, Mr. Smith," she exclaimed, "you've gone yet? Why I thought you would have been at your home long since—"

"I am," interrupted John, as he made a courteous bow to the divinity, "dreaming of the beautiful vision of to-night. My dreams overtook me even here, and I had not been around the block which caused them. I really cannot say that I would not have remained here until jostled of by some early morning pedestrian."

"Pshaw! Mr. Smith," said the beauty, in a pe unpleasant voice.

"Permit me," said John, taking the hand of the Senorita, conducted her to her carriage. As he relinquished it, he found himself in possession of a delicate card. It was the address of the Habanese.

I shall not say that John dreamed or did not dream of the fair Duclot, on retiring; but this I know, not many days subsequent to his introduction to her, Broadway, at the fashionable hour, was in a flutter of excitement. On every lady's face could be seen as plain as if it had been written thereon that something was on the tapis. A bevy of young ladies met, accidentally, of course, and such was the news that each had to retail to the other that several minutes elapsed before they could be made to understand each other's news.

"Oh, Sue," said a petit beauty, as she reached up to a major in acquaintance of the house, "did you—"

"Oh, yes"

"And—"

"It is a burning shame"

"The Senorita should monopolize."

"Make a fool of poor Mr. Smith."

"Now I think," said a dowdy little creature, who never indulged in gossip, "I never saw a better match. How superb they did look—only, I do think that Mr. Smith is decidedly a handsomer looking man than she is a woman."

"They are both of a piece," said Sophronia Brown, with no little of the asperity characteristic of the family in her speech. "She's a dirt, and he's a dirtyette."

"He! he!" said a miss who had cast sheep's eyes at John, in value, "he! ha! Sophronia thinks Mr. Smith should give his individual attentions to her."

"No, I don't, you minx," replied Sophronia, spitefully, "I don't think anything of the kind. Sat—hat—"

And a scene would have ensued had the young lady who "didn't indulge in gossip," not resorted to the soothing system.

"Well, girls," said a dignified interpreter with the Senorita; but John remembered the words of the coxcomb, although there was really no truth in them. He found her a charming companion, and if he had looked steadily into her eyes during a best of his pulse, he would have read in them that to him she could at least be sincere.

The beautiful Senorita was deeply enamored of her quasity-looking friend; and love to her, with the hot blood of the South coursing through her veins, was a serious matter. She waited patiently, however, for the *aforesaid*; but John's constitutional weakness had tied his tongue. He could converse charmingly on any subject except that which she so longed to hear.

"It would not have been lady-like in her to have said: "Mr. Smith, I love you; will you accept of my heart;" but she thought it was an easy, and certainly not an ungentlemanly procedure on his part if he would adopt it.

In despair at bringing him to the sticking, womanlike, she changed her tactics, and performed Fitzsnob, who had said she was a dirt, to come without the charmed circle of her acquaintance, hoping thereby to arouse John to a sense of his duty; but he, poor fellow, although consumed with love for her, set it down as part of his programme which she had long pursued, and he concratulated himself on his lucidity, on his luck in not being alphabetically numbered in that terrible book which was to be his undoing.

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