THE DAILY APPEAL

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A GORMANDIZER IN THE WRONG PLACE.

The true, representative American is neither an abstemious, decorous Adams, nor a guzzling, duel fighting, gourmand like the Hon. Reverdy Johnson from the terrapin side of Maryland. Rather, on the contrary, is the type of man that should represent the Great Republic abroad made up upon the Cyrus W. Field model—a man in whom is combined the shrewdness of the Yankee and the polish of the sagacious man of the world, tempered with a genuine morality. Still, our Minister to the Court of St. James or St. Cloud should be another than just such a man as Mr. Field; we only mention him as a good specimen of the "live Yankee"—and a "live Yankee" is what is needed to deal with John Bull and "the nephew of his uncle."

Whatever is done, Johnson should be recalled. He dines too much; eats and drinks too rapaciously when he does dine; talks too much over his walnuts and his wine; and is out of his sphere when neglecting his clients in the U. S. Supreme Court to carouse with beef eating and port drinking John Bull. He gushes too much for a minister; and jollifies when he should be driving a sharp bargain. The individuality which should be maintained by the great Yankee nation is not at all a part of Mr. Johnson's nature. He has no genius for whittling a stick; never taught school; and is too familiar with turtle soups and terrapin stew. While it is hard to select the right man to fill the English mission, it is equally clear that Reverdy Johnson is totally unfit for that position. Ben Butler would be an infinitely better man—and it is hardly possible that he would do. If Grant were not going to be President, he would be, of all others, the man for the place. What is needed, in short, is a man who earnestly and intelligently believes that American civilization and the American nationality is something better, standing upon its own merits, than anything that can be cultivated by imitating English manners and surrendering to the tyrrany of English tastes. It is a great pity that Dr Franklin is dead!

AN INTERESTING AUTOBIOGRAPHY FORTHCOMING.—"Roland," writing from Boston to the Sacramento Union, says:

As an item of literary news I may mention that John Neal has written an autobiography, which will soon be published by Roberts Brothers of this city. He was one of the most brilliant literary Americans forty years ago, was a partner of John Pierpont, and ably represented American literature in England more than a generation ago. He has materials in his own life and observation for the most interesting autobiography of the age.

John Neal was, while in England, an accepted contributor to Blackwood's and other standard periodicals and enjoyed the intimate friendship of Jeremy Bentham. Neal is now an old man, but still retains much of the vigor of his earlier manhood when he prided himself upon his muscular accomplishments. His latter life has been saddened by the vicious courses and early death of his only son, who, we believe, died in Nicaragua. John Neal is a great egotist; but his book is sure to be full of eccentric and entertaining matter. He is entitled to be considered the American Carlisle.

OUR CHOICE LIKELY TO PREVAIL.—Some days ago we ventured to pick out some of Grant's Cabinet for him. We find, as is usually the case, that great minds have been running in the same channel. The Washington correspondent of the St. Louis Democrat says:

Motley, Sumner, Stanton and Fessenden are the people that popular judgment has picked out for the Department of State, odds being offered on Stanton, Motley having, however, the excess of good will. Fessenden is the selection of the conservative or constitutional Republicans. Sumner is named because he is abundantly capable of the place. I incline to the belief, weighing all four, that Motley will be the Secretary.

Of course Motley will be the Secretary. He is singularly well fitted for the position. Is almost without a peer in the attainments requisite to such a position, is comparatively young, and is thoroughly *en rapport* with Grant—whom he supported by speech and pen during the late canvass.

THE FUTURE OF WHITE PINE.

"Fitz Smythe," the White Pine correspondent of the San Francisco Alta, winds up a very long, elaborate and interesting letter from that new mining district as follows:

Will the deposits prove merely superficial and soon work out, or will they lead to the discovery of permanent ledges? is asked daily. *Quien sabe!* It is certain that the deposits already uncovered cannot be worked out in a year, and meantime $5,000,000 or $10,000,000 of bullion will have been produced and shipped to San Francisco. All through the White Pine District new discoveries, of greater or less importance, are being made daily, and at Duckwater, forty miles southeast; at the new Sierra District, sixty five miles south; at Eureka, 80 miles west—all around, in fact—new discoveries are being made. Stretching from the northern line of Idaho to the Sonora line on the south, is a broad belt of metalliferous country as yet but partially explored or wholly untouched. All this will be hunted over next year by prospectors, stimulated by the White Pine discoveries. To our friends we say: Go slow; buy or locate for what you can see, in this district, and instead of expending vast sums in running costly tunnels to strike imaginary lodes at great depth, adopt the Mexican rule—where you see ore, go for it (or gopher it, if you prefer that form of expression.) There is wood in this locality enough to last for years to come; for the present the mines are rich beyond calculation, and for the rest, let to-morrow take care of itself: "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." The White Pine Mill Company (Miller, Taylor & Co) have just got their ten-stamp mill running; another of five stamps will be running soon, and next summer there will be no lack of facilities for reducing ore at low rates. White Pine is "a big thing on ice" (literally) already, and it is not worth our while to speculate much as to the futuee; the present is almost fabulous, and we need not draw on our own imaginations.

THE MOTHER OF SCHUYLER COLFAX.—Mrs. Matthews, the mother of the Vice President elect, has been for several weeks stopping with her friends in this city.

Like the mothers of nearly all our great men, she is a noble woman, of great intellectual power. Mr. Colfax owes much of his success to his mother, and he fully appreciates it. She is a remarkably hale and happy old lady, and rejoices in a quiet way over the success of her son.

Her only desire for his advancement seems to be that he may be placed in a position to do more good. At the age of fifteen she was married to Schuyler Colfax the elder. At the age of seventeen she was left a widow, with one child. Four months after the death of his father, Schuyler was born—the elder child died in infancy.

Some years later Mrs. Colfax was married to Mr. Matthews. Nearly thirty years ago the young couple, with little Schuyler and other children that had been born to them, removed to New Carlisle, Laporte county, Indiana.

Since the death of the wife of Schuyler Colfax, his mother has presided over his home in Washington, with grace and dignity. She will soon, so rumor says, be relieved from the duties of the position by Miss Nellie Wade of Ohio, who is to become the wife of the Vice President before the end of the present month. Mrs. Matthews, we are informed, will continue her residence with her son in Washington. May she live for many years to give him wise counsel, and grace the society of the capital.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

ON THE MARRY.—The Jacksonville (Oregon) Sentinel, 12st instant, says: A gay youth of Fort Jones, California, arrived here on Wednesday, accompanied by a girl that he loved stronger than sweet cider, and a male friend named Downey, who acted in the capacity of attorney. They loved muchly; but the girl's male progenitor had interposed a "black-snake between their love, and they procured a buggy and rushed for Oregon. A telegram awaited them here beseeching them to return home and do the thing up handsome, but the swain thought a bird in the hand worth two in the bush, and hastened to the Clerk's office for a little document. The cold hearted official said "nary," and the unfortunate lover returned to Yreka on Thursday with a tearful maiden, that hankered after the name of Snider, to meet an outraged parent and reflect upon the uncertainty of human affairs.

HOW CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS VOTED. The able Boston correspondent of the Sacramento Union tells the following:

A funny thing happened at Quincy—the home of the Adams family—which, by the way, repudiated John Quincy, the Democratic candidate for Governor, for whom it gave a majority last year. C. F. Adams, late Minister to England, deposited in the ballot-box a receipted bill instead of a ballot. On discovering his mistake he returned to the polls, withdrew the bill, and substituted a ballot for Grant and Colfax and the Democratic State ticket. There had been considerable curiosity as to his vote which was thus allayed. A somewhat similar incident happened at Lynn. A well-known expressman who had been very reticent as to his political preferences, put into the box, by mistake, a freight bill, and did not discover his mistake until he delivered some merchandise and found no bill thereof. He returned to the polls and desired to vote again, but was not permitted to do so.

THE PRESIDENT ELECT.—General Grant was at his headquarters, as usual, yesterday, engaged in the transaction of official business. A considerable portion of his time was taken up during the day, however, in receiving the calls of a number of prominent visitors, among whom were Speaker Colfax, Secretary of War General Schofield, Senator Morgan, and Generals Terry, Geo. H. Thomas, Humphreys, Emory and Canby. During the afternoon he dropped in on his friend General F. E. Swinner, United States Treasurer, with whom he spent some time in social intercourse. Later in the day he entertained Speaker Colfax, Vice President elect, to dinner at his residence, on New Jersey avenue. During the evening he was visited by a number of gentlemen, who extended the usual congratul. tions. His Western visit has greatly improved the General, and he is looking remarkably well.—*Washington Chrohicle.*

HORACE GREELEY.

Mark Train's Humorous Description of Him.

[From Wilkes' Spirit of the Times.]

Greeley gets up at three o'clock in the morning; for it is one of his favorite maxims that only early rising can keep the health unimpaired and the brain vigorous. He then wakes up all the household and assembles them in the library, by candle light, and, after quoting the beautiful lines—

"Early to bed and early to rise
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise."

he appoints each individual's task for the day, sets him at it with encouraging words, and goes back to bed again. I mention here, in no fault-finding spirit, but with the deference justly due a man who is older and wiser and worthier than I, that he snores awfully. In a moment of irritation once, I was rash enough to say I never would sleep with him until he broke himself off this unfortunate habit. I have kept my word with bigoted and unwavering determination.

At half-past eleven o'clock Greeley rises again. He shaves himself. He considers that there is great virtue and economy in shaving himself. He does it with a dull razor, sometimes humming a part of a tune (he knows part of a tune, and takes an innocent delight in regarding it as the first half of Old Hundred; but parties familiar with that hymn have felt obliged to confess that they could not recognize it, and, therefore, the noise he makes is doubtless an unconscious original composition of Greeley's), and sometimes, when the razor is especially dull, he accompanies himself with a formula like this: "Damn the damned razor and the damned outcast who made it."—H. G.

He then goes out to his model garden and applies his vast store of agricultural knowledge to the amelioration of his cabbages; after which he writes an able agricultural article for the instruction of American farmers, his soul cheered the while with the reflection that if cabbages were worth $11 apiece his model farm would pay.

He next goes to breakfast, which is a frugal, abstemious meal with him, and consists of nothing but just such things as the market affords—nothing more. He drinks nothing but water—nothing whatever but water, and coffee, and tea, and Scotch ale, and lager beer, and lemonade with a fly in it—sometimes a house fly and sometimes a horse fly—according to the amount of inspiration required to warm him up to his daily duties. During breakfast he reads the Tribune all through, and enjoys the satisfaction of knowing that all the brilliant things in it, written by Young, and Cooke, and Hazard and myself are attributed to him by a confiding and infernal public.

After breakfast he writes a short editorial, and puts a large dash at the beginning of it, thus (——), which is the same as if he put H. G. after it, and takes a savage pleasure in reflecting that none of us under-strappers can use that dash, except in profane conversation, when chafing over the outrage. He writes this editorial in his own handwriting. He does it because he is so vain of his penmanship. He always did take an inordinate pride in his penmanship. He hired out once, in his young days, as a writing master, but the enterprise failed. The pupils could not translate his remarks with any certainty. His first copy was, "Virtue is its own reward," and they got it, "Washing with soap is wholly absurd," and so the Trustees discharged him for attempting to convey bad morals, through the medium of worse penmanship. But, as I was saying, he writes his morning editorial. Then he tries to read it over, and can't do it, and so sends it to the printers, and they try to read it, and can't do it; and so they set it up at random, as you may say, putting in what words they can make out, and when they get aground on a long word they put in "reconstruction," or "universal suffrage," and spar off and paddle ahead, and next morning, if the degraded public can tell what it is all about, they say H. G. wrote it; and if they can't they say it is one of those imbecile understrappers; that is the end of it.

On Sundays Greeley sits in a prominent pew in Chapin's Church, and lets on that he is asleep, and the congregation regard it as an eccentricity of genius.

When he is going to appear in public, Greeley spends two hours on his toilet. He is the most pains-taking and elaborate man about getting up his dress that lives in America. This is his chiefest and pleasantest foible. He puts on his old white overcoat, and turns up the collar. He puts on a soiled shirt, saved from the wash, and leaves one end of the collar unbuttoned. He puts on his most dilapidated hat, turns it wrong side before, cants it on to the back of his head, and jams an extra dint in the side of it. He puts on his most atrocious boots, and spends fifteen minutes tucking the left leg of his pants into his boot-top in what shall seem the most careless and unstudied way. But his cravat—it is into the arrangement of his cravat that he throws all his soul, all the power of his great mind. After fixing at it for forty minutes before the glass it is perfect—it is askew every way—it overflows his coat collar on one side and sinks into oblivion on the other—it climbs and it delves around about his neck—the knot is conspicuously displayed under his left ear, and it stretches one of its long ends straight out horizontally, and the other goes after his eyes, in the good old Toodles fashion—and then, completely and marvelously appareled, Greeley strides forth, rolling like a sailor, a miracle of astounding customary, the awe and wonder of the nation!

But I havn't time to tell the rest of his private habits. Suffice it that he is an upright and an honest man—a practical, great-brained man—a useful man to his nation and his generation—a famous man, who has justly earned his celebrity—and, withal, the worst dressed man in this or any other country, even though he does take so thundering much pains and put on so many frills about it.

LOCATION OF THE WHITE PINE DISTRICT. A correspondent of the San Francisco Alta says:

The White Pine Mountain and group of parallel hills comprised within the White Pine District, are situated on the southern boundary of Lander county, Nevada, (possibly extending partially over the line into Nye county), 120 miles (by the road) in a south-eastern direction from Austin, and about 720 miles from San Francisco by the route now traveled. As near as can be ascertained, in the absence of complete surveys, they are located in the latitude 39° 10′ north, and longitude 38° 30′ west. The principal mines (on the summit of Treasure Hill) are supposed to be at an altitude of about 9,000 feet above the level of the sea.

POLITICAL JEU D'ESPRIT.

Two more unfortunates,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to their death;
Take them up tenderly—
Lift them with care;
One is old Seymour—
The other is Blair.
—*New York Dispatch.*

If Butler is "a spoon thief,"
As Dana's people say,
Why did they leave so big a "spoon"
As Dana in his way!
—*Boston Post.*