DAILY APPEAL.

MEMPHIS.

SUNDAY MORNING.....MARCH 15, 1857.

REMOVAL OF THE HOSPITAL.

The Legislature of Tennessee, at its last session, passed an act authorizing the sale of the present Hospital grounds near this city, and the purchase of a site outside of the city, and providing for the appointment of commissioners to carry out the object of the act. The commissioners were accordingly appointed, and notwithstanding they have often been urged to discharge the duty enjoined upon them, they refuse to act. The inference is plain. The commissioners are themselves opposed to the removal of the Hospital, and so we are advised, is probably the case. Located where it is now, it cannot be regarded otherwise than as a crying nuisance. It is surrounded by suburban residences which are, at any time, liable to be infected with the contagious diseases that are often found in the Hospital, and thus spread the contagion throughout the city. But it may be objected that any site that may be chosen is liable to the same exception. The plea is erroneous. A site may be selected, sufficiently convenient to the city, and where ground can be purchased at a comparatively cheap rate, where there will not, for many years, be a dense population in the vicinity. Care should be taken to select a site sufficiently extensive to prevent close proximity to the neighboring houses. It would be infinitely better that the Hospital should be six miles distant from the city than that it should be as at present, within one mile of Court Square. Or it would be preferable to locate it on one of the neighboring islands, which we understand is the case in St. Louis, where quarantine grounds could also be established, than to submit to the present arrangement. We think that the commissioners are in duty bound to act promptly in the premises, or else to resign in favor of others who will look about them for a site, and then proceed to dispose of the present grounds. Public sentiment, no less than the interest of our citizens, would sanction any reasonable movement they may make to remove the evil. It is at least due to the community that the commissioners should assign their reasons for a failure to act promptly. They may prove satisfactory to all.

☞ The Hon. STEPHEN ADAMS, late U. S. Senator from Mississippi, passed through the city yesterday on his way to Aberdeen, where he formerly resided. He now considers himself a citizen of Memphis, and in about ten days will be permanently established here with the view of devoting himself to the profession of the law, of which he was a prominent member before he embarked in politics. He was once on the Circuit Bench of Mississippi, a position which he held with satisfaction to the Bar and people. We welcome him to his new abode, and bespeak for him all the consideration which his talents, information and experience should commend for him.

THE NEXT CANVASS.

The following complimentary remarks relative to two of our fellow-townsmen, we find in the Murfreesboro *News*, one of the staunchest and ablest Democratic papers in the State:

CANDIDATES.—The Memphis *Express*, an independent paper, is confident that Gen. Isham G. Harris will be the unanimous choice of the Democracy of West Tennessee for Governor, not because he resides in that portion of the State, but because they think him the man for the occasion.

The same paper also expresses the opinion that D. M. Currin, Esq., our former townsman, will certainly be the Democratic candidate for Congress in the Memphis district. Mr. Currin possesses the ability, and has exhibited a fidelity and devotion to Democratic principles which render him eminently worthy of that position; and his old friends in Rutherford would hear of his nomination with pleasure, and none would feel more rejoiced at his success.

In the Western Division, as we used to call it, the march of Democracy is forward and upward; and for the last four years, the gain of the party in most of the counties have been regular and constant, and we have no fears that the party in the coming contest will take a step backward. With General Harris, or any other good Democrat of equal ability, at the head of the ticket, the gains of the party in that end of the State will be as large as in either of the two preceding State elections.

NEW ALBY.—The New York *Evening Mirror*, heretofore somewhat inclined to Know-Nothing and Black-Republicanism, is so well pleased with Mr. BUCHANAN'S Inaugural Address, that it promises to give his administration its cordial and earnest support.

☞ The Baltimore *Sun* says that the President tendered the Attorney-Generalship to CHARLES O'CONNOR, Esq., of New York, but he positively declined.

☞ Mr. PRYOR, late daily editor of the Richmond *Enquirer*, is about to publish a new paper to be entitled *The South*.

☞ Mrs. PIERCE'S health, it is stated, is so feeble that she had to be carried to Mr. MARCY'S from the White House.

☞ The merchants of Baltimore have tendered the compliment of a public dinner to Hon. W. L. MARCY.

☞ There are 112,000 square miles in Kansas. In Illinois, 52,000.

☞ The Little Rock *True Democrat*, of the 10th inst., contains the following:

MAIL ROBBERY.—The stage-driver on the White river line reports that a letter mail bag was taken from the Post-Office room at Aberdeen the other day and letters of value extracted from it. It is supposed that the bag contained letters going in the direction of Napoleon. We have not received the full particulars.

APPOINTMENT AT NASHVILLE.—The *Union and American* of yesterday morning publishes the following special dispatch from one of its editors, now in Washington:

"WASHINGTON, March 9.—Gen. Anderson was this day appointed Post Master of Nashville, and Gen. Clements, Marshal of Middle Tennessee. E. G. EASTMAN."

We presume the appointment of Gen. Anderson will give universal satisfaction. His administration of the affairs of the office for the last four years has been characterized by that systematic success and regularity which can only result from the laborious personal attention of the head of affairs. This Gen. A. has bestowed, while at the same time he has been fortunate in securing industrious, reliable and polite Assistants.

Gen. Clements, we believe, has made a popular Marshal. We know him to be a clever and amiable gentleman in his private relations, but fortunately have as yet had no occasion to judge him officially from personal experience. Should the worst come to the worst, however, it would suit us as well to be *marshaled* by the General as any one else of his party.—*Nashville Banner.*

HOW TO WRITE FOR NEWSPAPERS.—As a general rule, short pieces are best liked. A gentleman in a bank once told us when we asked him to subscribe for a certain Quarterly Review; "Read a Review! why, I never read anything longer than a telegraph dispatch! But I will take it and send it to my brother, who is a minister in the country." The public like a short article, when it is a condensation.

This introduces a second idea. An article to be printed should absolutely have something in it. If professed argument, it should be conclusive; if pathetic, it should moisten the eyes; if an anecdote, it should have a sharp point; if philosophy, it should go to the primitive rock; if practical, it should like an arrow to his work; if spiritual, it should awe the soul that reads it.

A good newspaper style is not as easy as it seems. Its Scylla lies on the side of attempting a popular manner, and succeeded only in being more familiar than a man ought to be at his own table, or degenerating into slang, or become very childish. Its Obarybidis yawns for those who, shunning Scylla, are determined to have real thought, pith and value in their writing, and so become too learned, or profound, or imaginative, or philosophical for any but scholars of highly cultivated people.

MISSISSIPPI CONGRESSIONAL NOMINATIONS.

For the Memphis Appeal.]

NORTH MISSISSIPPI, Feb. 26, 1857.

MESSRS. EDITORS: The people of the South generally are, at this time, beginning to turn over the question, who shall receive the nominations for Congress. It may not be improper, therefore, to examine the principles upon which the selections should proceed. The human mind is too much disposed, in deciding all such questions, to submit to influences which very little reflection would show to be altogether improper. We have lately seen this fact illustrated, when so large a body of our people, and among them some such enlightened statesmen, allowed their religious prejudices to exclude worthy men from public employment, though the Constitution forbade these things to be considered. The power of reprehensible influences has also been witnessed, in the attempt to deprive many citizens of their chartered rights, upon the ground that they were born abroad. The instances given where such illegitimate influences have operated to overthrow sound constitutional principles, have arisen, it is true, among men who are not, in general, to be congratulated for their strict adherence to what is written in the Constitution. But it is not, from this fact alone, to be inferred that other men, great as may be their renown for upholding law, will always shape their course according only to views sanctioned by the Constitution, and never turn aside to attain an unauthorized object. It may be, their error will consist in mistaking for legitimate that which is, indeed, a most improper consideration, to govern their conduct by. Certain it is, however, that errors are occasionally to be seen, and unless corrected are likely to produce the most unhappy consequences. We have, for example, seen many attempts, on the part of Democrats, to introduce the principle into our country, that a President should hold his office for but one term, although such a thing would be at war with the supreme law of the land. Such suggestions have been examined and rejected; it is the duty of the public to deal likewise by similar suggestions of an improper character, which are intended to influence their conduct in the approaching nominations and elections. If any such have been made, let them be discarded.

On looking into the public journals that come from every section of the country, it will be seen that everywhere the merits of different gentlemen, as regards the places in question, are under discussion. Among the objections urged against some, and the arguments used to support others, it frequently happens that we observe considerations of the aforementioned character, which the constitution does not authorize. It is constantly said, that one section of a district is entitled to the Congressman, and that men of pre-eminent qualifications are to be passed over, and the public to lose the advantage of their abilities, only because they live in a quarter from from which have already come too many public men. In the mind of every loyal citizen it ought to be a sufficient objection to such an argument, that the law prescribes all the people in the district, as the body from which the selection should be made, and not alternately the people of one section or another of that district. Whenever, therefore, we come to consider the merits of two gentlemen, one of whom exceeds the other in the qualities of a statesmen, this personal superiority should decide us in his favor, rather than be laid aside by us because of the other's residence in a quarter which has not hitherto been the residence our Congressman. This we say would be the constitutional course, and as such should be implicitly followed. But it would be, moreover, the course dictated by expediency. It may be doubted, whether in this respect the peculiar feature and advantage of the British government, will not outweigh the peculiar advantage of our own system. By dividing the country into districts, and making it necessary that the Congressman reside in the district he represents, it may be that some local interests of minor importance are more assiduously looked after. But by allowing the district to select any man it chooses, let him live where he may, better talent is beyond doubt secured to the public service.

This was not unknown to the philosophic statesmen who organized the American Government. Of course it was out of their power to provide that a person living in one State might be sent to represent the people of another at Washington; for the States being separate and independent sovereignties, must select their ambassadors, as our federal representatives are to be considered from among their own citizens. But just at this necessary point, the convention stopped, and no provision was inserted contemplating the division of the separate States into districts. The members of the House of Representatives were at first elected by the State at large, and were then, as they are at this day, considered the representatives of the States, quite as much as the Senators themselves, but upon a different principle and in a different ratio to the representation of the sister States. The project of dividing the State into districts and giving to each the election of a Congressman, is a conceit of modern times, and has been effected through the State Legislatures. Like many other new-fangled notions, it has proved to be more beautifully systematic than serviceable. It has filled the halls of Congress with rude and unlettered men, and deprived the country of much of its finest talent. It has confined the selection, in many cases, to obscure districts, where, despairing of a man who would equal and adorn the place of Congressman, the people have, it would seem, made their choice without reference to any personal ability, but with a view only to preserve party organization. The consequence of this last result is, that the evil multiplies itself. Men come at last to be overlooked entirely, and different sections of the same district alternately set up sectional claims to the place which no section is recognized by the other as competent to supply with a worthy incumbent. The consequence is that the lower branch of Congress is no longer the powerful assembly it used to be, so far as concerns its influence upon the public mind. It is no longer the same honor as in times past to be enrolled among its members. Finally, it is no longer the body to which we can look for the maintenance of our rights and our dignity. Yet the talent is not wanting in the country to remedy this deficiency, if there were only such an organization of things as to make it eligible. It is well known that there are more able men in our land than would fill the representative benches; but they are, unfortunately, not Congressmen. To the present district system which the States have adopted, aside from the federal constitution, and to its inseparable accompaniment, the section system, is the evil to be attributed. It is for the former to be corrected by the progress of time and the march of enlightenment; but the latter we ourselves should steadily resist, whenever any mention is made of it. It has not the sanction of law or sound policy. The people of a district are violating their obligations to the State at large to give way to it; for, though they are clothed with the appointing or electing power, it is to be looked upon as a trust put in their hands for the benefit of the State, and the Congressman when appointed is the representative of the State, not the district. It is not less a breach of trust for the district to misuse its power and appoint upon a false principle, such as that a particular section is entitled to be preferred, than it would be for a legislature to abuse in the same way its power of electing a Senator. Both act for the good of the State generally, and neither is to limit its choice to particular sections of that body out of which the law directs the choice to be made. And this is so, not so much because the other sections are wronged by such limitation, as because it wrongs the State, which counted upon all the ability the whole district may afford, while such a limitation cuts off a great part, and indeed, determines the appointment, or election, upon a principle entirely fallacious.

This matter is of much importance to our whole country; for wherever districts of wide extent are to be found, these sectional suggestions are urged. It is particularly, however, to the public mind of Mississippi that better views on this matter are to be commended. In the northern districts, especially, it is too common to hear the argument advanced, that such and such a county ought to have a Congressman. The people ought to repudiate any such suggestion, as the Democracy of our State has repudiated it. It was proposed before the Democratic members of the present Legislature in Mississippi, that the northern section of the State should have the United States Senator, since they had so long been elected from the southern section. To the credit of their intelligence be it stated, the movement was discountenanced. Even gentlemen from this section did not approve of it. After such a public manifestation of the sense of a great party on this subject, it cannot be that men will allow themselves unthoughtedly to give their adherance to so dangerous a principle.

These suggestions have arisen out of a strong sense of the necessity that the public press of large cities should have their attention directed to this matter. The newspapers of country towns are, it is observed, too apt to give in to this prejudice. The truth on this subject can be communicated only with the aid of papers having no sectional prejudices, but extending their observation, as their subscribers are extended, over the whole district. The immediate occasion, however, of this communication, is the appearance of an article on this subject in a Democratic paper of Holly Springs. It sets up this objectionable claim for Marshall county above all its sister counties, with the remark that there are half-a-dozen gentlemen in Marshall who might very well represent Mississippi in the House of Representatives. But it goes farther—it insists that Lafayette county is no longer entitled to the nomination. This is certainly true; but this anxiety on the subject of Lafayette evinces a sense of the fact that within its limits resides a man whom it may be, the people of the District along with the people of the whole State are entitled to claim for their representative. And the suspicions excited by the article in question, that such a persons is to be found in Lafayette, are just. There is such a man in that county, whose abilities make it impossible for those who know of their extent to consider for a moment the sectional claims of other gentlemen. He is not one man among half-a-dozen. Those who desire to see him represent Mississippi in Congress have nothing to say of his being a county man, or even a North Mississippi man. They only urge upon the public the luminous logic and profound investigation which his speeches exhibit. They would have it known that he is possessed of the greatest natural parts and the most extensive attainments. It is not merely attainments of a professional character to which they need direct the public gaze. He is a scholar whose learning has been in the mathematics, as well as metaphysics. It has been, indeed, no great while since he was one of the most able men in the Faculty of our State University; and this is an humble tribute to his unbounded merit, from one who learned at college, as his pupil, to admire and appreciate the powers of his mind, and, it may be added, his exquisite but unobtrusive sense of honor. Nor are these the only departments of study, these of an academical or professional character, into which this gentleman has carried his inquiries. If there has ever been a man in our midst, who understood the philosophy of government, it is this gentleman in Lafayette. And this remark is intended to embrace not merely the speculations of the more illustrious thinkers of Europe on this subject, but the investigations of our American statesmen and philosophers into government generally, and our peculiar system in particular. Above all, this gentleman is one who has studied Mr. CALHOUN'S theories to more purpose than it is often our lot in this land to see them studied. This is the man who it may be resides in a county where the Congressman of this District resided for several years. But for all that, this is he whom we would have elected, this Mr. LAMAR, of whom we have been speaking.

New Orleans Correspondent.

For the Memphis Appeal.]

NEW ORLEANS, March 9, 1857.

MESSRS. EDITORS: The constant communication between this city and Memphis, by telegraph and steamer, would seem to leave nothing, commercially speaking, for a correspondent to add. I will, however, subjoin an item. Messrs. Tarlton, Whiting & Tullis are reported to have made a large sale of cotton on Saturday, and to have obtained 13¾ for strictly Middling, and 13⅜ for Middling. The market closed at full prices, and the general opinion is that there must be a still further advance—though it may not be in time to do parties much good who have bills maturing shortly. The weather is delightful here, city full of strangers, Memphis well represented. Among the arrivals, I notice Mrs. J. M. T., Mrs. J. J. R. and Miss Olivia R., at the St. Charles. Frazier Titus, Esq., and lady have just left us. By the way, has the furor for sewing machines among you ladies passed away? If it has not, just say to them that an elegant one, handsome enough for parlor furniture, can be had for twenty-five dollars. There is only one objection to it—it wont sew on shirt buttons.

MUSTANG, JR.

Congressional Canvass.

For the Memphis Appeal.]

MESSRS. EDITORS: The fact that it has been the custom of the Democratic party to make nominations for all offices of a political character, gives rise upon the eve of elections to inquiries and speculations with the members of that party as to whom, by his nomination and election, the interest of the country can be best and most advantageously confided, and as the waters are already being troubled by the approach of our State elections, and the public mind earnestly agitated as to the selection of our standard bearers in the coming contest for the various offices of trust to be filled in August, appertaining both to our National and State Legislatures, I will ask the liberty of suggesting through the APPEAL, as a man eminently qualified to represent us in the next Congress, the name of our fellow-townsman, DAVID M. CURRIN. The great gratification which his nomination and election would give to the members of the Democratic party of this Congressional District, and indeed of the State at large, will be but a just tribute to the merits of a political champion, whose unwavering devotion to the Democratic party has only been equaled by his willingness upon any and every occasion when called upon to enter upon a zealous and able advocacy of its principles, irrespective of party emoluments or official reward. Our late achievements throughout the nation, and the great reduction of the Know-Nothing vote in this District, induce the belief that the approaching contest will result in a decisive victory over the opposition in this Congressional District, and I hail with satisfaction a determination upon the part of the masses of the Democratic party of this county, to call him again from the midst of his arduous professional engagements, not simply to do battle, which he has ever been more than willing to do, but to receive and wear the laurels which must, I believe, be inevitably secured by the Democratic party at the election in August next. For the past twelve or fifteen years, Mr. Currin has been upon the electoral ticket in some portion of the State, and more than once the candidate of his party for the State Legislature and for Congress, fighting generally against dead majorities, in obedience to the nominations of his party, and in opposition to his own personal interest and convenience, and it can be with no other than feelings of pride and pleasure that the Democracy of Shelby county will call him forth to receive the honors of a victory which, without disparagement to any other person, he has contributed so largely to bring about. Render unto Cæsar, the things that are Cæsar's. I shall go for him myself, because I believe him to be an able defender of Democratic principles, and entitled by his past services to the nomination, which I have reason to believe, is the sentiment of the mass of the Democracy of Shelby county. S. G.

ATTORNEY GENERAL.

JUDGE JEREMIAH S. BLACK.

We copy the following sketch of Judge BLACK, Attorney General of the United States, from the *Pennsylvanian*:

We have never had a political duty to perform which gave us more sincere and heartfelt gratification, than that which we feel in announcing the appointment of Hon. Jeremiah S. Black, as Attorney General. He is one of the oldest, truest and best friends of Mr. Buchanan, and his appointment will be hailed with joyous acclamations throughout the whole State. He may not be so well known to the country at large as his merits deserve, but when it learns to appreciate him, the universal sentiment of approbation with which this admirable selection is received in Pennsylvania, will be shared in by the whole nation. Judge Black is one of the greatest and best men of the country. With Buchanan as President, and Black in the Cabinet, the Keystone State can proudly point to such representatives at the National Capitol, as jewels of whom she is justly proud. Judge Black was born in Somerset county, Pennsylvania, in 1810, and is now in the vigor of life. In 1842 he was appointed President Judge of the Sixteenth Judicial District; in 1851 he was elected one of the five Judges of the Supreme Court of the State, and under the system of allotment, prescribed by the Act of Assembly, he drew the short term and was made Chief Justice. In 1854 he was re-elected to the Supreme Bench. He has never held an office of a purely political character, but has always been warmly and sincerely attached to the Democratic party, and has for years past been one of its brightest ornaments. As a lawyer, he stands in the front rank of his profession, and commands the unbounded respect of its members. His literary attainments are of the very highest order. The death of Gen. Jackson, in 1845, inspired the whole Democratic party of the nation with an earnest desire to do justice to his memory, and as the ablest members of the party in all sections of the country were called upon to pronounce eulogies upon his life and character, no event ever elicited more fully and completely a display of the talent and genius in the ranks of our organization. Judge Black's eulogy upon that occasion is universally conceded to have been vastly superior to any of those pronounced. His eulogy upon Judge Gibson, and his recent address to a Literary Society upon religious freedom, are, like his eulogy of Jackson, and his opinions upon the bench, models of English composition, which place their author in the very highest rank of writers. In manner, Judge Black is plain, frank and artless—the very model of a Democratic statesman. The purity of his character, the inbred and incorruptible honesty of his nature, the soundness of his principles, the superior brilliancy and clearness of his intellect, all stamp him with the genuine attributes of true greatness. The nation could not have marshalled into her service a nobler spirit, and we predict that Judge Black will win in the national arena, that mastery over the minds and hearts of those whom he comes in contact, which he possesses over all by whom he is known; and the responsible duties of Attorney General, will be discharged with a fidelity and ability unsurpassed by any of the distinguished men who have heretofore occupied that responsible position.

PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHY.

From the Rethester American.

Emerson says that the reason why he seems to have greater experience than his friend who does not write, is because he makes use of what he has. Every little circumstance has instruction, and wise men know how to use it to the best advantage. All of human life is lived within a few feet of the surface of the earth. I never yet knew a man who had his tenement in the stars any length of time. The difficulty is men are too apt to think that knowledge is a treasure lying in the mines of Golconda or India, and that but few are privileged with its possession. The experience of every man, were it well recorded, both the surface circumstances and the principles which governed their manifestation, is enough to form a volume of interesting history.

Mr. Goldsmith, who has delighted the wise and polished of the reading world so long, knew how to make the most of his capital. His knowing how to use his capital was the real and valuable investment, which was the prolific source of his fame and what little money he had. If he wanted a hundred pounds to pay his bills he would go into the street, and, with walking half an hour, see enough of human life to make him wise and give his pen employment till the hundred pounds were obtained. Charles Dickens will make a thousand pounds out of a little circumstance that would not furnish a topic for conversation for five minutes at a dining-table. One word dropped carelessly by some beggar-boy that he stumbles over in the street will be the germ of a new character to him, and he will delight the world with it. He knows how to multiply one circumstance into a thousand.

Addison, that easy writer, who conveyed more pleasure and good instruction in his writings than any other man of his age, was one who had this wonderful faculty of making something out of nothing. He might acknowledge an invitation to dine, and ten minutes in the parlor would give him a hint which would set half the ladies of London, if not England, looking about their own households. The human virtues, vanities and vices were wont for particular times to show themselves. They came out to the sight in a movement of the body or a glance of the eye. One glance may be an index of a large field of character lying in the dark behind. A keen eye will immediately catch the glance, read its tendency, and discover the field behind, and by telling what he saw will seem endowed with superior wisdom to the world. He is no wiser than other men; he only lives with his eyes open, and sees deeper because he is not too indolent to take the pains. This was what gave the writers of Addison's day such popularity, and what still holds them high in the estimation of the world.

We live books every day. We talk books when sipping our tea, and think books more or less noble according to the mood we are in. Books are only recorded experience. Experience comes first and books afterwards. The works of imagination are only the experiences of men magnified. The warmth of the writer gives a superiority to each circumstance, the same as the microscope magnifies the animalcule living in the drop of water. Every circumstance, from the stumbling in the street to the discovery of lightning and electricity, has a principle or cause lying at its base. History accordingly if marked out by regular laws, and every battle or act of legislation or oppression has its foundation rock of the actor who brings it to light. The duty of every man who seeks to instruct should be to understand their blind causes, and see how all things are moved by order and divine law. Those who do this are inclined to philosophy, and never have any opinions without being able to account for them. They are able to account for their own opinions, and sometimes see beneath those of others, and tell them of things lying in their hearts they knew not of before. This is done by observation, clear, rigid discipline, which will not be satisfied with the fact without the cause. When the cause is made plain, then they can place the cause in a thousand different circumstances, and tell as many circumstances to the world. This lies at the root of works of imagination. Dickens and Milton, and in truth all great men of song or romance, have this philosophic principle, and are philosophers without the world observing it.

Principles always lie in nutshells, as the knarled oak dwells in the little acorn. A revolution may lie in a mind, and the fate of a generation in one small book.

This explains why some men are prominent now and forgotten to-morrow. They perish with what they identify themselves. If a man identifies himself with the present he perishes with the present; but if he identifies himself with that which lives for ages, he becomes a Methuseleh, though in his grave. The politician of to-day identifies himself with the issues of to-day, and as soon as those issues give room for others those politicians go down to oblivion. He who weds himself to truth will live as long as that truth is brought prominently before the world. Shakspeare dealt with the passions, and so he will live as long as men are moved by them. He lost sight of himself, or rather he was unconscious of himself when he wrote, and, becoming absorbed in his passion appeared natural, and he will live with it. So Ben Jonson identified himself with the living sentiments and feelings of human nature, and lives still, sweetly remembered among men. But many a millionaire and great lord or bustling politician, on the bustling front of their their time, who hardly acknowledged the individuality of these Apollos of song, are now forgotten forever. These poets allied themselves to the ever-recurring principles underlying all human facts and circumstances, and hence the more understood the more they come to ourselves.

Gray, in writing his elegy, sealed the signet of fame on his brow. The grave yard always gives us melancholy emotions, and when we are in sober moods he lives, both in sentiment and melody, on the faint echoes of these words, as sweet as distant music through the closed window. That was no better suited to his own time than to our own; hence his wide-spread reputation now. Butler, no more than a mendicant to the good English esquires around him, spent a little time in dealing with some of the eternal things of this life, and became of some consequence to after time, if of none of his own. His satirical hits will jar the memory of many a man, *non in esse*, to a respectful consideration of him.

None of these men saw further into the earth, the heavens, or a millstone, than most people can. They only used what little they say, and when they were moved to speak, spake from what they had discovered with their own eyes, not from books; and spoke, too, in the order of nature, in the order which things occur. Many a man takes his diploma, like Shakspeare and Franklin, from the university of the world, with the people for their professors. The difference between them and the collegiate is, they live and speak in the order of nature, while the collegiate lives and speaks in the artificial order of books. They go out of themselves and become automatons, speaking often on impulse they obtain in the studio, and hence are nothing to themselves nor other people.

I would rather be taught at the corner of the street, or wherever I can meet a man, acting according to the impulse of his nature, and be myself, than spend years in the resurrected alcoves of Alexandria, and believe that all knowledge is now locked up in books and ancient ages. The functions of song and philanthropy flow now as freely as when Homer sung and Plato taught. J. D. V.

Doesticks' Goes to the Grand Sarsaparilla Splurge.

I don't know Dr. Townsend—I never saw him, I never took a dose of his Sarsaparilla, and I didn't pay him any money when he exhibited his new dwelling house to the rabble at twenty-five cents a head. But Dr. T. gave a crusher of a party last week, and I received several invitations, addressed to myself and wife—as I have never had a wife, I thought there must be some mistake—met Cobbs; Cobbs also had an invitation for *himself* and wife. Cobbs wife has been dead eleven years. Jenks came along, Jenks is a young man about 17 years old, but Jenks had an invitation for himself and his two daughters—we didn't know what it all meant, until a friend explained, that Dr. Townsend, having made a great deal of money in the patent medicine business, had determined to achieve fashionable position and admission into good society, by one grand stroke which should be a masterpiece of social engineering. He had accordingly invited about fifteen thousand people to come to his house on a given night, and elbow, and crush each other under the pretence of enjoying themselves at a grand fashionable party, the largest of the season. Of the fifteen thousand persons invited, I am informed that Dr. Townsend and his family personally knew only three hundred and thirty-one, of whom two hundred and upwards were business acquaintances of the Doctor's who bought and sold Sarsaparilla by the gross, retail dealers being vigorously excluded. The rest of the invitations were given to Browne, of Graceless Chapel, who resorted to the most ingenious devices to have been sent to "eligible" families on the Avenue, whose names he did not know.

A couple of thousand in blank were left at Stuart's, and clerks were suborned to fill in the names and send them with the purchases of all ladies who came in their own carriage. Editors and Reporters received unlimited quantities, with the gracious permission of Browne to invite all their friends. Expert members of the swell mob were employed to get up an alarm as the people were coming out of the Opera, and in the confusion, to stick an invitation slyly into the pocket of every man with a moustache and a lady—and I have reason, Mr. Editor, to believe, that every one of your 4000 up-town aristocratic subscribers received a Townsend invitation surreptitiously folded in his Saturday's Picayune. Browne invited all the carriers, and they connived at it. I can't vouch for the story that the Home Missionary Society distributed by means of colporteurs, eight hundred, disguised as pious traats, but I am credibly informed that Townsend invitations and embossed cards programmes were served together at Thalberg's matinees.

I, myself, had fourteen; one from head-quarters by the penny post; twelve were given me by a dozen particular friends, and one wassent from the Dutch grocery wrapped round a sausage. I don't know that a notice of the affair was printed on the labels of the Sarsaparilla bottles three months in advance, but it was certainly advertised in all the newspapers as the greatest excitement of the season. All the fashionable world would be there to enjoy a new sensation; there would be plenty to eat and drink, there would be music, dancing, conversation and whist; there would be a panorama exhibited in the library, and there would undoubtedly be numerous feats of sleight of hand performed by those industrious gentlemen who earn their living thereby. I determined to go and see the fun. Damploud and about a dozen of us, attired ourselves resplendently, bought each a pint bottle of Sarsaparilla as a voucher, to show to the door-keeper in case there should be any questions about our being intimate friends of the family, and took an up stage for the nearest point. Got to the house at ten o'clock, at which time the magnificent mansion was surrounded by so many hired carriages that it looked as if besieged by an army of cockroaches.

We presented Sarsaparilla at the man at the door, who looked at the corks to see if we had the genuine article, and had not patronized a rival establishment; finding that we had the right patent, he made a mental calculation of the profit on the dozen bottles, and immediately passed us in and pointed the way to the dressing room. There we proceeded to take off our hats, shawls and overcoats—concluded to hide outer garments, so that in the scramble which I anticipated, I might be able to get my own—put my hat and overcoat in my shawl, made them into a square bundle, and hung it on the gas chandelier; all the others followed my example, and the chandelier soon had more bundles than burners. Started down stairs—Damploud, with a disgraceful rusticity, suggested that we ought to find the master and mistress of the house and pay our respects—told Damploud that he was an obsolete humbug, and that the fashionable way is, not to speak to your entertainers unless you lose something in the house, and then do it only to magnify the loss, and threaten them with damages if it is not made up tenfold. Acquaintance with your hosts curtails the liberty of speech and action—a man naturally does not feel the same license to find fault with the arrangements, make fun of the guests, criticise the costumes, throw things on the carpets, smash the china, spoil the furniture, and make himself as much at home generally, as he does when dealing with strangers. The maxim of the fashionable fast young men on "Brown's list" is, that it is better not to know the proprietors, lest you should feel a delicacy about breaking the chairs and sofas, when clearing away for "the German."

Great crowd separated me from my companions, and so I commenced alone my pilgrimage in search of amusement. The rush was as great as if the house had been a gun and the people had been rammed in with a steam engine. There were so many feet that at the first glance the floor appeared to be carpeted with patent leather and white satin. Mixed into the mob, and in half a minute was jammed into such a position that I couldn't move anything but my eyelids, and couldn't have fallen down if any one had cut both my legs off. A tall stock-broker had his elbow under my chin, a two hundred pound widow had *her* elbows in my ribs on one side, a sharp-cornered apothecary had *his* elbows in my ribs on the other, a German music teacher was drumming on my spine with *his* elbows, and two half-grown girls were punching my stomach with *their* elbows, and stepping on my corns at the same time, while I wasn't able to look down to see where they were going to tread next, and couldn't have dodged if I had. At last a sudden movement of the crowd cleared my arm, and I hit the stock-broker a punch in the wind that made him sick at the stomach, and he couldn't swear that it wasn't an accident. Then I circulated as fast as I could, and found out the arrangements—there were rooms for dancing, and rooms for conversation, and rooms for music, and rooms for whist, and may be there was a billiard-table in the attic, a bowling alley in the cellar, and a faro bank in the coal-hole—I didn't learn that there were any apartments devoted to thimble-rigging and the patent safe, but I don't suppose the Doctor omitted anything likely to be appreciated by his visitors. There was a panorama which was to move from 9 till 11—went to see the panorama—couldn't get near enough to see whether it was a panorama of the Egyptian Pyramids or Broadway—could only see the upper edge of the canvas, on which was painted something gray, which might have been pyramid, and might have been Astor house, couldn't say which.

There was also a small chapel where there were two ministers constantly paying for the dancers and the card players—they "spelled" each other—two hours on, and two off—couldn't get anything I wanted—went to the card rooms—couldn't play any cards—went to the dance rooms, couldn't get a chance to dance—went to the supper-rooms—couldn't get any supper—couldn't in fact, get anything that I wanted, on account of the crowd—in the course of a three hours wandering about the house, I didn't see a Townsend—nobody saw a Townsend—they may have been there perhaps, but they didn't have anything to do with it, they had given the house over to the mob, and the mob were strong enough to have carried the mansion bodily down to the river and dump it overboard if Townsend had dared to put in a word. Damploud stared at everything—there were hundreds of Dampholds who came to stare, and for nothing else—and they all turned up their noses as if they thought of nothing but Sarsaparilla and sick rooms.

Got ready to go home, and found that somebody had carried off my hat, overcoat and shawl altogether, and I couldn't find anything but an old plaid cap and a woolen comforter, that had formerly belonged I should think, to a stage-driver. My friends came off equally well, and a servant told me that all the most expensive hats and coats were gone before midnight.

The results of the great Sarsaparilla splurge are, that Townsend has had his carpets ruined, his furniture spoiled, and his house damaged more than it would have been in ten years of ordinary wear, and all by a set of people who were uncomfortable and unsatisfied, and who will do nothing but abuse him for it. Sarsaparilla has been advertised and the patent medicine trade improved perhaps, but who is to pay me for my lost hat and coat? I pause for a reply.

Amiably,

Q. K. PHILANDER DOESTICKS, P. B.

THE LITTLE "TRUNDLE-BED."

BY DR. A. HILL.

We have a food little treasure,
Joyous and bright as the morn,
Loved without stint or measure,
Ever since it was born;
'Tis a dear little little girl, and her golden hair
Falls in ringlets bright o'er her forehead fair.

And close by the side of our bed,
This precious little bundle,
Every night is laid,
Snug in her little "trundle;"
Smiling as sweet, that it sometimes seems
Good Angels must talk to the child in her dreams.

And every night she comes,
Weary of frolic and play,
Then softly her vesper hums,
And kneels by her bed to pray—
And then, as soon as her prayers are said,
She nestles right down in her trundle-bed.

The clothes are all folded neat,
In Winter, all snugly tuck'd in,
The "coverlet," blanket and sheet,
Drawn under the darling's chin;
Then all you can see is her baby-head,
As she sleeps for the night in her trundle-bed.

And often we come to kneel,
When our little treasure lies,
And prayers such as parents feel,
We send up to the skies;
For we fear of death, and we come to dread
The loss of our child from her trundle-bed.

We think—yes, often we think,
And what if the child should die!
The heart for a moment will sink,
And a tear-drop moistens the eye;
Fond hearts are now bleeding, as others have bled,
While they gaze on a vacant, but dear little bed.

Affection hath reared her shrine,
By the loveliest things of earth,
And the holiest feelings entwine
'Round the spot that gave us birth;
Thus we love the place were our baby sleeps,
And affection her nightly vigil keeps.

'Tis a plain, old-fashioned thing,
That little baby bed,
Where love her offerings bring,
And where lights tread;
Yet a cord may be touched by the merest toy,
That shall deluge the heart with a tide of joy.

We love it, and who shall dare,
These holy feelings deride,
Like that precious "Old Arm Chair,"
And a thousand things beside;
So, whether our child be living or dead,
A dear little thing is that trundle-bed.

ANOTHER LOSS OF COTTON BY FIRE IN MOBILE—*A Warning to Planters to use Iron Hoops.*—The information received day before yesterday of another fire and heavy loss of cotton in Mobile, has been confirmed by subsequent reports. The amount is estimated at nearly 4,000 bales, valued at about $240,000, making an aggregate of loss by fire within thirty days in Mobile alone of a little less than One Million Dollars worth of this important production of our section.

The annihilation, as it were, of so large a sum of money, (for "cotton" and "money" are but convertible terms,) must impress every one with a feeling of regret, and sympathy with those on whom the loss immediately falls. Doubtless the heaviest losers are the insurance Companies, and they are not less than individuals entitled to our sympathies, for if "Corporations have no souls," the individuals composing them have not only souls, but we presume a use and fondness for "dividends," which those having losses will be sure to cut off for a long time.

But there is a question or two which we think, in view of these losses of cotton, will be likely to suggest themselves to every reflecting mind. Will our Insurance Companies continue to take risks on this article at the same rate? Will they not begin to consider it "extra hazardous?" And will not all parties who have anything to do with large quantities of cotton, such as Railroad and Steamboat Companies, and owners of Warehouses, feel that some compensation is due them for the *risk* which they take as well as the service performed in transporting and storing cotton? We think they ought in justice to their stockholders. If it were not for extraordinary care on the part of Railroad Companies and their employees, much cotton would be destroyed by fire, even on the trains, and as it is, we are informed that the aggregate of loss in the State of Georgia in the course of transportation by Railroad is immense; so also, extra care has to be exercised on Steamboats. Indeed there is no plan in which cotton can well be imagined where it is not liable to destruction by fire. It is for this reason that we feel that we shall be doing our readers a service by refering to the use of Iron Hoops as a means of lessening the risk of loss by fire. We believe that the advent of our friend, Beattie, with specimens of McCombs' "Iron Tie," is opportune, both for himself and the planter. We shall in to-morrow's issue, insert a letter from the inventor, D. McCombs, of Tennessee, a gentleman of fortune and education, in which the objections to the use of iron for trying cotton are considered, and in the meantime give it as our opinion that the importance of the subject demands the attention of every man having anything to do with cotton.—*Montgomery Journal.*

FEARFUL SCENE IN A CHURCH.—In the African Methodist Church, of Baltimore, Sunday, a negro woman was announced to preach, and the house was filled by 1500 people. The *Sun* thus describes a scene that followed:

"The preacher had, perhaps, advanced to the middle portion of her discourse, when some fellow seated below, probably under the choir gallery, in a stentorian voice cried out in a startling manner, 'fire! fire! the church is on fire!' It rang through the church like the most awful summons and electrified the congregation beyond control. Instantly there was a rush from all parts of the spacious structure for the doors and windows, whereupon a scene ensued which defies description. Many of those upon the lower floor in rushing to the front doors were so tightly jammed in the aisles that they could not move either backwards or forwards, and were injured in the struggle. Those in the gallery rushed pell mell towards the stairs on either side, and a mass of humanity, piled upon each other was the cons