

DECEMBER

Jacksonville

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE."

Vol. 17.—No. 49.

JACKSONVILLE, ALA., TUESDAY DEC. 13, 1853.

Whole No. 288

EDITED, PRINTED, AND PUBLISHED, BY
J. F. GRANT,

At \$2 a year in advance, or \$3 at the
end of the year.

A failure to give notice of a wish to
discontinue will be considered an en-
gagement for the next.

No paper discontinued until all ar-
rearages are paid.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

One dollar per square of 12 lines or
less for the first insertion, and fifty cents
per square for each continuance.

Personal advertisements double the
foregoing rates.

Announcement of Candidates \$3.

Circulars of Candidates 50 cents per
square.

GREAT DEPOT OF
BOOKS & STATIONERY.

CARVER & RYLAND, No. 34
DAUPHIN STREET.

KEEP constantly on hand a
large supply of books in the various
departments of the Sciences, Arts, Liter-
ature, &c., and are constantly receiving
all the New Books of value and impor-
tance, as they are issued from the vari-
ous Publishing Houses of the country.

They also keep a large and complete
stock of Staple and Fancy Stationery,
embracing English, French and Ameri-
can Cap, Letter and Note Paper; En-
velopes, Quil Pens, Gold Pens, Water-
Ink, &c.; Mathematical Instruments,
Water Colors, Drawing Paper, &c.
Blank Books of all styles and sizes.

We have in operation a large Blank
Book Manufactory, and are prepared to
execute all kinds of Blank Book work,
embracing Ledgers, Journals, Records,
Cash, and other Books.

Pamphlets, Music, &c., bound at the
shortest notice; Old Books re-bound,
&c. We keep constantly on hand a
large supply of Printing Paper, Printing
Ink, &c. &c.

Dealers from the interior would
do well to call and examine our exten-
sive Stock, as in point of variety, mod-
erate prices, &c. we cannot be excelled.

Remember to call at their Splen-
did Establishment, at No. 34, Dauphin
Street.

December 7, 1852.

JOHN I. THOMASON,
Attorney at Law,

AND
Solicitor in Chancery.

WILL give prompt attention to
all business entrusted to his
care in the counties of Jefferson,
Blount, Marshall, DeKalb, Chero-
kee, Benton and St. Clair, and in
the Supreme Court of the State.

Office at ASHVILLE, St. Clair county,
Ala. March 8, 1853

B. T. POPE,
Attorney at Law.

ASHVILLE, ALABAMA.

WILL hereafter attend the Cir-
cuit courts of Benton, Chero-
kee, Jackson and Marshall, and as
heretofore, the Circuit and Chancery
courts of St. Clair, Blount and
DeKalb counties, and the Supreme
court of the State.

Office at ASHVILLE, St. Clair county,
Ala. March 8, 1853

JAMES MARTIN,
Attorney and Counselor at Law & Soli-
citor in Chancery.

WILL practice in Randolph and
the adjoining counties, and in
the Supreme Court of the State at
Montgomery.

Address, (pre-paid,) Oakfuskee,
Randolph county, Ala.
March 22,—1y.

Law Notice.

T. A. CANTRELL & S. H. LIKENS,
Attorneys at Law & Solicitors in Chan-
cery. Office in Oxford, Ala.

Martin & Forney,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

WILL practice in all the courts
in the counties of Benton,
Cherokee, DeKalb, St. Clair, Ran-
dolph and Talladega, and in the
Supreme Court of the State.

Office formerly occupied by
Walker & Martin.

JAS. B. MARTIN, January 1, '53.
WM. H. FORNEY, 1y

Walden & McSpadden,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
AND
Solicitors in Chancery.

WILL practice in the several
Courts of Cherokee, Benton,
St. Clair, DeKalb, Marshall and
Jackson.

Office at Centre, Cherokee Co.,
Ala. January 13, 1852.

Administratrix Notice.

THE undersigned having been
appointed Administratrix of the
estate of Stephen Knight, dec'd,
by the Probate Court of St. Clair
County, Ala. on the 14th day of
October, 1853; all persons having
claims against said estate are here-
by notified to present them, legally
authenticated within the time pre-
scribed by law, or they will be
barred; and all persons indebted
to said estate are requested to make
payment.

MILBREY KNIGHT, Adm.
Nov. 3, 1853.

Through fare from Charleston
to Baltimore \$15.00, to Phil-
adelphia \$17.50 and to New
York \$20.

The great Mail Route from
Charleston, S. C.

LEAVING THE Wharf at the foot of
Laurens st. daily, after the arrival of
the Southern Cars, via Wilmington, N.
C., from which point two daily trains are
despatched at 8 A. M. and 2 P. M.; the
8 o'clock, only connecting at Weldon
N. C., with the Seaboard and Roanoke
Rail Road to Norfolk, hence by steamers
to Baltimore, and both trains connect-
ing at Weldon with the lines to Peters-
burg, Richmond, Washington, Balti-
more, Philadelphia and New York.

The public is respectfully informed
that the steamers of these lines are in
first rate condition, and are navigated by
well known and experienced comman-
ders, and the Railroads are in fine order
(the Wilmington and Weldon, as well
as the Seaboard and Roanoke having
recently re-built with heavy T rail,
thereby securing both safety and des-
patch. By these routes passengers avail
themselves of the first train may reach
Baltimore in 40 hours, Philadelphia in
45 hours, and New York in 50 hours;
and by the second train they arrive in
Baltimore in 50 hours, Philadelphia in
55 hours, and New York in 61 hours.

Through Tickets can alone be had
from
E. WINSLOW,
Agent of the Wilmington and Raleigh
Railroad Company, at the office of the
Company, foot of Laurens st. Charleston,
S. C. to whom please apply.

March 20, 1852.

M. P. STOVALL,
Warehouse & Commission
Merchant,
AUGUSTA, GA.

CONTINUES the business, in
all its branches, in the ex-
tensive Fire Proof Warehouse, on
Jackson street, near the Globe Hotel,
and formerly occupied by Walker &
Bryson.

Having ample facilities for business,
and the disposition to extend every ac-
commodation to his customers, he pledges
his strict personal attention to the in-
terests of all those who may favor him
with patronage.

Orders for FAMILY SUPPLIES,
BAGGING, &c. promptly and carefully
filled, at the lowest market prices.

August 29th 1853.

SPLENDID PLANTATION
FOR SALE.

I will sell my plantation
lying near and at Spring
ville, and extending from
12 to 15 miles West of Ashville
St. Clair county Ala. containing
1550 Acres 450 in a high state of
cultivation, with two good im-
proved settlements, good dwell-
ing houses, negro and out houses
the tract may be divided into sev-
eral settlements if desired, the tract
abounds in good and never
failing springs, the lands are gener-
ally red or chocolate color and
produce Cotton, Corn, Wheat,
Oats &c., equal to any in this
latitude.

The stock, Corn and Fodder will
be sold with the plantation if de-
sired—I will sell all or a part of
those lands. For terms apply to
Hon. Jno I. Thomason at Asville
or to the subscriber on the prem-
ises.

JAS. THOMASON,
Springville, St. Clair County, Ala.
Oct the 4th 1853.

COSGROVE & BRENNAN
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
Foreign and Domestic
DRY GOODS.

Near the Mansion House, Formerly
Keens and Hops's, Broad
Street, Augusta, Ga.

Goods sold 10 per cent under Charleston pri-
ces for cash.
May 16, 1853—1y.

SCRUGGS, DRAKE, & CO.,
Commission Merchants,
CITY OF BALTIMORE, Md.

KEEP an office in
Baltimore, Md., where they
will be prepared to make liberal
advances on Cotton or other
Produce consigned to their Office.

Refer to E. L. Woodward, who
will also make advances on Cotton
shipped to the above named House.

Oct 18, 1853.—1y.

HUGH MONTGOMERY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW & SOLI-
CITOR IN CHANCERY,

HAVING located in Oxford, Ben-
ton County, Ala. will give
prompt attention to all business
entrusted to his management.

May 3, 1853—1y.

Whitley & Ellis,
HAVE associated themselves in
the Practice of the Law.

Office Row, No. 5, Jacksonville,
Alabama.

G. C. WHITLEY, January 5, '52.
E. C. ELLIS, 1y

POETRY.

A CONFESSION.

BY K. WACO.

It was even, and the shadows
Of the dreary twilight fell
On the mountains, and the meadows,
With a kind of mystic spell.

Balmly zephyrs were stealing
Through the bosom of the flowers,
And the night-bird's song was pealing
From the dark and leafy bowers.

Distant streams were sweetly singing
In a deep and muffled strain,
And the dewy weeds were gently ringing
Pearls of silver o'er the plain.

Golden stars were quaintly peeping
Through the curtains of the skies
And the flowers, sweet were sleeping
'Neath the breezes' lullabies.

At such an hour—no one near me,
But the soul of my heart—
In tones so low she scarce could hear me,
I something said that made her start.

Ever since she's loved me dearly,
And I, too, have done the same;
I believe I asked her merely—
How she'd like to change her name.

LIFE AND DEATH.

"What is Life, Father?"

"A Battle, my child,
Where the strongest lance may fall,
Where the wisest eyes may be
gulled,

And the stoutest heart may quail.

Where the foes are gathered on every
hand

And rest nor day nor night.

And the feeble little ones must stand
In the thick-est of the fight."

"What is Death, Father?"

"The rest, my child,
When the strife and the toil are o'er,
And the angel of God, who, calm and
mild,

Says we need fight no more;
Who driveth away the demon band,
Bids the din of the battle cease;
Takes the banner and speat from our
failing hand,

And proclaims an eternal Peace."

"Let me die, Father! I tremble; I fear
To yield in that terrible strife?"

"The crown must be won for Heaven,
dear,

In the battle-field of life.

My child, though thy foes are strong and
tried,

He loveth the weak and small;
The Angels of Heaven are on thy side,
And God is over us all!"

[From the Louisville Journal.]

EVENING STAR.

BY LYDIA M. RESO.

Star of eve so brightly shining,
What's my fate oh whisper now;
Shall I linger till Time's finger
Leaves deep furrows on my brow?

On a grand old hill I'm standing,
Bony all around I trace,
Night's cool breezes toss the tresses,
Backward from my upturned face.

Whisper, then, for O! I'm lonely—
I have left the dear ones all—
Star above me, if thou love me,
Listen to my earnest call.

Up this steep old hill I've clambered,
Only to commune with thee,
But, unheeding thou art leading
Onward to the western sea.

Damp the dews of night steal downward,
Softly on my brow they fall,
Star above me, if thou love me,
Thou wilt surely hear my call.

ROCHESTER, Beaver co., Pa.

MISCELLANEOUS.

QUESTIONS WELL ANSWERED.—A
sophist, wishing to puzzle Thales
the Milesian, one of the wise men
of Greece, proposed to him in rapid
succession the following difficult
questions. The philosopher replied
to them all without the least hesi-
tation, and with how much prop-
riety and precision, our readers can
judge for themselves.

What is the oldest of all things?
God—because he always existed.

What is the most beautiful? The
world—because it is the work of
God!

What is the greatest of all things?
Space—because it contains all that
is created.

What is the quickest of all things?
Thought—because in a moment it
can fly to the end of the universe.

What is the strongest? Necessity
—because it makes men face all the
dangers of life.

What is the most difficult? To
know yourself.

What is the most constant of all
things? Hope—because it still re-
mains with man after he has lost
everything else.

A lady was asked the oth-
er day why she choose to live a sin-
gle life, and gravely replied: "I am
unable to support a husband,

"I wonder why?"

CARO LEE.

After twenty years wandering in for-
eign lands, I returned to the home of my
childhood—a stranger! Mine had been
a life of adventure; now upon the top-
most verge of fortune's wheels, anon,
toiling and sweating beneath the task of
a cruel taskmaster—a chained slave, I
had become wearied of life, sick of an
existence which brought with it nothing
but misery, (for, at best, my life was a
miserable one,) and, upon the impulse of
the moment, while treading the gaily
lined walks of a rich southern city, I de-
termined to visit once more that little
spot on earth which I once gloried in
calling my home! Who can paint the
pilgrim's feelings as, after a twenty years'
absence, he again visits the scenes and
spots where, in childhood, he spent his
sweetest happiness, the long sunny days,
and gambled away the choicest hours
of his existence? What pen can picture
the emotions of that throbbing heart as
it nears the cherished goal, around which
every recollection, dear to memory clings
as the ivy clings around the forest oak?
Who can describe the feelings upon be-
holding again those same old hills—those
bald, green meadows? the same clear,
babbling brook, and verdant plains?—
Tongue nor pen can paint the thrilling
emotions of the lone wanderer as his
feet returns, as the prodigal, to his fa-
ther's home. Yes, I determined to visit
again my early home. As I entered the
little village a feeling of deep melan-
choly came over me—a sad foreboding
of change—solemn change, and, this sad
idea seized my mind, this rough, stout
heart of mine wept bitter, bitter tears of
sorrow. I am not ashamed to own that
I wept, though many, many years had
flashed since my eyes were moistened with
tears. Who would not have wept?—
Those whom I knew and loved were no
longer numbered with the living, or but
a very few, at most; their once cher-
ished forms now silently reposed in peace
beneath the green sod of yonder grave-
yard. The wide, shady streets, which
once echoed the merry laugh of myself
and companions, now seemed to me
deserted, though scores of busy men and
gaily attired women still thronged them
as of yore. None of these I knew and
I was a stranger.

It was a June evening—a beautiful,
bright, fragrant June evening, when I
laid down my little pack in the village
inn. The birds were carolling forth their
happy vesper songs; the cow-boy's merr-
y whistle echoed among the pine-clad
hills and verdant plains; the herds and
flocks were grazing in the green mead-
ows, when I wended my solitary way to
the village cemetery. When I left my
home, years ago, but a few mounds were
scattered here and there over the beau-
tiful retreat of the dead; but a few mon-
uments reared their snowy crests above
the foliage of the shrubbery that sur-
rounded them. But what a change!—
This spacious yard was now all filled up
with the narrow homes of those who
were once filled with life and animation.
I did not wander far before I came to
the grave of one whom I had tenderly
loved in youth. A plain marble slab,
with an appropriate inscription marked
the resting place of the once beautiful
maiden. It was too much for me; my
soul could bear to go no farther. That
maiden was once my playmate, she was
my companion in all my childish sports,
and I loved her. Her image had never
been present with me in all my wander-
ings; her idolized form, her face, radiant
with sweetness, had been ever distinctly
remembered, and to gaze upon them
once more was the reason of my retrar-
ing to my home again. Nothing but
this desire—a wish that had ever haunt-
ed me—could have induced me to re-
turn to that spot where no friends now
remained to welcome the wanderer back.
Foot that I was for ever returning!

I immediately repaired to the inn, and
there, from the lips of an aged gentle-
man, I learned the sad history of her who
I had so long and tenderly loved. The
story ran in this wise:

"Loved and beautiful was that sainted
maiden, George, and many were they
who bowed the knee of adoration before
her queenly form. She eclipsed in beau-
ty and grace all other maidens.

"As the sun rising doth obscure a star,
and she was tenderly beloved by all—
None could help loving her, for she was
a friend to everybody; her presence dis-
pelled the cares and gloom from the hov-
el of want, as the morning mists by the
sick couch and the bed of death, cheer-
ing and animating the sufferers with
hope and resignation; in short, George,
she was our good angel, and more wor-
shipped by the poor villagers, than the
God who made us, I fear. Many suitors
supplanted for her hand, but upon
all she smiled a smile of friendship, and
nothing more—she accepted none. This
was Caro Lee, and thus passed the pleas-
ant days of her youth.

"When she was about seventeen years
old, her father, a wealthy merchant in
our village, took into his service, as clerk,
a young man, a few years Caro's senior,
of very pleasing address, and remark-
able personal beauty. Henry Leland
possessed every charm to win the confi-
dence and love of a young and confiding
maiden. He had spent several years
in the city, in which time his manners
had received a polish and grace very
pleasing to those who look for a fair ex-
terior before looking for the real merit
if any, which is to be found beneath—
Henry had not been long in the employ
of Mr. Lee, when he became acquainted

with his beautiful daughter, Caro, and a
desire at their first meeting, if we may
believe his own words, entered his breast
to win the fair jewel.

"Mr. Lee was a business man in the
strictest sense of the word, and paid much
more attention to his day-books and led-
gers than to the affairs of his family.—
He was a sociable old fellow, and as per-
fectly confiding to those in his employ,
as to those who stood upon a level with
him; thus his clerks and laborers were
as often invited to his house, and as po-
litely treated, when there, as the man of
millions. Henry was not slow to except
the invitation of Mr. Lee, nor was he
backward in improving the freedom thus
granted him. With his handsome per-
son and oily tongue, his bewitching smile
and graceful bearing, he was not long in
making a favorable impression upon the
tender soul of Caro. Every art of which
he was master was practiced by him to
win the esteem and love of the pure-
hearted girl, and at last he was success-
ful. The tender cord was touched, the
well-spring of her affections he had
found; he possessed the key to fortune
wealth and happiness.

"I need not go through, George, with
all the particulars of their days of woo-
ing; to their union; the interruptions in
love's passage, and all this, for it would
be, to you, uninteresting. Suffice it to
say that they loved each other tenderly
and well. Mr. Lee thought Henry a re-
gular person of perfection, and he gave
his consent readily and willingly to the
union. All obstacles were now removed
from between them and perfect bliss,
and the young and hopeful lovers were
happy. Now all was bustle in the house
of Mr. Lee—cooks and dress-makers,
and servant girls were as busy as their
respective duties as though each and all
were to be married too, and everything
progressed finely. Mr. Lee gave to Hen-
ry a few weeks in which to make due
preparations for his part in the interest-
ing performance. It was daily improv-
ing, and all went as merry as
marriage bells. The day at length ar-
rived, and Henry Leland and Caro Lee
were made one flesh. That night the
rich mansion of Mr. Lee resounded to
sweet music, to gay laughter and happy
merry-making. It was a bright and
joyous scene, and many were the sweet
prayers sent up to the throne of grace
for the future happiness of the beautiful
bride.

"A splendid house was purchased for
the young couple—that the house con-
sidered, George, hid in those stately elms—
and Henry became the junior partner
in the firm of Lee & Leland, merchants.
Let us pass over just one short year,
George, and again take up our story—
In that mansion there—the one to which
I have just pointed, is heard the auction-
eer's hammer, and his rapid call of who
bids higher? He is selling the rich fur-
niture that once belonged to Henry Lee,
and now the property of his numer-
ous creditors. A few months after his
daughter's marriage Mr. Lee became a
bankrupt, having engaged in the ruinous
speculation of land, in which so many
lost their all. Poverty he could not en-
dure, and in less than one short month
from the day of his failure he was car-
ried to that bourne from whence no trav-
eller returns. But a few weeks elapsed,
and Mrs. Lee, who had for many years
enjoyed but feeble health, followed her
husband to the grave. Henry could not
stand the awful shock; the blow almost
entirely unmanned him. A habit which
had long been fixed upon him, that of
indulging in the free use of intoxicating
liquors, and which had been a profound
secret to all except his wife, now broke
out in all its fury, subservient to no re-
straints, and he, with giant strides, began
the downward road to ruin. Now, not
a day passed over his head that did not
find him intoxicated. His creditors
seized the whole of his property, and
now they are selling it to pay off his
debts.

"In that low, mean hotel, which you
see standing near the mansion, lies the
wife of Henry Leland now listening to
the tale of the auctioneer, death knell to
the soul—now writhing in the agonies
of a devouring fever. In her wild delir-
ium she calls upon Henry to rush from
the brink of an awful precipice which
she sees before her; then in accents of
suppressed grief, begs him to descend
from the brink of eternity Henry entered
in a state of beastly intoxication. For
a moment the once beautiful, but now
emaciated and sorrow worn Caro Lee
rested calmly; but it was only for a mo-
ment, and she called upon Henry, in
terrible screams, to fly from the destruc-
tor, to leave his cups. Oh! how fervently
she prayed, in her wilderness, for the
angels to come from Heaven and save
her husband—her Henry, from destruc-
tion. The stout soul bled as the dying
girl prayed.

"At this moment the inhuman brute
rushed to the bed side, breathed a ter-
rible oath into the ear of his wife, then
with clenched fist, struck that wife—
struck that dying woman, her whom
only one short year ago he swore to love
and protect! Yes, the fiend, the rum-
soaked wretch struck his dying wife!

In the twinkling of an eye Caro was in
the full possession of her senses, and
equally soon was the beastly wretch a
sober man. Oh! what horrors filled that
soul's bosom! What a hell consumed
his soul! He approached the bed-side
of his wife; he attempted to place his
lips upon her cold brow, but she waved
her hand for him to leave her and Caro

Lee's spirit winged its flight to the bright
realms of eternal day. That, George,
was the life and end of Caro, the lovely
Caro of the wanderer's dreams."

"But what has become of Henry Le-
land?" I asked.

Just then the old gentleman pointed
down the street, and directed my atten-
tion to the meanest, filthiest, and most
degraded being that eyes ever rested upon.
It was the wreck of the once beau-
tiful Henry Leland. He was an inmate
of the almshouse, a poor miserable
drunkard. I had heard and seen en-
ough; the next morning I took my
little pack, left the home of my boyhood,
and have never seen it since.

Waverly Magazine.

SENATOR DOUGLAS ABROAD.

We are indebted to the Cleveland
Plaindealer of the 8th ult. for the fol-
lowing graphic and minute report of the
peregrinations, observations and conver-
sations of Senator Douglas during his
recent European tour. Of course we
cannot vouch for the literal accuracy of
all parts of it—but the Plaindealer says
it has the report from an "eye wit-
ness."

AN AMERICAN SENATOR ABROAD.

It has been known by those gossiping
tale-bearers, the newspapers, that Sen-
ator Douglas has been improving the re-
cess of Congress by taking a European
tour, and we learn by these same jour-
nals, that in a most quiet and unostenta-
tious way he has visited every city of
note on the Continent. It is a matter of
interest every American citizen to know
how the dynasties of the Old World
look upon and treat such distinguished
dignitaries as United States Senators, and
it is a matter in which all feel a just
pride when proper respect is shown them
in the American name.

We have it from those who know,
that Senator Douglas was no obscure
personage on the "other side of the big
waters. On a tour of observation for
his own personal improvement, he was
looked upon by the countries he visited
as perhaps one of the best representatives
of American character abroad. He cer-
tainly so acquitted himself, as may be
seen by the following incidents, which
we derive from an eye-witness. On reach-
ing London he was asked if he would
like to see the Queen!

"Certainly," said the Senator.

"Then you will have to be presented
in court-dress, according to the custom
of the realm," said the messenger.

"Then," said the Senator, "I prefer not
to see her Majesty, until I can do so in
the same dress that I can visit an Ameri-
can President." The Senator did not
see the Queen.

He visited Scotland, Ireland, Italy,
and, on his way to Constantinople, visit-
ed Smyrna the day after Kosova was
released. There upon the ground, and
in possession of all the facts he wrote
home his views, sustaining the action of
Capt Ingallman and the Turkish Gen-
eral. He went to Odessa, and from
thence to St. Petersburg, traveling thence
2,600 miles of Russian territory. He
sent his card—Stephen H. Douglas of
Illinois, America—to Count Nesselrode,
the Emperor's Private Secretary. It was
immediately answered by an invitation
to meet the Count at his private apart-
ments, and a long and interesting inter-
view was the consequence. On leaving,
the Count asked Mr. D. if he had seen
the Emperor.

"He said he had not.

"When will you leave St. Petersburg?"
asked the Count.

"In a very few days," replied the Sen-

