MEMPHIS APPEAL.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No notice can be taken of Anonymous Communications. Whatever is intended for insertion in the APPEAL must be authenticated by the name and address of the writer—not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee for his good faith and responsibility.

All business letters for this office should be addressed to "THE APPEAL," Memphis.

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We cannot, as a rule, undertake to return articles not found suitable for publication.

TO THE PATRONS OF THE APPEAL.

In consequence of judicial proceedings, bad in respect to the interests of different parties in the APPEAL, the paper, the printing establishment and the good will of the paper have been sold, and the undersigned have become the purchasers.

Every possible exertion will be made to render the APPEAL more acceptable to its readers, and more desirable as a medium of advertising. Much more space will be devoted to reading matter, and a special column be appropriated weekly to Masonic information.

The undersigned hope, by close attention to the affairs of the paper and office, to give it claims equal to those of any other journal of the city to the support and confidence of the community.

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REPRISALS.

When the great civil war that endured four years, ended at length by the exhaustion of the weaker combatant, it was natural to expect that isolated acts of violence would occur at intervals, in a country that had been so convulsed, so ravaged, so hideously defaced by the savage brutalities of war.

For everywhere there had been divisions of opinion among the people. Some everywhere, in some localities many, had adhered pertinaciously to the Union, persecuted and persecuting in turn. In Western Arkansas, for example, soon after the secession of the State, Union men were so harshly treated, being deemed dangerous because "disloyal to the South," that they had to leave their houses, and were, perhaps, in some cases subjected to personal indignities. It was but a little while before these men banded together, and sought revenge. A father of a family, an old and respectable man, and who had always been a kind neighbor and a good citizen, was called to his door one morning and shot down upon his doorstep, under the eyes of his young daughter, by Union men who had been harshly treated by a county committee.

It was not long before bands of desperate men were roaming the country in every direction, especially in the mountainous region. There were independent companies in Southwestern Arkansas, claiming to be Confederates, who went about hanging and shooting 'disloyal' men, and refusing to unite with the regular forces, though often ordered to do so. On the other side bands of freebooters hunted Confederates, robbing all, and murdering the boy of fifteen and the old man of eighty alike, and roasting the feet of more than one woman, to compel her to disclose where she had hidden money, to such an extent that they had to be amputated. The Carnival of hell and Saturnalia of atrocity that reigned in half Missouri and half Arkansas for two years, are indescribable and almost inconceivable. The whole, looked back upon, seems but a hideous dream.

To add to these horrors, bands of men were sent in every direction to hunt up deserters from the Confederate armies, and reluctant conscripts, hidden in the swamps and mountains; so that abundant hatreds grew up among those who were not Union men.

The mode in which the war was conducted by the enemy, added to the exasperation and intensified the bitter hate felt by the Southrons for the Union-men whom they deemed traitors to the cause of State rights and Independence, in which they had themselves imperilled every thing. When the Federal authorities refused to acknowledge those in arms against their Government as belligerents, and tried privateersmen for piracy, and refused to exchange prisoners, they of course encouraged their soldiery to disregard all the humanities of war. This men are, unfortunately, always too ready to do, even without encouragement. Instructed that we were rebels and traitors—taught so, not only by their Government and many of their Generals, and most of the subalterns,—but still more emphatically exhorted to show no mercy, but to smite and slay and rob without remorse, by the Northern pulpit, a portion of which has ever since been enlisted in the service of the Devil of Cruelty, Hate and Revenge, the Northern soldiery re-enacted all the atrocities of the Huns and Tartars; and even Masons refused to know as Masons those who were in arms against the Northern States.

The Old Testament, and not the New, is, and always was, the Gospel of the Puritans. We were, to them, the Amonites and Philistines, who were to be smitten with the edge of the sword, all their old women and the children slaughtered, and the young women reserved for the Priests who ministered at the altars of God. Every saint or snob, transformed into an officer, considered himself a JOSHUA, deputed to administer the tender mercies of conquest and reap the perquisites of victory. The consequences were such outrages in cold blood as had not been tolerated by Christian commanders for a hundred years before, except when humanity shuddered at the storming of fortified cities.

We can do justice to a generous enemy, and surely will not censure a whole people for atrocities committed by the vagabonds, mercenaries and pitiful sneaks, or the half civilized hyenas, who composed too large a part of their armies. With but one exception, we have received courtesy and kindness at the hands of such Federal officers as we have met since the war. The old intimacies and sympathies between us and those whom we knew and loved, or honored and respected, before the war, revived as though we had just wakened from a sleep haunted only by a horrid dream. When we surrendered, we were willing to bury out of sight all the sad and all the horrible remembrances of the war. We retained no malice. We held out the right hand of fellowship to all who had served against us, except those who had disgraced their uniforms, and to whom the Clubs or Messes of officers never ought to open. No one was bound to recognize HAYNAU as a gentleman. We could not respect the thief, the liar and the tyrant.

But we *could* respect and did respect the true soldier, the gentleman, who did not forget those honorable instincts and manly principles, that always distinguished the officers of the old army. No States have given to the service of the country, from the first moments of its struggle for independence, more generous and gallant gentlemen, than those of New England; and toward these and all others worthy the name of officers and gentleman, there was not a lingering spark of animosity on the part of LEE, and JOHNSON, and BEAUREGARD, and others like them, when the war closed. We had fought for our idea, and when defeated, we were willing to bury all animosities and hatreds, and longings for revenge, in the pits and trenches that held the bones of our dead.

We respected, also, all honest and honorable Union men, who had held to their faith and accepted the consequences. We despised the apostates and renegades who, after being clamorous for Southern rights, when many of us were struggling to prevent secession, and after denouncing us for years as unfaithful to the South—some of them after holding civil or military office under the Confederacy—sneaked away from us, and are now loyalists par excellence. These have done dog's work, and ought to receive dog's pay.

We, also, had something to forget, and if we could, to forgive; nor we only, but many, a multitude whom no man can number. When one who was very near and very dear to us, a son exulting in the pride of his young manhood, a generous, gallant boy, with the aspirations towards excellence and honor of an eagle aiming at the sun, had fallen, fainting with loss of blood and the pain of a shattered arm, on a prairie in Missouri, the soldiery of the United States returned to rob him as he lay senseless, plundered him of his ring, the gift of his mother, and the watch, the gift of his father, and then, seeing that he still stirred, shot him in the chest and abdomen with their revolvers, and were not humane enough to end his agonies, but left him there, in the blazing sunlight, to languish and die. While those who loved him were mercifully unconscious of his agonies, he crawled hundreds of yards on his hands and knees, thirsting unto death in the hot sunshine, to reach the shade of a fence that ran across the prairie, and there he lay until night came with its pitying stars, and while the slow, long hours crept by, until near midnight, when his comrades, searching for him, found him hovering on the brink of eternity, and bore him tenderly to a hovel, to die. *His* mortal remains, committed to the earth by his comrades, in the middle of an uncultivated prairie, sanctify the soil of a State, to aid in achieving whose independence he gave up his young life, his young love, and all the hopes of a useful and honorable future; no monumental stone marks the lonely spot where *his* dust reposes. The wolves may have dragged his body from its last resting place, or human wolves in uniform may have dug it up in the hope of finding upon it trinkets, the gifts and pledges of affection, for which their wives and sisters in the North have importuned them. He sleeps there in the prairie, and the stars look kindly on his grave, and the grass grows over it, and the soft winds sigh, or the cold blast raves across it; while, indiscriminately with the bones of *true* heroes who fought for the Union and the flag, and whose memories we also honor as we honor the living who deserve honor, the rotting remains of miscreants and murderers, of the braggart and the coward, the brutal and the base, the pauper-thief, the bully of the bagnio, the pickpocket, and the convict, the hireling, the knave, and the sneak, are exhumed with pious reverence, and laid by the side of the noble, the generous and the true, and their names written upon the same roll of fame.

The graves of our kindred have been opened, the bodies even of women taken up and stripped, in the hope of finding jewelry upon them, and then flung to one side to be devoured by the swine. Our churches have been turned into stables; Masonic Lodges have been broken open and robbed, the insignia worn in mockery through the streets, and the Bible that lay upon the altar defiled. Libraries have disappeared, paintings have journeyed North, and the sacramental vessels of our churches are still used in Northern temples, the plate stolen from Southern houses is offered for sale or exchange, or exhibited as trophies; and statuettes from our tombs still adorn Northern conservatories.

No true soldiers and few officers have allowed these villainies. Neither do we impute them to the larger part of the rank and file. For in this war, as in that of the Peninsula, the brave and good on each side respected and admired each other; and there were Yankee soldiers and Yankee officers who proved that in becoming soldiers they had not ceased to be either christians or gentlemen.

A war so conducted, must leave acerbities, hatred, longings for revenge, and under the ashes of desolated homesteads the smouldering fires that time only can extinguish. The old opinions are only the stronger, because overpowered. In every neighborhood remain the materials for many Corsican Vendettas; and for years there will be occasional acts of violence. There are, turned loose among us, a hundred thousand negroes, for months employed, to the disgrace of the Northern States that should have scorned their help, when they themselves numbered five to our one, to shoot and bayonet our people, and who have learned insolence and license in the camp. Of course occasional collisions will occur. Of course there will be quarrels in neighborhoods, with accusations of previous outrages on each side, the true facts whereof no court or jury could possibly ascertain.

There were wrongs and outrages on both sides, during the war. The hatreds so engendered linger yet like discordant echoes among the mountains, and they will linger for years and during more than one generation. Answer! you who rule here in Tennessee and elsewhere, is it honorable or just or manly or decent, to charge these violences growing out of local feuds, to the Southern people at large, and for them to seek to substitute a military despotism in the place of a Constitutional government? Surely you have not lost the feelings of justice or generosity which do not wholly disappear even in civil war. If you had, common sense would teach you that it is a supreme folly and a miserable blunder to lay these reprisals of private revenge and local feuds to the account of the whole people of the South or of what you please to call the "rebels," of any State. You think you are serving the country. But, upon your system, that must continue to be the case here which was the case in Rome, when "ANTONY had a party and OCTAVIUS had a party; but the commonwealth had none." You ought to know that if "revolutions have long roots in the Past," the cruelties of civil war bear occasional fruits of violence and revenge during long years of the Future; that these will of course survive our civil war as they outlasted the wars of the Roses and the strife of Saxon and Norman; and that they are always regretted by the conquered, who alone suffer by them, while they are too commonly welcome to the victors, to whom they supply an excuse for glutting an unworthy and ignoble vengeance.

JOSEPH HOLT.

SANFORD CONOVER is on trial in Washington, for his attempt, by perjury, not only to take the life of JEFFERSON DAVIS, but to render him infamous as an accomplice in the assassination of President LINCOLN. On the 8th of February this occurred upon that trial:

Joseph Holt, Judge Advocate General, being sworn, testified that the depositions of Hoare and Suivel concerning the complicity of Jefferson Davis in the assassination of President Lincoln were written by him. I had no ground to suspect the truthfulness of either of these parties at the time. The depositions were sworn to in the same building, but I did not accompany them when this was done.

"*Sæpe culpa decus posteritas rependit*," a Roman Senator said in the Senate, when accused of treason by a delator of Sejanus in the reign of Tiberius. Posterity will apportion to every one his due share of honor. JOSEPH HOLT has exposed himself to grave suspicion of having accepted and used the testimony of witnesses known to him to have been suborned, whose wages were received from him, and who recited and rehearsed their parts in what was meant to be an atrocity and a murder not inferior to those of CESAR BORGIA and CATHARINE DEI MEDICI.

It is not customary for even ordinary Attorneys to write out depositions for witnesses to swear to. Depositions so written were always excluded in Courts of Equity. Was it the business of a Judge Advocate General to *write out* depositions of witnesses, whom, to say the least, he might well have suspected? The civil law maxim, as HADRIAN instructed the Proconsul of Macedonia, was "*testibus ex, non testimonis creditur*." There is rarely a deposition in writing in which there is not *some* perjury: and every lawyer knows how a dextrous, professional knave can put down what a witness says, so as, by coloring and shading and skilful choice and collocation of words, to make the whole essentially a lie, though meant and supposed by the witness to be the truth. Mr. HOLT was always a merciless prosecutor, acting upon the principle that every man was to be presumed guilty, until he proved himself innocent. Why did he take upon himself the scrivener's labor of writing down purchased depositions? for he at least knew that the witnesses were *paid*.

THE BILL OF ABOMINATIONS.

Such was the title given the Tariff act which produced the advent of nullification of South Carolina.

We give below without present comment three articles upon the new Bill of Abominations, probably the most ingenious and successful device for plundering the many to enrich the few, that the wit of man ever invented. It is not the first act of the kind, however, in which special duties were laid for the benefit of single manufactories of a particular article. For we well remember that, a year or two before the war, Senator SIMMONS of Rhode Island was charged with procuring a heavy duty to be laid on something, (we do not remember what), to *protect* the only manufactory of it in the United States, he being largely interested in the establishment in question.

Of course it is utterly impossible for a government so managed, to endure for any great length of time. There is no doubt that ours is, in respect to all matters of that nature, and to contracts and jobs, the most corrupt government that ever existed.

The articles which we subjoin paints a larger field of rascality, and forcibly depict the wretched system which the subjugation of the South has fastened on the North. The Chicago *Tribune*, (Radical), thus gives another illustration of Radical Congressional foresight. It says:

"DEAR BOOKS.

"Speaking of book publishing, the New York *Times* says: 'In other days books were cheaper here than in any other country in the world; now *they are dearer than in any other country*, that is, dearer than in Germany, France or England. There is no doubt that this fact is telling grievously on the purchases of the people, and on the growth of a love for literature among the masses.'

"Why did not the *Times* put out and give the reason of the excessive dearness of American books, and the reason that our markets are flooded with foreign manufactured books? There is an import tax of twenty per cent. in gold on the invoice valuation of imported paper, and an additional tax of five per cent. levied by the act of July 28, 1866, making a tax of twenty-five per cent. The effect of this impost is, first, to prevent the importation of any unsized foreign paper; second, to increase the price of domestic paper by twenty-five per cent. It is this abominable tax, which yields the national treasury *no revenue*, that has crippled and well nigh destroyed the book publishing business in the United States. And as the New York *Times* well knows this to be the fact, why don't it expose and denounce the swindle on printers and publishers? The Times pays *one quarter* more for every sheet of print it uses than it would have to pay if the class legislation and congressional interference between paper makers and newspaper and book publishers were withdrawn."

THE TARIFF BILL—THE BEAUTIES OF PROTECTION.

The Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial* gives the following account of some charming features in the new protective tariff bill:

The ingenious feature of the bill is the manner in which special interests have been protected by it. This can best be explained by actual illustration; In the whole United States there is just one nickel factory, employing a capital of say two hundred thousand dollars, and a force of about fifty workmen. It is located in New Jersey. The proprietors of this establishment go to their New Jersey senators and say to them that they must get "protection." The Pennsylvania senators say, "We can't vote to protect such an interest as that; all we want is an iron and coal tariff." "Very well," says Jersey, "if you don't protect my nickel factory, I'll vote against your coal mines and iron factories." And so, in order to get the Jersey votes, a tariff of forty per cent. is levied on nickel. Now it happens that nickel is a material very extensively used in this country, forming a large ingredient in the manufacture of German silverware. It would take a hundred such factories as that in New Jersey to supply the demand, but in order to protect that one factory the price of everything into which nickel enters, is increased forty per cent. to every consumer in the United States. And this, forsooth, is protecting American industry!

Take another illustration: There is one place in the United States where the stone used for grindstones is found and dressed. It is near Cleveland, Ohio. It would require fifty such quarries to supply the demand of the country. But this "American industry" must be protected, and in order to enable a single establishment to reap large profits, a tariff of ten dollars a ton is put upon the grindstones that come from Nova Scotia. "If you don't put that in," says the grindstone member, "I'll vote against the bill." "All right," says New England, "if you'll swallow the rest of the bill we can afford that"—and so it goes.

BEWARE.

A correspondent showed us yesterday the enormity of the proposed duties on hardware, but especially on the cheaper kinds, those most widely used by the mechanics and farmers, imposed in the new tariff now before the senate. The commonest kinds of cutlery are to pay from 100 to 200 per cent. duty; that is to say, farmers and mechanics, and working people generally, are to be made to pay by this atrocious tariff twice and three times as much as the articles can be imported for; for of course the home manufacturer will at once put up his prices to the highest limit at which he can just undersell the importer who has these duties to pay.

Thus congress is asked to add to instead of lowering prices—as if the country did not already suffer seriously enough from exorbitant prices.

But it is not on hardware alone that the new tariff scheme seeks covertly to injure the poorer people of the land, while it favors the rich. The table which we print below will show how certain schemers are trying to impose upon the confidence and inexperience of congress in order the victimize the mechanics and laboring men of the country. It will be seen there that the cheaper qualities of cloth are to have a much higher protection of duty laid upon them than the high priced cloths. Thus woolen coatings, the gold cost of which is $1 08 per yard, are to be raised 24 per cent. higher; but the fine and costly qualities, the gold price of which is $2 40, are raised only 11 per cent. The coarser coatings are to pay from 80 to 125 per cent. in gold, but the finer and more costly are only burdened with from 65 to 70 per cent:

ARTICLES.	Width. Inches.	Width of Piece Yards.	Gold Cost per Yard.	Present Duty per cent.	Proposed Duty per cent.	Present Duty.	Proposed Duty.
Italian cloths	27		16	50		73	
Ladies' dress goods	27		20	50		73	
Ladies' dress goods	28		20	45		67	
Ladies' dress goods	22		11	35½		49	
Woolen coatings	54	1½	1 07	35		56	
Woolen coating	54	1½	1 44	35		82	
Woolen doeskin	54	1 4-10	1 32	60		80	
Woolen overcoatings	54	2	1 60	35		110	
Woolen overcoatings	54	2	1 98	35		136	
Woolen overcoatings	54	2	2 40	35		165	
Woolen overcoatings	54	2	1 20	35		80	
Woolen coatings	54	2 1-10	1 20	35		110	
Woolen cove coatings	54	2	1 44	35		132	
Woolen coatings	54	1 4-5	2 00	35		67	
Woolen broadcloth	54	1½	1 80	35		92	78
Woolen broadcloth	54	1½	2 20	35		112	95
Wool'n unif'n br'dcloth	54	⅞	80	35		56	46
Wool'n unif'n br'dcloth	54	1	1 05	35		79	59
Beaver cloth	18		2 50	35		150	125
Union d'mask	5	⅞	54	35		74	60
Worsted repp	6	1	88	35		80	60
Worsted damask	54	⅞	48	35		56	46
Worsted plush	24	⅞	1 20	35		64	50
Worsted plush	24	⅞	60	35		80	60
Union damask	54	1	1 40	35		84	60
Figured repp	148	½	87½	35		56	46

The same is true of carpets. The duty on the high priced carpets is not raised at all; that on low-priced carpets is raised ten cents per square yard, about five per cent. In the same manner there is no increase on silk dress goods which are bought by the wealthy; but on small articles of silk, such as ribbons, which are used by the poor as well, there is an increase of ten per cent. High-priced linens are even put under a diminished duty—they are to pay five per cent. less than now.

That is to say, it appears that these protectionists seek to oppress the poor, the farmers, mechanics and workingmen of the land, in a special manner. We warn congressmen to take care how they vote for this bill. Many of its most atrocious features are most artfully concealed, so that none but experts can discover them now. But the people will discover them very quickly, if the bill becomes a law; and when they find that the poor man's overcoat, or the poor woman's cloak, is made to pay a heavier duty than the rich man's or woman's, and the same with carpets, silks, etc., etc., they will ask why this is, and who voted for this iniquity and oppression? A western paper, the Chicago *Tribune*, tells us that the proposed tariff, on hardware alone, will take twenty millions of dollars from the farmers and mechanics of only one state, and that Iowa—one of the newer states.

Let congressmen beware of this bill. If it becomes a law it will kill every man who votes for it. It is an enormous and cold-blooded swindle upon the workingmen of America; and if will be no excuse for the congressmen to say, by and by, when called to account by their constituents, that they did not know what they voted for. This tariff, if it passes, will very greatly increase the high prices of all necessaries of life; it will make all home production more costly than at present; it will disable us from selling either our manufactures or our natural products abroad, except at a loss; and it will make the whole nation poor.—*Evening Post.*

A GRAPHIC PICTURE OF A SAD REALITY.

A writer for the Albany (N. Y.) *Argus*, in course of an article depicting the present unsettled state of the country, the depression in trade, the stagnation in business, and the grinding taxation resting upon every branch of industry, says:

"We are told that when a certain personage was buried alive with his dead wife in a large cave, he had a pitcher of water and a loaf of bread let down with him on the coffin of his wife, upon which he sat, that he might now and then take a crumb and sip a drop to prolong his life awhile. When the mouth of the cave was shut upon him he was wrapped in utter darkness, and had to feel his way from his mouth to his bread and water. Thus was he left to his fate. One day he heard a noise among the bones of the cave, and in an effort to see from whence it came, he discovered through the damp darkness, far in the distance, a faintly twinkling light. Inspired thus with hope, he started for that light, stumbled over coffin after coffin, pile after pile of bones, until he rejoiced to find the light to be from a hole in the bank of the river, through which a monstrous serpent entered to feed upon the dead. Thus he found relief and made his escape.

"The people are now literally buried beneath a crushing burthen of debt and taxation, as within a cave of which the faction are the keepers. It is true that in their funeral rites these keepers allow the buried, or most of them, a loaf of bread and a pitcher of water; but sad be say, many before going down have to sell their loaf of bread to pay their taxes, and descend with only a pitcher of water. But it must not be understood that all the people are as those in the cave, or bearing burthens of taxation.

"These keepers of the cave visit no such burial upon their favored few. Their special friends have dispensed to them $3,000,000,000 of bonds exempted from all taxation, producing an income situating luxury and ease. But, alas! let us lift the iron door of the cave and look down, and whom do we see sitting upon the stone coffins of their own destiny? It is the millions of our laboring and industrial classes; the very life and hope of our people, for whom the political rulers of the day have no more feeling and sympathy than they have for the inmates of burial vaults. They are set with but a loaf of bread and a pitcher of water to sustain their hungering lives, while bearing upon their shoulders the crushing weight of a nation's liabilities. If they turn an eye toward the faction that controls, and hope for relief, they behold only the inviting guilt of coining $3,000,000,000 more into their own pockets, to be added to the burthen of the tax payers of our country. These dwellers in the cave may, in their surrounding darkness, hear the rattle of the serpent among the bones, and feeding upon their muscles; but as yet it is in vain that the least ray of light is seen to awaken a hope of relief. If they listened to what is said above, they only hear it declared that 'Democracy is dead,' and sink back to their bread and water as their only fare of life."

Where, tax-payers may well be asked, is their least possible hope, under the present reign, from the pressure of $3,000,000,000 exempted capital; a debt of that amount to pay, or its annual interest, which is high enough to oppress; a tax upon every sheet of paper upon which a contract is drawn, or a scrap upon which a note or receipt is given; state, county and municipal debts; ten states to be governed by military authority at an enormous expense; a perpetual congress; conflict of authority between the departments of government, leading, it may be, to armed conflict? The question is a very grave one, and should set every friend of the country and humanity reflecting; for the end is not yet.

THE PROPOSED MILITARY SATRAPY IN THE SOUTH.

From the National Intelligencer.]

It is a sickening thought, that in this nineteenth century of the Christian era, a measure should be proposed in the congress of the United States, under circumstances of fear of its adoption, for putting nearly one-half of the nation under the complete supremacy of an army; this, too, at a time of profound peace, though numberless falsehoods are defined as a pretense for this extraordinary measure of usurpation and oppression. The men who are urging this revolutionary step are driving the nation upon its fate.

When and where before, in all history, has a deliberative body of the dignity of high functionaries of the government, indeed, which assumes to be the government itself—clothed the military, in time of profound peace, with supreme powers over half of its people, hostile though they may have been, but now conquered and sustaining the paramount law? The control of the savages who roam the illimitable plains, or who retire in sullen and revengeful mood to the deepest recesses of the mountain system of the continent, was long ago taken away from the army. The absolute rule of a multitude of youthful officers was found to be unsuited to the conditions of even frontier life, either for the savage or the white man that follows his path. The guardianship of civilians was substituted, and though this is accompanied with endless vexations, troubles, trials and mischiefs, still the constant efforts that are made by the inexperienced to restore military sway have proved futile with our legislators.

But what is now deliberately proposed by the faction that has ruled the hour in Congress? That which is thoroughly subversive of the principles of civic rule, and to the last degree hazardous to the continuation of their own authority and to the existence of republican government itself.

South of the Pennsylvania line, the Ohio river, and the south boundary of Iowa, spreads an immense territory, divided into fifteen states, and populated by ten millions of white men. These states have all the machinery of government in perfect execution. They have the credentials of the most enlightened society—state executives, legislative bodies, courts of justice, statutes, codes, schools, churches, business enterprises, and the multitude of other things that constitute the sates in the last sense of the term. The people are obedient to the law. They are trying to struggle up into a condition of prosperity. They are seeking, by all kinds of appliances, not degrading to sense of honor, to arrive at reconciliation with the people of the north. Generally there is peace through their borders, and though disorders and wrongs occur, they do not compare either in number or atrocity with the crimes that are at this time blackening the record of all nations. How are these facts received by the domineering faction in congress? Not with joy, but with sorrow. They are not accepted as facts to guide in the behalf of beneficent legislation. But in belief that it is assumed, without any sufficient foundations, as far as testimony is concerned, that the south is steeped in crime, and therefore the army is to be raised to the supreme sway. The action of the radical faction presents a dark and fearful picture—one so deeply dishonoring as to make every true man hang his head in utter shame.

The presentation of the North Carolina plan of reconciliation has undoubtedly given rise to the sudden, extraordinary and desperate step in legislation for absolutely exalting the military over every form civic of authority, executive, legislative, or judicial, in the south. To effect this, immediate action will be required, that the hope of diminished excises and revenues may at once be abandoned, and with it that of abounding southern staples, in the form of cotton, tobacco, rice, and sugar, to pour into our commercial marts, and send the life-blood of prosperity into all the channels of trade and business.

Think of it, Americans! All civil authority in every form in ten states of the union is to be subordinate to the omnipotent sway of a military satrapy. Read the odious and infamous bill, and blush for the authors of a measure so utterly degrading to the character of American citizenship.

The Indians.

The delegations from fourteen tribes or bands of Indians from Kansas, now here, have agreed with Commissioner Boyd upon the preliminaries of treaties which will be signed this week. These Indians agree to remove to what is known as lease land in the Indian country, formerly occupied by the Creeks and Seminoles. The lands in Kansas belonging to them, valued at from one to four dollars per acre, are to be sold and the proceeds invested for their benefit. The differences which existed between the bureau of Indian affairs and the commander-in-chief of the army relative to the appointment of the military part of the commission to proceed to Omaha and investigate the causes and circumstances of the late massacre at Fort Phil. Kearny, have been harmoniously adjusted, and Gen. Alfred Sully and Col. Parker, the latter of Gen. Grant's staff, have been designated as the military officers who will be assigned to that duty. It is believed that the result of this mission will be to counteract the bad feeling which has shown itself among the Indians, and avert other troubles with the different tribes which are threatened.—*Wash. Paper.*

Our ancestors fought out the great contest in behalf of the writ of habeas corpus when they wrung the petition of right from a reluctant king, and vindicated it finally on the bloody field of Naseby. Is it possible that it must be renewed on the floor of the American congress, and amid the representatives of a great, free people?—*National Intelligencer.*

BREVITIES.

—The Marquis of Westminister has an income of $4,000,000 per annum.

—Carlotta Patti is building a gorgeous villa at Nice.

—"Yostasitasitanne" is the name of the Apaches' supreme being.

—The Chicago murderess, Mollie Truscell, was pardoned after a month's imprisonment. The judge was Mollie-fied.

—Gen. Pillow runs six plantations, and employs 1,000 negroes.

—Philippe Le Bon, a French engineer, discovered the use of gas.

—Tom, an old negro, living in Hamilton, Ky., is said to be the only person now alive who witnessed the surrender of Cornwallis.

—Mr. Keys, the only surviving classmate of Daniel Webster, died at Berea, Ohio, last week, aged ninety years.

—A cool project has been started in Paris for sending an expedition to the north pole.

—Smallpox is a cure for dyspepsia, so an exchange says.

—A matrimonial bureau has been opened at New York.

—When James tendered his yacht to Alfred, he dwelt particularly upon the fact that "she lies in perfect order." Its connection with the concern at home would insure its completeness in this respect.

—In the United States we pay twelve cents each for the president's salary.

—The programme for private balls and concerts in New York high life are now printed on small fans, exquisitely perfumed.

—A certain Mr. Coffin being blessed with a son, a friend offered one hundred dollars for the privilege of naming him. The offer was accepted, when the friend named the child Mahogany.

—Virginia is making a splendid ice crop, and is bound to take things coolly next summer, whether she is admitted into the union or not.

—Natchez sends a saddle to Paris made of Mississippi leopard and native rattlesnake skins.

—A very unpopular officer with some of the ladies—General Housework.

—Fast men, like fast rivers, are generally the shallowest.

—An exchange informs us everything indicates Virginia will have a fine wheat crop this season.

—A Flemish paper, *Rousselaerschincwicaledigingsblad*, is defunct. Reason, terrible mortality among the newsboys, caused by crying it.

—For the first time during nineteen centuries the navigation of the Rhine is free.

—A San Francisco paper speaks of a storm there which included rain, wind, thunder and lightning, and an earthquake.

—Gen. Joseph E. Johnston and wife were in Atlanta, Ga., on the 6th inst., en route to Selma.

—A conductor has just been discharged from the New Haven railroad, whose "pickings" were never less than fifty dollars daily.

—The band of the Stonewall brigade, of Virginia, is to be reorganized.

—The Vicksburg grand jury has indicted four duelists. They had fought a dual duel.

—The Russian army is now on a peace footing, and comprises 700,000 men of all arms. In six weeks, however, another 100,000 can always be added to the force. 300,000 breach-loading rifles are to be supplied for the army this year, and 300 rifled cannon are also being cast.

—A man in Franklin, Pa., last week, died of umbrella—poked in his eye.

—A forgotten work of Oliver Goldsmith's has recently come to light.

—Twenty-three new operas written last year.

—A Maine editor says he cannot imagine when editors have leisure time, "unless it is after the ferryman carries us over Styx, and then we have no doubt the old fellow would beselge us for a puff on his boats."

—A cigar holder has made its appearance in Paris, upon which, after a cigar has been smoked in it for some time, a photograph appears.

—A marriage took place in Dyer county, Tennessee, last week, in which the bridegroom was sixty-three years old, and the bride one hundred and eight years. Natural strength certainly cannot abate very rapidly in that favored section.

—A few days since a farmer in Pennsylvania, while killing hogs, accidentally shot and killed his child in the arms of its mother.

—The "meningitis," or spotted fever, has appeared at Union City, Tenn. Several members of one family were attacked and died in a few hours, one day last week.

—A high waterfall has been discovered on the south fork of the Tuolomne river in California. It has a clear, unbroken fall of 3000 feet.

—There is an aged colored woman residing on Long Island, whose skull has become soft so that her head appears to be a mass of pulp. A physician has squeezed it with his hand as he would a piece of sponge.

—There are sixty German newspapers in Pennsylvania. The tone of some of them is entirely too bitter. They are all Teutonic.

—The Erie dispatch says that lightning-bugs would be an improvement on the gas they have in that town.

—In Spain one suicide is committed for every one hundred thousand inhabitants; in France, eleven, and in Denmark twenty Seventy-one per cent. of the suicides committed in Spain are by men. The greatest number occur in July.

—The Lynchburg *Virginian* says that Mr. Richard Pollard, of that city, will receive, about the first of March, a cargo of merchandise imported by him direct from China, of which country he was a resident for several years. The whole, or a part of the articles, will be brought to Lynchburg for sale, consisting of green and black teas, floor matting, preserved ginger, chowchow, etc. These, we suppose, are the first direct importations from China to Virginia.

A TREMENDOUS EARTHQUAKE AT FORT KLAMATH, OREGON.

The Oregon *Sentinel* publishes the following letter from Fort Klamath, dated January 8th, giving the particulars of a fearful earthquake in that locality: We have singular if not serious news to send by the express just leaving. This morning at daylight we were startled from our sleep by a precipitate shock of an earthquake immediately followed by a noise like unto a little clap of thunder. But in a little while quiet reigned; every one was conversing and laughing heartily over the singular phenomenon, but our countenances soon underwent a serious change, for it began to grow dark; the whole heavens were full of a very black smoke or cloud; the air had a sulphurous smell, and ashes of a brownish color fell as fast as I ever saw it snow. We had to use candles in the mess-room. The most of us went in to breakfast, but had only got fairly into our seats when, horror upon horror! the earth seemed rolling like waves upon the ocean. Every one was thrown to the floor, and only regained their feet to be placed again in the same condition. With the rattling of dishes, crashing of window glass, cracking of timbers of the building and the screams of frightened boys, you could not imagine a more perfect chaos. Some of us gained the door, and such a sight as met our gaze! The tall pines around the fort seemed lashing themselves into fury. The wagons in front of the stable were engaged in pitched battle; horses and cattle lying crouched upon the ground, uttering most pitiful moans; dogs howling, and the unearthly yells of the Klamath Indians encamped near the fort, completed the scene. We imagined we were amidst the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds. The sutler's store was thrown about twenty feet from its former position. There were no lives lost and no serious accidents to any one; there were quite a number with bruised shins and skinned noses. No serious damage to any of the buildings, all being log and frame houses; but I do not think there is a whole pane of glass left at the post.

There are many speculations as to the cause of this most singular freak of nature, but most of us are of the opinion that a volcano had broken loose near the Klamath marsh, as a continuous dark volume of smoke is seen ascending in that direction. Some of the soldiers have volunteered to go up and find out if we have a monster vomiting fire near us or not. There was about half an hour between the first and second shocks. The first was only perceptible; the second lasted, as near as can be judged from various opinions, from two to three minutes.

THE IMPEACHMENT.

Correspondence Cincinnati Commercial.]

People who imagine that the impeachment agitation has entirely died out—and I notice by the papers that a great many think so—are greatly mistaken. It was never intended to do more at this session than start the subject for the purpose of educating the public mind up to the required point between December and March. Ashley was selected as the most senseless and fit person to herald the thing—just as Aleck Long was picked out more than two years ago to feel the way toward the recognition of the Southern Confederacy, on behalf of the democratic party. The political condition stands thus: as Aleck was to Vallandigham, so is Ashley to Ben. Butler. Aleck played John the Baptist to the peace democracy, and Ashley is just now figuring in the same *role* for the impeachment part radicals. Prepare ye the way for the Bottle Imp, says Ashley, and make his path straight. The time cometh to turn Andy out, and then post-offices shall much abound for us loyalists. Butler is now on the ground himself, and Ashley's occupation is, in a measure, gone. The determination never was greater than it is to-day to force the president out of office and *Gen. Grant with him.* You may laugh if you please at that last clause, but time will vindicate its truth. It is a necessary part of the programme, and there is no disguise about it among the loyal few who have undertaken to engineer the business. Butler has recently proclaimed in a speech, in Boston, that Grant is worse than Johnson, and occupied the most humiliating position of any man on the American continent. And it will be remembered that in his Mozart hall speech in Cincinnati, he hinted at the very same thing when he spoke of sweeping the regular army out of existence if it attempted to interfere to prevent the removal of the president before his conviction. That's just exactly where the row comes in. The first step in the Butlerian plan is to pass an act of congress declaring the president incapable of holding his office, pending his trial before the senate. The constitution declares that the president, vice-president, and all civil officers may be removed by impeachment upon trial and conviction, etc. Butler proposes to go behind the constitution, remove the president first and convict him afterward.

Does any sane man think this will be quietly submitted to? "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?" Is Johnson a fool and an imbecile, that he should be forced from office in plain violation of the letter of the constitution, as well as of the law that protects the meanest criminal on earth from punishment until after conviction?

One plan for the removal of Grant, I understand, is this: First—To declare the president incapable of holding office during his trial; then the president *pro tem.* of the senate becomes president of the United States, and *ex-officio* commander-in-chief of the army and navy, and as such he will exercise his right to appoint, remove or suspend "his subordinates." He may not have the right to deprive Grant of his commission, or rather, he may not care to exercise it, for the question of right will not enter largely into the consideration when things have come to such a pass, but he can order him out in the plains to fight the Indians, or anywhere else he pleases, and in his absence appoint some man after his own heart to command the army. Another plan is to displace the general by almost abolishing the regular army by act of congress.

Now, all these revolutionary schemes can be stopped only by the voice of the people. If the people choose to let them come by supinely folding their arms and "hoping they will blow over," well and good, we are convinced they will not blow over—and am equally convinced that three months hence it will be too late to avert them. No such revolution as this country is now threatened with was ever stopped after it had been permitted to begin until it had spent its desolating fury, and sacrificed the welfare of a nation and the lives of thousands of innocent people. It should not be forgotten