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Daily Appeal.

FRAGMENTS OF TRAVEL.

DESULTORY NOTES OF AN EXCURSION TO THE GREAT NORTH-WEST.

From the Quid Nunc.]

An excursion to St. Anthony's Falls, via Chicago, such as we have just taken, is better calculated to make a Southern man like the North—better calculated to rub away some of the old prejudices of section—than any other we know of. The people of Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota are very unlike the people of Ohio, Pennsylvania, or New England. They are more hospitable, warmer hearted, more outspoken, more southern, more regardful of the constitutional rights of every section. During our whole journey we did not meet with a single fanatic. On the contrary, we found Democracy everywhere disposed to be justice to the South, and we heard of thousands of old line Whigs, here often in alliance with the Black-Republicans, who are ready to unite with the Democracy, under the lead of Douglas, in pulling down the Sectional sectionalists of the North. One old line Whig of influence and distinction, at Chicago, told us that if Douglas received the nomination for President next year, he would carry the State of Illinois by 20,000 majority. The same enthusiasm for the Little Giant Mississippian pervades all the States of the North-West—and this too in a region where the Black-Republican papers are constantly denouncing him as a "slave driver," and a "second Arnold," and in the same breath singing paeans of praise to the spotless "patriotism" and "nationality" of John Bell, Edward Bates, Emerson Etheridge, and Wm. H. Seward.

Unquestionably, the Democratic party is the only national organization left in the country, which stands square up to all the compromises of the Constitution on the subject of slavery. That party is the only hope of the South in the "irrepressible conflict" which Seward proclaims and directs. The evidences of this fact are thickening on every hand, and they come home irresistibly, every moment, in all sorts of ways, to every Southerner who travels through the North. But we are forgetting the excursion. To begin: Here is the rough draft of a letter penned somewhere near Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin:

On the Upper Mississippi,
Steamer "Key City," Aug. 13, '59.

To the Quid Nunc.—Attacked by a most painful neuralgia at Cairo, which culminated at Chicago in a paroxysm of anguish, (ain't the word?) illness has hitherto prevented me from sending you the promised "bulletins" of progress in this grand excursion to St. Paul, St. Anthony's Falls, and the world renowned Minnehaha. Conquering the neuralgia, however, with a mighty dose of that king of "anti-periodics," quinine, and steaming along now, northward in a gay and gallant lark, among the bold highlands, and the enchanted islands which stoop their summer beauty to the lips of the lightly water-kiss'd, and ever-changing river, I find it both dateful and pleasant to drop you a line from this "far away North Country." But to go back to the beginning.

We left that beautiful situation for a town, where you are published, in the morning of Tuesday, the 9th instant, and came on to Cairo the same day, where we arrived at 5 p. m. The country between Jackson and Cairo, as seen from the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, disappointed me very much. There are few settlements, and the road runs, generally, through low land and swamp, and vast levees, which seem to have been deadened years ago for the purpose of cultivation, which purpose has never been carried out. The terminus of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad is at Columbus, Kentucky, twenty miles below Cairo. This twenty miles is accomplished by a little steamer—the *W. H. Eaves*, commanded by Captain C. Latimer, formerly an officer in the Navy, and one of the cleverest gentlemen I ever traveled anywhere with. All who ever sailed with him are of the same mind.

Desirous of travelling as much as possible, by daylight, we determined to stop all night at Cairo. Rash determination! The new hotel is not yet opened, and the old one, the Taylor House, where we were compelled to "take roosts," is past redemption. The handbills and clerks are very polite, his true, but the table and rooms were not worth the money we paid for them by a long shot. Besides, the rooms being small, and full of beds, sleep with the windows open, and wake up with one of the worst colds in the head you can conceive of, resulting finally, in Chicago, in the following an aggravated form of neuralgia which I believe to suggest to the immediate attention and investigation of the medical faculty.

We left Cairo at Sunset on a fine afternoon, and, with a powerful locomotive in the rear, struck a bee-line over the wondrous prairies of Illinois for Chicago. For seventeen hours we careered rapidly and gleamingly along through a fair, delightsome land, past towns, villages, and even cities innumerable, or at least innumerable now, but unknown to maps of places possessing one or two or three or four thousand inhabitants, I had never heard of before. For instance, there was Kankakee, one of the newest and most beautiful towns—Way, in West Tennessee, outside of the merchants, ever heard of Kankakee? I am sure I never even saw it in print, till I read its name on the stations board in the city of Chicago.

At Chicago, we stopped at that famous hotel, the Tremont House, where we were entertained in a most princely manner by that most urbane of landlords, John B. Drake, Esq., one of the proprietors. Having visited Chicago some ten or twelve years ago, I was amazed at the wonderful progress the place has made since then made. It is now a perfect gem of a city, numbering over one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, filled with palaces, adorned with beautiful streets, and crowded with all the evidences of wealth, power and rapid improvement. The Chicago of to-day is no more like the Chicago of ten years ago, than the Memphis of 1859 is like the Memphis of 1840.

Chicago is Mr. Douglas' home; but that great man was absent at Washington and we were much disappointed in not being able—

"To hear the Lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall."

The Tremont House holds the same position in Chicago that the St. Charles does in New Orleans, or the Astor in New York. When at home, it is Mr. Douglas' headquarters, and no matter what time of the night you may get up at, you must go to "the Tremont" to see everybody or anybody.

At Chicago we were joined by our neighbors, Rev. H. T. Lewis, of La Grange, Mo., Wm. L. Pegram, of Tippah, and John W. Hunt, Esq., of Hardeman—a most agreeable trio, (to whom we are largely indebted for much of the pleasure enjoyed during the trip.) On the morning of their arrival, we all proceeded to climb to the top of the court house, whence is obtained a complete bird's-eye view of Chicago and its environs. Afterward, in a hackney-coach we drove over the city, visiting the Lake, exploring the palace-built avenues which skirt its margin, and "doing" the Lake in a summary way most of the "lions" of the Garden City of the West.

On Friday we left Chicago for Dunleith, traversing the northern section of Illinois on a well-built road and passing the entire route through one of the most beautiful regions the sun ever shone upon. Late in the afternoon, we passed that celebrated little city, Galena, and arrived about 5 o'clock at Dunleith, opposite Dubuque. Finding that our boat would not leave until about 8 o'clock next morning, we crossed over to Dubuque, where we spent the night.

So far, our letter, which being written while still much indisposed, we did not finish nor send home. The rest of our notes of the excursion we shall proceed to "dish up" editorially, about, we may add, somewhat sparingly.

It was at Dubuque that the eyes of our party first opened on the glorious scenery of the "Upper Mississippi." From that point to St. Paul the landscape on either hand is one scene of beauty—"a joy forever" to the loving sun, which shines down upon it from the blued of skies. For four hundred miles we steamed blithely along on the clear waters, between lofty mountain walls, clothed in the greenest of verdure, broken here and there by deep, dark gorges and ravines, through which green islets that gemmed the rippling stream, and then again over the bosom of a broad and silvery lake, where spurless thousands of the finny tribe, dolphin-like, leaped and darted and played around our vessel's prow, as if welcoming us to that far Northland—while ever all, like a dream of Indian Summer, the sun poured a glowing flood of mellow light, and made us involuntarily shout with Tennyson—

"The spacious plain in centre wide,
And cheery villages on either side
Of this long winding highway that runs
And this well-watered valley at our feet,
Blue, purple, yellow, intermixed, and sweet
Beyond the sweet and beautiful river flows
Blue, purple, yellow, intermixed, dying, dying, dying.

O hush, O hush! how this and clear
And thunder yonder, further among
A sound as of a great city in a dream,
The horn of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blest Avlon! and shall Avlon wake no more?
Blow, bugle, blow, and let the purple glens replying

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow; set the wild echoes flying;
Blow, bugle, blow, and let the purple glens replying."

There, were the mountains if not the "castle" walls; there, was the long light waving across the wild cataract; there, was the "Indian Maiden" in glory; there, were the hill, the field, the sky, the river, the purple glens, the falling splendor and the lofty summits, all around us; and it required no stretch of the imagination to set the wild echoes flying, to hear the horns of Elfland faintly blowing, and let the purple glens replying!

Those were glorious "white days," both going and returning, we spent upon the decks of the gallant steamer, gazing out upon the smiling villages, and growing cities, and the varied scenery of the Upper Mississippi. One of our party remarked that "it was strange so beautiful a region was not more famous—that it not more of a thoroughfare for pleasure-seekers of our whole country." "Ah," replied another, whom we shall call "the Knight of the Rueful Countenance," "it's not strange at all. Don't you know, sir, that

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness in the desert atmosphere."

By the bye the Captain of the *Key City* found more "music" (so he named it) in the "Knight of the Rueful Countenance," "it's not strange at all. Don't you know, sir, that" than the latter part of that quotation, or his general appearance, would seem to indicate. "The Ecclesiastic" (another companion of the voyage who is fond of a quiet joke,) ascertained that the "Knight" set up with the Captain nearly all of one stormy night, on our return, in order to help him save the boat from harm. It was during the long watches of that wild but uneventful night that the Captain gained his knowledge of the "musical" stuff of which our distinguished fellow-traveller was made.

At Prairie du Chien (Wisconsin) we were delayed four or five hours waiting for the Milwaukee train. During the stoppage our party obtained a carriage and drove around the "city." Prairie du Chien is handsomely situated on a small prairie, or bottom, on the eastern bank of the Mississippi, just above the mouth of the Wisconsin river. Here we saw the remains of old Fort Crawford, which had a few years ago was one of the extreme outposts of civilization. The county (one of the most populous in western Wisconsin) takes its name from the Fort; is largely Democratic; and, as we learned from one of the citizens, enthusiastically in favor of Douglas for President.

We shall not pretend to give a list of the towns and villages, or describe the many natural objects of interest—Lake Pepin, the beautiful; Maiden Rock, etc.—between Dunleith and St. Paul. A friend daguerreotypes the whole voyage thus: "The scenery on the Upper Mississippi, without being grand, is still wild and picturesque. You see, in imagination, innumerable towns, villages and cities. You are completely shut in from all the world by the everlasting hills on each side of the river. Occasionally the hills recede, and for one only in the distance, and broad meadows, with seas of waving grass, reach down to the margin of the stream."

On Sunday evening, after leaving home on Tuesday, "laying over" twelve hours at Cairo, thirty-six at Chicago, and fourteen at Dubuque, we reached St. Paul, the capital of latitude North of Grand Junction, and twelve or fifteen hundred miles by the route we traveled. St. Paul is within a few miles of St. Anthony's Falls, the limit of our excursion, where we spent five or six days; and we have just going on to write a description of what we saw in that heavenly-beautiful place, when our wife sent us a letter written by one of our party to the Memphis *Avalanche*, in which our purpose is so much better accomplished than we could hope to do it ourself, that we feel no hesitation in "appropriating" the following extracts:

"St. Paul is a great and growing city. Those immense blocks of stone buildings, splendid hotels, princely private residences, paved streets and towering steeples, are all the work of ten years. I was shown the first house ever erected in St. Paul—a log hut, ten by twelve, with a single window, and such a door way!—out wide enough to admit a brace of women dressed in the full flow of fashion. Doors are now necessarily wider than they used to be.

"Of churches, there are four Presbyterian, four Methodist, one Baptist, two Episcopal, two Lutheran and two Congregational. The Catholics have lost ground all over this Northwestern land. It is about two hundred years since Father Hennepin penetrated this country and organized the Catholics, who had come here from the Canadas. They are all French. They are here, many of them still, but they are heathen and ignorant. I passed all through the settlements on the lakes north of St. Paul. I found there the women toiling like slaves—the men, with teams, harvest the grain, and turn their hands to any and all kinds of work. On the cowsheds, the little barns, the straw-covered huts, you see the wooden cross erected.

"You leave these settlements, and go where Protestant Yankee enterprise has made its impress, and there is thrift, industry, busy, active life. Instead of a little hut full of toiling women, with their sickles in hand, gathering grain by alone and tedious degrees, there are mowers and reapers driven by steam that reap and thresh, and bring the grain ready for the mill. Seated on his high spring seat, with his umbrella hoisted above him, the harvester drives a four horse team and the golden grain gives way as before a hurricane.

"Nine miles northwest of St. Paul, and on the same side of the river, is the city of the Falls of St. Anthony. It is a beautiful prospect on the river, but on the western side, is the city of Minneapolis. The two cities together have about 15,000 inhabitants. Minneapolis by the Falls have been marred by Yankee enterprise. He who visits St. Anthony with the expectation of seeing anything sublime, grand or wonderful, will be disappointed. The Mississippi river has been filled up with sawdust, and the sawing and planing machinery—a stream dam runs across the stream, and there is a mill of some sort wherever there is room to place it.

"St. Anthony's Falls are small, and bad. Nevertheless, it has been made pretty and pleasant by a liberal outlay of money and labor. They have hotels of the first order—one, at least equal to any in the United States. The loveliest site I have ever seen for a city in Minnesota, on the western shore, and united to St. Anthony by a wire suspension bridge.

"Minneapolis, St. Paul and St. Anthony each contend for the Capitol—at present located at St. Paul, where it is most likely to remain.

"The Mississippi is navigable to within a few hundred yards of the Falls of St. Anthony, and steamers ply between the Falls and St. Paul.

"From Minneapolis, you travel South to the Falls of "Minnehaha," the laughing waters. If you have been disappointed in St. Anthony, you are not in Minnehaha. It is a "thing of beauty and a joy forever." In all its native loveliness it is before you—its beauty unmarred by art, its bright waters foam, and leap, and dash, just as they have done since God first beheld it, and called it the "Laughing Water." Fort Snelling and Fountain Cave are near by, and the traveler will be richly repaid in visiting both.

"Minnesota possesses one great advantage over all other Northwestern States. She commences with her rich prairies a good adequate supply of water—water, pure, cold, sparkling water. She not only has broad lakes, but there are bright rivers—rivers where the waters leap and frolic and gambol in glory; rivers that shine in the sunlight, and fill the air with music.

"This is the land of every land the prife. The soil is fertile beyond all you can imagine, the air seems exhilarating, and the sky is bluer than in any other land. The winters, though extremely cold, are free from damp—and the cold does not penetrate you as in the wet, drizzly winter air of a more southern latitude. Your feet never get wet in walking out in the winter.

"The prairies afford a sufficient amount of sand to prevent mud, and the roads are actually made better by hard rains."

Our eloquent friend says nothing of the magnificent cities and cities, splendid fishing and hunting, in all directions around St. Paul and St. Anthony. With a just and beautiful allusion to that most dainty and delicious of all American waterfalls—that waterfall of the prairies—Minne-ha-ha—he does not specify the beauties of the neighboring lakes, Calhoun, Harriet, Minnetonka and a hundred others, those emerald gems of Minnesota, as lovely as any that beneath Orient skies laugh love music to the listening ears to the lands of "sunny Kathay."

On the shores of Lake Harriet, is an humble cottage, lives the Rev. John A. Fitch, an Episcopal missionary clergyman, who, we shall not soon forget the interesting hour or two our party spent in that hospitable cot. The followers of Galileo were not poor, but Mr. Fitch and family live in a style of living; but for all that, we are quite sure that the followers of Galileo have few successors, "apparelled in purple and fine linen, and of wealth and power," more worthy of the service of the Master than our quiet Missionary of the Lakes.

At one of the hotels in Minnesota, a young gentleman of our party saw the phrase "Ladies' Department" on the dinner bill of fare. Desiring to know what this meant, he sent for a dish of *water-chickens*. They came, and sure enough looked very much like the smallest and whitest of fried spring chickens. He tried them; found them excellent; recommended them to the rest of the party—ladies and all; all who tried liked them wonderfully; and so, nearly all of us became *frog-eaters* almost without knowing it. The idea is a reproach, "Frog-Eating Frenchmen," has lost much of its force, at least with some of us.

While sojourning at St. Anthony's Falls, the second State Convention of the Democracy of Minnesota assembled at St. Paul. We attended the first day, and were pleased to meet in the convention many native southerners, and hear a general, nay, ardent expression of sentiment in favor of Stephen A. Douglas for President. The harmony and good judgement in the preliminary stages of the convention but, finally, compromise and harmony prevailed; and a grand ratification meetings at night, in which Gen. Sibley, Hon. Mr. Cavanaugh, and other leading Democrats of the State participated, showed that the caravan would be "piped and danced with that energy and enthusiasm which nearly always insure success.

Our splendid hotel at St. Anthony, the "Nicollet House," was filled with people, filled with southern people; and while there, we, (that is, "self and better half,") were joined by Judge Howry and daughter, Miss Howry and Mr. Perkins, of the Memphis Bar, and Col. Wm. H. Long, Miss Harriet A. Long, and Frank. Long, Esq., of Tennessee. Dr. Wm. C. Butler and family, of Tennessee, were on the point of leaving just as we arrived. The Doctor liked the country so well, he made a considerable investment in land forty-five miles nor'-west of St. Paul, on the Minnesota river, which, we learn, he intends to improve for a summer home. There were many others from the South—from Kentucky, Mississippi, and Louisiana—and we found all with them, enjoying the bracing climate of that delightful region and its noble field sports. The day we left, a fully armed and equipped party of buffalo hunters, composed mostly of Southerners, started for a six weeks' hunt two or three hundred miles further north. Among these were W. H. Small, Esq., of Memphis, and Dr. Hudson and Mr. Dawson, of Yazoo City.

We regret to say, that throughout all that north-western region, we found the people still suffering from the "hard times" which began in 1857. The truth is, we suspect, that the unexampled rapidity with which the country began to be settled up a few years ago, produced speculation and an extended system of credits, which, not being sustained by the expected avalanche of emigration, resulted, when the panic came, in much greater depression than was felt in other portions of the North. Evidently, too, vast sums of money have been spent in building. The cities and towns of the Upper Mississippi are as well and finely built as those of the older States. Every village of from two to three hundred inhabitants and upwards, have several large and splendidly built hotels. At one village of six houses, five houses of public entertainment—one very fine—were noted. The sixth was a handsome villa.

"We have barely anything further to add from our very meagre "notes" of the Excursion. One little incident, however, we will mention: Bowling along, one bright day, over the wonderful prairies of Northern Illinois, or Illinois, one of our party, a large slaveholder from Tennessee, looking abroad over those fertile and seemingly boundless fields, exclaimed: "Why! a magnificent country! If Douglas will only let me bring my negroes with me, I will come up and settle a big plantation right here!"

"Of course," replied another, "Mr. Douglas will not object. How could he? We, of the South, have allowed him to bring his negroes and settle a big plantation on Deer Creek, Mississippi. Surely one good turn deserve another."

Rough hewn, take this "note" also. While driving around Prairie du Chien, the backman (a very knowing and communicative "gent," as they call 'em up there) pointed out the princely residence of a leading citizen, with this remark:

"There lives Col. A. B., one of our pioneers, who took an Indian Chief's daughter to wife, when he first came out here. He kept his "squaw" until he got all her property, which was immense, and then sent her off to her tribe, wear of this, where, it is said, she died—but I doubt it—when he married a decent woman of his own color, with whom he has for years lived happily. Some may blame him for making property in this way, but (said the honest backman) I don't."

On either side of the Upper Mississippi, in Iowa and Wisconsin, we were told that a few miles from the river the country rolled away east and west, in the same rich and interminable prairie land, dotted here and there with "motes" of timber and interspersed with peaceful lakes and streams, which we found in northern Illinois and in Minnesota. Well may our friend "the Ecclesiastic" declare that this North-western land is of every land the pride!

It may be that our high opinion of the North-west takes something of its coloring from the fact that Southerners and strangers generally are better treated there than in other portions of the North. However this may be, should the Union ever be dissolved by the devilish arts of the Abolition fanatics, or the machinations of the Anti-Douglas men of our own section, we want the South to take with her the whole of that grand oil trough "water-shed" of prairie and plain which stretches from Calro to the Lake of Ilsean, and from Chicago to the Rocky Mountains.

At the Windsor House, St. Anthony, we noticed that several Southerners, who had been spending the summer there, had their negro servants with them. Noticing this fact, a citizen of the place remarked to one of our party that Southerners need have no fears nor scruples about bringing their servants with them to St. Anthony; that no attempt would be made to induce them to leave their masters; and that, if any such attempt were made, the kidnapping scoundrels who made it would be instantly mobbed by the great body of the citizens, who would willingly rally for that purpose.

And so we close, for the present, our "fragments" of the "Grand Excursion to the Northwest." There are many other things we should like to speak of, but our space is more than consumed, and we must defer them to another day. The whole of that rose-colored voyage, by land and water, with all its varied scenes, its pleasant incidents, its thousand and one outlooks upon golden harvests, wide-extended prairies, deep blue lakes, murmuring streams, grand mountains, and rocks and hills and towers and towns, is laid away in our mind, to be treasured there a precious memory forever. Since we have visited other and better known portions of our great country, we would say: If you want to have your patriotism refreshed, your pride of country and of race stimulated and intensified, go to the North-west, and you will have a new revelation, all fresh and glowing, from Nature and from Nature's God!

LIST OF SUICIDES.—The New York Times has published a list of the suicides which have been recorded in the papers of the United States during the last six weeks. The number is fifty-three in which life is actually taken, and twenty more unsuccessful attempts. Domestic trouble was the cause in a majority of the cases, and a scattered circumstances and disappointments in business led to what coroners call the "rash act" in others.

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In Chancery, at Memphis.

STATE OF TENNESSEE—At rules held in the Clerk's Office, Chancery side of the Circuit Law and Chancery Court of the city of Memphis, Monday, September the 5th, 1859.

Ordered, a free woman of color (Caty) Petition to secure herself into slavery. Petition filed June 27th, 1859.

It appearing from the petition filed herein that the petitioner, Charlotte, a free woman of color, a resident of the State of Tennessee, desires and prays to be permitted to enter herself into slavery, and that Jno. S. Mason, president of Shelby county, Tennessee, upon the terms and conditions required by the act of the General Assembly of the State of Tennessee, is willing, able and prepared: It is therefore ordered that notice of the filing of said petition, and of the intended application of said petitioner to be made at the next term of said Court, to be held on the fourth Monday in November next, (1859,) be published for the space of one month in the Memphis Appeal.

JOHN C. LANIER,
Clerk and Master.

Harris & Wilson, solicitors for petitioner.

sept12-6m

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The Memphis Appeal.

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