Daily Appeal.

MEMPHIS.

FRIDAY.....NOVEMBER 11, 1859.

Reading Matter on Every Page.

Largest Circulation in the City.

THE CURRENCY.

As yet no movement has been made in the Legislature to regulate and perfect the currency excepting, only a bill, introduced by Senator THREDE, of Davidson, to renew the charter of the Planters' Bank. That bill, we are free to say, will not meet the wants of this portion of the State. If there were no other objection to it, the failure to enforce the common-to-all system at the various branches would be a fatal one. The people of West Tennessee are determined to countenance the charter of no more banks which are irredeemable at home. They have tried the experiment both ways, and they will visit with their displeasure any effort made to plant or continue a bank or a branch bank among them that cannot submit to the test of redeeming its circulation at the place where it is issued. They vastly prefer to demand that their banking capital shall be furnished by themselves, to the toleration of a system that deprives them of all power to control the exchanges and provide a circulation which shall always be equal to gold and silver at the counter whence it is issued.

They ask, moreover, that money shall be freed from the trammels that now fetter its use, by usury laws, that are a disgrace to the name of law, and that are every day openly and notoriously violated in consequence of their absurdity. Very little good practical intelligence, it seems to us, ought to enable the Legislature to navigate through the shoals of currency. A few straight forward suggestions would do the work. The practice and experience of the two great commercial States of New York and Louisiana will enable our legislators to satisfy the demands of a just public opinion, and furnish a currency that will at all times be equal to gold and silver, and will attract to us the trade that legitimately belongs to our commercial metropolis. Why should our legislators wrangle and pause, when their path is as plain and the lights of experience dawn so brightly upon them?

JOURNALISM.

"The Press," exclaimed Lord BROUGHAM, in one of his master pieces of original and profound eloquence, "is the best of all popular instructors." If this were true when the learned and venerable ex-chancellor spoke, says the Washington Confederacy, it should be no less so at a far greater degree. For the press, and especially journalism, to which he more particularly referred, has greatly advanced in character, ability and influence since that famous work uttered. No other department of human industry and enterprise, indeed, has become so vitally affected by the general causes which have accelerated and confirmed progress and improvement in the middle of the nineteenth century. The agitation of the human mind produced by political changes that have taken place, and are constantly occurring in different parts of the world; the stimulated and diversified discussions of principles and fundamental rules of government by the people, particularly in our own free land; the extension of commercial and political relations among civilized countries, and of intercourse with barbarous tribes, and the increased facilities for voyaging and traveling; the wonderful cheapness of publications, which has brought knowledge within the reach and acquaintance of the poorest classes of the community; these, and many other causes, have widely extended the circles to which the newspaper is addressed, and, consequently, created a demand for something more than the mere intelligence of the times—for more thorough information and more serious discussion. More complete than ever before—

"A map of busy life,
Its fluctuations and its vast concerns."

The daily journal is also required to be a record of art, science, literature, politics, morals, and religion. To supply this demand, the most versatile talents of the most successful and influential men have frequently been called into requisition; and the newspaper press, consequently, numbers among its contributors in every country some of the first writers of the age. To our own busy and enterprising people it is so exactly suited as to have risen comparatively into the shade every other mode of communication; and it is universally adopted as the readiest and the surest vehicle for the expression of opinions and sentiments; it is, therefore, most emphatically true that, in the hands of wise, enlightened, honest men, "the newspapers may be the best of all possible public instructors."

MISSISSIPPI LEGISLATURE.

This body was regularly organized on Monday last by the election of the Hon. JAMES DRAKE as President of the Senate and Hon. T. A. P. CAMPBELL, as Speaker of the House of Representatives. F. T. COOPER, Esq., of Lawrence, was elected Secretary of the Senate and C. A. BROUGHER, of Tippah county, Clerk of the House.

STREET RAILROADS.

EDITORS APPEAL: We understand that the Mayor has called a special meeting of the board of aldermen for this evening, for the purpose of asking action on the Street Railroad ordinance, now before them. This we consider an energetic move, on his part, in the right direction.

It is time the subject was disposed of in some manner. The wet season will soon set in, and then nothing can be done for months. If there are parties ready and willing to assume the risk of building and operating passenger railroads in this city, we think that it is to the interest of Memphis that they be encouraged in their undertaking, and liberal inducements held out to them to complete their roads immediately.

In the first section of the ordinance, the parties accepting grants under it are permitted to carry either passengers or merchandise, we hope the board will strike out the latter clause, and thus prevent passenger railroads and railroads for the carriage of freight.

The people, by a decided vote, seem to say that they do not want railroads to connect with the public landing. *,*

MISSISSIPPI NEWS.

MISSISSIPPI THANKSGIVING.—The 24th inst. has been designated by Gov. MCWILLIE as a day of general thanksgiving.

INAUGURATION OF GOV. PETTUS.—The inauguration of the Hon. J. J. PETTUS, the Governor elect of Mississippi, will take place at the capital on the 21st inst.

RAILROAD MEETING.—There will be a railroad meeting in this place on next Wednesday the 16th inst., to take into consideration the practicability of building a railroad from St. Louis via Helena and Friar's point to New Orleans. The meeting will be addressed by a gentleman from Helena, Ark., and by Messrs. Wise and others. The counties of Tallahatchie, Sunflower, Yazoo and others along the line, are solicited to appoint delegates to the meeting. Let every public spirited citizen of Coahoma turn out.—*Coahoma Citizen, Nov. 3.*

MISSISSIPPI AND TENNESSEE RAILROAD SUPPENDED.—The *Tallahatchian* of the 5th inst., says:

It will be seen by reference to the advertisement of R. Hough, our general superintendent of the road, that the trains commenced running to Talladega's depot last Monday—which depot is only about thirteen miles of this place. This will be good news to many in our people of this county, who have long looked forward with much interest to the completion from the road to that point. The Mississippi and Tennessee road is a great convenience to the people of Tallahatchie county, and is becoming more so every day. The business from this county, that will be done when that road will be very large, both in the way of travel, and transportation.

HOMICIDE.—On Saturday night last a difficulty occurred at a free nalles from this city between Mag. and Jack Gill—both well known in this community—which resulted in the almost instant death of the former by a gunshot wound inflicted by the latter. This difficulty occurred, we learn, about a dog, and in the altercation Mag. Gill inflicted several blowspon Jack, who retreated from the house into the yard, and being pursued and hotly pressed in his retreat, shot his pursuer with a shot gun loaded with small shot, the load taking effect in the breast near the heart. We learn that Mag. Gill, in his dying moments, justified the conduct of Jack in shooting him, and expressed the wish that he should not be tried or punished for it. Jack Gill was arrested on Monday by the sheriff, and lodged in jail, but no charge being preferred against him, he was, on the day following, discharged.

We are informed by those conversant with the facts of the killing, that Jack Gill was entirely justifiable in what he did.—*Yazoo Democrat, November 5.*

BOLIVAR CIRCUIT COURT.—Samuel Moore, convicted of the murder of H. C. DUBOSE, on a steamboat.

John, a negro, property of Dosson, for the murder of a slave, also belonging to the property of Dosson.

Joe, property of Gowan, for the murder of Joseph Cleary.

George, the property of Lafayette Jones, poisoning.

All to be hung on the 9th of December, except George, whose case has been taken to the high court.—*Vicksburg Sun.*

☞ The *Europa* has probably brought important dispatches for the British Minister, which will enable him to send full instructions to the British officers at San Juan. It is intimated that Scott will be recalled, as the government is desirous of having the benefit of his counsels.

☞ James Buchanan, nephew of the President, has been appointed his private secretary.

"THE PROPOSITION TO ORGANIZE A SOUTHERN PARTY."

EDITORS APPEAL: In the last number of the *Avalanche*, I see an editorial under the above caption that seems to breathe the right spirit, and coming from the quarter it does, is well calculated to cast oil on the troubled waters. I think, however, the editor is a little mistaken when he thinks that all who do not join in the general abuse of Douglas are traitors to the South. There are thousands in the South who do not approve the course of S. A. Douglas, and would prefer the nomination of some other man for the Presidency; yet, for the sake of peace and harmony in the Democratic ranks, they are disposed to be silent on the subject, and leave the matter to the convention to make the nomination, believing the convention will nominate a sound and reliable Democrat, and consequently they are willing to stand pledged to vote for the nominee. If Douglas is the nominee we can gain nothing by placing ourselves outside of the Democratic party, or by the organization of a southern party. Unless we unite on the nominee all is lost, and in that case the blame would attach to the southern disorganizers. That if we go into the convention in good faith, and Douglas does not get the nomination, and he and his friends join the Opposition or set up for themselves a separate organization, as some predict, then, though defeated, we will have the consolation to know that the fault was not our own, and we are still inside of the great national party that must ultimately prevail. If there is to be a disorganization of the Democratic party, let us as southerners throw the responsibility on the Douglas party. For a few Democrats to undertake to set up a southern party, it is perfect folly and madness. Was not an effort of that sort made a few years ago? and I, with many others who felt aggrieved and imposed on by the north, voted with the State Rights party, but where did we stand? You know we were greatly in the minority in the South, and just so it would be again; and unless the South can unite all political divisions into a northern party at this time would be powerless. But as we, now stand with the northern conservative Democrats, who have stood by us through evil as well as good report, let us not act madly, foolishly and unadvisedly; let us improve our past experience, and when we find the northern Democracy has forsaken us, and we must rely alone on southern protection, when our constitutional rights are threatened or involved, and we are borne down by a dominant, fanatical Abolition party at the North, and a few more insurrections are attempted and encouraged by northern fanatics and southern sympathising and apologizing presses, then we can safely count on a southern party that the word Union will have no charms for; yes a southern party that will not only strike for freedom, but if need be for revolution. But I trust in God that we may be protected in our rights, that the Union may be saved. There are in the South, thousands who deeply feel our grievances, and sympathize with extreme southerners, and if the test was to come, they would be all right, yet they feel interested in our Union, and believe it can be preserved. There are, too, thousands of Democrats, who would be with us in contending for our rights, and will stand by us to the last moment, so long as we battle for the Union and Constitution; but let us set up a southern organization, and they will all forsake us, and then submission or disunion is inevitable. No! I fully agree with the *Avalanche*, that we abandon our present national Democratic platform, and set up a sectional party platform, would be the most extreme madness and folly; but southern as I am in my feelings, I am not yet prepared to go with the *Avalanche* to the extent of its support of an extreme southern party, should such a one be organized under existing circumstances, and for reason which we think not only the most prudent, but morally right. In the first place, we cannot see the necessity for such an organization at this time, and secondly, we are satisfied that no good can grow out of such an organization either to the party or nation, for it would evidently result in a defeat of the Democratic party, and a triumph of Black-Republicanism—neither of which I will ever knowingly give my aid to bring about. I would like to co-operate with southern Democrats, and as long as they remain in the precincts of Democracy, and stand on the Cincinnati platform and Dred Scott decision, I am with them; but there are thousands North and South, who are good and true, that will never yield to an abandonment of these principles at this particular crisis, and the party that attempts it will find themselves not only fearfully in the minority, but powerless; and not only powerless in a national point of view, but even in the South, Whigs, Know-Nothings, union and conservative Democrats, would all unite in opposition to such a party. I am speaking now as an Alabama, the State where I cast my first vote for President (Geo. Jackson), where I served in the convention that recommended Van Buren over H. L. White to the national convention, and where I acted by, and battled with Democracy in the coon skin and hard cider campaign, the State that has ever been true to Democracy, now leading off in favor of a southern organization. This thing ought not to be, and I yet think the sober second thought of the masses will arrest this fanaticism, and with a few such presses as the *Avalanche*, harmony and union in the Democratic ranks may be restored properly directed in that object.—AN OLD DEMOCRAT.

LEXINGTON, Miss., November 10, 1859.

ARKANSAS NEWS.

GRAND INDIAN COUNCIL.—A grand Indian council composed of delegates of the Choctaws, Chickasaws, Chickasaw Creek and Seminole nations, will be held at North Fork of Canadian, in the Creek nation, commencing on the 15th of November. The object of the council, we understand, is to regulate matters of intercourse between the nations represented in the council, such as the arrest and punishment of criminals, etc., and to bring about a feeling of reciprocity between the nations mentioned above. The object of the council is a good one, and will no doubt have good effect.—*Fort Smith Press.*

The same paper has the following:

HON. A. M. WILSON.—We learn that the friends of Col. Alfred M. Wilson, of Washington county, will present the name of that gentleman for the Congressional nomination at the next district convention. Col. W. is, we understand, a popular man in the West, and Col. Hindman will find it him a strong competitor. Both gentlemen are sound Democrats and very worthy men, either of whom, if nominated, shall receive our warmest support, and the friends of both can do no harm by keeping cool, and provided they abstain from personal and acrimonious criminations.

PROSPERITY.—It is really encouraging to see how rapidly our country is improving. It is a fact generally admitted, and noticed by the Western country, that there never has been a time in the history of this country, when her prospects were so flattering. We believe we can say with safety that there has been at least one hundred freight wagons loaded in this city this week, for the Indian country and adjoining counties. Truly we are flourishing.—*Fort Smith Herald.*

We clip the following from the above paper:

MURDERS IN THE CHICKAW AND CHICKASAW NATIONS.—By a letter from our friend E. G. Whitesides, U. S. Deputy Marshal, just received, we learn that Thomas Mitchell, a Chickasaw Indian, was killed at Tishomingo, last Saturday, and that on the same day a Choctaw Indian was killed at Boggy Depot, Ganichi. On the night of the 8th inst., a white man, a mover, was shot near Jonathan Nale, by some drunken Indians, who sound is confused report, Mr. Whitesides thinks he will be able to find out who are the perpetrators of the crime.

On the night of the 9th inst., a store house was burnt in Tishomingo. The store house one Indian and a white man, who attended the ferry were killed. The white man was found several days afterwards, on this side of the river; but as he had been missing since the night the store was burnt, it is supposed he was killed by the same party. He had a bullet hole through the head.

President Buchanan and the Washington Election of 1857.

We find the annexed handsome and well deserved notice of the conduct of the President on a notable occasion in Washington city, among the remarks of Wm. S. Waters, Esq., delivered before the great gathering of the people of Baltimore, on November 2nd, on a late occasion:

I read in history of but one community that has attained the light which was attained in this square on Tuesday night last. That was France.—Paris—during the French revolution. Then it was when the guillotine was emblematical of the ruling party in that city—when it was sworn upon their dress—and that time is called the Reign of Terror. Upon their very banners was inscribed that the law was a nullity, and yet had its right to enter. What are some of the sentiments which accompany this declaration? The very first thing which we hear from these parties has been a denunciation of the President of the United States for his firmness on a memorable occasion in calling out the marines to preserve law and order in the city of Washington. Mr. Buchanan has been considered as having murdered the lives of citizens.

I have not the slightest idea but at this time I address hundreds that don't approve of the administration of Mr. Buchanan; but there is one act of his rule which will go down in history, and will be mentioned to his glory as long as the country shall last, and that is that he by his firmness did force, against Washington from being ruled by "Red Necks," "Blood Tubs," "Plug Uglies," "Black Snakes," and "Tigers." For this the President will be commended by all honest men everywhere. It is that which has preserved untarnished the city of Washington; that which has kept the metropolis of the country in the possession of civilization, by being free from the domination of such clubs, bearing names of foppy significance.

STATE CONVENTION.—The Democratic State convention of Mississippi will assemble at Jackson on the 2d Monday of December next. This convention will appoint a list of delegates to the National Convention at Charleston.

Harper's Ferry Resolutions.

The following preamble and resolutions were introduced in the Georgia House of Representatives on Thursday, by Mr. Gibson, of Richmond, and passed unanimously:

WHEREAS, The late attempt at Harper's Ferry, in the State of Virginia, to excite a portion of the slaves of the South to insurrection, has produced the highest degree of indignation in the minds of the southern people against the perpetrators of that outrage, their aiders and abettors, and affords just ground to apprehend a renewal of their efforts in other places; and whereas, the action of Governor Wise and President Buchanan meets with our unqualified approbation, we deem it incumbent upon the members of the Legislature of the State of Georgia to give the most authoritative expression of their sentiments; therefore,

Resolved, That we regard the effort to excite the slaves of the South to a servile insurrection with the most intense indignation, and trust that the parties to this insane and treasonable plot may meet with the most prompt and signal punishment, believing as we do, that while it will be horrible in its retribution for their crime, it will exert a wholesome influence in deterring others from countenancing similar movements.

Resolved, That the prompt and energetic action of Governor Wise, of Virginia, and of President Buchanan, in suppressing the outbreak at Harper's Ferry, and in their efforts to capture the insurgents, evince a degree of manliness and patriotism, honorable alike to them and worthy of our warm admiration.

Resolved, That we pledge the State of Georgia to uphold and support the State of Virginia and the President of the United States in the position they have assumed, in connection with this unfortunate affair, and we earnestly counsel the utmost vigilance in guarding against the reoccurrence of a similar conspiracy in our own borders, or elsewhere at the South.

Resolved, That a copy of the foregoing preamble and resolution be transmitted by the Governor of the State of Georgia to the Governor and Legislature of Virginia, and to the President of the United States.

The same was then ordered to be transmitted to the Senate without delay.

Gov. Winston's Letters.

We publish this letter with pleasure because we approve every word of it, as far as we understand it.

Like him, we cannot see how the South can be benefitted to the least by defeating or breaking down the Democratic party, and that is about the only remedy proposed. When we reflect that those who are loudest and most purpose in their outcry against the Democratic party—and generally in the name of the South—would raise the same outcry against it, even if it accomplished every political object we pretend to occupy, we are astonished that any Democrat should join with them.

The cry is "down with the national Democracy!" Well, down with it, and what next? Can a strictly southern sectional party elect a President? No body dream of such a thing. Then, which party would arise on the ruins of the national Democracy? None but the Black-Republicans, as stated by Mr. Waters, and the Crittenden and Bell school. What would the South gain by such a change? So far from gaining, she would loose her independence.

We wish our Democratic friends to stand to their colors, until that old party we have supported so long—that party which has defended the South for years against the assaults of northern fanaticism—until it has utterly declared that it has ceased to be a safe party, and then we will be the first to desert it. We believe it has not yet arrived at that point. We believe it is still the party of the South, through which she has been, and is now, our only bulwark, faithful in its duty, and then it will be time enough to join in the hue and cry against it. Let us not be too hasty, and be premature as they are mischievous, drive us from our flag; let us wait until the party proves itself untrue and unworthy; let us not listen to those who would denounce it, no matter what it might do; let not the Douglas question, of all others, distract us, but, if our party should fail to be a shield and defense, as its enemies predict, let our faithful friends fear, then we will be as well, if not better warranted, as Gov. Winston says, to go out of the Union, then we would be if we should now listen to their clamor.

Let us wait patiently and see what the Charleston Convention will do, and not destroy its power to do good by premature and unprofitable discussion, or by expressing doubts and suspicions of its disposition to do justice. We remember that, in 1850, the influence of the Nashville Convention was destroyed long before it met, by those very men who are now so noisy for the South. If that Convention had received the undivided support of the South, the country would have long ago been settled then on fair terms, and peacably. The assaults upon the convention, before it met, and particularly the omens that were aimed at it, destroyed its moral strength long before it met.

Shall we State Rights Democrats destroy the Charleston Convention in the same manner? Let us wait and see what it will do, before we doubt or condemn.—*Cahaba Gazette.*

Hon. Stephen A. Douglas.

From the Portland (Me.) Press.

The popularity of the Senator from Illinois, as the probable nominee of the Charleston Convention, is daily on the increase not only in the West and Northwest, but also in the South. The popular sovereignty platform upon which he took his stand, and which he has so pallantly maintained against assaults of every kind, is accepted by the Democrats of the North-west as a unit. In New York, too, nine-nine out of every hundred Democrats are firmly resolved never to abandon the doctrines of the Cincinnati platform. On this platform, as explained by Mr. Buchanan in 1850, Mr. Douglas has placed himself. The Democracy accept the doctrine of popular sovereignty precisely as Mr. Buchanan proposed it in his letter of acceptance, that the people of a Territory, like those of a State, shall decide for themselves whether slavery shall or shall not exist within their limits. This is Democratic truth, and as such Mr. Douglas has stood ably and unanswerably sustained it to his able essay on popular sovereignty, and his still more able reply to Judge Black, both of which we have laid before the readers of the *Post*.

Whenever Judge Douglas has spoken—wherever his able arguments have been read—the voice of public opinion is with him and for him. His speeches in Ohio largely reduced the Republican majorities in the counties where they were made. The effect of his great influence is seen and felt in the pending contest in New York. The nominating convention in that State conducted its business with evident regard to the coming man from Illinois. The tone and temper of the southern press is daily becoming more favorable. He is the only man who can successfully meet Seward on with its "irrepressible conflict" doctrine—so dangerous to the South.

In Europe, too, the friends of the Little Giant comprise the large majority of the Democratic party. The delegates to our State convention will soon have to be selected. Let the friends of popular sovereignty, and of the people's advocate, see to it that men are sent to Harrisburg who will correctly represent them and their sentiments. At the Charleston convention the influence of the Keystone State will be a tremendous one, and the friends of the Constitution and the Union—the lovers of harmony in the Democratic party—have not so blind but they see that Douglas is the only man with whom to meet the sectional Republicans in the coming contest. With him the sectional Democrats can meet and well succeed. Without him all is doubt and danger. Let us, as Pennsylvanians, do our duty to the country and to one of the most brilliant men whom the country has ever produced.

Doing a Steamboat Clerk.

On the last trip of the Belle Creole down her clerk who is generally awake as he rogues, was done out of a passage by one of them in a very amusing way. A gentleman whom we shall call Mr. C., with his wife, was waiting on the wharfboat at Lake Providence, for a boat to Vicksburg. They fell in there with a passenger whom we shall call Mr. Sharper who had been down the Bayou Macon, and stopped, they went on board together, and the clerk, being busy in looking after baggage etc., did not take special notice of the faces. After he settled in his state room for the night, he went into the clerk's office, entered himself and wife on the register, and paying the two passages, retired. Late at night, the clerk saw a man there, as he thought, in the cabin, and stepping up accosted him politely:

"You came on board at Lake Providence, I think?"

"Yes," said Mr. Sharper, blandly.

"Your name is not registered, I think," said the clerk hinting thus quietly at the passage money.

Yes it is," replied the passenger; "I put it down immediately after I came on board. You will find it on your book."

"I don't remember it," said the clerk, musingly, "please step into the office and show it to me."

In they went and our passenger pointed to the name of Mr. C.

"Yes but I am not sleepy, and I believe I will sit up till the boat lands."

"All right—hey your pardon; you had your shawl on when you came on board and I did not recognize your face."

The boat landed at Vicksburg about three in the morning, and the stranger disappeared with as little notice as he came on board.

Very early in the morning the clerk was accosted abruptly by another man—

"Hello! were you robbed?" he enquire. I entered myself to stop at Vicksburg. Why was I not called at Vicksburg?"

"Why, what's the trouble? Why did you not tell me? What's your name?"

"C., sirr my name is C. I came on board at Lake Providence. I put my name on your register for Vicksburg, and here you are taking me to New Orleans."

The thing began to explain itself to the puzzled clerk. "You are Mr. C., are you?"

"To be sure I am. What of that?"

"Only," says the clerk, "that another man passed himself off for you last night, and got ashore without paying. I begin to understand why he waited to sit up, and did not want to be called at Mr. C.'s number."

Mr. C. was bran-ch down to Natchez, where he took a return boat for Vicksburg, where he will keep a bright eye out for the man who personated him on the Belfast. The clerk thinks that man will do to travel, but on some other boat hereafter.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

The Value of Stories.

A gentleman who acted as secretary, secretary and amanuensis for Prescott, the historian, gives some extremely interesting particulars in relation to the habits of this remarkable man. His memories were regular as clockwork, and among his invariable habits was that of listening every day of his life, for the space of an hour, to some story or tale, read to him by his wife or his secretary. He needed this kind of mental refreshment as a relief from the study of the matter-of-fact history which he worked so much as he needed sleep or exercise, in the open air. And what he required, every mind requires. Stories, therefore, are as necessary to the preservation and improvement of the human intellect as any other kind of the very exercise. It is only the thoughtless and ungeneralized who speak of stories with contempt. They are to the realities of life what flowers are to the vegetable world. Roses and violets are as important to the enjoyment of the universe as the oaks and cedars.

The story writer, therefore, is entitled to hold in less esteem than the author of ponderous volumes of history or dissertation on physiography and political economy. Each has its sphere, and is entitled to respect according to the degree of ability with which he fulfills the duty which his talents qualify him to discharge.

Amsterdam.

Geo. S. Hilliard writes a very interesting account of this quaint city, which is printed in the Boston *Courier*. We quote:

I left the Hague on the morning of Wednesday, September 28, for Amsterdam, and arrived at the place about ten. There was very little variety, of course in the country we went through. Flat green meadows, intersected with canals, and animated with cattle, made up the staple of the landscape. Sometimes the spire of a distant church would note the situation of a village, set, island-like, in the midst of a sea of verdure. Rows of trees were frequent accompaniments of the scene. Sometimes, as the train swept by, I could catch a glimpse of an opening in this thick plantation, and note the vision of a quaint chateau, with a lawn of exquisite verdure, and alleys of trees reflecting each other with formal precision. The landscape was certainly not picturesque or even beautiful; I should not wish to be obliged to look upon it always; but it was characteristic and peculiar, and I was very glad of an opportunity to see it.

I was led by a tower on the top, from which a fine view of Amsterdam, its encircling waters, and the neighboring country is to be had; and a singular landscape it is. If you can apply this word to a combination in which "water, everywhere," clasping the city like a ring and running its liquid lines between the streets, is known to half the houses in the city, its bearing breast like a swan's nest upon a pool. All around, not the slightest elevation was to be seen—the flat plain was everywhere extended till it was lost in the line of sky.

Hague is quiet and silent, and Amsterdam is crowded, noisy and bustling. Here there are canals everywhere; vessels of all sorts and sizes are introduced into the streets; at every few rods a bridge is crossed. Your way is strewn with what I may venture to call architectural epigrams—with quaint, odd and unexpected combinations, full of point and flavor, which dart into you a sting of surprise, and make you pause and look around you, to assure yourself that you are not walking in a dream. The women that you see are, many of them, unlike anything you have before seen, unpainted, but nicely varnished, with very round balls, and seemingly innocent of knees. Here families live, children are born, the dead are taken away to be buried; and all the play of life is played out. Every few minutes you pass a house which has so peculiar a look that it seems as if it must have had a peculiar history. The combination of land and water is not poetical, as it is at Venice, but it is odd and strange; it is a dream, but not a pleasant dream. Things are jumbled together in the most discordant manner, but it is the spirit of trade and thrift that has done it all.

I should infer from my observation of Amsterdam—what I am told is the case—that the contrasts of wealth and poverty are here very marked. There are no palaces, and no fine row in which, no doubt, gentlemen with unpronounceable names, and guilders numberless, are cited in fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day; but poverty is evidently here in huge masses; and poverty must be bitterly forlorn here, with so much wet, so little sunshine, such sheet and cold days in winter, children always dabbling in the mud, and nothing but peat to burn, and little of that. There are, I learn, at least 25,000 in the poor quarter in which they live are really painful to walk through, such is the dirt, the disorder, the evidence of want in which the people live. Here, by the by, for the first and only time in my life, I saw stuck up a public notice in the Hebrew tongue. I was glad to find that I understand it nearly as well as those in Dutch.

I am very well pleased to have seen Amsterdam; it was an enlargement of my experience, and a reminiscence which I shall no describing can exactly convey; but I have rarely seen a place in which I should less desire to live. I should not like to have my land in matter mixed in the proportions of the English tipple called half-and-half. The land here is not really land, and the water is not water; it is hard to tell where the one begins and where ends. I cannot but think that the microscope would reveal scales on the skins of the inhabitants, and rudimentary webs between their toes; and if there is any truth in the notion about the canals, it is certain there are none anywhere.

The Diminution of Rain.

The following remarks on the cause and consequence of the diminution of rain in all countries, are by M. A. Dembinsky, professor of chemistry:

It is demonstrated that during the last eight years an increase of cultivation of land has taken place, and that the major ity of rivers recede to much lower beds, losing a great amount of their usual volume of water, and raise an abundance of lowlands and marshes, which even layers for dry land, and increase the solid matter of the globe. The same effect is caused by the increase of population and the progress of science and arts, by the decay or refuse of matter. Large forests are consumed by the great demand for the erection of habitations, ship building, domestic and agricultural employments, and industry, by which means the reflection of light must increase, and therefore by a smaller amount of evaporation or humidity be the cause, and consequence, less the amount of rain is produced, so that the formation of land is favored. The phenomenon of the Nile in Egypt not having overflowed during the month of June, still the coast area of the Baltic having receded for about a quarter of a mile, and similar events visible in all rivers, substantiate the fact. We come now to the question, what results and consequences emanate from it?

And as far as human calculation permits, we find already striking proofs in the great change of climate condition, the increase of heat, and great amount of atmospheric electricity, producing virulent diseases, the prevalent affections of the respiratory organs, the uncommon emigration of animals and fishes from distant climates, the morning and noonday reflections of the sun, and several other indications which would require volumes to describe. One universal blessing, however, will ensue, and that will be the disappearance of the potato disease. All bulbous plants, if for many years propagated by bulbs, and not by the cultivation of seeds, lose a great deal of their saccharine and flowy substance, and incline to an unhealthy fermentation of the juice in the plants, which, during the continual rain, attract certain atmospheric animalcules, and which penetrate into the plants, to metamorphose and those produce an almost invisible mage, which, at its maturity, descends from the stalk into the bulbs, and causes the potato disease. If, during an interval of dry and hot weather, the fermentation, which is not presented, the disease will surely disappear. This result has been established on the continent, where sandy soil is prevalent, principally in Mark Brandenburg, in Prussia, where, by order of the government, extensive trials were instituted and produced the said effect. Agriculturists ought to improve the cultivation of potatoes by the seeds, and their products in the third season would confirm my assertion.

A TOUCHING ANECDOTE.—Hon. A. H. Stephens, of Georgia, in a recent address at a meeting in Alexandria, for the benefit of the orphan asylum and free schools of that city, related the following anecdote:

A poor little boy, in a cold night in June, with no home or roof to shelter his head, no father or maternal parent to care for or protect or direct him on his way, reached at nightfall the house of a rich planter, who took him in, fed, lodged, and sent him on his way with his breakfast. Some kind attentions cheered his heart and inspired him with fresh courage to battle with the obstacles of life. Years rolled on. Providence led him on; he had reached the legal majority. He was a scrub, he had deserted through the palate, carrying with it the screw, one extremity of which had forced itself into the right nostril, where it was discovered by the surgeon, who was called in, and extracted from the left nostril, where it was lodged and lay in contact with his tongue. To extract the jagged mass of iron thus sunk in the cheekbone and sebaceous cells was found to be a matter of difficulty. Then, the patient, after the inflammation subsided, Mr. Pretz recovered rapidly, his general health was unpaired, and he returned to his regiment with the single exception of the frightful cicatrix in the bones of his face. He took his turn of duty as usual, attained the command of his company, participated in all the enjoyments of the mess room, and died eight years afterward, on the 1st of April, 1836, not from any consequence of this fearful wound, but from fever and inflammation brought on by other causes. So little was he apparently inconvenienced by the presence of the strange body in his palate, that he was accustomed, with his finger, partially to unlock the screw, which, but for its extreme length, he might altogether have withdrawn. To enable this to be done, and possibly to make the operation for the extraction of the trench itself through the original orifice, (which never entirely closed,) an attempt was made in 1835 to take off a portion of the screw with a file, but, after having cut it three parts through, the operation was interrupted, chiefly owing to the carelessness and indifference of Captain Pretz, whose death occurred before the attempt could be resumed. The piece of iron, on being removed after his decease, was found to measure two and three-quarter inches in length, and weighed two scruples more than two ounces and three-quarters.

☞ Sir Emerson Tennent, in his new work on Ceylon, tells the following remarkable story:

Lieut. Gerard Fretz, of the Ceylon rifle regiment, while stationed at a sub-station in the vicinity of Fort McDonald, in Ovah, was wounded in the face by the bursting of his fowling piece, on the 23d of January, 1828. He was then about twenty years of age. On raising him, it was found that part of the breech of the gun, and about two inches of the barrel, had been driven through the frontal bone, and was protruding from the back of the head. It had sunk almost perpendicularly, till the iron plate called the "tail pin," by which the barrel is made to fit into the stock, had arrested and descended through the palate, carrying with it the screw, one extremity of which had forced itself into the right nostril, where it was discovered by the surgeon, who was called in, and lay in contact with his tongue. To extract the jagged mass of iron thus sunk in the cheekbone and sebaceous cells was found to be a matter of difficulty. Then, the patient, after the inflammation subsided, Mr. Pretz recovered rapidly, his general health was unpaired, and he returned to his regiment with the single exception of the frightful cicatrix in the bones of his face. He took his turn of duty as usual, attained the command of his company, participated in all the enjoyments of the mess room, and died eight years afterward, on the 1st of April, 1836, not from any consequence of this fearful wound, but from fever and inflammation brought on by other causes. So little was he apparently inconvenienced by the presence of the strange body in his palate, that he was accustomed, with his finger, partially to unlock the screw, which, but for its extreme length, he might altogether have withdrawn. To enable this to be done, and possibly to make the operation for the extraction of the trench itself through the original orifice, (which never entirely closed,) an attempt was made in 1835 to take off a portion of the screw with a file, but, after having cut it three parts through, the operation was interrupted, chiefly owing to the carelessness and indifference of Captain Fretz, whose death occurred before the attempt could be resumed. The piece of iron, on being removed after his decease, was found to measure two and three-quarter inches in length, and weighed two scruples more than two ounces and three-quarters.

TO PROFESSING CHRISTIANS.

From the N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

"BRETHREN: John Brown, a disciple of Christ, has placed life in peril for colored American slaves.

He trusts in God; pray for him and those in peril with him. GEO. W. ROSE.

New York, October 31, 1859."

The above, not improbably, is from a conscientious man. There are those who deny that a thorough-going, out-and-out American Abolitionist can be conscientious, but we deem it possible, and to say probable, that John Brown and his fellow-conspirators (though this does not, in the eye of the law, mitigate in the least the enormity of their offense) went to Harper's Ferry in the full conviction that they were doing right. As quoted in a letter by one of his sons, Brown says, "a good Providence seems to lead us;" and at the same time, according to the testimony of a witness, he knew that the act he contemplated was treason against the Government of the United States. Yes; it is possible that every one of old Brown's band was capable of carrying a slave-holder's throat from ear to ear, and immediately offering a sincere prayer for the Divine benediction on the bloody deed. This we suspect to be the true character of some of the men now on trial at Charlestown.

Now, what greater curse can befall a country than to have it infected with conscientious murderers, hatchers of treason, incendiaries and assassins? Some of the Eastern and North-western States are overrun with such vermin. They would suffer martyrdom, or submit with holy resignation to any penalty incurred by their acts. To expect such men to submit to law and to reason, is simply to hope to convince them of error, would be the height of folly. They acknowledge only the behests of a "higher law," and for its imperious mandates they are ready at their own disordered mind. The decrees of conscience, in their views, are infallible. To heed mere legal obligations, is to "confer with flesh and blood." Among the adherents of the Moslem faith, and in almost all pagan communities, are to be found still more remarkable examples of this blind fanaticism—this monstrous outgrowth of a spurious religion, under the influence of which the pages of history, in all times, have been blackened with deeds of inconceivable atrocity. We may well exclaim, as poor humanity has done in all ages and ever so far Lord, "Oh religion, what crimes have been perpetrated in thy name!"

But whence springs this foul spirit in the United States, in spite of all our facilities for cultivating an enlighted conscience, for if men are bound to obey their consciences, they are under obligations still more imperious to see that conscience is educated in conformity with a correct standard. Unquestionably, it finds a direct encouragement in the higher law principle which has been taught for the last years from so many pulpits; it is among the class of religionists that fanaticism crops out in its most hideous form, and bears the bitter fruits of treason and blood; it is here that the spirit of rebellion is persistently and consistently fostered. Every mind is entitled to the right of private judgment, whatever the capacity of that judgment; but when educated men, especially those accepted as spiritual guides, proclaim that each individual may not only think but act for himself, in disregard of legal enactments and the rights of his fellowmen, it must also assume, that he is relieved of the responsibility of the consequences of lawless action. Such weapons as are thus placed in unskilled hands may not be entirely free from accountability for their deeds. Neither can the decisions of the supreme legal authority of the land be assailed and brought into contempt without the risk of a shock which may shake the bones of his force. He took his turn of duty as usual, attained the command of his company, participated in all the enjoyments of the mess room, and died eight years afterward, on the 1st of April, 1836, not from any consequence of this fearful wound, but from fever and inflammation brought on by other causes. So little was he apparently inconvenienced by the presence of the strange body in his palate, that he was accustomed, with his finger, partially to unlock the screw, which, but for its extreme length, he might altogether have withdrawn. To enable this to be done, and possibly to make the operation for the extraction of the trench itself through the original orifice, (which never entirely closed,) an attempt was made in 1835 to take off a portion of the screw with a file, but, after having cut it three parts through, the operation was interrupted, chiefly owing to the carelessness and indifference of Captain Fretz, whose death occurred before the attempt could be resumed. The piece of iron, on being removed after his decease, was found to measure two and three-quarter inches in length, and weighed two scruples more than two ounces and three-quarters.

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