THE MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL.

BY M'CLANAHAN & DILL. MEMPHIS, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1860. VOLUME XI—NUMBER 244.

Daily Appeal.

WHO IS ANSWERABLE!

From the St. Louis Republican.]

We observe that, as we expected, the Breckinridge papers, among which is of course the St. Louis Bulletin, impute the failure in certain States to defeat the Black-Republican candidates to Mr. Douglas. This absurd and slight perversion of truth is very very worthy of those who resort to it. It is in keeping with the whole course of the anti-Douglas Democrats from the beginning. It is just what might be expected from those foolish and insane enough to cut loose from their last chance and last hope of preventing the Black-Republicans from getting possession of the Government.

Every man with a modicum MS enough to hold a thimble full of brains, long ago knew that the Democratic party in this presidential contest stood in war before them. With the best candidate possible—the most available from personal popularity with the northern Democracy, and, just logical with southern terms—it was fairly forfeited by everybody, but the pardoned among the Breckinridgers, that a Democratic President could be elected only after a severe struggle and by the forces, not of any majority which Democrats could afford to trifle with. There were many reasons for this view of coming events.

One of these reasons was the course of Buchanan's Administration, which, in two or three quarters, was to be branded as wrecking with prejudice and proclivities of all sorts. Some time since we looked to certain features in this Administration which could not bear the inspection of honest men. The action of the executive which have done so much to compromise the President himself, saying nothing of his principal subordinates, was fastening itself on the Democratic party. It was a load hard to carry, and any candidate believed to be selected upon the grounds of his being peculiarly acceptable to the Administration, would have had to stoop for load.

Anything that could, in any way, stay that sentiment, of so rapid and stubborn a growth in the free States, that an arrogant, overbearing pro slavery party had taken possession of the Democratic party in the South, and that party northern Democrats were getting to be jealous. They had grown restive under its domination. They had become impressed with the belief that to qualify men to carry our laws and government beyond the rule of the Constitution, and a healthy administration of the Government. They saw how this sentiment was operating to the detriment of the Democratic party everywhere out of the slave States, and they knew that this suspicion had already taken root, that it could be confirmed and to raise the party above it—would be a work of immense hardship. They knew that where the sentiment of the North was strongest, while just to the South, would be acceptable to the northern Democracy, the fate of the party was sealed.

With these views they presented Mr. Douglas as the candidate on whom the party might be unite. They did so, because they knew he had immense popularity throughout the North without the sentiment in question, and because fact that they had been generously twice postponed for the benefit of rival aspirants, and should not again be passed by when the time came for the nomination of that of non-interpretation with slavery in the Territories—beyond which no Northern man, no citizen of the free States, with anything approaching to manhood, could be forced to go. With the severe struggle impending, they felt certain that under no other standard bearer would defeat be avoided.

We have seen what happened at Charleston and subsequently at Baltimore. The claims of Douglas and the assurance of the northern Democracy were disregarded. The child-like idea that in such a crisis any Democrat would have done, prevailed with those in these conventions who were not in the secret of the leading opponents of Douglas. These last knew better. But this idea was the only one they could openly present to their followers. They knew well that the representatives of four-fifths of the Democratic party, never would endure it, and so by keeping their poor followers firmly pinned to their skirts they would accomplish their object, which was to kill out the defeat of the Black Republicans by the maintenance of Democratic rule at Washington.

Hence the Charleston convention nominated any other Democrat, he would have failed of an election. No such nomination could have been made without a suspicion of dictation from the extreme South and the Administration—a suspicion which would have killed him. We need not recount a thing so obvious. But a nomination—no matter of whom—was not a matter of selection with a portion of the southern Democrats who went to the convention.

These Democrat were determined. They had under consideration—in the rupture and double nomination which their intrigues effected—than any nomination not sure to beat. They wanted no Lord or Wade or Sumner or Collamer nominated. Generally, they would have voted them better. They was all him elected, because they hoped and believed they could make it an occasion for dividing the Union. They believed that under that provocation they could make the Southern States go out of the Union—could by precipitating a revolution in the British States make them State secede. Disembodiste led the van of the bolt from the party. They were strong enough to incite a separate nomination, after a very little go, like Fremont, and leave any of the Democracy had bombarded the only Democrat a hopeless chance of a chance of being elected.

Perhaps this act was decisive. Possibly nothing more was wanting to insure defeat to the party. But to make that defeat sure beyond peradventure, Mr. Buchanan, as President of the United States, threw all his appointees into the service of his personal friends, and backed by obvious and vindictive sensational rivals of the Democratic candidate, turned the cold arrayed side by side with the dissidents. They commenced a furious war on Mr. Douglas. The avowed principle on which it has been waged is such as strikes to the vitals of five-sixths of the people of the United States of all parties save the Breckinridge party. In advocates at the North have not a particle of sympathy, the whole land feels it. Take out of it there Buchanan office-holders, and there is not a cart full of Breckinridgers in a county. But the war has not slacked because it has been unpopular. It is a bitter, vindictive cause. Buchanan, at the head of his minions, coheres, or rather, unfortunate kingpiece, has been charging furiously. All we hope is that he has not succeeded in drawing enough cohorts, or rather, unfortunate kingpiece, has been charging furiously. All we hope is that he has not succeeded in drawing the Treasury to replenish the money chest of his forces, wherever the contribution of his followers may have been expended, or have run short.

We have thus indicated the causes which will have brought defeat on the Democracy, if such a fate may be in store for it at this election. It is idle and puerile to charge that defeat on Douglas. Considering all the discouraging circumstances, the disruption at Charleston, the Schi against the Democratic candidate since, the probable effect of such spectacles on the floating vote in blowing it toward Lincoln, and on the Republicans in attracting some of the conservative votes to Douglas has the support that he has. If he has fallen short, what would have happened to any other candidate? Let any other Democrat have received and a similar position, and he would have received from the field before now in hopeless disgust. The effect of the Democracy is due to disunion, and Buchanan-ism, and the Democrat who is one of which will be buried eternally from men's sight after the fourth of March next, and the other will life its already diminished head in inglorious obscurity, for at least one generation.

Fearful Tragedy in New York—A Daughter Shoots Herself to Escape her Father's Brutality.

From the New York Times.

A very remarkable and distressing case of attempted self-destruction occurred on Sunday evening, at the residence of Mr. Enoch Griffith, No. 76 West Twenty-ninth street, the principal in the tragedy being Miss Josephine C. Lyon, a young lady who is represented by her friends to be possessed of more than ordinary beauty and intelligence.

Attending the sad affair are very peculiar circumstances, which are related to the writer by Mrs. Griffith, the lady of the house in question, and the occurrence transpired, and other persons to whom the facts relative to the history of the unfortunate young woman are perfectly familiar. From those sources we learn that Miss Lyon, who is but 17 years of age, was forced, in February last, to leave the home of her parents, in First street, to escape falling into a state of life which had been fatal for her destruction. Her father, who, years ago, was in well-to-do circumstances, and kept an extensive livery stable at the corner of Grand and Mercer streets, has met with reverses in his business, and eventually became reduced almost to want.

With the disappearance of his property, so runs the story, vanished from him all affection for his family, and on several occasions he made disgraceful propositions to his daughter, suggesting that the money she might earn would assign him at least the means of subsistence. Such unnatural overtures the young woman invariably repelled, but seemingly without diverting the purpose of her parent. At one several occasions subsequently young men were brought to the house, and an attempt was made to bend her to their designs. She states that to keep the peace in the family of her stay at her father's house, it became necessary for her to lock and barricade the door of her bedroom, to protect herself from violence at the hands of a man who had lost all manhood her own elected by her parent. On Sunday, the 25th of February, the person called to see her, and at empted, evidently with base purposes in view, to make her insensible with chloroform. She detected the odor of the narcotic, and unable to bear the torment to which she had been subjected any longer, she fled from the house.

This evening she called upon the family of a Mr. Jennings, with whom in some degree she was intimate, and related the story of her troubles, entreating that a temporary shelter might be afforded her. Her request was complied with, and in the course of a few weeks she obtained a situation in Broadway as a milliner. While filling this position her father by some means learned where she was, and in June last he caused her to be arrested and taken before Justice Quackenbush, at Jefferson market, on the charge of being a disorderlies child. The magistrate remonstrated with her, and at length succeeded in inducing her, and at the request of her father, assuring her that in case she would return, imprisonment would be the alternative.

The poor girl, however, persistently declined to accompany her father, and finding it was useless to talk with her any further, the Justice consigned her to a cell, where she passed the night. Next morning she was again brought before him, and in reply to his demand if she were ready to return to her father's house, she brought that he would send her anywhere else but there. Finding the interval, however, proper representations of the merits of the case had been made to the magistrate, and he told her, to her great joy that she might return to the residence of her friend on Macdougal street. This she did, but a constant fear that her father would subject her, made her life miserable, and in the hope of eluding his presence, she about six weeks since went to live at the house of Mr. Griffith. That gentleman had known her from her infancy, and was perfectly familiar with the circumstances of her history, and that of her family. He at once offended her a shelter, and she has been living at his house ever since, although it was not long after she had taken up her residence there, that her father traced her and annoyed her by his persecutions.

Recently his persistent proceedings against Mr. Griffith in one of the civil courts, charging him with having abducted the young lady, and laying the damages at $25,000. Under these circumstances Miss Lyon became very despondent in mind, and Mrs. Griffith states for the past week or two she has at times appeared to be perfectly miserable. On Sunday, however, she seemed to be more cheerful than she had been for some days previously, and the family did not entertain the slightest apprehension of her tragic intention. She retired to her bed room about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and walking was again none of her until 6 in the evening, when the report of a pistol proceeding from her room on the second story alarmed the family, who were assembled in the parlors on the first floor. Hastening up stairs, Mr. Griffith found that the young woman had shot herself with a revolver, which she had secretly procured. Dr. Burdick, of west Thirty-six street, was at once summoned, and found her unconscious, bleeding from a wound in the abdomen. The ball had entered the epigastric region, a little to the left of the median line, and lodging in the stomach, inflicting an injury which in all probability will prove fatal. On application of restoratives the patient revived sufficiently to state that she had given the wound herself. Dr. Burdick called Dr. Carnochan to his assistance, and after consultation the case was pronounced hopeless, except in the contingency of the ball not having perforated the stomach in two places, but even in such a case her chances of living are extremely slight. At a late hour she was breathing freely, was quite still alive and in full possession of her faculties. She seems to realize in the fact that her condition is so precarious, and asserts that even should she recover she will attempt no life.

The Pennsylvania Election—Great Administration Triumphs.

From the Washington Union.]

The Pennsylvania returns, so far as received, make the hearts of the Administration camp-followers leap with delight. This election is doubtless the greatest victory of the Administration, which, almost within six months after its inauguration, broke through the decency of decy, and made plain its heretical purpose—to divide the Democracy. Since that period, the Administration, its living tenants, its its filibustering pensioners, its contraband factotums, its army of communicants in office, and its phalanx of parasites and hosts of varlets under their control, have by every means of trickery, treachery, personal falsification and political apostacy, continued to distract and disorganize the Democracy, and divisions in the Democratic family. They have scored the history of the past three years with feelings of hate and timidity, with audacity and cowardice, with all the vices of a party that were collected that so long but the immense personal popularity, unflinching truth, and Democratic statesmanship of the candidate of the national Democracy, could possibly overcome.

The character of no Democratic statesman, save that of Stephen A. Douglas, could stem the tide with which the Administration party in the South, and the Administration party in the North, and the Administration party in the South, and the Administration party in the North, and the Administration party in the South, and the Administration party in the North, and