DAILY APPEAL.

MEMPHIS.

SUNDAY MORNING.....MARCH 29, 1857

BENTON'S ABRIDGEMENT OF DEBATES IN CONGRESS.

Hon. Thos. H. Benton has at length found his true occupation—that of a Compiler of Debates in Congress from the foundation of the present Government of the United States to the present time. It is a labor which requires immense research, untiring energy, strong memory and a tolerable knowledge of great principles. We do not, therefore, intend any disparagement when we remark that the Ex-Senator from Missouri has succeeded in applying himself to a suitable employment, from which he is likely to reap a rich harvest of reputation. As a statesman, his course has always been tortuous, prejudiced, dogmatical and impracticable. But he has always exhibited a wonderful adaption to great labor and research, during his Senatorial career. No man, who was not master of these qualities, could even think of attempting, much less attempt, a work involving such magnitude and toil as the one under consideration.

More than one hundred folio volumes of Congressional Debates must necessarily be examined, scanned, reviewed and abridged to accomplish the task. It almost equals the labor of Sysiphus.

Aside from the labor and research which attach to the self imposed task, it is one of the most useful political works that could possibly be produced for the benefit of the American statesman and politician. In the present shape of Congressional debates, it would require almost a lifetime of leisure to examine and digest them. It is like wadeing through the Alexandrian library, and worse even than readings one of Benton's voluminous speeches in the Senate. A careful, accurate and substantial digest is then a great *desideratum* with all who are interested in the debates of Congress.

Messrs. Cleaves & Guion have laid before us the first volume of the series of these useful abridgments, and we must admit that the abridgment is much more interesting to us than the original debates. The reader gets the gist of the debates, without the tedium and weariness of pursuing the questions in discussion through many absurd repetitions.

The Debates of the first four Congresses are abridged in the first volume, and the inquiring mind will find much to sharpen his appetite for research and to stimulate him to know how the early founders of the Government entered on an untried experiment and carved out a policy by the unaided light of their natural penetration and their patriotic impulses. There are many questions upon which those early patriots seemed to throw a clearer and steadier light than the politicians of the present day are able to do with all the advantage of experience which they possess.

The work is gotten up in the best style by the Messrs. Appleton, and we certainly think that no well informed American citizen ought to do without it.

☞ Betts' Camphine distillery, at Williamsburg, New York, was destroyed by fire on the 24th inst. Loss $30,000.

☞ The publication of a new paper, to be called the "*Daily Times*," is about to be commenced at New Orleans. It is to be devoted to the Commercial, Political and Literary advancement of the South.

☞ The Southern Convention meets at Knoxville, in August next. The *Mercury* says a spacious hall, one hundred and fifty by twenty-seven feet, in the second story of the Coffin Block, has been tendered for its use.

Loss of the Isaac Newton.—The steamer *Isaac Newton* run ashore at an early hour on last Wednesday morning, while on the way from New York to Albany, between Cadwell's and Stoney Point. A dense fog prevailed, and the pilot mistook a light in a dwelling on the western bank of the river for a public light, and before he was aware of its proximity to the shore, the steamer foundered. The latest intelligence is that she has sunk below her cabins. Her passengers and freight were transferred to the *Hendrick Hudson*. The steamers *New World* and *Francis Skiddy*, during the day, made ineffectual attempts to get her off. The *Newton* cost $250,000.

ALABAMA INTELLIGENCE.

The Rev. Wm. F. Davidson has removed from the diocese of Alabama, and taken charge of the Seamen's Mission, Philadelphia.

A son of Mrs. Caraniss and another of Alston Wilson were killed in Clark county, in this State, a few days ago, by the falling of a tree on them.

From Wednesday's Huntsville *Democrat*, we learn that Col. Robt. T. Scott, of Jackson county, is a candidate for Congress in this District against Hon. W. R. W. Cobb.

Married.—At the Choctaw House, Livingston, Alabama, on the 8th inst., by Robert Arrington, Esq., Mr. Ira L. Griffin to Miss M. A. Atkins, Neshoba county, Mississippi.

The above couple, says the *Messenger*, walked about eight miles, from Neshoba county, Miss., to this place, to have the silken tie cemented. On the following morning they left in the stage for their home, a happier pair, perhaps, than when they left it.

We copy the following from the Huntsville *Advocate*, of Thursday:

"Our new Postmaster, Mr. Wm. I. Windham, is a young man, born and raised in Huntsville. He possesses good sense, excellent business qualifications, and irreproachable character. His appointment is generally acceptable; and we have no doubt his discharge of the responsible and harrassing duties of the office will be such as to give satisfaction to all."

"It is Finished!—As our paper speeds on its way to its numerous readers this week, the last bars of iron are being laid on the *Memphis and Charleston Railroad*, and we may say in truth, *It is finished!* The great work is a fixed fact. Memphis on the mighty Mississippi, is united by iron bands to the Atlantic cities. The cars, drawn by the Iron Horse, now run, unchecked by any obstruction, from Stevenson to Memphis. We can now eat breakfast in Huntsville and sup in Memphis, or breakfast in Memphis and sup in Huntsville. We congratulate the country, the Directors, Engineers, Contractors and Stockholders on the auspicious termination of their labors of many years.

Fires at Nashville.—We clip the following from the *Patriot*, of last Wednesday:

"The grocery store of Jacob Eberhard, on the corner of Spruce street and Watkins' avenue, together with the dwelling and several outhouses, was destroyed by fire yesterday morning about 3 o'clock. It was first discovered in an unoccupied shop adjoining the store, in which there has been no fire to the knowledge of those on the premises for a long time, and the prevailing belief is that this conflagration was occasioned by an incendiary. The buildings destroyed were all of wood, and very dry, and consequently burned very rapidly. The engines were on the ground promptly, and prevented the fire from spreading farther. The store and out-buildings were owned by a Mr. Gross, and were not insured. His loss is about $2,000. The adjoining tenement which was destroyed, was owned, we understand, by B. Bosley. It was of very little value. The loss of Mr. Eberhard, is estimated at about $600 on which there was, we learn, some insurance.

"Another alarm was raised about 10 o'clock yesterday morning, occasioned by the discovery of a fire on the roof of Ellis & Moore's Machine Shop and Foundry. Several of the workmen in the establishment went up and tore off the burning shingles, and speedily subdued the flames. No loss worth mentioning."

☞ A dispatch dated New York, March 24th, says:

"The whaling bark *H. Crabo*, of Darmouth, was capsized on the 19th, and twenty seamen were lost. The captain and seamen saved on a raft were subsequently rescued and carried to St. Helena by the British steamer *England*.

NEWS FROM THE FILLIBUSTERS.

COWARDICE OF COL. TITUS, THE KANSAS HERO.

From the New York Herald, March 21st.]

Greytown, March 6.—Our good friends in the States, in their kind thoughtfulness of us, have sent us Titus, of Kansas memory; and I assure you that we have seen quite enough of him, and are ready and willing to have him return home. No one is sorry to learn his intention of taking passage for Aspinwall in the *Tennessee* when she arrives here. He has disgraced all parties. When he came here he brought with him the prestige of a successful military chief, whose exploits in Kansas had invested his name with glory in the eyes of Southern men, and carried terror to the peaceful settlers of Kansas. Whatever the opinion entertained of the propriety of his career in that territory, there was no doubt of his military skill and conduct; and if my recollection serves me right, his demeanor in private was that of a gentleman. But in Nicaragua he has disappointed all expectations, and thoroughly disgraced himself as a soldier and a man. He is a very fine looking man, tall, well made, with a handsome face and the air of a gentleman, which only makes one think it the greater pity that he cannot lay claim to the name. On the 13th of February he retreated disgracefully from Castillo at the first onset of the Costa Ricans. Col. Lockridge had assigned him the command of a force to attack Castillo on the land side, while the *Rescue* cannonaded the place from the river below the Rapids. He landed some distance below the place and took a turn through the woods, so as to bring the force out in the rear of the town. But the Costa Ricans had evidently got wind of their approach, for when Titus reached the village it was smoking in ruins. The old Castillian fort is situated above the village, and Titus advanced to it and sent in a summons to surrender. The commander, whose, force, as we have learned, was very small, asked a delay of twenty-four hours; when, if not re-inforced, he agreed to deliver up the place to Col. Titus. To this Titus consented, but apparently took no steps to secure himself against a surprise or to cut off communication of the fort with the country above—for before the truce was over, down came a body of Costa Ricans upon him, which he reports to have outnumbered his own men considerably. He did not, however, stop to get any very exact knowledge of their number or power, but instantly gave the word to retreat in good order. Good order did not last long. The Col himself led the way off the field, and it was soon all hurry and confusion, and the "devil take the hindmost," until they were fairly out of sight of all the Costa Ricans, when they succeeded in reaching the bank of the river and going on board the *Rescue*. Col. Lockridge then fortified himself on Carlos Island, a short distance below Castillo, where his force has remained until now. While Titus was manouvering around Castillo, Lockridge succeed in getting possession of the *Scott*, one of the river steamers. The Costa Ricans had fired it at the same time with the houses in the village, but the men boarded it in season to extinguish the flames, and, under a galling fire from the fort, cut it from its moorings and set it adrift.

STEAMERS SCOTT AND RESCUE AT SAN JUAN.

Three days ago Titus came down the river in the steamer *Rescue* with Col. Lockridge. They had along with them the steamer *J. N. Scott*, which they had brought down for repairs. No sooner had they arrived in the harbor than an English officer from one of the gun-boats boarded them (as is the case every time the boat comes down the river) and offered protection to every British subject who was detained against his will. This is a proceeding to which Col. Lockridge never offers any opposition, for he much prefers having them sent out of the country by the English rather than deserting to the enemy or remaining to be causes of disaffection in his own ranks.

TITUS ABUSES THE ENGLISH.

But Col. Titus (who had previously resigned the commission Lockridge had given, and consequently had no authority on the boat,) began to abuse the English officer in no measured terms. Your protesting against the proceedings of the English towards the men of Col. Lockridge, he passed to personal language of the most insulting character, and went on to speak of that which is most sacred in an Englishman's eye, the character of the Queen, whom he saw fit to traduce in terms such as are common enough at the Five Points and in the vilest classes of society, and applied to persons of low character, but which are not current among gentlemen, nor uttered towards royalty. It seems almost absurd to speak in terms of any such occurrences; but when a military officer of gentlemanly pretensions so far forgets his position as to insult an officer who is performing a disagreeable duty in a civil manner, and to insult him not only by violent personal abuse, but by applying foul mouthed language to his Queen, all who have the mortification to know of the transaction cannot avoid holding him up to public reprobation and scorn. Col. Lockridge, in giving an account of the scene, said he never heard language so vile and foul from any one, gentleman or boor. The officers made a reply to Colonel Titus' remarks, but left the ship and reported himself to Capt. Coburn, his superior officer. Soon after this, Lockridge and Titus went on shore at Greytown, when a boat was despatched from one of the English vessels with an officer and a file of men, who arrested Titus by Capt. Coburn's order, and carried him on board the *Cossack*. He then took possession of the two steamers.

CONDUCT OF COL. LOCKRIDGE.

The arrest of Titus caused no dissatisfaction on the part of Col. Lockridge or any of his men. His disgraceful retreat before Castillo, and his violence on very slight occasions, had lost him the regard of every one; and Lockridge himself felt so deeply outraged by the insults offered to the English officer in his presence, that he was willing to see Titus undergo any punishment that they thought proper to inflict upon him. He, however, immediately remonstrated against the detention of the boats, stating that Titus was not in commission, and had no authority on the steamers or connection with them. The steamers were retained by Capt. Coburn, and the English gun-boat *Intrepid* was sent at once to report to Capt. Erskine, the senior officer of the squadron, who was at that time at Corn Islands, about eighty miles from Greytown. Capt. E. returned in the *Intrepid*, and immediately ordered the release of Col. Titus, and the restoration of the steamboats, reprimanding Coburn for the seizure. However outrageous Titus' conduct may have been, there seemed to be no legal ground for his arrest, and no reason for the detention of the steamers.

QUARREL OF TITUS WITH THE AMERICAN CONSUL.

While Titus was under arrest on board the *Cossack*, he sent Col. McDonald, of Cuba memory, to Mr. Cotrell, the American Consul at Greytown, soliciting his protection. After his release, Col. Titus went immediately to Mr. Cotrell, and said, "I am Col. Titus; did you receive a message from me?" The Consul, seeing a man of so gentlemanlike appearance, and one who was likely to listen to reason, began to explain to him why he could not interfere in his behalf. He stated to him that his positive orders from his Government were that he should not in any way interfere with the filibusters, or give them any protection; that having received certain information that he (Titus) had come out from the United States with men and arms for the service of Walker, and that he had been engaged in three fights on the river against the Costa Ricans, a people with whom the United States were at peace, he was not justified in recognizing him as an American citizen; that the refusal to protect him was not directed against him for any personal reasons, so much as to establish the principle recognized by the United States, that for any American citizen to engage in a warlike expedition against any nation with whom we are at peace, is virtually an act of expatriation.

Whereupon, Titus opened upon Mr. Cotrell a torrent of personal abuse and insult, such as we have by this time learned he knows so well how to use. The Consul took no notice of this very unexpected and outrageous attack; but finding he continued to blackguard, walked away and left him. The *Saratoga* arrived on that day. Mr. Cotrell made no formal complaint of Titus to Capt. Tilton, but in giving him an account of the general state of affairs in San Juan, he mentioned the riotous and disorderly conduct of Walker's officers at Greytown, and his interview with Titus. The Consul and all American citizens here have reason to congratulate themselves on having so efficient an officer as Capt. Tilton on this station. He requested Mr. Cotrell to inform him if he, or any other American citizen, should at any time suffer insult or injury at the hands of filibusters or any others, the offenders might be sure of prompt punishment—every citizen of the United States should have his protection, but the Consul he should especially support in the performance of his duty. Mr. Cotrell said that he could have obtained support before the *Saratoga* arrived from the British officers on the station, but that he was unwilling to ask it, and he and all American citizens were much gratified by the arrival of the *Saratoga*.

CHARACTER OF THE MEN.

Most of the men attached to Col. Lockridge's command are of drunken and dissolute habits. Whenever they come down the river the peace of Greytown is disturbed by them. Punta Arenas has no liquor for them; therefore Greytown always has the benefit of their presence. As they all wear revolvers and knives, they are by no means agreeable visitors when drunk. Human life is always held cheap in their estimation, and when deprived of reason they are very dangerous neighbors. Had their habits been different, they would undoubtedly have effected much more than they have upon the river; but their drunkenness and want of character have created constant insubordination. Little work is accomplished—the men openly refusing to labor when they feel disinclined—and desertions are taking place almost daily. These the English are always ready to encourage. Capt. Coburn, of the *Cossack*, never fails to board Col. Lockridge's steamer, when she comes down the river, and repeat his offer of protection to any who wish to leave Walker's service. The deserters are boarded at this place until the next English mail steamer comes, when they are taken off. The steamer *Clyde*, which sails for Aspinwall the day after to-morrow, has twenty-three of them to carry away.

GOOD CHARACTER OF COL. LOCKRIDGE.

Col. Lockridge is a marked exception to the general bad character of the fillibusters. Temperate and prudent, a thoroughly good officer, and a reliable man, he is much esteemed by everybody, including all the officers of the English squadron. All are surprised to find one of such stability of character as he exhibits, engaged in an expedition of this nature, and willing to work with such tools. It is very certain the affairs of Walker on this side of the Isthmus would have suffered total wreck long before this with any other of the officers here at the head. He has taken away the commission which he gave to Titus, for cowardice and total incompetency.

VISITS OF ENGLISH OFFICERS.

On February 11th, Lieut. Dowkins, of the British man-of-war *Eek*, Sir Robert McClure commanding, came on board the Nicaragua shooner of war, *Granada*, Capt. C. J. Faysoux, and demanded that Capt. F. go on board the *Eek* and show his papers to the British commander. This Capt. F. refused to do, when Lieut. D. threatened to sink his vessel. The following is a portion of the conversation which took place:

Lieut. D.—The guns of the *Eek* are pointed at you, and as it is very easy for me to bring on board a couple of hundred men, resistance would be madness. Will your men stick by you?

Capt. F.—My men will stick by me, and you will have to bring a much larger force than I have, before you can take me. When you bring such a force and I see that resistance would be madness, I will surrender without resistance.

Lieut. D.—Have you any objection to my speaking to your crew?

Capt. F.—None whatever. Men, step aft here, this gentleman wishes to speak to you.

Lieut. D.—Well, men, I am going to sink this vessel as a pirate, and my boat will take on shore such of you as wish to go and save your liver. Will you go?

Crew.—No, no, no! Sink and be damned?

Lieut. D.—You see my guns are bearing on you. They are loaded with shell, and will blow you all up. Do you still persist in remaining on the vessel?

Crew.—Yes, and go to hell with her. Shell don't hurt much.

Lieut. Dawson, having gone on board the *Eek*, returned and said—It is customary when a man-of-war comes into port for the commanders of other vessels of war to pay the new arrival a visit. The captain of the American sloop-of-war *St. Mary* sent on board my vessel, and his visit was returned this morning. You did not call, and as none of the crew or officers of my vessel had ever seen your flag before, we did not know what it meant.

Captain F. then said he hoisted his flag when the *Eek* arrived, and he thought that sufficient. He finally went on board the *Eek* upon an invitation, where an explanation took place.

On the 14th Sir Robert went to Rivas and called on Gen. Walker. When he entered the room the General was seated with his back to the door. He turned half round to see who his visitor was. Sir Robert said, "Being so near you, General, I thought I would come up and see you." General Walker did not rise, nor did he ask Sir Robert to take a seat; but in his peculiar, measured tone of voice said, "Yes! I hope you have come to apologize for that affair of the schooner." This reception rather astonished Sir Robert, and he made no reply.

After a long pause the General said, "Your conduct, sir, to Capt. Faysoux, was unbecoming an Englishman and a British officer. I shall make such a representation of it to your government as will cause an investigation and insure an explanation." Whereupon Sir Robert expressed his sincere regret for the occurrence, assuring the General that no offense was intended, and that he had no intention to insult. After having made such explanations as were deemed satisfactory to the General, he was asked to take a chair, and the conversation turned upon the present state of affairs in Central America. The General gave him permission to take away any British subjects that were on the Isthmus who did not belong to the army.

When he sailed this morning (Feb. 19,) he took with him some dozen passengers for Panama, the majority of whom were English subjects of the African race from the Island of Jamaca.

STATE OF RIVAS AND VICINITY.

Rivas is well fortified. The town is built of stone, and well defended by stone barricades and eleven pieces of ordnance—three six pounders, two nines, two howitzers and four mortars; the mortars are very small. The force of the enemy at San Jorge is very uncertain, and probably varies from time to time, according as men are taken across the lake to San Carlos or other posts, or are concentrated at San Jorge. Lieut. Reynolds did not see more than five hundred men there, but they are probably in much larger force. They range the country about Rivas, and men who venture outside Walker's outposts are frequently picked off. Altogether his position is not very enviable.

A REFUSE.

On the night of the 4th of March a detachment of forty Rangers under Colonel Caycee, went to San Juan del Sur, as an escort to the widow of Major Dusenburry, who was on her return to the United States. They met with no opposition on the way; but on their return the next day they came upon a Costa Rican force of about three hundred men, six miles from San Juan, on the Jocote road, which leads from the Transit road to Rivas, and were obliged to retire to San Juan, with a loss of two killed, two wounded and three missing. In the meantime the *Sierra Nevada* arrived and landed seventy-five recruits from California, and on the 7th Col. Caycee set out again for Rivas with his reinforcement. On the 6th, while they were waiting at San Juan, a sound, of distant connonading was heard in the direction of Rivas and it seemed very probable that the Costa Ricans had taken advantage of the division of Walker's force—which they knew must happen at the time the steamer was due—to attack Rivas. There is no epidemic among Walker's camp, but he has a large number of wounded men in hospital.

INTERCEPTED CORRESPONDENCE OF GEN. MORA, COMMANDER-IN-CHIF OF THE COSTA RICAN ARMY.

[No. I.]

Fort San Carlos, February 8, 1857.

To His Excellency Sr. Don Juan Rafael Mora—

Dear Brother: I have had the pleasure of receiving your letter of the 26th ult. Respecting the state of the war, I refer to my official note. Don't think of sending Spencer on any war commissions, as he has not too much knowledge of military tactics, nor does he know how to manage our soldiers. Occupy him in *urging on the house of Vanderbilt to help us with their influence and the materials of war.* It would not be bad to send us ten or twelve pounders, even if they were only iron ones. Send me, by way of Tortuge, six or eight hundred picked men as soon as possible, and their corresponding ammunition. Don't talk to me about the crop in this crisis, until we have finished Walker. These prejudices are the reason that the war has been prolonged till now. The posts on the river are too important and exposed to be garrisoned by men from Liberia, nor can we reduce their number. Your affectionate brother, JOSE J. MORA.

[No. II.]

To the Minister of War: I acknowledge the receipt of your Excellency's notes of the 28th and 29th ult., and of the duplicates accompanying them. I also received five thousand dollars which you sent me by Don Evarista Carazo. Respecting the matters of the war and of the position which I hold, I refer to my letters of to-day. I also annex an official report, which I just received from the commander at Trinidad, (Serapiqui.) To-morrow at daylight, the captains Don Francisco Alvarado and Don Rafael Rosas, will dislodge the fillibusters who occupy the bank of the San Juan river, opposite Trinidad. I feel for the bad behavior of the officers you mention. I have taken away their commissions, which is the only punishment, under existing circumstances, they can be subjected to. I suppose that you are already convinced of my zeal in the operations, and of my endeavors to establish the mails. The delay is caused by bad roads and the bad management of the boats in the Serapiqui river, which matters are out of my reach. I know that it is generally thought in Costa Rica that this campaign is a mere pastime, and that it is nearly completed. I have had neither a moment of rest, nor have we been free from continual dangers. I have been occupied not only in keeping up this long and exposed line (of defenses,) but I have also united and organized once more the already disbanded army of the allies, and induced them to attack Walker again. If in Costa Rica they cannot be dissuaded from their error, they will have to deplore by and by a bitter disappointment. If five hundred men had been given to me in time, everything would have been finished. If now strong reinforcements are not sent to me, our triumphs will serve only to bring us new dangers and make our defeat more shameful. Your most obedient servant,

JOSE J. MORA.

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

Correspondence of the New York News.]

Washington, Thursday, March 19, 1857.—A new and singular enterprise is now about to be initiated. It is the publication in London of a Southern States Rights Journal, devoted to the cotton and pro-slavery interests. It has already received the countenance of a great many subscribers in the South, and will in a very few months issue its first number. It is proposed to publish it weekly, and to furnish it to subscribers at $10 per annum, which amount is to cover all the expenses of foreign and domestic postage. A Mr. Slocum, of Mississippi, is the founder of the enterprise, and it is said that Prof. Dimitry, of Louisiana, now the translator at the State Department, a man of fine intellect, who wields a forcible quill and speaks six different languages, is to be its editor.

This paper is to place the South upon a proper footing abroad, promote direct trade, and not the least of its purposes is to wield a powerful influence in this country. It is argued by its friends that its position in London will cause for it a general circulation in all parts the United States, so that when it speaks it will speak to the whole country. Thus Southern views will become thoroughly disseminated, which is not now the case. The general circulation of all Southern journals being purely local, the effect of their most able articles is limited to the immediate bailiwick of their publication.

It is quite evident that the South is making quiet but steady strides to appreciate the value of its interests, and make cotton to be felt even more thoroughly king (as Mr. Wise calls it) than it now is. At the last session an appropriation was made to pay for an agent of the Department of the Interior to go abroad with reference to the cotton interests. It is understood that the Hon. J. F. H. Claiborne, a distinguished Ex-M. C. from Mississippi, is to receive the appointment. The effect of this mission will be the communication of some facts to our Government which will lead to the promotion of the cotton interests by amendments to treaties with European States, which, while they pretend to class us among the most favored nations, do not at least with reference to the interests of our Southern brethren do so.

Another feature in this "Cotton King" idea, is the appointment of Mr. C. G. Baylor as our Consul at the great manufacturing town of Manchester, in England. He has been engaged for years in writing and speaking to the South as to her true course of policy with reference to her vast and powerful resources. He was strongly pressed for the appointment which he received by the entire South, and it is surmised that his energy and talents will obtain a sufficient leverage from those States for which he has been battling so long, to enable him to consummate some of his favorite plans for promoting the general welfare of that section of the country.

I am thoroughly convinced that as soon as the dispensation of patronage is concluded, the Administration will turn its attention to a plan for the peaceful acquisition of Cuba. The first step will be to appoint a new and skilful Minister at Paris and one at Madrid. The Administration apprehend but little doubt but what it will be able to consummate that object before its close.

I hear to-day from very good authority, that Mr. August Belmont will not be recalled, but will be transferred to another Court none the less important than the one he is now at.

It is generally conceded that the re-appointment of Col. Charles G. Greene, of the Boston *Post*, as Navy Agent, which it is believed has been determined upon, is justly made an exception to any general rule of rotation in office which may have been prescribed. No men are of more efficient service to the Democratic party than the conductors of public journals. No men receive so little consideration for their party work. The high national and conservative character of the Boston *Post*, and the efficient services its distinguished head has rendered the Democratic party in its days of adversity as well as of prosperity, cause the whole country, which reads the paper and respects the man, to rejoice at his appointment.

Mr. Baker, the new Collector of Philadelphia, is a distinguished lawyer of Lancaster and an old and warm personal friend of Mr. Buchanan. Mr. Westcott, the new postmaster of Philadelphia, is a brother of Ex-Senator Westcott, of Florida, was formerly editor of the *Pennsylvanian*, and in the late canvass, Secretary of the Pennsylvania Democratic State Central Committee.

Mr. Charles Kibbin, the navy officer, is the proprietor of Mr. Buchanan's favorite hotel in Philadelphia, the Merchants, and is the father of the Hon. J. C. McKibbin, M. C. elect from California.

Mr. Jacob S. Yost, the new United States Marshal for Pennsylvania, is an ex-member of Congress from that State. I know, personally, none of the other appointees.

A strong delegation reached here from Maryland to-day to enforce upon the President the necessity of rotation in the Federal offices of Maryland. It consists of Ex-Governor Lowe, Judge James M. Buchanan, Robert Clinton Wright, the Hon. Henry May, Robert T. Brent, John S. Wright, Jas. J. Laun, Levi K. Bowen, James Mullen of Owen, Wm. H. Jenkins, Dr. C. A. Leas, Col. J. A. B. Leonard, and a host of others. The Hon. Otho Scott, Ex-Attorney General Nelson and Col. W. P. Maulsby, representing the adverse interest, also arrived. The war of the roses will now begin.

Col. Samuel C. Stambaugh, of Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, who has spent a great portion of his time for the last twenty years, is named to-day as a new and prominent aspirant for that nice little snap, the Marshalship of the District of Columbia, worth $10,000 annually.

GALVIENSUS.

Fire at Brandon, Miss.

Correspondence of the Vicksburg Whig.]

Brandon, March 23.—This morning about one o'clock the alarm of fire was given, and a bale of cotton in the shed of Robinson, Reynolds & Co. discovered to be on fire. The flames were soon arrested, and little damage done. It appeared that the fire had been set to a bale of cotton, between two bales of wool, which happily did not burn so rapidly as the cotton, and the fire was soon extinguished. At the east end of the shed was a grocery room, containing molasses, whisky, etc. The amount of cotton, groceries, etc., put in hazard, was at least $6,000. That the fire was the work of an incendiary there is not the slightest doubt. Our town seems destined to be burnt up. There have been several attempts since the calamitous fire of 1852, and but one successful one—that of 6th February. No steps are taken to procure any means of extinguishing fire, or of procuring a night-watch or guard. If the property-holders are willing to take the chances, and make no sort of preparation to prevent or extinguish fires, why they can do so and suffer the consequences. Insurance offices will become rather shy of taking risks where no means are provided for putting out fire; but all hopes are upon the manual efforts of the citizens. Leon.

The Secretary of the Navy.—The new Secretary of the Navy, Hon. Isaac Toucey, is a native of Connecticut. He is fifty-nine years of age, and is emphatically a self-made man—his education having been such alone as could be furnished him by the common schools of Connecticut as they existed forty years ago. He studied law under the guidance of the late distinguished Judge Chapman, and he fought his own way to the front rank of the profession in his State. He held the office of State's Attorney for the county in which he lived, during the earlier part of his professional life, and attained to a large private practice. He was afterwards offered, but declined, a seat upon the bench of the Supreme Court of Connecticut; and these are all the honors which the State has for the profession.

Mr. Toucey began political life as a member of the democratic party, *and he has not been absent from its ranks for a single day.* He was a representative in Congress from Connecticut during the 24th and 29th Congresses—embracing the last half of Gen. Jackson's second term, and the first half of Mr. Van Buren's single term. In 1846, he was chosen governor of the State of Connecticut, and in 1848, became a member of Mr. Polk's Cabinet as Attorney General. In 1850, he was elected to the State Senate, from the first, or Hartford district—no *Democrat* having represented that district for the seventeen previous years. At the ensuing session of the State legislature he was the democratic candidate for the office of Senator of the United States. No election was effected. In 1852, he was again returned to the State legislature, and again became a candidate for the office of the United States Senator, and was elected for the term which has just now expired.

It will be seen that Mr. Toucey has shared largely in such offices and honors as his fellow-citizens had in their gift—no man in his party more largely—and whenever he has been a candidate before the people, he has called out the full force of his party, simply because every man concedes to him great ability, and a purity of private, professional, and political character beyond suspicion.—*Washington Union.*

THE FIRST DISAPPOINTMENT.

[Is not this beautiful? It is contributed to the New York *Home Journal* by Mrs. J. H. Beveridge, of Galveston, Texas.]

I saw a youthful mother,
Once on a summer's day,
Set down a smiling infant,
To watch its frolic play;
It gambolled on the flowers
That decked the carpet o'er,
And seemed, with childish wonder,
Each object to explore.

A something on the instant
Its glad career arrests,
And earnestly it gazes where
A golden sunbeam rests;
While on the new-found glory
It fixed its wondering eyes,
And truthfully reaches forth its hand,
To seize the glittering prize.

And now its tiny fingers clasp
The treasure rich and rare,
Which, in its baby innocence,
It surely thought was there;
But ah! that hand emptiness,
And to its earnest gaze
Reveals no gem of beauty—
No bright imprisoned rays.

And then the first of many tears
Fall on the cherub face—
The first and disappointment
In life's uncertain race!
And thus it has been with us all,
Who its dark game have played—
We've sought to grasp the sunshine,
And only found the shade.

THE EXILE'S PRAYER.

[In his work on the mind, Dr. Bush mentions the fact, attested by clergymen of his acquaintance, that the aged foreigners whom they attended generally prayed, on their death-beds, in their native language, though, in many cases, they had not spoken it for forty or sixty years.]

He speaks! The lingering locks, that cold
And few ah! gray, fall o'er his brow,
Were bright, with childhood's clustered gold,
When last that voice was heard as now.
He speaks! and as with flickering blaze
Life's last dim embers, waning, burn,
Fresh from the unsealed fount of praise,
His childhood's gushing words return.

Ah! who can tell what visions roll
Before those wet and clouded eyes,
As o'er the cold man's parting soul
His childhood's wakened memories rise!
The fields are green and gladsome still,
That smiled around his sinless home,
And back, from ancient vale and hill,
Exultant echoes bounding come!

He treads that soil, the first he pressed—
He shouts with all his boyish glee—
He rushes to his mother's breast—
He clasps and climbs his father's knee—
And then—the prayer that nights, by rose,
Warm from his lisping lips of yore,
Burst forth to bless that evening's close,
Whose slumbers earth shall break no more!

Dark though our brightest lot may be,
From toil to sin and sorrow driven,
Sweet childhood! we have still, in thee,
A link that holds us dear to heaven!
When Mercy's errand angels bear,
'Tis in thy raiment that they shine—
And if one voice reach Mercy's ear,
That blessed voice is surely thine!

God of his father! may the breath
That upward wafts the exile's sigh,
Rise, fragrant, from the lips of death,
As the first prayer of his heart!
Frown not, if through his childhood, back,
The old man heavenward seeks his way—
Thy light was on that morning track,
It can but lead to Thee and day!

THE STORY OF GRACE INGERSOLL.

AN AMERICAN GIRL AT THE COURT OF NAPOLEON.

From "Goodrich's Recollections."]

The father of Grace, Jonathan Ingersoll, was an eminent lawyer, and settled at New Haven, Connecticut. Personally he was erect, slender, and very much like his son, the present Ralph I. Ingersoll. He was marked by a nervous twitch of the face, which occasionally signalized itself when he began to address the jury. On these occasions his eyes opened and shut spasmodically; at the same time he drew the corners of his mouth up and down, the whole seeming as if it was his object to set the Court in a roar. Sometimes he succeeded, in spite of all his efforts to the contrary. Indeed, it was impossible for a person on seeing this for the first time to avoid a smile—perhaps a broad one. It might seem that such a frailty would have been a stumbling block in his profession; yet it was not so. I suspect, indeed, that his practice as a lawyer was benefited by it—for the world likes an easy handle to a great name, and this is readily supplied by a peculiar personality. At all events, such was the dignity of his character, the grace of his language, and the perfection of his logic, his law, and his learning, that he stood among the foremost of his profession. He became Lieutenant-Governor of the State, and a Judge of the Supreme Court, and held various other responsible offices.

This gentleman had a large family—sons and daughters; the names of the former are honorably recorded in the official annals of their native State and of the United States. The daughters were distinguished for personal attractions and refined accomplishments. One of them claims special notice—Grace Ingersoll. How beautiful the name! how suggestive of what she was in mind, in person, in character! I saw her once—but once, and I was then a child—yet her image is as distinct as if I had seen her yesterday. In my boyhood these New Haven Ingersolls came to Ridgefield occasionally, especially in summer, to visit their relations there. They all seemed to me like superior beings, especially Mrs. Ingersoll, who was fair and forty about those days. On a certain occasion, Grace, who was a school companion of my elder sister, came to our house. I imagined she did not see or notice me.

Certainly she did not discover in the shy boy in the corner her future biographer. She was tall and slender, yet fully rounded, with rich dark hair, and large Spanish eyes—now seeming blue and now black, and changing with the objects on which she looked, or the play of emotions within her soul. In complexion she was a brunette, yet with a melting glow in her cheeks, as if she had stolen from the sun the generous hues which are reserved for the finest of fruit and flowers. Her beauty was in fact so striking—at once so superb and so conciliating—that I was both awed and fascinated by her. Wherever she went I followed, though keeping at a distance, and never losing sight of her. She spent the afternoon at our house, and then departed, and I saw her no more.

It was not long after this that a Frenchman by the name of Grellet, who had come to America on some important commercial affair, chanced to be at New York, and there saw Grace Ingersoll. Such beauty as that of the New Haven belle is rare in this country; it is never indigenous in France. Even if such could be born there, the imperious force of conventional manners would have stamped itself upon her, and made her a fashionable lady, at the expense of that lovely beauty and simplicity which characterized her. It is not astonishing then, that the stranger—accustomed as he was to the beauty of French fashionable life—should still have been smitten with this new and startling type of female loveliness.

From the first view of that fair lady, Monsieur Grellet was a doomed man. Familiar with the brilliant Court of the Parisian capital, he might have passed by unharmed, even by one as fair as our heroine, had it not been for that simplicity, that Puritanism of look and manner, which belonged to the social climate in which she was brought up—so strongly in contrast to the prescribed pattern graces of a French lady. He came, he saw, he conquered. Being made a captive, he had no other way than to capitulate. He was a man of good family, a fine scholar and a finished gentleman. He made due and honorable proposals, and was accepted—though on the part of the parents with many misgivings. Marriage ensued, and the happy pair departed for France.

This place in 1806. M. Grellet held a high social position, and on his arrival at Paris, it was a matter of propriety that his bride should be presented at Court. Napoleon was then in the flush of his imperial glory. It must have been with some palpitation of heart that the New Haven girl—scarcely turned of eighteen years, and new to the great world—prepared to be introduced to the glittering circle of the proud Tuilleries, and under the eye of the Emperor himself. As she was presented to him, in the midst of a glittering throng, blazing with colors and diamonds, she was a little agitated and her foot was entangled for a moment in a long train, then an indispensable part of the court costume.

Napoleon, who with all his greatness never rose to the dignity of a gentleman, said in her hearing, "*Voila de la gaucherie Americane!*" American awkwardness! Perhaps a certain tinge of political bitterness mingled in the speech, for Jerome had been seduced into marriage by the beauty of an American lady, greatly to the chagrin of his aspiring and unprincipled brother. At all events, though he saw the blush his rudeness had created, a malicious smile played upon his lips, indicative of that contempt of the feelings of women which was one of his characteristics.

Madame Grellet, however, survived the shock of this discourtesy, which signalized her entry into fashionable life. She soon became a celebrity in the court circles, and always maintained pre-eminence, alike for beauty of person, grace of manners, and delicacy and dignity of character. More than once she had her revenge upon the Emperor, when in the center of an admiring circle, he, with others, paid homage to her fascinations. Yet this transplantation of the fair Puritan, even to the paradise of fashion, was not healthful.

M. Grellet became one of Bonaparte's recievers-general, and took up his residence in the department of Dordogne—though spending the winters in Paris. Upon the fall of Napoleon, he lost his office, but was re-appointed during the "hundred days," only to lose it again upon the final restoration of Louis XVIII. The shadows now gathered thick and fast around him; his wife having taken a violent cold, was attacked with pleurisy, which resulted in a gradual decline. Gently, but surely her life faded away. Death loves a shining mark, and at the early age of five-and-twenty she descended to the tomb. With two lovely daughters—the remembrance of his love and affliction—M. Grellet returned to the south of France, and in the course of years, he, too, was numbered with the dead.

About half a century passed away, and the memory of Grace Ingersoll had long since been obliterated from my mind, when it was accidentally recalled. One evening, being at the Tuilleries—among the celebrities of the world's most brilliant court—I saw her brother, R. I. Ingersoll. It was curious to meet with one whom I had never spoken—though I had occasionally seen him—since we were boys together at Ridgefield. The last incident associated with him in my memory was that we played mumbletepeg together on the green mound beneath the old Ingersoll buttonwoods. He was now an American Ambassador to Russia, on his way thither, and I was a chance sojourner in Paris. We met as if we were old friends. At length I remembered his sister Grace, and asked if her children were living. He replied in the affirmative, and that he was on the point of paying them a visit.

I saw him a month afterward, and he told me he had just returned from the south of France, where he had enjoyed a most interesting stay of a