DAILY APPEAL.
MEMPHIS
SUNDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 20, 1857.

J. E. R. RAY, Esq.

This gentleman announces himself in the Nashville *Union and American* as a candidate for Comptroller of the State. Mr. RAY has twice represented Henry county in the Legislature of Tennessee, and has practiced his profession for several years in this city. Wherever he is known it is unnecessary to speak in his commendation as a gentleman of high and unblemished integrity, of excellent talents, agreeable social qualities, and strict business habits. If the members of the Legislature will consult the true interest of the State they will secure a good officer in the Treasury Department of our State Government by electing Mr. RAY to the position which he seeks. It is unnecessary for us to add, that Mr. RAY is a Democrat "of the strictest sect," always true and unflattering in discharging whatever duty appertains to him. We trust to chronicle the election of our friend RAY to the Comptrollership, in due season.

BANK OF WEST TENNESSEE.

We learn from a reliable source, that the Bank of West Tennessee has this day passed into the hands of Col. P. C. BETHELL, of Louisiana, and our townsman, J. M. WILLIAMSON, Esq. These gentlemen are men of capital and wealth, and design placing this institution on a sound footing as to solvency and credit.

The circulation, which is now very small, will be first redeemed, and all other liabilities of the Bank canceled. Mr. BETHELL is a gentleman of very heavy capital, and has been eminently successful in all his business undertakings.

GEN. HITCHCOCK'S LETTER.

Gen. E. A. HITCHCOCK, Acting Inspector General of the American Army in Mexico, publishes a long letter in the St. Louis *Republican* of the 16th inst., in reply to the late letter of Gen. GIDEON J. PILLOW, which was published in the Nashville *Union* and copied into this paper some weeks since. Gen. HITCHCOCK takes issue with Gen. PILLOW in several material points which will probably draw Gen. PILLOW out again in a counter statement. Gen. HITCHCOCK manifests much bitterness in his letter.

AFFAIRS IN INDIA.

We have noted, says the New Orleans *Picayune*, from time to time, the state of affairs in British India, and the prospects which circumstances have seemed to us to indicate, as the consequences of the troubles in that country. The subject is an interesting one, and very naturally enlists the attention of all observers of the signs of the times. A gentleman residing in the interior of our State, whose opinions are eminently entitled to respectful consideration, writes us that though no one entertains a more contemptuous opinion of British philanthropy than he himself does, or more seriously deprecates the outrages, cruelties and exactions, which have characterized the rule of England in India, and that of her heartless and soulless East India Company, he should deem it unfortunate for civilization and commerce, were India to escape from her comparative state of enlightenment, into that of her former barbarism. Yet, adds our correspondent, I am inclined too think that such will be the result of the present outbreak; and am sustained in this opinion by that one for whose views I entertain the highest respect, and extracts from whose letters I have before ventured to communicate to you.

This gentleman, who has long been connected commercially with British India, and who has resided there, thinks that, however badly India may have been governed, under the British rule and how much soever we may be disposed to censure the grasping spirit with which England has extended her empire there, still it cannot but be admitted that the progress of civilization and intelligence has resulted from her influence. Suttees have ceased, and the car of Juggernaut no longer rolls over her masses of fanatics. There have been schools founded; and this very insurrection has sprung mainly from the consciousness of power amongst the subaltern officers whom Britain has instructed and placed in authority.

Having been in India, and then and since watched the progress of events there, with deep interest, this well informed writer is convinced that the effect of the establishment of schools, and of thus and in other ways raising the intellectual and moral power of the people, of the native race, "is explosive in the greatest fear that the very insufficiency of force to check, immediately, this insurrection among the troops, will lead to the still wider spreading of the troubles; and he says that he looks with great anxiety for the next news that may arrive from the seat of the difficulty; and would be rather surprised to find that the outbreak has not already got beyond the control of the authorities established by the East India Company.

A few days ago, in an article on Indian affairs, we reviewed all these dark looking symptoms, and expressed similiar apprehensions as to the result, with those we have been quoting; and this, from the facts that the rebellion had obtained most fearful dimensions, that the measures adopted and the forces called into requisition for its suppression did not seem to be adequate to that end, and that we could not see how they can well be very greatly increased, while England has her hands full in China, and serious difficulties with Persia.

But we said then, and we reiterate, that we are not prepared, as yet, to adopt, as the true one, the most desponding view of the subject. We cannot conceive that a powerful nation, so fertile in resources, and with power equal to its pride, can allow a prize like that of its India possessions, obtained at such a cost of blood and treasure, to pass from its possession without the extremest effort it can possibly put forth for its retention. The crisis, we admit, is a serious one, but we believe it will be met, and that successfully. We shall be better able to judge of this, however, on the receipt of the next advices from the seat of the trouble.

For the Memphis Appeal.]

MESSRS. EDITORS: Are not these strange times in which we live? Heretofore, our rights, in this community, have been regulated by law—the law has been maintained, and good order preserved. But recently, we have fallen, indeed, upon strange times. The law is openly put at defiance, and that, too, by men who profess to be the friends of morality, the conservators of the public peace, and the zealous and uncompromising supporters of civil rights. So great has their holy horror for crime become, that they can no longer trust those who are charged with its commission in the hands of the law, and the constituted authorities; but, in their patriotic zeal, they override the law, obstruct the execution of legal process, oust the legally constituted authorities of their *unquestionable* jurisdiction, and make appeals of a character worthy of a demagogue, to the worst passions of the popular and promiscuous crowd, that they may, thereby, be well prepared and qualified to administer justice to three miscreants—not according to law, upon which the protection and safety of the whole community, and the well-being and good order of society depend, but according to the elevated dictates of their excited passions and prejudiced minds.

Now, my old fogy friends, whose frozened souls do not seem to be easily warmed up by this sacred and patriotic fire, if you will lay aside your fogyism and timidity, and join this holy crusade, we will soon bring about a state of affairs that will render our beloved community pre-eminently secure in the enjoyment of life, liberty, reputation and property. We will dispense with the very forms of law, abolish or override the judiciary, and upheave the very foundations of the temple of justice; and in the future, all questions which, heretofore, in the days of our folly, were submitted to the courts of the country, we will decide by a promiscuous crowd of the masses, after their passions have been well prepared for the occasion, by the lowest flung appeals to their prejudices, through the columns of the most licentious portion of the press.

Why tax ourselves with the expense of courts and jurors, and the trouble of bringing witnesses to inform them what the facts, in any given case, are? Cannot this be much better done by some of our patriotic newspapers, free of fee or reward? Such newspapers can always point out, to the crowd, the proper subjects for punishment, and can have that community well posted as to what the punishment, in such cases, should be, without the absurd forms of a trial, and the foolish principles of law, by which the stupid courts are governed. Adopt this policy, and you will make Memphis and her population, the wonder and praise of all the earth, and thereby induce thousands of capitalists, and men of high moral tone, who love law and order, at once to become a part of this harmonious and happy community. Why was not this happy idea conceived centuries ago? Our fathers were a set of old fogies and supposed that constitutions and laws were essential to the well-being and happiness of a community, and a certain editor, who has now enlightened the world, did not live in those dark ages. I admit, that the editor, who is the originator and leader of this great reformation, is the greatest spirit of the age—Moses and Lycurgus were fools when compared to him, and yet, candor compels me to say that, with all his *purity* and greatness, he lacks one cardinal virtue—he is deficient in charity for the foibles of other men, whose misfortune it is, to be less favored than himself. Had he possessed that christian virtue, he would not have taken the liberty of more than insinuating that, simply from the fact that a prisoner is rich, and petitions a Judge for a constitutional writ, which is of course granted, the Judge, granting it, must, therefore, be corrupt and bribed. And he too, a Judge, who is now near sixty years of age—has spent a large portion of his life in the service of his country, and until the argus eye of this immaculate editor cast the discovery, he had never once been suspected of a want of official integrity.

But, perhaps, in mitigation of this apparent severity, on the part of the editor, it should be stated, that, in every age, and every country, there have been men found, whose stern virtues might be overcome by that great evil—the inordinate love of money.

Rumor says that, not long since, there was a certain Cincinnati and Little Rock State Company incorporated, for the purposes in the charter mentioned—none of which, however, was for Banking purposes; nevertheless, such was their love for money, that the company, thus without authority, went into Banking operations, and swindled an honest and an unsuspecting community, out of a large amount of money. Now, it may be, that this editor has heard of this swindling operation, and has suffered his pure mind to become so prejudiced against villainy that he suspects every man may be bought up by money, should such an attempt be made. Or, it may be, that he feels so outraged at this imposition on the community, as the law has not well provided for the punishment of such a case, that he is only preparing the popular mind to take these swindlers in hand. For, I am confident, if lynch law could be tolerated at all, it would be difficult to find a more appropriate case.

Be that as it may, however, I would most respectfully submit, to the deliberate consideration of this community, whether or not it is either consistent with a proper self-respect—with safety and prudence, to further follow the lead of such a man, in his reckless revolutionary attacks, upon the laws and the constituted authorities of the country?

I am aware that there are good men, who have, for the moment, suffered themselves to be carried off into this rebellion against the laws and the tribunals of the country, by these inflamatory appeals to the worst passions of our nature; but it is high time that we should fall back upon our sober judgment, and retrace the false steps we have, under the impulse of the moment, taken. The law will be maintained, and its precepts obeyed, and he, who rises up in opposition to it—or by force resists its process, is in a state of open rebellion against his own government. Over-ride the law and we have no government. If this thing is persisted in, there is a fearful reckoning ahead.

Therefore, I beseech you fellow-citizens to pause—your course is wrong and leads to anarchy and ruin. The laws are against you, and are omnipotent for the punishment of all offenders. Sound public policy is against your cause, and all lovers of law and order will condemn it. Then abandon your rebellion, I beseech you, for the love of your country and her institutions—for the character of our city and her future prosperity, pause and retrace your steps, and as all good citizens should do, permit the law to take its course. If our laws are defective we will amend them. If our public servants are inefficient or unfaithful, we will elect others in their stead who will remedy these evils, but we must not take judgment into our own hands. We should as good citizens, prudently exercise the powers of government which belong to us, but, the power of sitting in judgment, and administering the laws, has been committed to other hands, and we must not, by physical force, usurp it.

As to the guilt or innocence of the accused, I have nothing to say. The law is sufficient for their punishment and let it take its course. Pause and consider well. AMICUS.

COTTON IN MISSISSIPPI.—The Natchez *Courier*, of the 12th inst., says:

"We learn that in this vicinity cotton is being picked, comparatively speaking, slowly. A large planter, whose opportunities to judge are of the first order, informs us that his previous opinion (taken from him on we have a dry and favorable fall, and a late season, we may have a medium crop, but this is the very best aspect that present appearances present. A wet fall, or an early frost, will place the crop at a very low figure indeed."

The Columbus *Times*, of the 10th instant, says:

"The boll-worm, we understand, has made its appearance in this vicinity, and is carrying on its ravages with alarming rapidity to a great extent. The weather is beautiful, and altogether favorable to the cotton crop."

CORRESPONDENCE ON THE SUBJECT OF THE BOLTON CASE.

[CONTINUED.]

MEMPHIS, SEPTEMBER 18, 1857.

Messrs. Forger, Stevens, Farrington, Brown and King:

GENTLEMEN: Your separately libellingdered communication of to-day, has been received, and while it would be cruel in us to endeavor to place any restriction upon your inalienable right as American citizens, to express your regrets at our refusal of your illegal overture, you will permit us to say that your homily upon this subject has already become literally a thrice told tale, and its repetition will be in no way calculated to increase our sympathy for you personally, in this the hour of your direst distress. Perhaps, by adjourning the hearing of your petition to some charitable institution, whose appropriate office it is to comfort the afflicted and heal the broken-hearted, your future efforts at making agreements extraneous to the law, may prove more successful than your recent experiment.

Having failed to obtain our consent to accompany you on a mission to Kentucky, to accomplish the purposes of Isaac L. Bolton, you now change your attitude with admirable facility, and instead of seeming to ask a favor, you say that your proposition, "if accepted, would have afforded us an opportunity to procure testimony for the prosecution, if any could be had in Kentucky." Verily, your kindness is amazing, and will probably not be appreciated at its full value until after the trial of your client before a tribunal of your own selection, and where you promise yourselves so much pleasure in "breaking a lance" with the counsel for the State. Should your efforts on that occasion prove as advantageous to the State as your defense in a previous investigation of the same case, you may feel assured that your invaluable services rendered in the cause of public justice will be gratefully acknowledged by us. Up to the present time, however, gentlemen, we have no distinct remembrance of having solicited your aid or advice in conducting the prosecution against Mr. Bolton. While it would afford us much pleasure, and be esteemed as no common honor to be associated with gentlemen of your vast experience and profound legal learning, in the trial of any cause, we, nevertheless, would prefer, if consistent with your views of propriety, that you dissolve the relation which you are supposed to sustain towards the defense of Mr. Bolton, before taking any very active participation in his prosecution. Indeed, we venture to submit for your serious reflection, whether Bolton himself would not have some plausible ground to protest against your thus occupying both sides of the case at the same time. If you finally conclude to maintain your position as counsel for the defense and avoid the example of the lame captain who quit the field before the conflict commenced, it may be well enough to consider whether your aggregate capacity is more than a equate to the task which lies before you. On the contrary, if you are determined to engage in the prosecution, we deem it prudent to advise you in advance, that the last legislature omitted to make any special appropriation to pay assistant counsel for the State—that our private coffers are in a state of collapse, and that your services will most likely result in a "labor of love." It is possible that this gloomy prospect for an earthly reward will have no influence in determining the future course of honorable lawyers, especially gentlemen of your unbounded and very disinterested benevolence.

We again decline, alone from professional considerations, to pass any judgment upon the character of "jail-birds" or "men of established bad characters," and hence you have no right to assume what our belief is, as to the truth or falsehood of the "charges" made against them. If the "public press" and "others interested in the prosecution," have tendered you an issue upon the character of your witnesses, we refer you to the "public press" and "*others interested*" for a trial of that issue, and for such other redress as you may be able to obtain. We are not employed upon either side of that issue, and have no idea of volunteering our humble services for either party. The only "charge" which we consider at all worthy of our attention at present, is embraced in a bill of indictment against your client for murder in the first degree. When you come before any of the courts of Tennessee in defense of that "charge" with "jail-birds" or any other specimens of the *fowl* creation, we shall not appear on such an occasion as professional paupers, relying on the defense for "facilities" to dissect character and expose knavery, should there be any attempt to introduce as witnesses "men of established bad character."

We are glad to find you indisposed to discuss any of the points of law to which we directed your attention. Having briefly exposed your assumptions of what the law was, it is altogether prudent on your part to decline drawing any argument from them. Hoping that you may avoid the perpetration of similar errors in the future,

We remain, respectfully,
Your sincere friends,
JOHN F. SALE,
C. B. FRAZER.

FAMILIAR LETTERS FROM ABROAD.

THE SCOTTISH LAKES AND MOUNTAINS—CASTLES, RIVERS, HILLS AND FIELDS RENOWNED IN HISTORY AND SONG.

From the Philadelphia Bulletin.]

STIRLING, Scotland, July 14, 1857.

For the last two days we have been revelling among the lakes and mountains of Scotland. We left Glasgow on Monday for the Highlands, the lakes and the Trossachs. We took a boat down the Clyde as far as Dumbarton, and then took the cars. It is but an hour and a quarter's sail. There was not time to visit Dumbarton Castle, but we saw it plainly. It is built on a rock which rises suddenly from the point where the Severn and Clyde meet. The rock has two peaks, the highest, which is called Wallace's Seat, rising 500 feet. Part of the edifice is called Wallace's Castle, from the fact that he was confined here. From Dumbarton Mary Queen of Scots sailed for France, and it was the last fortress that stood out in her cause.

We passed through the beautiful vale of Leven, a wide expanse of fertile fields, bounded by ranges of hills. We reached Loch Lomond, and at Balloch again took boat.

We were soon among scenery teeming with historical associations of Bruce and Rob Roy. When we were fairly afloat, and I fully realized that I was truly on the bosom of what has been called "the Queen of Scottish Lakes," of which I had heard and read so many descriptions, and around and in his view, and in good weather, beautiful and sublime unite so bewitchingly. I must confess I felt a little disappointed, and I thought—Killarney exceeds this! Perhaps my delight during one or two days at Killarney had led me to expect more here. Not that there is not beauty here, but the scenery is different from the pictures my imaginations had drawn.

Passing Balloch Castle on the right, and Cameron House on the left, we soon pass Arden, surrounded with trees. This house contains the original portrait of Rob Roy. Further from the shore is the old stronghold of Bannachra, long the scene of sair strife, but now in ruins. The first and largest island which you pass is Inchmurrin, nearly two miles long and three-fourths of a mile broad; it has long been used as a deer park by the Duke of Montrose; on the west end are the ruins of a castle once occupied by the Earl of Lennox.

Close to the shore, on the main land, stands Ross Priory, at which ancient mansion Sir Walter Scott was a frequent visitor while he was writing Rob Roy. From here is also seen the hill Duncruin, or "Hill of Witches," famed in ancient legends. Passing the islands of Creanich and Torrinch on the left and Clarinich on the right, we approach the pass particularly referred to in the Lady of the Lake—Balmaha. Entering the straits, we have Balmaha village on the right and the island of Inchcailloch (island of Women) on the left. This woody and rocky island is still sacred in the eyes of many a clansman, as it is the burial place of the bravest chieftains. The monuments are of great antiquity, and the services are rude. Widows, only, are allowed from having been at one time the seat of a nunnery. Passing Inchfadd, Inchmoun, and others, we come to Inchtavannach, (Monk's Island,) "where tapers burned and mass was sung." A high portion of this rocky isle is called Tasnaclang, (Bell Light,) and here the bell hung which called the inhabitants of the surrounding parishes to prayers. The iron ring of the belfry yet remains.

Soon after passing this point the steamer enters the bay of Luss, and the village of Glenluss is beautifully situated among the hills. The Rev. Dr. Stewart who first translated the Bible into Gaelic, lived and labored here. After leaving Luss we pass Inchlonaig (Island of Yews,) where are a number of yew trees, planted by Robert Bruce more than five hundred years ago, to supply his men with bows. It is now used as a deer park by Sir James Colquhoun. Those who wished to see Loch Lomond get off the steamer near Inch Lonaig, at Rowaidenan. But after many inquiries we learned that it "would not pay," and, therefore, our party did not land. You know we expect to meet the Bell here in a few weeks and that it is worth many "Bens." We had a very fine view of Ben Lomond, and, indeed, of all the Bens, for the day was clear and bright and the lakes and mountains were entirely free from mist. Such a day is enjoyed only among the Highlands, is not common here; it was one among hundreds. Leaving Rowardennan we soon reach the promontory of Firken, which stretches half way across the lake. On this promontory, Rob Roy buried his wife, a beautiful bay of Camanaglach. Loch Ualne is said to have been used by a tribe of fairies, in ancient times, who acted as dyers for the Highlanders. Their fairy dyes were mingled in this little loch. When any wished to be transformed, dyed, they laid their bundle on the banks of the lake, with a thread of the exact color desired, and then went away. The next morning the articles were sure to be found nicely dyed and finished. Once some person left a bundle of black wool with a white thread, to test their skill, which so offended the fairies that they left the spot, throwing their colors into the lake. And they may be seen in the sunshine, blending very beautifully. On the left shore, near here, is the cottage of Stackgouna, once the residence of Lord Jeffrey; and it was no wonder he considered himself in an earthly paradise when he could leave Edinboro' for a while and court repose so delightfully. On the opposite shore is Rob Roy's Rock, where the bold outlaw was wont to settle any disputes with his debtors and creditors by fastening a rope around their waists and dipping them in the lake—bringing them up occasionally to learn if they would agree to terms; if not, the rope was fastened round the neck and one dip more would finish the matter. The rock rises perpendicularly thirty feet above the lake. A little further on is the spot where Bruce recreated after his defeat at Strathfillan.

Approaching Tarbet the scene becomes very grand; Ben Lomond on the right, the fantastic "Cobbler and his Wife" on the left, and the seven hills in the foreground as a beautiful picture, with a duplicate reflection in the clear lake which was singularly accurate. Onreaching Inversnaid we landed to visit Loch Katrine and the Trossachs. But let me say here (as I did before) that though I think Loch Lomond has more stern grandeur, yet for *varied beauty* Killarney possesses the greatest charms. We were soon on the way to Loch Katrine by a difficult and mountainous road, but on reaching the summit the scene is grand. The mountains rise one above another, higher and higher, and the water of the lake so smooth and waveless form a scene not soon to be forgotten. It was on the top of the mountain on which we stood that Wallace, with his archers, waited to see if rest when on the way from Glenfinlas to storm Dumbarton. Here Wallace exclaimed, "Where is the man who would not fight for such a country. This land was not made for slaves! Let we cut the way, and he who merits the crown will soon appear to wear it!"

Here the little river Arkhill goes murmuring on its way to form the cascade at Inversnaid. Further on are the ruins of the fort erected by the government in 1713, where Gen. Wolfe and a party of men were stationed to protect the property of the neighborhood from the ravages of the MacGregors; it is now little more than a pile of the finest class. Half-way between Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine is Loch Arklet, upon which Ben Lomond flings his shadow.

Nothing of note is to be seen until we reach Stronachlachar, where we catch the first glimpse of Loch Katrine. It was a pleasant contrast to the glen through which he has just passed. Here we alighted from our conveyance and took the "new screw steamer Rob Roy," which was waiting to receive those who wished to visit the Trossachs. If the decision reached with me, I would rather call Loch Katrine "Queen" than Loch Lomond; it is by far the most beautiful. The lake seems to repose so calmly among the silent mountains which rise on either side; and instead of bleak, barren mountains, at least covered with but grass and heather, here you have every rock and cliff covered with vegetable life, while the broad breast of each mountain is clothed in the most beautiful and luxuriant forests. And the mountains so closely encircle this lovely spot that there is no escape from its delicious seclusion.

A short distance from the pier the steamer passes a little woody island, from which a good view of Ben Cochan is obtained. We also pass Portnellan, the birth place of Rob Roy. Suddenly the steamer veers to the left, and Ellen's Isle is before us—the home of Ellen Douglas, Lady of the Lake. This is entirely different from any of the other islands, thickly covered with beautiful trees, which droop to the water's edge. It is quite rocky, but the ivy, moss and heather cover the rocks, so that only a gray spot peeps out here and there, adding to the beauty of the isle. The spot where Fitz-James lost his way and wound his bugle, in the hope that some stragglers of the train might hear, is shown. It is amazing to see how *the people* have come to believe implicitly in the story of the Lady of the Lake. It is regarded as a matter of history, not fancy, and you dare not attempt to explain or laugh at their belief. If you do you will rue it. The common belief in ancient myths may be accounted for just on this belief is. The fanciful and beautiful workings of the imagination, so often repeated, in time to take so firm a hold that the events they relate are regarded as having actually taken place, and become historical. It is surprising how much Sir Walter Scott has done for this country; you meet him in every side. And one great secret of his power and the associations he has stamped on hundreds of places, is the truth and accuracy of his descriptions.

On reaching the Trossachs we again take coaches. Here we have a fine view of Ben-Venue, with its broken, irregular sides, crags of fantastic shape, scourged by deep, black looking defiles or chasms, through which run streams of water. The cliffs are profusely adorned with trees, among which are the Alpine fir, the mountain ash, birch and oak. The caverns in the cliff sides were the resort of the Highland robbers, and better places in which to conceal their booty could not be found. In one of these mountains Douglas concealed Ellen from fierce Roderick Dhu. I wish it were possible to convey some idea of this wild, stern country. The road is very narrow, barely permitting carriages to pass; the mountains are stern and bleak, and often the masses of irregular blocks which heap their sides look as if they would fall and crush you in a moment. The foliage is tangled and twined together in the wildest manner. All is wild, unbroken, uncultivated confusion, and were it not for the capital road you travel, it might be thought no human foot had ever trod here. Proceeding along the banks of Loch Achray, crossing the picturesque "Brig of Turk," we soon reach the New Trossacks Hotel.

After tea we went to Glenfinlas, saw the water-fall, went to the Brig (or bridge) of Turk, and rambled about until 10 o'clock, when it was fully as light out of doors as it is at 7 o'clock at home. In the morning we took a private coach to post to Sterling. The carriage would accommodate four persons inside and twelve on top. We all took outside seats. It was a lovely morning, the soft hazy atmosphere reminding me of our Indian summer; the mountain tops were covered with mist, and one or two seemed crowned with clouds. Every lake, river and hill, appeared that has been immortalized by Scott, and numerous were the quotations from the Lady of the Lake.

On our way we heard numbers of birds singing, but more charming than all the rest was the song of the *lark*. We heard lark's song, stopping saw them soar up, up, up, singing and rising all the while, and then suddenly dropping down into the grass, where they were seen and heard no more.

We stopped a short time at Callender, and between here and Doune saw the "banks and braes," immortalized by Burns. The principal attractions of the village of Doune are the old castle and the bridge. The castle was built in the fourteenth century. It is now in ruins, but very striking. Many of the Scottish Queens lived here—Queen Mary among the number. The bridge spans the Teith (at the confluence of which river and the Ardoch the castle is situated,) and it was built by a *tailor*, named Robert Spittal, in 1535. On the slab bearing the inscription is also a pair of scissors, the badge of his trade! From the bridge a fine view of the castle may be obtained.

During our ride we passed Cambus-more, the home of Sir Walter Scott in his youth; it is now the property of Miss Buchanan. We reached Stirling about one o'clock, and, as soon as we had obtained rooms, started for the castle, stopping on our way to look at "Mar's Work," the remains of a house begun, but never finished, by the Earl of Mar. The Gray Friar's Church, also, was not forgotten. It was erected by James IV., in 1494, and James VI. was crowned in it, on which occasion John Knox preached the Coronation Sermon, July 28th, 1567. Stirling Castle was built (in the form of a quadrangle) by James V., who was crowned there. We walked round the garden of Mary Queen of Scots, looked through the loop hole and sat on the very stone she once occupied. We went into her rooms and from thence to the Armory, which was crowded with people, it seemed to be the fashionable lounge. In this place, in the old church of which John Knox preached, and also his communion table, which is of carved oak. The oak crown, which deceived the Scottish people for so long a time, is also here. We saw the old tournament field, which is still preserved in its former condition. The view from the castle is quite extended; it takes in the Ochil, Pentland, Lammermuir and Campsie hills, and toward the west the region of Rob Roy and Roderick Dhu. To the east lies a luxuriant plain, with rich, dark woods, while the Forth, with its numerous links, pursues its serpentine course. The fields of Falkirk, Bannockburn, Sanchieburn and Sheriffmuir, can be distinctly seen.

We left Stirling at 4 P. M., and enjoyed it exceedingly, but were glad to rest in the evening, before starting for Edinburgh.

Yours, RAMBLER.

Wonderful Escape from Death.

From the Baltimore Sun.]

We yesterday gave a brief account of the rescue from drowning of Capt. M. Stevens, Jr., a Newburyport (Mass.) pilot, who was knocked overboard by the boom of the pilot-boat *America*, when ten miles east of Cape Ann. At Newburyport it was very generally believed that the Captain was drowned, and the event seems to have created deep sorrow throughout the town. The *Herald*, of that place, on Tuesday, however, thus speaks of his rescue and return:

"Our city was filled lamenting that this worthy man was gone, and the flags had drooped in mourning for the dead; while people were stepping each other at the corners of the streets to talk over the matter, and some were relating a conversation they had had with the family—after we had published his obituary, and already had another paragraph written, calling for a material test mental to aid the widow and orphans—as suddenly as though he had risen from his farm owner on the water's edge, Stevens, yesterday, at noon, appeared in our streets. Wildly the story goes about town; speedily he is rushed home to a family mourning his demise; instantly the flags from half-mast leaving Lee we pass Inchonag (Island of Yews,) where are a number of yew trees, planted by Robert Bruce more than five hundred years ago, to supply his men with bows. It is now used as a deer park by Sir James Colquhoun. Those who wished to see Loch Lomond get off the steamer near Inch Lonaig, at Rowaidenan. But after many inquiries we learned that it "would not pay," and, therefore, our party did not land. You know we expect to meet the Bell here in a few weeks and that it is worth many "Bens." We had a very fine view of Ben Lomond, and, indeed, of all the Bens, for the day was clear and bright and the lakes and mountains were entirely free from mist. Such a day is enjoyed only among the Highlands, is not common here; it was one among hundreds. Leaving Rowardennan we soon reach the promontory of Firken, which stretches half way across the lake. On this promontory, Rob Roy buried his wife, a beautiful bay of Camanaglach. Loch Ualne is said to have been used by a tribe of fairies, in ancient times, who acted as dyers for the Highlanders. Their fairy dyes were mingled in this little loch. When any wished to be transformed, dyed, they laid their bundle on the banks of the lake, with a thread of the exact color desired, and then went away. The next morning the articles were sure to be found nicely dyed and finished. Once some person left a bundle of black wool with a white thread, to test their skill, which so offended the fairies that they left the spot, throwing their colors into the lake. And they may be seen in the sunshine, blending very beautifully. On the left shore, near here, is the cottage of Stackgouna, once the residence of Lord Jeffrey; and it was no wonder he considered himself in an earthly paradise when he could leave Edinboro' for a while and court repose so delightfully. On the opposite shore is Rob Roy's Rock, where the bold outlaw was wont to settle any disputes with his debtors and creditors by fastening a rope around their waists and dipping them in the lake—bringing them up occasionally to learn if they would agree to terms; if not, the rope was fastened round the neck and one dip more would finish the matter. The rock rises perpendicularly thirty feet above the lake. A little further on is the spot where Bruce recreated after his defeat at Strathfillan.

Approaching Tarbet the scene becomes very grand; Ben Lomond on the right, the fantastic "Cobbler and his Wife" on the left, and the seven hills in the foreground as a beautiful picture, with a duplicate reflection in the clear lake which was singularly accurate. Onreaching Inversnaid we landed to visit Loch Katrine and the Trossachs. But let me say here (as I did before) that though I think Loch Lomond has more stern grandeur, yet for *varied beauty* Killarney possesses the greatest charms. We were soon on the way to Loch Katrine by a difficult and mountainous road, but on reaching the summit the scene is grand. The mountains rise one above another, higher and higher, and the water of the lake so smooth and waveless form a scene not soon to be forgotten. It was on the top of the mountain on which we stood that Wallace, with his archers, waited to see if rest when on the way from Glenfinlas to storm Dumbarton. Here Wallace exclaimed, "Where is the man who would not fight for such a country. This land was not made for slaves! Let we cut the way, and he who merits the crown will soon appear to wear it!"

Here the little river Arkhill goes murmuring on its way to form the cascade at Inversnaid. Further on are the ruins of the fort erected by the government in 1713, where Gen. Wolfe and a party of men were stationed to protect the property of the neighborhood from the ravages of the MacGregors; it is now little more than a pile of the finest class. Half-way between Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine is Loch Arklet, upon which Ben Lomond flings his shadow.

Nothing of note is to be seen until we reach Stronachlachar, where we catch the first glimpse of Loch Katrine. It was a pleasant contrast to the glen through which he has just passed. Here we alighted from our conveyance and took the "new screw steamer Rob Roy," which was waiting to receive those who wished to visit the Trossachs. If the decision reached with me, I would rather call Loch Katrine "Queen" than Loch Lomond; it is by far the most beautiful. The lake seems to repose so calmly among the silent mountains which rise on either side; and instead of bleak, barren mountains, at least covered with but grass and heather, here you have every rock and cliff covered with vegetable life, while the broad breast of each mountain is clothed in the most beautiful and luxuriant forests. And the mountains so closely encircle this lovely spot that there is no escape from its delicious seclusion.

A short distance from the pier the steamer passes a little woody island, from which a good view of Ben Cochan is obtained. We also pass Portnellan, the birth place of Rob Roy. Suddenly the steamer veers to the left, and Ellen's Isle is before us—the home of Ellen Douglas, Lady of the Lake. This is entirely different from any of the other islands, thickly covered with beautiful trees, which droop to the water's edge. It is quite rocky, but the ivy, moss and heather cover the rocks, so that only a gray spot peeps out here and there, adding to the beauty of the isle. The spot where Fitz-James lost his way and wound his bugle, in the hope that some straggler of the train might hear, is shown. It is amazing to see how *the people* have come to believe implicitly in the story of the Lady of the Lake. It is regarded as a matter of history, not fancy, and you dare not attempt to explain or laugh at their belief. If you do you will rue it. The common belief in ancient myths may be accounted for just on this belief is. The fanciful and beautiful workings of the imagination, so often repeated, in time to take so firm a hold that the events they relate are regarded as having actually taken place, and become historical. It is surprising how much Sir Walter Scott has done for this country; you meet him in every side. And one great secret of his power and the associations he has stamped on hundreds of places, is the truth and accuracy of his descriptions.

On reaching the Trossachs we again take coaches. Here we have a fine view of Ben-Venue, with its broken, irregular sides, crags of fantastic shape, scourged by deep, black looking defiles or chasms, through which run streams of water. The cliffs are profusely adorned with trees, among which are the Alpine fir, the mountain ash, birch and oak. The caverns in the cliff sides were the resort of the Highland robbers, and better places in which to conceal their booty could not be found. In one of these mountains Douglas concealed Ellen from fierce Roderick Dhu. I wish it were possible to convey some idea of this wild, stern

THE BROKEN PROMISE.

I have seen to keep no promises—no more
At least with women—and yet, knowing this,
With unabated fondness I repine
Where words seem false like truth that I forgot
The hours that I sat by and waited for them;
And I lost not because he could have no part
That he would come—and then night after night
I watched the clouds and saw the moon rise over
From the bright sea, and leave the clear blue sky
As spotless and serene and beautiful
As if no moon were broken in her path
Beneath it. Was forgive in hasty heart
What to his wise moments he has said,
Not thinks he—when woman's happiness
Hangs on his lightest word—it is the things
Of great importance which affect the heart
Most deeply. Kisses when where there not
Or money or of bliss of human life?
There's many a deed and a deed great that comes
From sources which seem of no consequence—
From things of which we cannot dare half speak,
And yet they seem but trifles. Little words,
Like silver link, be fastened on to the sight
And wound around the heart. They are their work
In secrecy and a power; but their power
Is far more than the mere sight of gifts
Of silver and substance; and they pay
Upon the heart and spirit, till the bloom
Of hope, which is the flower of life, is gone.
They break the charm of youth's first brightest dream,
And then, when we look out upon the world,
And expect it with the very spring of life
But this is woman's fate. It bends to
With proud, enduring, it. His mind is cold
With its and city thoughts; and love and hope,
And all the warmest feeling of his heart
Are cast to the winds, and he is alone
He feel that the whole world was made for him;
And broken promises, per-haps, are not
Are ever altered a place on memory's page,
Cleanly written in her loneliness
And in the night-watches by her bower,
Who too seems in her heart the idle word
That has no meaning and who lives in hope
Till it has crushed the life out of her cheek,
The brightness from her eye, which strata her peace
On the va i ness of more trusting!
And if this wrecked, she may yet live to bear,
Or she may learn to die, but not forget
The hours that she waited for and the tears
To bend over broken promises and cold
Over disappointed hopes till the hell was
There's less of wildness in the wide world
Than in her single heart.

WHO WAS IT?

BY W. D. H.

From the Sunday Delta.]

"Lo! who was that in the garden,
Somewhere in the moonlight?
Looking down on the grass at his feet,
As though watching the flowers grow—
And finding some rare one? Who was he, sisters—words?"
"Why, 'twas Harry, brother, you know!"

"Who was that in the parlor
Last night—we lights were brought?
I could not see his face in the shadow,
But his voice was with tenderness fraught?"
"Oh! that was Harry, brother dear—
'Twas too early for lights, I thought."

"But who was that by the brook-side,
Sitting so near to the water?
He had was very close to poor,
And I think he kissed it—
Was it the—no?" "Do hush, you plague!—
Yes—that was Harry, for!"

NEWSPAPER IMPERSONALITY.—The New York *Mirror* has a judicious article upon the proper method of conducting a newspaper. We extract the following paragraph as embodying a just estimate of public opinion respecting the matter:

"The paper, which is the mere mouth-piece of an individual, the reflex of the peculiarities and idiosyncracies of a single man, is always liable to make itself unpopular or ludicrous, and can never be a power in the community. So long as the mass of subscribers are known, the public has every necessary guaranty of the responsibility of their prints. Who writes this or that article is a matter which does not concern the public, and for which they care little or nothing. Public journals have nothing about editorial quarrels and bickerings, except to laugh indiscriminately, as a crowd does over a street fight. A newspaper of influence and ability is an institution, not a personality, and its expressed opinions are the aggregate opinions of a number of men acting with unanimity, with common motive, and with a fixed purpose. Louis Napoleon crippled the French press effectively, when he compelled every newspaper article to be signed by the name of its writer, and the London *Times* would lose half its vigor and influence were the same rule to be adopted in England."

COTTON IN ALABAMA.—The Greensboro' *Beacon*, of the 11th inst., says:

"The weather has been favorable for several days past for the picking of cotton. The reports of the crops on the black lands are generally quite unfavorable; from the sandy lands we hear much less complaint."

The Demopolis *Gazette*, of the 11th inst., says:

"We have had for several days past exceedingly hot days and very cool nights. This weather, we apprehend, is very favorable to the cotton, which is now opening with great rapidity."

The Montgomery *Mail*, of the 10th inst., says:

"We hear very great complaints of the boll-worm in cotton. Its ravages are chiefly in the black, stiff prairie lands, though we believe no locality is entirely without them. If elsewhere they do as much damage as in this section we shall be much disappointed in our crop, that, when they fight hm th-y fight a strong man—a little giant indeed. But he was popular in Boston or anywhere else, and half the "three thousand clergymen" he doubtless would have their hearts stolen if he could speak to them a half hour.

Extraordinary Affair in High Life.

A GRAND BEACH OF PROMISE CASE—DAMAGES SEVENTY THOUSAND THOUSAND DOLLARS—CURIOUS REVELATIONS.

From the Boston News Letter.]

A breach of promise case, promising the most curious and extraordinary revelations, is now shadowing forth shortly through the newspapers, we shall be fully prepared for telling what we know of the matter. The parties all rank among the fashionables, and, whatever may be said of the merits of the case in point, enjoy the highest respectability, and the profound regard of the best people in the city.

Some years ago, Dr. Amos Binney, of Mount Vernon street, married an accomplished lady, a cousin, bearing the same surname. The families of both were wealthy, and the united possessions of the happy pair, with the high respectable monetary figure—sufficient, at all events, to place the pair