

LANSING STATE REPUBLICAN.

BY HOSMER & KERR.

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OFFICIAL STATE DIRECTORY.

STATE OFFICERS.

Governor. EDWARD H. CLAWSON.
Secretary of State. EDWARD H. CLAWSON.
Attorney General. JOHN M. BRADY.
Comptroller of the Treasury. JOHN M. BRADY.
Superintendent of Public Lands. JOHN M. BRADY.
Commissioner of the State Land Office. JOHN M. BRADY.
Deputy. JOHN M. BRADY.
Master of the State Prison. JOHN M. BRADY.

JUSTICES OF SUPREME COURT.

Chief Justice. EDWARD H. CLAWSON.
Associate Justices. JOHN M. BRADY, JOHN M. BRADY, JOHN M. BRADY.

JUDGES OF THE CIRCUIT COURTS.

1st Dist. EDWARD H. CLAWSON.
2d Dist. JOHN M. BRADY.
3d Dist. JOHN M. BRADY.
4th Dist. JOHN M. BRADY.
5th Dist. JOHN M. BRADY.
6th Dist. JOHN M. BRADY.
7th Dist. JOHN M. BRADY.
8th Dist. JOHN M. BRADY.

Other Officials.

Board of Education. JOHN M. BRADY.
Board of Health. JOHN M. BRADY.
Board of Public Works. JOHN M. BRADY.

Members of the Legislature.

House of Representatives. JOHN M. BRADY.
Senate. JOHN M. BRADY.

Members of the Executive Council.

Executive Council. JOHN M. BRADY.

Members of the Board of Supervisors.

Board of Supervisors. JOHN M. BRADY.

Members of the Board of Assessors.

Board of Assessors. JOHN M. BRADY.

Members of the Board of Commissioners.

Board of Commissioners. JOHN M. BRADY.

Members of the Board of Deacons.

Board of Deacons. JOHN M. BRADY.

Members of the Board of Elders.

Board of Elders. JOHN M. BRADY.

Members of the Board of Trustees.

Board of Trustees. JOHN M. BRADY.

Members of the Board of Stewards.

Board of Stewards. JOHN M. BRADY.

Members of the Board of Wardens.

Board of Wardens. JOHN M. BRADY.

Members of the Board of Overseers.

Board of Overseers. JOHN M. BRADY.

Members of the Board of Examiners.

Board of Examiners. JOHN M. BRADY.

Members of the Board of Auditors.

Board of Auditors. JOHN M. BRADY.

Members of the Board of Clerks.

Board of Clerks. JOHN M. BRADY.

Members of the Board of Deputies.

Board of Deputies. JOHN M. BRADY.

Members of the Board of Assistants.

Board of Assistants. JOHN M. BRADY.

Members of the Board of Attendants.

Board of Attendants. JOHN M. BRADY.

Members of the Board of Ushers.

Board of Ushers. JOHN M. BRADY.

Members of the Board of Pages.

Board of Pages. JOHN M. BRADY.

Members of the Board of Messengers.

Board of Messengers. JOHN M. BRADY.

Members of the Board of Porters.

Board of Porters. JOHN M. BRADY.

Members of the Board of Janitors.

Board of Janitors. JOHN M. BRADY.

Members of the Board of Cleaners.

Board of Cleaners. JOHN M. BRADY.

Members of the Board of Cooks.

Board of Cooks. JOHN M. BRADY.

Members of the Board of Bakers.

Board of Bakers. JOHN M. BRADY.

Members of the Board of Butchers.

Board of Butchers. JOHN M. BRADY.

Members of the Board of Fishermen.

Board of Fishermen. JOHN M. BRADY.

Members of the Board of Hunters.

Board of Hunters. JOHN M. BRADY.

Members of the Board of Trappers.

Board of Trappers. JOHN M. BRADY.

Members of the Board of Farmers.

Board of Farmers. JOHN M. BRADY.

Members of the Board of Merchants.

Board of Merchants. JOHN M. BRADY.

Members of the Board of Traders.

Board of Traders. JOHN M. BRADY.

Members of the Board of Dealers.

Board of Dealers. JOHN M. BRADY.

Members of the Board of Vendors.

Board of Vendors. JOHN M. BRADY.

Members of the Board of Retailers.

Board of Retailers. JOHN M. BRADY.

Members of the Board of Wholesalers.

Board of Wholesalers. JOHN M. BRADY.

Members of the Board of Importers.

Board of Importers. JOHN M. BRADY.

Members of the Board of Exporters.

Board of Exporters. JOHN M. BRADY.

THE FRENCHMAN'S HOUSE.

BY DR. S. COMPTON SMITH.

In my native town, a quiet little seaport of New England, there lived a certain old Frenchman called Captain Morrice, a very quiet and retiring kind of person, who, in spite of the prying curiosity of a Yankee village, managed to keep his own concerns to himself, and though occupying one of the finest residences in the principle street of the town, living a very secluded kind of life. He was said to have been a well-to-do coffee planter of the Island of Santo Domingo, who, during the negro revolution, being protected and assisted by the black patriot, Toussaint L'Ouverture, escaped with his movable wealth to the Island of Cuba.

Thus much of the history of our Monsieur Morrice I had learned; just enough, in fact, to excite my Yankee curiosity to know more, and I would have given all the books and toy boats I possessed for the privilege of freely questioning the taciturn and incommunicable Frenchman in relation to his past life; but it was not till years passed away, and I became a young man, that my curiosity upon this special subject was gratified.

Like many a New England lad arrived at that sanguine and hopeful period of the teens, bordering on the twenties, I longed to test in my own person the wonderful scenes of those torrid shores of which I had heard so many exciting stories, and I found myself one summer morning, entering one of the harbors of Cuba in the capacity of supercargo of a fine ship, with permission to travel over the beautiful island, wherever inclination might direct.

There, amid the scenes of a portion of the history of our Monsieur Morrice, I was told many interesting incidents of his former life, one of which I will relate. But it will be necessary for me first to revert to his residence in Hayti.

The beautiful estate of Monsieur Morrice, a coffee plantation, lay in a fertile valley, some four or five leagues from St. Marc, southward, in the direction of the mountains. From its isolated position, and being in the route of predatory parties of negroes and mulattoes as they came down from their mountain rendezvous, this place had been frequently threatened after the outbreak of the insurrection.

The roads and bridge paths were extremely dangerous for small parties of horsemen, as they were continually watched by the marauding maroon negroes, and murders and robberies were of hourly occurrence.

Notwithstanding this state of things, however, Morrice found it impossible to suspend his customary ride to town.

One morning being on the road, within a few miles of St. Marc, his horse, a Spanish genet from Cuba, which he had had but a few months, gave notice of danger by a peculiar snort, and disinclination to advance.

But, drawing his pistols from the holsters, the Frenchman drove the spurs into his flanks, and dashed towards the spot on which the watchful animal had fixed his excited gaze.

Before he reached it, however, there sprang out from the cover of the thicket a party of half a dozen fierce looking bandits, armed with knives and clubs, ready to seize his bridle, should he attempt to pass.

At the same instant, an equal number of the gang filled the path in his rear.

It was not the first time the fearless rider had been in a similar position. But he had never encountered danger of any kind before with the same animal he was now riding, and therefore could not act with the same coolness and confidence that he could if he had all confidence in the courage of his horse.

However, to turn back would be out of the question, even if there had not been danger to encounter from the robbers in the rear. So, urging his horse onward, at the top of his speed, Monsieur Morrice charged upon the ruffians, who, with their drawn knives, maintained their stand with a determined ferocity.

As he approached them nearer, the Frenchman rapidly discharged his pistols, and laid two of the negroes dead in the road. His gallant little genet now, instead of evincing alarm at the noise of the firing, and the threatening attitudes of his assailants, as his master expected, caught the bit of his bridle between his teeth, and sprang with the ferocity of a tiger upon them.

With dilated nostrils and eyes flashing with anger, he became altogether unmanageable; and, with ears laid back, and distended jaws, leapt upon one of the negroes, and dashed him beneath his feet; at the same time clutching him by the throat and tearing open the jugular vein, he killed him as instantaneously as if he had been shot thro' the brain.

Then turning suddenly upon his hind legs, the maddened animal struck down another; and having cleared the way before him, flew at a rapid speed along the road, bearing his master from the scene of danger.

In a few days after this adventure, Monsieur Morrice, in visiting a neighboring planter, whose negroes were suspected of favoring the insurrection, was waylaid as before, and again his horse proved his fighting qualities. He now began to appreciate his value, and shortly afterwards, when the negroes had carried their successes so far that it was no longer safe for him to remain, even with his still faithful slaves, and Monsieur Morrice was forced to fly from the island, he took this noble animal with him.

Europe, soon established a friendly footing. The officers, who were always looking for some new object of excitement or amusement, expressed a desire to witness the peculiar qualities of the brave L'Eraser, declaring that it would be better than a *corrida de toros*—bull fight.

This exhibition, however, the owner of L'Eraser objected to, knowing as he did the danger attending so fool-hardy a sport, and positively refused to loan the animal for the purpose.

The Spaniards, however, notwithstanding this refusal, were determined to see the performance of the gallant animal, and had already selected a brave and active soldier, who, for a small reward, had expressed a willingness to act the part of a highwayman, and attempt to arrest the dangerous animal, while being rode past a designated point.

Again the officers proposed the experiment to Monsieur Morrice, asserting the impossibility of the man's being injured by the trial, as he would of course be upon his guard; and to make their assertion the stronger, they proposed to wager largely that the soldier would not only escape unharmed, but that he would succeed in grasping the bridle and checking the three animals.

At length, being too closely pressed, the Frenchman, who justly prided himself upon the courage and intelligence of his horse, was forced to accept the wager, and appointed a day when the trial should be made.

The spot chosen for this dangerous sport was upon the public *paseo*, or promenade, which ran upon the margin of the harbor, bounding one side of the harbor of Matanzas. At the extremity of this ride stood the castle of San Saverino, around one of the bastions of which a bridge path continued northward towards the Gulf shore.

Behind this bastion the soldier was to place himself, in readiness to spring upon the path, and grasp the bridle of L'Eraser as he dashed rapidly past.

According to the arrangement, the Frenchman, on the day appointed, made his appearance at the castle, and proposed to the officers to select one of their own number to ride the horse, declining himself to witness the dangerous amusement. But this part of the programme no one was willing to take, and it necessarily devolved upon the Frenchman.

A large party of the officers and soldiers of the garrison assembled on the walls of the castle to witness the feat, and all being in readiness, the horseman started forward at a rapid gait. He had determined in his own mind, to lose the wager rather than endanger the life of the soldier. The path beyond the *paseo*, where it turned the angle of the castle bastion, was quite narrow, so narrow, indeed, that carriages could not pass along it, and on the right hand a growth of thickets enclosed it, making it the very spot, of all others, for a successful ambush.

This point Monsieur Morrice intended to pass so quickly that the soldier would not have a chance to make the contemplated spring towards his bridle.

But the man, knowing that the eyes of the officers were upon him, and that his own reward depended upon the successful result of the trial, was equally determined that the horse should not escape him.

That his limbs might not be unaccommodated by his uniform, the soldier, who was a large and noble-looking Vezimino, was stripped to his drawers and shirt, with his belt buckled tightly about his loins.

As he stood thus, with his head stretched forward, upon the lookout for the advancing horseman, and every muscle braced for the desperate encounter, he presented the most beautiful specimen of manhood the Frenchman had ever looked upon.

His tall, dark eyes, flashing with excitement, measured the rapidly decreasing distance between him and the fierce animal, and with clenched hands and compressed lips he awaited the moment for the desperate attempt.

So completely fascinated was the rider with the gallant bearing of the noble fellow, as he stood thus awaiting his arrival, that he was almost the lastion before he began to draw upon the reins, in order the better to control the motion of his horse.

But at this instant the soldier leaped forward into the path, and made a vain attempt to seize the bridle. The pair fell; the last act of his life. The savage brute, unmindful of the desperate efforts his master was making to favor the man, leaped upon him, and, dashing him firely to the ground with his fore feet, actually tore the flesh and bone of his face from the head, and clamped the bleeding integuments between his teeth like a beast of prey.

Not content with this awful mutilation, the maddened animal, entirely beyond the control of his rider, pawed and stamped upon the body so long as a spark of life remained.

The excitement that prevailed among the spectators of this cruel scene was indescribable, and the comrades of the unfortunate man, regardless of the commands of their officers, assailed from the castle, and with their weapons made a dash at the Frenchman, who was still endeavoring to spur his infuriated charger from the spot.

One of the soldiers, with a fixed bayonet, had reached the horseman, and had drawn back his musket to thrust it to his heart, when, with characteristic presence of mind, the Frenchman, drawing his pistol, shot the fellow down in his tracks, and before the others had reached him, succeeded in urging his horse from the place.

Although acting only in self-defence in killing the last soldier, and the entire affair transpiring under the eyes of the whole garrison, Monsieur Morrice that night found himself an occupant of the city prison, where for many weeks he remained awaiting his trial for the manslaughter of two soldiers.

At length, by bribing the courts, he was permitted to give bail for his appearance at such time as the authorities might demand him. His money, however, enabled him to defer this period from time to time.

In the mean while, however, he found himself implicated with the spanish officers in quarrels, in consequence of the unhappy affair; and, justly feeling himself the offended party, refused to make any terms with them but at the point of the sword. Duel followed duel, in which he received many

wounds, but from which he always came off first best. At length, harassed by the enemy he had thus unwittingly incurred, he followed the advice of a few friends, and left the island for three years. He made his native town his temporary residence.

After the expiration of that time, learning that his enemies had been replaced by other troops, he returned to his estate, where he continued to reside till some years after, when he again revisited our town, and ever after remained with us.

Monsieur Morrice was frequently offered large sums for the gallant L'Eraser, but he never permitted him to leave his possession, or to be mounted by another; and, when he died, after a good old age, his master erected a monument over his grave, and caused to be recorded upon the marble his extraordinary exploits; and whoever, on visiting the Queen of the Antilles, chances to ride past the *Cafetal Santa Catalina*, in Lagunillas cannot but observe the beautiful little obelisk which stands under a cluster of drooping bamboos, at the entrance to the estate:

"And till the mountain tops grow old,
 And cease the storms to rave,
 The consecrated spot shall hold
 The brave L'Eraser's grave."

HEALTH THE VITAL PRINCIPLE OF BLISS.

Few of us are so fortunate as to be entirely exempt from sickness—and we best realize the blessings of health, and the truth of the above saying,—when we find ourselves deprived of that element most conducive to our happiness. We violate the laws of health and life, and abuse our physical systems, and then when disease, the natural consequence of such self-abuse, overtakes us, we shift the blame from ourselves and call it the result of outward circumstances, as a dispensation of Divine Providence. True, many persons are the victims of hereditary disease, and such are the rightful objects of our deepest commiseration, since they suffer not for their own misdoings but for those of others; but these are only exceptional cases. Many of us, if we regard our health sufficiently to take care of it, might enjoy that blessing, almost uninteruptedly, but we waste our energies, squander our intellects, undermine our constitutions, and sap the foundations of life itself, in the pursuit of useless and frivolous pleasures, which, after all, are but sorry substitutes for the priceless gifts we so recklessly squander.

How we American women, envy the daughters of merry England, their robust constitutions, and ruddy, healthful complexion; and yet we have every reason to believe that if our manner of life was different from what it now is, we might vie with them in the possession of rosy cheeks, and elastic frames. We are beginning to imitate their example in the wearing of thick soled shoes, and if we had begun earlier, many a fair girl, once the pride and joy of her family and friends, now "sleeping in the valley," might be still living to cheer and bless them. Thin soled shoes have brought thousands of delicate females to an early grave. Our coughs and colds and consumptions, are too often the result of wifal exposure, and "Sueilde," might be graven on the tombstone of many a woman. When we sit against our bodies knowingly and with "malice aforethought," how can we expect to well.

Another thing constantly productive in damp weather, of colds and sore throats, is the immoderate length of dresses now in vogue. I know that much has been already said on this subject, and perhaps no new argument can be added to set forth its discomfort and danger, but still, the repetition of the protest is not idle, for it is a protest which every woman who has the welfare of her sex at heart, ought to enter against a fashion, wicked in its extravagance, foolish in its utter uselessness, and dangerous in its constant exposure of the feet and ankles to dampness and cold. You can see, every day, elegant broadsides, and heavy moire antiques, trailing their costly length along the dirty pavements, and gathering as they go a motley collection of sticks and stones, shaving papers and refuse of all kinds, that one would think, would seriously impede the progress of the fair wearer, and shock the sensibilities and neatness of any orderly female.

Conformity to fashion in the matter of dress is well enough, when exercised in moderation, but when its demands are at war with common sense, and injurious to health, they should not be complied with. Women should have a higher standard, whereby to measure and adjust these matters than the senseless and capricious bulletins of a Paris milliner. Among other practices sanctioned by custom, but subversive of health, is the keeping of such unseasonable hours. Look at our fashionable women, devoting themselves night after night to the pursuit of amusement, with an assiduity worthy of a better cause, and then lying in bed half of the morning. Few of them ever witness that daily miracle and ever new wonder, the rising of the sun.

No morning nap ever refreshes or invigorates the system. Night is the time to sleep and we cannot reverse the order of Nature, without injury to ourselves. This trying to make up in the morning what one has lost in the way of sleep and natural rest, is a vain endeavor. We rise with giddy, aching heads and unrefreshed bodies, totally unfit for the performance of our daily duties.

I know that many fashionable women ignore the existence of daily duties, or at least imagine them to consist in dressing for dinner, making a few calls in a carriage and lunging away the intervening time on a sofa, with the latest new novel. Many of them however, well meaning women in the main, would not so flatter away the golden hours, and their opportunities for usefulness, did they not consider themselves bound to do so by the inexorable "claims of society" and custom.

But what a pity excuse this will be, when the time comes to render an account of the energies, moral and physical, the talents, time and responsibilities, committed to our keeping!

The want of proper exercise, is another prolific source of incapacity and disease.

If ladies who take a carriage to do their shopping and make their calls, would only lay aside their pride and ostentatious love of display, and take their exercise on foot, how much more good it would do them.—If the weather is at all unpleasant, they deem it sufficient reason for remaining within doors, all day and even for days together, when in reality if they would but believe and try it, a walk even in the rain or snow, if they were properly clothed, would be far more conducive to health and activity, both of body and mind, than so much time spent in close heated rooms.

Outdoor exercise, is what every woman needs. Even those thrifty and economical house-keepers who do their own work, need that part of their exercise, should be in the open air.

Running up and down stairs, sweeping, cooking, &c. do not altogether meet the requirements of the system, because women, like plants, need sun and air to develop them aright. Their exercise should be such as will bring all the muscles into play, expand the lungs, quicken the circulation, arouse the brain, and revive and reanimate all the powers of body and mind.

Our delicate American women, are so much afraid of their complexions being ruined, that they would rather be sick and be waited upon all their life, than to gain health and strength by working in the garden or any other active outdoor exercise.

One of the chief secrets of success in our Water Cure establishments, is that women who place themselves under that treatment are obliged to take exercise in the open air. Many women go there without a particle of local disease about them, but who nevertheless are the victims of those worst of all disorders, imaginary ailments, and "nervous afflictions." They could not so much as lift a broomstick or open a door at home, but when they are sent to the "Cure," they are plentifully treated with cold water, live on a moderate and simple diet, keep regular hours, and take plenty of outdoor exercise, and the result is, that in the course of a few weeks, they are materially improved in health and spirits. But would they not have been just as much benefited by the same course of treatment, if it had been adopted and maintained at home? Let us be duly thankful for Water Cures and Gymnasiums, for there is a certain class of women, that are benefited by them, who cannot be reached in any other way.

Fashion has sent its stamp upon these sanitary establishments, and for that reason many a woman submits to the regulations enforced by them, who would not at any other time admit that her strength was equal to such muscular exertions, and in no other place or circumstances would be willing to exercise the divinely appointed functions of a body that should be natural and healthy.

Oh! why will our American women yield such slavish obedience to the laws which Fashion imposes upon them, and at the same time disregard and disobey, daily and hourly the high behests of Nature and of God? Why will they restrict and debase by their follies, the fair and noble proportions of that body which should be the fit and beautiful temple of the soul?

Why will they allow Fashion to prey like some monstrous vampire upon their lives, dwarfing and stunting their intellects, crushing affections and sympathies, and sealing up the sweet fountains of charity and love, that should flow unchecked to gladden and refresh their homes?

The women of this day prate unceasingly of their privileges and call loudly for their rights, but how many there are among them, whose lives are absolutely useless, who have no higher object in view, than that of giving the most splendid parties wearing the most expensive diamonds and being looked up to as a leader of the ton.

What a vain pursuit! What an ignoble aim, for a being fitted by Nature to be the most perfect and powerful agent, in the progress and improvement of the race, a "providence" at home and an ornament to society abroad!

From the Overseas Times.
 AN EIGHTEEN DOLLAR LAW SUIT.

In August, 1843, George Smeades procured an attachment before a Justice in Ogdensburgh, and attached and sold the anchors, chains and sails of the schooner Gurnsey, belonging to Morris and Jesse Bennett of this city, to recover a debt of eighteen dollars, which the vessel owed him. Smeades recovered a judgment before the Justice, and the Bennetts appealed from the judgment to the Court of Common Pleas of St. Lawrence county, where the Bennetts succeeded, when they presented the bail bond, signed by Mr. Brown to procure the attachment.

A defence was put in, involving an issue of law and an issue of facts. The issue of law was noticed for the Court at Rochester, at Utica, and again at New York. The Bennetts being finally beaten, it was again tried at Oswego, before four judges, in 1850, and the Bennetts again beaten, when they appealed to the Court of Appeals, and it was tried at Albany, when the whole case was decided in their favor.

This only disposing of the questions of law, the trial of the dispute of facts was tried at the Oswego Court, and the Bennetts succeeded.

Brown appealed to the General Term; heard at Syracuse, and a new trial ordered. The case was tried before Hon. Judge Hubbard at Watertown, in December, 1853, where the Bennetts were beaten, when they appealed to the General Term; heard at Utica in January, 1855. A new trial was ordered, and the case was again tried at Watertown, in December, 1855, when the Bennetts succeeded, but being dissatisfied, they appealed to set aside their own judgment. The appeal was tried at Watertown, and the Bennetts succeeded in setting aside their own judgment. A new trial was ordered, and the case was again tried at Oswego, when judgment being recovered in the Bennetts favor, Brown moved to set the judgment aside, at the Court in Herkimer, resulting in a new trial, which came on at Watertown, in April, 1858, ending in a judgment in favor of the Bennetts; and on appeal by Brown to the General Term, and heard at Syracuse, in January, 1859, when the judgment was affirmed in favor of the Bennetts.

Brown has appealed from that judgment to the Court of Appeals, and when tried in this Court of last resort it is to be expected that each party will be perfectly satisfied with themselves and the rest of the world. The parties to this suit are each and all of them men of wealth. The defendant Brown is one of the finest men and best lawyers in St. Lawrence county.

The case has been litigated upon the merits, no technical questions having ever been raised or insisted upon, and the utmost good feeling has existed between the parties. The costs in Bennett's favor are now taxed at about \$800, and on the other side would be about equal, thus costing 1000 to collect, or attempting to collect \$18, but the end is not yet. J. A. Hallway of this city is the attorney for the Bennetts.

LETTER FROM THE FEMALE WHO