DAILY APPEAL.

MEMPHIS.

SUNDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 8, 1857.

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY CONVENTION.

After consultation with some of our Democratic friends, we feel authorised in naming Monday, the 2d day of March, as the time for the meeting of the next Democratic county convention upon which will devolve the duty of appointing delegates to the State and District conventions. There are three District conventions to be held, viz: a Congressional, a Senatorial and a Floating Representative convention. We cannot see why our Democratic friends may not, at the same county convention proceed also to nominate candidates for the Legislature from Shelby county. This, however, can be considered hereafter, if there should be objection to this course.

The first Monday of May has been suggested by some of our Hardeman friends, we understand, for the meeting of the Congressional District convention, and we think that the time named, will be acceptable to the Democracy of the whole District.

BANK DIRECTOR.

JAMES B. LAMB, Esq., of this city, has been appointed a director in the Branch of the Bank of Tennessee, at Somerville, by the board of the principal bank at Nashville.

WORTH AND WEALTH: A Collection of Maxims, Morals and Miscellanies for Merchants and Men of Business. By FREEMAN HUNT, Editor of the "Merchants' Magazine," "Lives of American Merchants," etc. New York: STRINGER & TOWNSEND, 1856.

"How small the space in Literature, Commerce, which fills the world, now occupies, is too obvious to need dwelling upon," pithily remarks the distinguished author of "Worth and Wealth." And yet what has done more than Commerce and mercantile men to civilize and fraternize the world, to promote peace and good will between men, to elevate semi-civilized tribes and to polish and refine society? What profession has exhibited more courage and daring in penetrating obscure regions and developing the hidden wealth and resources of unknown tracts? What class of men have displayed more sterling traits of character, or can more safely be held up as exemplars in all the characteristics which make men respected than the high toned members of the mercantile calling who have rendered it honorable?

Yet, mercantile literature is perhaps more barren of great and useful works than that of any science, art or profession. The legal profession numbers its tomes by the thousand. So does the profession of medicine or the "art of healing." So do mechanics. So do all the great occupations of men which diversify human labor. Is commercial life barren of great principles, systematic theories and practical truth? We should think not. The merchants' clerk should not be left to form his character and learn his trade from the mere routine of bartering, casting up accounts and dunning his employers' customers. There are manifestly higher views and loftier paths to be taken, to lead him to success and eminence. We have heard it frequently suggested that there are more failures in the mercantile business than in any other. Probably this disastrous result may be traced to the want of study and instruction in the mysteries of trade, and the principles of commercial routine to which we have adverted.

Mr. HUNT has endeavored to supply this desideratum by the work before us. As we learn from the preface, it is not designed to be a book of dry theory alone, but rather a sketch-book of interesting incidents and stirring illustrations which thus teach the philosophy of success by the experience of the most eminent examples.

No man is better qualified than FREEMAN HUNT to produce such a work as is needed for the use of the commercial classes, tyros as well as experienced business men, and we should think it would be hailed by all business men as a movement likely to exert the very best influence upon the prosperity and dignity of their calling. We are indebted to Messrs. CLEAVES & GUION for a copy.

THE VIRGINIA COMEDIANS, OR OLD DAYS IN THE OLD DOMINION: Edited from the MSS. of C. Effingham, Esq., in two volumes. Vol. I. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 346 and 348 Broadway.

The author's idea in this book was to depict some Virginia scenes and personages, ten years before the Revolution, the "strange Virginia of 1765, with its passions, humors and anomalies of every description." How far he has succeeded we cannot state until we shall have looked more narrowly into his pages. This book is from CLEAVES & GUION, Union Block.

For the Memphis Appeal.]

MESSRS. EDITORS: I presume all the readers of your valuable journal have been no less surprised than amused at the following resolution, adopted in City Council meeting on the 3d inst.:

Resolved, That $5,000 be offered by the city of Memphis for the best practicable plan of bridging the Mississippi at this place. Said sum to be paid to the architect or engineer, or other person, who shall present the plan adopted, approved and carried out. All plans to be submitted to the chief of the Engineer Corps of the U. S. Army, in conjunction with the Chief Engineers of the four Railroads converging at this city. No plan to be considered which does not contemplate the uninterrupted navigation of the Mississippi river.

Being one of those whose business peregrinations extend beyond the paved walks of the city, I can but wonder why such a gigantic scheme resolved upon, should occupy the minds of our "City Fathers" whilst neither themselves, friends, nor the public generally can get *across the streets*, toward which they are commissioned to exercise care and improvement. During the recent rain and mud term, the Council, individually or collectively, could have been ferried over to Arkansas with a thousand times the facility that they could have passed the rubicon of mud between the Memphis and Charleston railroad depot and the bayou bridges, each of which was indeed a "bridge of sighs" when pedestrians passed and "cast their wishful eyes" upon the Slough of Despond through which all were compelled to wade.

Now, if the city's overflowing coffers can afford $5,000 for a mere *plan*, in reason's name, why cannot it purchase a few *plan-k* for sidewalks or footways at the ends of the streets, and most particularly beyond the bayou on Adams, Jefferson, Court and Madison?—all of which terminate at the most important Railroad depot in Memphis, and are, therefore, foremost in business importance.

Whilst so little necessity, at present, exists for bridging the "Father of Waters," and the intercourse with Arkansas would not "pay" even an omnibus to run upon said bridge, if it was built, we trust that the $5,000 which "burns" in our corporation pockets, may be appropriated to wiser uses—such as above proposed. One thousand dollars would amply remunerate any architectural talent in furnishing a bridge-plan. Then let the balance, which would suffice also, pay for street crossings, graveling, plank walks, water courses, cisterns, sewers, and such other improvements as the *public necessities demand*.

Let us fondly hope that good counsels may triumph—that no ambition to be personally identified with bridging the Mississippi (!) will actuate members to prodigality; and that matters *inside* of our city will be perfected in preference to speculative enterprises *outside*.

CITIZEN.

RESPECT TO HON. P. S. BROOKS.—Upon the reception of the intelligence of the death of the Hon. PRESTON S. BROOKS at Columbia, South Carolina, on the 29th ult., the Mayor of the city immediately ordered the great bell to be tolled in respect to his memory.

SPEECH OF GOV. J. C. JONES,

IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES, DEC. 18, 1856, UPON THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE, AS PUBLISHED IN THE MEMPHIS APPEAL.

MESSRS. EDITORS: One single sentiment in the speech of the Hon. J. C. Jones, United States Senator of Tennessee, induces these remarks. As a constituent of the Hon. Senator, my thanks are due him for the liberal and courteous manner in which he entered into this debate, but more especially for the clearness and force with which he showed the ultimate designs of the Black Republicans.

In the rencounter which he had on this occasion with the Hon. Mr. Hale, there is a sentiment imputed to him which I very much doubt whether he uttered, or if he did, it was done in a spirit of liberal, jocular feeling of private conversation, and not with the solemnity which the Hon. Mr. Hale would have it assume in the Senate of the United States. The question of the Hon. Senator of New Hampshire looked above the law of the land, and contemplated man in the light of the great law of manhood, and in this view, put the question to the Hon. Senator of Tennessee: "If every slave had not the right to escape, or was not entitled to his liberty?"

To this question, Mr. Jones replied, "I am not prepared to say that there is a human being on the face of the globe that has not the right to benefit himself if he can." It is to this answer we enter our demurer, and am confident our Senator did not intend to be drawn aside from the work before him at the time, or he would not have made a reply admitting such latitude and which gave, for the moment, such seeming triumph to the North in this controversy. If he had said that according to the great law of manhood every individual had the right to benefit himself, if by so doing, he damaged no one else, we would have admitted it as true. Or if he had replied, that by the great law of manhood, no man had a right to advance his own interest, if by so doing, he produced a corresponding disadvantage to another, it would have kept the point of controversy more clearly defined. We do not doubt that this was the sense in which he intended to be understood; but when it turns alone upon the point "if he can," it will be regarded at the North that we only pretend to hold our slaves by force or power, leaving entirely out of view the morality of the institution. The highest morality in man is obedience to the civil authority; but civil law rests upon man's natural rights, all of which are conditional, and not one of which he may not forfeit. The strongest natural right man has is that of life, yet that right is suspended upon the condition of work, and if he should cease to work, he would cease to live. Man has a right to liberty, it is a conditional right—he must use that liberty for good. He must occupy and improve it, otherwise he forfeits it, and it is taken from him. The whole of man's life is conditional. The new-born infant is suspended upon the will and attentions of the mother for its life and being. But perhaps the Hon. Mr. Hale intended his question to be viewed from a more lofty eminence than this which we have been considering. It *does* seem to have something about it approaching the dawn of the millenium. We would like to propound one question to him: If God gave life to man and suspended that life upon the condition of labor, and nothing but the fruits of the earth can keep that life, is not every man entitled to as much of the earth as is necessary to his existence; and does not the great law of manhood, that law which looks upon every man as a brother, and which makes us "feel another's woe," require that every one should alike share the good things of life, and in order to this, demand that all things should be held in common. We do not see how any other than an emphatic affirmative could be given in answer to these questions, viewed in the light of the question as put to the Hon. Mr. Jones. This, then, being the case, woul' it not better accord with the action of the world's great reformer, in this new reformation, to begin at "Jerusalem?" Several other questions suggest themselves to the mind for solution in this connection, but as we only intended a short paragraph, we will not pursue them. The South has always felt that she was acting not only in accordance with civil law, but with the highest laws of morality upon this question; and her great intellects are beginning to look into it with a zeal for truth which we doubt not will overthrow much that has hitherto passed for truth in moral ethics.

J. A. T.

NEAR BROWNSVILLE, Jan. 30th, 1857.

Kansas Correspondence of the Appeal.

[We publish the following letter in the precise words in which it is written, without knowing anything in reference to the facts stated, or the justness of the strictures upon Gov. GEARY's course:]

LEAVENSWORTH CITY, K. T., January, '57.

MESSRS. EDITORS: The affairs in Kansas at present demand a passing notice, and having been here during the exciting times, which have distracted this "bleeding" country during the past year, and being a resident here now, that is a "Squatter Sovereign," I feel competent to deal in facts.

The leading topics of interest at present, are the proceedings of the Territorial Legislature and the peculiar course of Governor John W. Geary, or as we more appropriately call him here, His Majesty King John W. the First. Before noticing his recent extraordinary usurpation of power, in his vain attempt to override the law and attach the Judiciary functions to his Executive powers, it is necessary to notice his past course in "stopping the war," as he vainly boasts of having done. You will recollect that last summer General James H. Lane, "Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the North," (as the Free State men call that distinguished worthy,) marched into the Territory with about one thousand Northern vandals, and commenced the work of destruction of the pro-slavery party. Gen. Lane after building forts along the emigrant road from the Nebraska line to the interior of the Territory, fortified himself in Lawrence. Harvey, Walker and Brown, Lane's principal subordinate officers, then commenced their work of destruction, which gained for them such notoriety for deeds of blood and rapine. To Harvey was assigned the work of sacking the villages and laying waste the country on the north side of the Kansas river. To Walker was assigned the country along the Kansas on the south side; while Brown, with his banditti, were to rob and drive out the defenseless pro-slavery settlers that were scattered over the southern portions of the Territory. Harvey succeeded in completely sacking the villages of Osawkee, Easton, Summerville and Alexandria, but was baffled in his attempt on Hickory Point, which was bravely and successfully defended by a few men. Walker succeeded in driving out many inoffensive settlers—destroying their crops and burning their cabins. With several hundred men he attacked the house of Col. Titus, killed one of the inmates, wounded several, among them Col. Titus, who was taken prisoner, and burned the house and all the improvements. Brown in the meantime, with a band of the most God-forsaken wretches, with which any country was ever cursed, committed the most fiendish murders and the most diabolical midnight assassinations ever heard of.

When these villainies, and the systematic manner in which they were carried on, became known, an outraged people rose in their might to sustain the dignity of the law, and repel the invaders. Under the proclamation of acting Governor Woodson, 2,700 law and order men assembled, with all the arms and munitions of war. After four weeks marching, and counter-marching, we took up the line of march for Lawrence—the chief rendezvous for the traitors and murderers. When within four miles of the place of destination we were met by Gov. Geary. The army proceeded no further. It was disbanded, and returned home. Peace was made. The credit of effecting this pacification is now claimed by Gov. Geary, and I see, by a portion of the Southern press, unjustly given him. I say *unjustly*, because it robs the patriots who really did effect a reconciliation, of the honor due them, and places it upon one who does not deserve it. The truth is simply this: The law and order leaders were almost to a man strong Buchanan men, and it was evident to them that if they destroyed Lawrence, which was within their grasp, it would afford the "Freedom Shriekers" of the North much political capital, and probably elect Fremont. Knowing this, and wishing to retire honorably from the contest, they *sent for* Gov. Geary, in order that he might disband us. He did so, and many of us thought that Kansas had been sacrificed to the success of the Democratic party. But with the belief that Fremont could not be elected we acquiesced. With the disbanding of the army the war closed; but, be it understood, not by the mighty power of Gov. Geary, but by the patriotism of the pro slavery party. In an address delivered to the 2,700 patriots assembled at Franklin, Gov. Geary made many and fair promises; among them, that he would arrest and bring to punishment the traitors and out-laws, who had disturbed the domestic peace of the Territory.

But the people of the South may judge how much faith may be placed in his promises when they know that the notorious Walker, the same I have spoken of above, was received by him into the United States service and commissioned captain of a Company of Lawrence outlaws, whilst Harvey, the gallant Chicagoan, who had robbed Osawkee, Easton, Summerville and Alexandria, was also commissioned 1st Lieutenant of the same Company. There were several writs against Walker for numerous outrages he had committed against inoffensive settlers, and when the United States Marshal attempted to arrest him, he was prevented by Gov. Geary, and Walker is to day, and has been all the time, enjoying full liberty. Yet Geary received this man and his confederates in the service of defending the very laws they had so often fought against. Whilst this was going on, the Governor, through his influence, had the leaders and the privates of the pro-slavery ranks arrested and bound over under heavy bonds to defend their actions. The pro-slavery, or law and order party, had been called out by a proclamation of acting Governor Woodson, to sustain the laws—the freesoilers had marshaled in military array to put them down. Such proceedings as these on the part of our Governor, rather surprised the law and order party. But his last act of usurpation, in his controversy with Judge Lecompte, severed the sympathies of a large majority of the pro-slavery party from him. The facts in this much talked of case are simply these: One Charles Hays was indicted for the murder of Buffum, a free state man. Hays was arrested and brought before Judge Lecompte, then holding Court at Lecompton. Owing to the vast amount of business, it was impossible to reach his case that term. His attorneys then applied for bail, proving conclusively that Hays was not at the place of the alleged murder on the day specified. Many witnesses testified to this, and the district attorney, who was with Hays at the time he was charged with having committed the murder, swore to the same. Upon this application and evidence, Judge Lecompte released him on bail of $10,000. Immediately upon granting bail, a delegation of freesoilers from Topeka and Lawrence, united upon Governor Geary and protested against Hays' release. Geary then, upon the strength of his Executive powers, ordered Hays' re-arrest. Marshal Donaldson refused to execute the writ as coming from the Governor, and expressed surprise at the Governor's ignorance. Geary threatened Donaldson but the Marshal still refused. He then placed the order in the hands of his special aid, Col. Titus, and had Hays re-arrested. Hays sued out a writ of *habeas corpus*, and was again liberated. The Governor then threatened to have Lecompte removed for a partial administration of the laws, and has used his influence to do it. But where partiality exists in the Hays case, it is impossible to see. Every lawyer sustains Lecompte's and condemns Geary's course and the sympathies of the law and order party are with Lecompte. I should like to know if the Executive has the power to re-arrest an alleged criminal—to treat with contempt the powers of the Judiciary—to make his simple official order paramount to all law—to all courts. The recent pro-slavery convention of the Territory did not think so, as it sustained Lecompte and condemned Geary.

What will be the finale of the extraordinary drama now being enacted, is hard to foresee; but I will endeavor to keep your readers posted as regards the progress of events in this fated Territory.

S. G. Q.

CHAPTER ON GENERAL JACKSON.

The following is taken from Hon. JOHN BARNEY'S "Fifty Years of Events—political, poetical, historical—with Anecdotes of Remarkable men:"

I saw for the first time, at a ball given at the Baltimore Assembly, in 1818, in honor of the hero of New Orleans, the stern, intellectual countenance, and, when lighted up by a smile full of benignity and benevolence, the never to be forgotten features of General Andrew Jackson.

An incident engrossed the attention of all—the man then required six or eight hours to track its weary way from the Capital to Baltimore.

Dawn's early light was just gilding the horizon, when it was announced that General Latrobe, of Pennsylvania, had that day moved in the Senate a resolution censuring, in strong terms, the execution of Arbuthnot and Ambrister.

Fire dashed indignant from the eyes of the hero patriot.

"By the Eternal, I will have the rascal's ears off before twenty-four hours;" then, with a bland and courteous smile, he said to the managers, "will either of yor gentlemen be so kind as to order me a carriage to take me to Washington?" His urbane, courteous manner was forthwith resumed, when he discovered the trepidation created by his fierceness, and he remained until the close of the *fete*.

I had many interviews with him in Washington during the Congressional contest for the Presidency. Interlopers would force themselves into his presence, telling him that Mr. Clay said the greatest danger to be apprehended to the republic was the accession of military chieftains to power. He replied that the real danger to the republic was to be apprehended from political demagogues. I remarked, "Do not, General, permit yourself to be excited by designing men."

Another would come in and imperatively ask, "How is the election going, General?" to which he sternly replied, "I know nothing about it;" "I don't read the newspapers, but if I may be permitted to judge from the decline in the number of visitors, my prospects of success diminish in an equal ratio." When elected to the Presidency, up to the period of his arrival at Frederick, he expressed the most friendly feeling towards Mr. Adams; he sent kind messages to him, stating the season was so inclement he hoped he would not remove his family from the White House until milder weather; that he was an old soldier, accustomed to rougher quarters, was now alone in the world, and could be comfortable anywhere.

The manifestation of those kindly feelings appalled his numerous disinterested, devoted friends. On the one day's journey his mind was poisoned against Mr. Adams by the insinuation that Mr. Adams was the real editor of the ——, in which the sacred name of his wife had been grossly slandered.

The chord was struck—it vibrated in discord through his frame; the fell besom of party proscription commenced; the doctrine that "to the victors belong the spoils" was consecrated and has been the watchword ever since.

One solitary exception was made, in favor of James Beatty, of Baltimore; but not permitted to be consummated. Captain Isaac Phillips, a worthy and respectable officer of the navy, had been peremptorily dismissed by the elder Adams for permitting a British frigate to muster on deck the crew of an American sloop-of-war, under his command, to impress British subjects.

He applied to General Jackson to appoint him to office in consideration of his persecution by the elder Adams, and told him that the gentleman now holding the appointment of Navy Agent, at Baltimore, had held it many years "That proves him worthy of confidence," said the General. "I then told him," said Captain Phillips, "that he he was rich and did not require the office." "Then," replied the hero, "he has no inducement to be dishonest?"—the General all the while calmly smoking his pipe, his feet resting on the mantlepiece. "I was now," says the Captain, "in despair, and resolved to make one last desperate effort: 'I have an aged wife,' he pleaded, 'we are fast declining into the valley of the shadow of death, in wretched poverty; this office would give us the comforts of life, and speed our downward path to the tomb.'" The General dropped his feet to the floor, laid his pipe on the table, called for pen and ink, wrote a note and handed it to Captain Phillips. "Here's an order for your appointment; take it to the Secretary of the Navy. If this little office is not necessary to the comfort of its possessor, and will make your aged wife and yourself happy, you shall have it."

"I carried it," said Captain Phillips, "to Governor Branch. He said, 'Thank God, you are too late; Mr. Beatty has been recommended by Gen. Smith and other political friends of the administration as an officer of strict integrity, indefatigable industry in every respect; his nomination is now before the Senate of the United States; you are too late; I won't recall it.' I returned to the President and told him the result. 'He won't recall it! Then, by the Eternal, I will. Mr. Secretary, fill up a nomination for Captain Isaac Phillips; carry it to the Senate chamber, recall the nomination of James Brady, and substitute the one for Isaac Phillips?' In a few minutes Capt. Phillips received his commission.

He presented himself to Governor Branch to receive his instructions, and to express his gratitude for the appointment. "You owe me nothing," said the Governor; "I did all in my power to prevent it. General Jackson is omnipotent; he rules in and over all."

That distinguished statesman, Lewis McLane, whom I first knew as Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, then Minister to England, then Secretary of the Treasury, then Secretary of State, winning the confidence and respect of all who associated with him, eminent in ability, therefore most competent to judge the ability of others, averred that Gen. Jackson was a greater man than any member of his Cabinet, past or present. I fully concur with him. He withered and annihilated every man who dared to oppose his iron will. He made and unmade Cabinets. He buried in the tomb of the Capulets that leviathan, the Bank of the United States, and that distinguished financier, that truly honest and upright man, Nicholas Biddle, dying of a broken heart. Grief had slain him—his poverty vindicating his integrity.

General Jackson's prejudices, however, were indomitable. On one occasion I implored the exercise of his influence in favor of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, urging the benefits to accrue to the rich valley of the Mississippi by the facility of intercourse with the Atlantic border. "Sir," says he, "it is rebellion against God. If the Almighty had desired that the produce of the Western world should find its market on the shore of the Atlantic, the great rivers of the West wou'd have flowed in that direction."

I knew too well how inflexible was his opposition. When once resolved, argument was unavailing; his iron will was as firm as the Rock of Ages.

The Swiss Question Settled.

From the N. Y. Express.]

The mutually satisfactory conclusions arrived at by the Plenipotentiaries at Paris, in reference to the hitherto mooted points in the treaty of peace with Russia—together with the now certain pacific settlement of the dispute between Prussia and Switzerland, dissipate for the moment, the expectations entertained by many, that out of one or the other of those questions, were to issue events which might result in a renewal of the revolutionary scenes of 1848. The truth is, as to the Swiss—the crowned heads appear to have been somewhat apprehensive themselves of some such contingency, and hence the persevering exertions that were made by the leading powers to promote a conciliation between Berne and Berlin, as soon as the dispute began to culminate in an appeal to arms. Nobody, a careful observer of events, will dispute, that in underlying the tranquil surface of Continental Europe, there is, at this moment, a great deal of combustible material, which only needs a spark of "liberty" from the hills of Switzerland, to blow into a conflagration.

Besides, Switzerland, for some years past, has been the refuge and home of the boldest of the French, Italian and German exiles, who were driven from their own country by the absolutest reaction which followed the convulsions of 1848—and though the Federal Council has frequently been "warned" in regard to those strangers—still it has never gone a great deal out of its way to oblige France or Austria or the Pope, by driving these enemies to "law and order" from her door. Now, if the King of Prussia had undertaken by force of arms to coerce a people like the Swiss, entertaining among them so many of these exiles, burning for revenge against their oppressors—into a surrender of certain clear and unquestionable rights—one may reasonably infer that he had undertaken an enterprise, the result of which would shake to its centre every throne in Europe. No man seems earlier to have arrived at this estimate of the dispute than Louis Napoleon. The powder magazine was his next door neighbor—and if an explosion were to follow a Prussian invasion, sympathy for the Swiss, and "liberty" in the Tyrol, might after a while embrace "liberty for France."

If Frederick William is a King, Louis Napoleon is an Emperor—and past experience teaches that when the "enemies of order" are once roused up, they are no respectors of persons, or titles. It would not do, therefore, to let this quarrel with Switzerland, under the circumstances, proceed to an open rupture—and so we read, without surprise, that the interposition of the Emperor Napoleon, supported by the Court of St. James, has been successful.

Prussia will not now march her armies upon Switzerland—the right of Neufchatel to own itself is graciously acknowledged—and, in return, Switzerland waives the trial of, and will set free, the prisoners charged with an insurrection, that had for its main object the subversion of the country to Prussian domination. Strict justice would have reserved to the Swiss the privilege of trying these conspirators at all hazards, if only to show Frederick William that Neufchatel was an independant of Prussia in fact as in name, and was not to be intimidated from the exercise of an undoubted right by an insolent threat of foreign invasion. But strict justice in these phases of Continental diplomacy, is not to be looked for—and, on the whole, we are bound to conclude that Switzerland might have come worse off.

Had words come to blows, no doubt her mountaineers would have vindicated their traditional patriotism, and given a new proof of their love of independence; and possibly the blow struck there against kingly tyranny would find a ready echo in Paris, Vienna and Rome; but the fate of Poland, Hungary and the Roman Republic, admonishes us that the probable end of it all would be such a combination of despotism, for mutual safety, as would drive the cause of popular freedom not only in Switzerland, but in all Europe, another half a century or so back.

As Americans, therefore, in view of the case, we rejoice rather than regret that this last of the "vexed questions" is amicably adjusted, because we believe that, in these days of printing presses, electric telegraphs, and rapid interchange of ideas, Republicanism in Europe—as here and everywhere else—is likely to make much faster and surer progress in peace than in war. War has long been the game of tyrants; peace, as a general principle, should now be the policy of the people.

How Sandusky was Saved from Famine.

AN HISTORICAL REMINISCENCE.

From the Buffalo Republic.]

One of the most agreeable duties of journalism is to chronicle the heroic deeds of those whom chance or unusual natural developments have rendered benefactors to the human race. It is a part of our legitimate province to rescue the fame of such individuals from oblivion, and by enacting the part of the historian, to hand their names and the record of their achievements, down to the admiration and gratitude of future generations. The village philanthropist, or the benefactor of a local community, is as much a part of the history of his time as the heroes of a State, or as the sacred geese, whose gabbling at the rock Tarpeia, saved Rome from the horrors of a sack. Our duty in the present instance is to relate a similar occurrence, which transpired much nearer home.

Years agone, when the course of trade ran in a counter direction to what we now behold, owing to a severe drouth, the city of Sandusky underwent all the horrors of a protracted famine. The water on the bar at the mouth of the Bay was so low that vessels were unable to reach the port; and as there was no land transportation at that time, which could be relied upon in a case of sudden emergency, it appeared as if Providence had forsaken the place entirely, and that its inhabitants must soon perish. For days and weeks their stock of provisions had been gradually disappearing, until soon all was gone, and their only reliance was upon the few fish which they were enabled to obtain from the waters of the Bay, and an occasional supply of game from the neighboring forest.

At the time of which we write, the woods in that vicinity, and in fact throughout the Western Reserve, were frequented by vast numbers of wild hogs, which obtained a bountiful subsistence, and grew fat upon the *shack* which everywhere abounded. These hogs were doubtless originally estrays, but the sparseness of the population in the interior, and the rapidity with which they multiplied, rendered them strangers to man, and very shy of his presence. During the drought, of which mention has already been made, droves of these animals wended their way to the lake, in the neighborhood of which they continued to remain. Sandusky Bay, in particular, was a favorite place of resort for them, in the waters of which they were accustomed to wallow, after slaking their thirst. Those who are acquainted with the locality of which we speak, will remember the annoyance to which the early settlers were exposed in the shape of a fine, red sand, which covered the beach, and which, in times of high wind, was not only exceedingly troublesome, but dangerous. Thousands of hogs, in consequence of frequenting this spot, became totally blind; but still, with all the cunning which belongs to this perverse race in their natural state, they continued to elude the hunters.

One day when the famine in the city was at its height, and when it was apparent that even the strongest must soon succumb, Joe B—— took down his gun, and resolved to make a last effort to rescue his wife and little ones from a fate the most horrible of which the mind has any conception. All day long had their sunken eyes and shriveled hands implored him in vain for bread—and, alas! he knew too well that not within the whole city was there a mouthful to be had, though he were to offer in exchange, thrice its weight in gold. Nerved to desperation by this reflection, but still with feeble steps, he took his way to the forest, resolved not to return without relief in some shape.

For a long time he hunted in vain, traversing miles of weary pathway, without so much as seeing a single evidence of animated nature, until he was on the point of yielding to despair. At this moment a noise, as of approaching footsteps, attracted his attention, and he paused, with every faculty rendered keen by hunger, to listen. Nearer and nearer came the tramping, and just as Joe, to screen himself from observation, took shelter behind a tree, a wild hog emerged from a thicket, advancing directly toward him, followed immediately by another and another still. The hunter, trembling with anxiety and excitement, raised his gun, but suddenly paused in astonishment at the singular phenomenon before him. The drove (for drove there was) was approaching him in Indian file, and headed directly for the Bay. *The second hog held in his mouth the tail of the first, the third that of the second, and so on*, to the number of sixty and upward, each was holding fast to the caudal appendage of his predecessor, and all were being led by the foremost of the drove, and he, being the only one that could see, was thus convoying his afflicted companions.

The hunter comprehended the scene in a moment, and instantly decided upon his course. Raising his gun deliberately, he fired, and severed the tail of the leader close to the roots. His affrighted leadership, with a loud squeal, bounded into the thicket and disappeared, while his blind companions came to a dead halt. Joe quickly divested himself of his boots and crept stealthily up to the first of the band, which stood quietly holding in his mouth the amputated tail of his former conductor. This the hunter seized and commenced pulling upon it. First one hog started, then another, then another, until soon, like a train of cars, all were in motion, and, without pausing to rest for a single instant, Joe led them quietly into a huge pen near his residence, where they were soon slaughtered, *and the city was saved!*

Turkish Woman and Turkish Watering Places.

There is a prevalent impression that the Turkish ladies are always imprisoned at home; but nothing is more erroneous. For, since the destruction of the janissaries, who molested every one in public, they are to be seen everywhere and on all occasions.

Their only requisite for their appearance is, to be veiled, and to wear the feradje, or cloaks.

These accoutred, they wander through the bazaars, frequent all rural places of resort, visit the baths, and scarcely a day passes when they stay at home. Nor is it to be supposed that they are closely muffled, as they were formerly. The ancient out-door costume was most hideous; they were enveloped in an immense white sheet, a little piece of horse hair gauze being suspended over the eyes. But the *yashmak*, or veil, is at the present day, composed of the lightest India mull, and has little power of concealing their charms, but on the contrary, serves to heighten their beauty through its gossamer transparency.

The arched eyebrows, through this deceptive veil, seem more delicately curved; the large and lustrous eyes shine more darkly from its snowy folds; and the delicate and peach-like hue of the complexion is rendered ten-fold more lovely.

The texture of the *yashmak* is now so exquisitely fine, that the two square yards of muslin which compose it, do not weigh more than a single drachm!

The feradje or cloak is an ample outer garment, made of fine colored bombazine or Thibet, lined with silk, and the edges are trimmed with embroidery.

Their feet are clothed with yellow *chedik*, or morocco buskins, over which *pabouds*, or slippers, of the same color, are worn in the street.

So great is the force of habit and education, that not even the oldest woman even appears in public unveiled, although the Koran pronounces furrows and wrinkles sufficient disguises for faded charms; yet, in Turkey, as well as all over the world, the maxim doubtless is popular, that beauty never dies.

Even the dames of ebony hue, dreading the display of darkness visible, are most punctilious in covering their charms, thus affording more distinguished specimens of the wonderful effects of light and shade.

During visits of ceremony, when the faradje and *yashmak* are taken off, a long strip of white muslin is left hanging from the top of the head down the back, for the purpose of covering the face in case of sudden emergency. But such accidents seldom occur, as the gentlemen of the family are informed, as soon as they enter the vestibule of the harem, that there are strangers within.

Thus equipped, the Osmanli ladies are the most independent creatures in the world.

As no one dares to look them in the face, from a sense of respect, it has been customary for them slightly to encourage their timid admirers by a few fugitive glances if not positive attacks; so that, on all public occasions, an attentive observer may detect them in some of the wiles of coquetry or unmeaning flirtation.

Ladies of distinction are attended by black eunuchs, who protect them from the two familiar approach of any witless knight, who may ignorantly trespass the laws of Oriental decorum.

These ebony gentry, from the nature of their position, had become indolent and overbearing, under the plea of protecting the ladies, and a native always avoided a collision with them, since they were sustained by public opinion. But their own extravagant conduct has put an end to their pretensions and power.

Kezlar Aghassy, or the head black eunuch of the palace, was formerly so influential a person as to rank among the ministers of state; but at the present time, the eunuchs have lost all their pristine greatness, and are mere domestics of the household.

The carriage generally used by the ladies is called an *araba*, which is often very richly ornamented and gilded, and well cushioned on the inside. The top is covered with a crimson or green *chrum* or shagey cloth, manufactured in Albania, and fringed with gold. This spacious conveyance, capable of accommodating six or eight persons, has no springs, and is drawn by a couple of oxen, whose heads are gaily tricked out, and furnished with a charm against the Evil Eye. The ends of the tails are tied to a cluster of red tassels, which are fastened to a hoop set in the yoke, and gracefully arched over their backs. This arrangement is to prevent the animals from spattering the mud with their tails.

The *araba* is entered by means of a small temporary ladder at the back. There is a conductor, or *arabager*, who leads the oxen by a chain attached to their heads, and a yanashma, or boy, who walks by the side, and goads them on.

But many of the families are now to be seen in public, in European carriages, and they delight in excursions on the water in their beautiful *cayiks*.

Nature has been so lavish in her gifts to the land of the Osmanlis, that they have every temptation to linger for hours in some of the many lovely spots which are to be found all along the Bosphorus.

The Sultan has numerous *kiosks* of his own; on the most lofty summits of the hills, in the most sweetly embosomed valleys, by the margin of the briny sea, where wave after wave has "noiselessly roiled up the beach," ever since the waters which were above the firmament were divided from those below—in the midst of plains, by the roadside, and in the noisy populous streets of the metropolis, are these tasteful pleasure bowers ever to be met with, but carefully guarded from profane footsteps. Generally, however, in the spots thus consecrated by royal pleasure, are to be found coffee shops, and mats or low stools, for the accommodation of other classes of this nature-loving multitude, where at all times the most lovely groups of men, women and children are collected.

There are some places of resort more frequented than others. The Kebat hane, or, as it is commonly known to Europeans, the "Sweet waters of Europe," at the head of the Golden Horn, Fener-Bahchessy, or, the Garden of the Light House, and Moda Bournou, or the Fashionable Point, on the Marmora, the Geok Souyou, or the Heavenly Waters of Asia, on the Bosphorus, Hunkear-Iskelليسy, or the Sultan's Valley, and Kalender on the opposite shore.

To all of these places the people flock in cayiks and carriages, and spreading their carpets upon the green sward, recline with true Oriental nonchalance and comfort. The chibouk adds its curling fumes to the scene, the narghile bubbles in unison, the favorite halvee is handed round in tiny cups, the wild notes of the *Lahouta* and *Kementche* are re-echoed by the verdant hills, while an entire lamb on a spit shed its fragrant odors, predicting a picnic *champetre*. The itinerate seller of bon-bons plants his tray before you, and you cannot refuse to partake of its luscious contents; wandering gipsies present you wild flowers, and proffer their services in unfolding the pages of destiny. Group after group glides along in the fanciful costumes of Stamboul, and all are joyous and contented.

Thus the Osmanlis enjoy that sensation of delight, their indescribable *Kief*, when for the moment all care and trouble are forgotten, amid the scenes of beauty which nature so freely lavishes upon all, rich and poor.

Especially on a Friday, or the Mahomedan Sunday, there are congregated thousands of persons, people from every clime and of every rank—Persians in their *papakhs*; Albanians with their fustanels; Circassians in their woolly caps, Zeybeks, or Turkish mountaineers, in gay costumes and lofty head gear, and armed from head to foot; strange men on horseback, who seem to be made up of gold embroidery and Cashmere shawls; Turkish soldiers and ebony negroes on milk-white steeds, the representatives of the different western powers in their elegant carriages, with their own ladies and families. European travelers and book-making authors mingle in the crowd. The imported beauties of Circassia sit on their embroidered cushions, sable guards patrolling round, while their lords and masters keep at a respectful distance.

The Osmanli ladies seem all to be beautiful, especially in their white and delicate veils, and costumes of such varied hues, with brilliant diamonds glittering upon their heads, necks, arms and fingers—in a word, a Turkish watering-place would eclipse even Broadway itself in elaborate toilettes and unparalleled beauty; while the charm of such an endless variety furnishes a study for the artist, and leaves nothing to be desired to complete a picture exquisitely perfect.

Amid such scenes as these, the blue heavens for a canopy, with nature's emerald carpeting, the tall and majestic trees bearing the impress of unnumbered seasons, more beautiful in their leafy verdure than the most exquisitely carved and marble columns of the palaces of kings; while the tuneful songsters of the grove trill their plaintive notes—are displayed the simple tastes and habits of this people, so inaccessible when they are once within the precincts of their own domicils.

Here may the stranger, who for the first time treads the shores of the Eastern world, perceive the real spirit of Oriental society and manners, as exhibited in the exchange of mutual intercourse and the etiquettes of life.

The group just before you may be the harem of an Armenian banker. Though composed of many ladies, yet the Armenians being Christians, by virtue of their religion, they are not allowed to number more than one wife in their harems.

Again, under the shadow of yonder tree, are two lovely Musselman girls, surrounded by a train of halayiks, or female slaves, and attended by black eunuchs. Stay your footsteps, for it is the harem of —— Efendy—a Redjal or grandee of the realm.

This distinguished man had the misfortune to lose his interesting and beloved wife; and so strong was her memory upon his heart that he never sought to replace her loss; consoling himself with these two beautiful pledges of her love, and lavishing upon them all his affection and indolence.

These young ladies alone now constitute *the harem* of a man who has perfect freedom to number as many as four lawful wives!

Thus it may be perceived how far from being synonymous are the two words Harem and Polygamy.

Correspondence of the Journal of Commerce.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 6.—The question is worthy of consideration whether Congress is, as a legislative body, competent to the regular and prompt discharge of its public duties. It was so considered in the earlier days of the Republic, and was so then, in fact. The number of States was smaller, the population was scarcely half what is now, and more harmonious. The revenue, too, was much less, and barely adequate to an economical administration of the government. The expenditures of the government were only one-fifth of the present aggregate. The representative ratio was so much smaller that each representative was better known to his constituency, and felt more of his individual responsibility to it. The executive and judicial branches of the government have become vastly extended. The Post Office Department, and the Revenue Department, and the Land, Pension and Patent and territorial systems have grown into more importance and requires supervision. Intercourse with foreign nations, both diplomatic and commercial, requires the attention, in proportion to their increased importance. While the proper subjects of the action of the federal government have become so widely extended, and of such magnitude