

JANUARY

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"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE."

17.—No. 4.

JACKSONVILLE, ALA., TUESDAY JANUARY, 25, 1853.

Whole No. 842

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY

J. F. GRANT,  
AND  
H. CALDWELL,

in advance, or \$3 dollars at the end of the year. No subscription received for one year, unless paid in advance.

Subscription discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher a failure to give notice at the year of a wish to discontinue, will be considered an engagement for the next year.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

Advertisements of 12 lines or less \$1 per first insertion, and 50 cents for each subsequent insertion. Over 12 lines counted as squares, over \$4 as three, &c.

Regular insertions charged one dollar per square for each insertion.

Small advertisements and communications charged double the foregoing rates.

Work and advertising must be paid in advance.

Advertisements handed in without directions as to the number of insertions, will be published until forbid and charged accordingly.

A liberal discount will be made on advertisements inserted for six or twelve months.

For announcing candidates \$3 in addition, or \$5 if payment be delayed till the election.

For inserting circulars, &c., of candidates, 50¢ per square.

POSTAGE MUST BE PAID ON ALL LETTERS addressed to the Editors on business.

NEW GOODS: NEW GOODS

Fall & Winter of 1852.

H. W. WIENES

now receiving a rich and complete assortment of

DRY GOODS,

Consisting, in part, of Ladies fine Dress Goods, together with every variety of DeLaines, Calicoes, Gingham, Lawns, Linseys, and all other similar articles adapted to the wants of the community.

He also offers a splendid lot of Straw Bonnets, plain and fancy—Bonnets and Cap Ribbons, Ladies' Gowns, black and colored Kid Gloves, Muslin sleeves and collars, and all other articles too tedious to mention.

He can be supplied with superior Black Cloths, for Coats or Cloaks, Black and Fancy Cassimeres, for Pants or vests, Sattins, Jeans, Kerseys—in fact, can be supplied with anything, and everything, necessary to make a man a man.

A magnificent lot of Guns and Cutlery, comprises a part of his stock. He invites the special attention of sportsmen to his Guns, superior to any thing ever offered in this market.

GROCERIES.—A fine lot of Groceries.—Sugar, Coffee, Spices, &c. will be kept on hand to supply the demand of his customers.

H. W. W. while in conclusion, states that the above named articles comprise but a small portion of his last purchase, begs leave to add that this is an age of progress—progress in every thing—in Science, in the Arts, in Morals—Religion, Governments, in Merchandise and in Competition; and while some of his contemporaries claim to offer "unparalleled stocks," he thinks his in beauty and price will compete with the cheapest and best. He invites all to call and examine for themselves.

October, 19th, 1852

WASHINGTON HALL,  
ATLANTA . . . . . GEORGIA.

BEING situated almost equidistant from the Macon and Western, Western and Atlantic and Georgia Railroad Depots, this House will be found both a convenient and comfortable a place for Travelers, while sojourning at this point: Meals will be served on the arrival of the several Passenger Trains, and every attention paid to the wants and comfort of Visitors.

JAMES LOYD, Proprietor.

June 1, 1852—1y

MORRISVILLE  
Manufacturing Company.

HICKS & LOYD, thankful for past patronage, would inform their old friends and the public generally, that they have sold their stand and moved down to Morrisville two miles below, on Cane Creek, five miles from Alexandria, on the Stage road from Jacksonville to Talladega. They have associated themselves with E. G. MORRIS, where they are prepared to make WAGGONS AND BUGGYS, also Window Sashes, Blinds, Doors and Mantles for Houses; Bed Steads, &c. Also, Machinery for Grist Mills, Saw Mills, Smelters, Wood Cakes; Gearing for Thrashers, for Field or Gin Houses; Wheat Fans, Straw Cutters, Corn Shellers, &c.—They will have ready for the present crop, a large lot of Spike Cylinder Thrashers, with and without Gear, and winding blade Thrashers, one of simplest and best machines for the price in use, which they will sell low for cash or on time to suit most.

They are now erecting a large Manufacturing Establishment for the purpose of making all of the above named articles, and many others by machinery, of which timely notice will be given.

Address, the people's humble servants,  
MORRIS, HICKS, & CO.

ALEXANDRIA, ALABAMA.

E. G. MORRIS,  
HIRAM HICKS,  
J. R. LOYD, MAY 11, 1852



## POETRY.

From the Literary World.

### HAPPIEST DAYS.

They tell us, Love, that you and I  
Our happiest days are seeing,  
While yet is shut from either's eye  
The change that waits on being;  
Ah! life they say's a weary way  
With less of joy than sorrow,  
For where the sunlight falls to-day  
There'll be a shade to-morrow.

If ours be love that will not bear  
The test of change and sorrow,  
And only deeper channels wear  
In passing to each morrow;  
Then better were it that to-day  
We fervently were praying,  
That what we have might pass away  
While we the words were saying.

The heart has depths of bitterness  
As well as depths of pleasure,  
And those who love not unless  
They both of those can measure;  
There is a time, and it will come,  
When this they must discover,  
And woe it either then be dumb  
To power that moved the lover.

There are some spots where each  
will fall,  
And each will need sustaining;  
For suffering is the lot of all;  
And is of God's ordaining;  
Then therefore do our hearts unite  
In bonds that none can sever,  
If not to bless each changing light,  
And strengthen each endeavor.

Then while these happy days we  
bless,  
Let us no doubt be sowing;  
God's mercy never will be less,  
Though He should change the  
showing;

Such be our Faith as on we tread,  
Each trusting and obeying,  
As two who by His hand are led,  
And hear what He is saying.

From the Richmond Enquirer.

### THOU'LT COME NO MORE.

I think of thee! those orbs that roll,  
In yon soft sky so blue and bright  
Bring nightly to my pensive soul  
One heavenly dream of lost delight.

At eve the stars come back to  
Heaven,  
And sparkle happier than before—  
To me, alas! no joy is given!  
I weep to think thou'lt come no  
more.

I hate the songs I sung of old,  
Though they were dearest then  
to me—  
I cannot bear the world, so cold,  
Should hear those songs I sung  
for thee.

When Summer's fled the earth is  
long,  
The wild bird's silver note is o'er—  
And thus with me, when thou art  
gone!

I weep to think thou'lt come no  
more.

Roll on, resistless time! thy wing  
Shall never change thy spirit's  
bliss;

And if I could, I would not fling  
Away a dream of love like this.  
Yet when my shattered bark hath  
past  
The wave's of life's dark ocean  
o'er—  
If thou, loved one, art found at last,  
In Heaven I'll rest, and weep no  
more!

MELODIA.

### MOBILE AND OHIO ROAD.

The engineers have fixed the northern terminus of said road four miles below Cairo, in Kentucky, opposite the head of Island No. One, in the Mississippi. It is thought, however, that the road will ultimately be continued up along the bank to a point immediately opposite Cairo, in order to form a more convenient connection with the Illinois Central Railroad. This road takes nearly a straight line to Mobile, crossing Kentucky and Tennessee and passing down the valleys of the Tombigbee and Alabama Rivers—the richest cotton country in the world. To say nothing of the greater rapidity and safety of railway travelling, the distance to the Gulf of Mexico will be shortened by one-third, the Mississippi being a very meandering river, notwithstanding the rapidity of the current. Between Mobile and New Orleans the communication is by steamboat.

The Legislature of Arkansas has passed a homestead bill. It exempts from execution 160 acres of land, or a town lot with building and appurtenances. It extends to heads of families, males or females.

### CONFESSION OF ONE OF THE MURDERERS OF GARDNER AND MILLER.

Our readers will recollect (says the Louisville Courier) that only a short time since a horrible murder was committed on board a flat boat about one hundred miles below this city. In the Madison Daily Banner, of Tuesday the 24th inst., we find the following confession of one of the murderers:

Having learned that Robert Kelly, who is imprisoned in our county jail, on a charge of murder, had confessed to the part he took in the awful tragedy which hurried three human beings into eternity, we made arrangements to obtain a true statement of the confession. In a conversation with two gentlemen in the jail, young Kelly stated that he was raised in the vicinity of Versailles, in this State, where his parents now reside. He went to Cincinnati, a short time ago, to use his own language, "to make a raise." Soon after he reached Cincinnati, he and his brother Moses shipped on a flat-boat, belonging to Messrs. Gardner & Miller. The boat was laden with potatoes, apples, &c., and was destined for the Southern coasting trade. Thus manned, the boat, with Gardner & Miller on board, started down the river. When some eighteen miles above Troy, Ind., the boat was landed in consequence of high wind, and two of the hands went ashore for the purpose of taking a hunt. The evening being calm, the boat was turned into the stream, leaving the two men ashore. Shortly after the boat left the shore, the prisoner states that Moses Kelly, his brother, told him of his intention to murder the proprietors of the boat for their money. This he states, was the first intimation he had received from his brother of his murderous intentions. His brother had no enmity whatever against either of the deceased, and committed the bloody deed solely for the purpose of obtaining their money.

About two o'clock the next morning, he was called from his bed by his brother and told that the time had come when the other men upon the boat must die. They were Gardner, Miller and a hand by the name of Frank —, the prisoner having forgotten his surname. He went upon the roof of the boat for the purpose, he says, keeping a lookout, and his brother went below and murdered the three men. He says he heard howls and groans, but refuses to state any of the particulars of the horrible tragedy. On being asked if he saw the men after they were dead, he replied that he did, but refused to say anything more upon that point. The bodies of the murdered men were thrown into the river, through the scuttle of the boat, and their spilled blood was wiped from the floor by the two brothers. Upwards of one thousand dollars in money were taken from the murdered men; but the prisoner refused to state whether or not he shared it with his brother.

The two Kellys left the boat next morning and went to Evansville, Ind. At that place Moses Kelly took passage on the John Simpson for St. Louis, and the prisoner returned to the residence of his father. The brother of Gardner, one of the murdered men, on examining the boat, discovered the envelope of a letter addressed to Moses Kelly. This caused suspicion to rest upon him as one of the murderers. Learning that Kelly lived near Versailles, Mr. Gardner made arrangements to find where he was. The wife of Kelly received a letter from him, postmarked St. Louis, and Gardner proceeded to procure his arrest. But the former being aware that the St. Louis police were on the lookout for him, eluded their search and returned to his home. He remained there about three hours and then left for parts unknown.

Up to that time suspicion had not rested upon the prisoner. Although he was at his father's house at the time Gardner was at Versailles, endeavoring to lay plans to arrest his brother, no one thought him guilty of murder. But Gardner, subsequently learning that he was absent from his home at a time the murders were committed, induced two gentlemen, who resided at North Bend, Ohio, at which place Gardner & Miller's flat boat stopped to take on some freight, to visit Versailles.

On seeing the prisoner they recognized him as one of the hands on the boat. He was immediately arrested, examined before a justice of the peace and committed to jail, to await his trial.

### Robert Kelly, the prisoner, is a youth about seventeen years of age. He is spare built, has blue eyes and light hair. His countenance is not good, yet he has none of the villain in his look. It seems almost incredible that one so young and one who has been reared away from the temptations of city life, should be base enough to be accessory to such a crime as the one to which he has confessed. But such is the fact.

What induced young Kelly to make a confession of his guilt, we know not. We are at a loss to imagine any reason for it, as it seems to us that it will have the effect to increase rather than mitigate the offence. Our readers may rest assured that the above statement is true—that is, a true account of Kelly's confession.

### Mr. Calhoun on Cuba.

"During the progress of the Cuban controversy, we quoted," says the Washington Republic, "from the New York Journal of Commerce a statement of Mr. Calhoun's views in relation to the annexation of Cuba, as communicated by him to the editor of that Journal. According to that representation, the distinguished South Carolinian pronounced Cuba a forbidden fruit. It has since been insinuated rather than asserted in some quarters that Mr. Calhoun modified it he did not altogether abandon the opinion before his death. Mr. Venable, in his excellent anti-annexation speech in the House on Monday, referred to the subject for the purpose of showing that Mr. Calhoun's original opinion remained unchanged to the end. We extract from the official report of Mr. Venable's remarks:

And here, sir, I would with pious and reverential care, perform a duty which I owe to the memory of a distinguished statesman, whose unclouded and unequalled mind constantly reflected upon and studied the interests of his country generally, and his section in particular—whose pure heart to its latest throbs was filled with love to his country, and whose matured judgment made him the safe-guide. I refer to the great South Carolinian, who but two days before his death charged me that should he be misinterpreted upon this subject, to give his true opinion. It has been said that Mr. Calhoun was in favor of the annexation of Cuba; that he was keeping a lookout, and his brother went below and murdered the three men. He says he heard howls and groans, but refuses to state any of the particulars of the horrible tragedy. On being asked if he saw the men after they were dead, he replied that he did, but refused to say anything more upon that point. The bodies of the murdered men were thrown into the river, through the scuttle of the boat, and their spilled blood was wiped from the floor by the two brothers. Upwards of one thousand dollars in money were taken from the murdered men; but the prisoner refused to state whether or not he shared it with his brother.

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Asking a favor by letter, or giving a person time to think of it, is only giving him an opportunity of getting off handsomely.

### The Secret of Success.

We are too much given in this world to attributing the success of men of genius to their genius—as if, indeed, genius were all, capable of supplying all deficiencies, even want of knowledge; or as if it were not rather to be regarded as a capacity to labor—to labor effectually and with a purpose—than as something mysteriously an miraculously differing from other more ordinary human gifts. This truth is, at least, certain, that the greatest geniuses are, and, as far as known, have always been, the most industrious men; and the world has never been admitted to peep at them behind the curtain, without finding them busy—busy—busy beyond the measure of all ordinary human toil. It has come to be pretty well understood, in the case of literary geniuses, how closely the divine faculty is associated with laborious industry—take the well remembered instance of Walter Scott, for example; and the same thing would be as clearly perceived in reference to the men of fame in other walks of ambition were it not that, from the nature of things, literary celebrities not only write more, but are more written about than others.

In one of the recent numbers of *Eliza Cook's Journal* (a periodical not as well known in the United States as in England where it is published) there is a clever article, entitled "Recollections of the Youth of Napoleon," which places that wonderful being in the category of those whose talent grew out of, or was firmly built upon, the fabled soil of effort. If there ever was a genius, Napoleon Bonaparte was assuredly one, and a great—great—great—indescribably great one. It was his policy to inculcate the idea of "destiny"—to talk about his "star"; but his destiny was of his own carrying, his star was a lamp lighted by his own careful vigilance and indefatigable enterprise. It only needs to study the records of his early life, filled by himself preserved by his uncle the Cardinal Fesch, and kept hidden under seal until within a few years back, to perceive how much he owed his unexampled progress in the after paths of conquest and empire to his own prodigious devotion to the means of greatness. Demosthenes on the sea shore, or in his voluntary prisonhouse, never labored harder, never, in fact, half so hard, to fit himself for being the chief orator of Athens, as the subaltern of Ajaccio labored to prepare himself to be the future master of France and the dictator of Europe. His whole youth, the spare time of the student, and all the leisure of the young military officer, were dedicated to a course of private self-cultivation unexampled for its severity and multifarious character. Letters, history, science, philosophy, law, government, war, human nature, were the objects of his study, his reflections, his pen; and when he afterwards electrified the world in the successive characters of conqueror of Italy and Egypt, First Consul, and mighty Emperor, the resources he brought to the performance—the ability, the tact, the knowledge, the ready preparedness, which looked like intuition and were so often regarded as inspiration—were but the fruits borne of a tree daily planted and fostered—the natural consequences of a system of training which it was genius to Napoleon and genius to pursue. "Napoleon," says the article referred to "no more attained his greatness by fits and starts—of a genius however extraordinary—than he made his way over the Alps by a sudden flight. In both cases the road was opened by labor, toil, and endurance."

How much more readily, how much more surely, may not similar "labor, toil and endurance" be expected to secure the lesser prizes of life—freedom, wealth, distinction—for which men struggle in their several avocations, professionally, mercantile, manufacturing, or otherwise. Is there not room—is there not a demand—in all for the genius which is born of industry and implies the intelligence and discipline of the faculties which are only to be acquired by effort?

There is no occupation so simple or so humble that it may not be made the means and opportunity of unusual success. Greatness is relative—it may exist in all capacities and functions—and it is a thing of will; he who wills it, wins it. Ambition is, or ought to be, a native influence in every mind; and all may indulge it freely who will indulge it bravely and wisely. The error is in those who despair

### Little Mary's Story.

"Mary," said the younger of two little girls, as they nestled under a coarse coverlid, one cold night in December, "tell me about Thanksgiving day before papa went to Heaven; I am cold and hungry, and I can't go to sleep—I want something nice to think about."

"Hush!" said the elder child; "don't let dear mama hear you—come nearer to me," and they laid their cheeks together.

"I fancy papa was rich. We lived in a very nice house. I know there were pretty pictures on the wall; and there were nice velvet chairs, and the carpet was thick and soft, like the green patches in the wood; and we had a pretty gold fish on the side-table and Tony, my black nurse, used to feed them; and papa, (you can't remember papa, Letty) he was tall and grand like a prince, and when he smiled he made me think of angels. He brought me toys and sweetmeats, and carried me out to the stable, and set me on *Romeo's* *liver* chair, and laughed because I was afraid! And I used to watch to see him come up the street, and then run to the door to jump in his arms; he was a dear kind papa," said the child, in a faltering voice. "Don't cry," said the little one; "please tell me some more."

"Well, Thanksgiving day we were so happy; we sat around such a large table; with so many people; aunts and uncles and cousins. (I can't think why they never come to see us now, Letty) and Betty made such sweet pies, and we had a big turkey; and papa would have me set next to him, and gave me the wish-bone and all the plums out of his pudding; and after dinner he would take me in his lap, and tell me 'Red Riding Hood,' and call me 'pet,' 'bird,' and 'fairy.' Ah! Letty, I can't tell any more; I believe I am going to cry."

"I'm very cold," said Letty; "Does papa know, up in Heaven, that we are poor and hungry now?" "Yes—no—I can't tell," answered Mary, wiping away her tears; "unable to reconcile her ideas of Heaven with such a thought. 'Hush! mama will hear.'"

Mama had "heard." The coarse garment, upon which she had smiled since sunrise, dropped from hands and tears were forcing themselves, thick and fast, though her closed eyelids. The simple recital found but too sad an echo in that widowed heart.

Dear reader! as you sit at your luxurious Thanksgiving table, and see no vacant chair, or number no missing one from your flock; as you lean still on the dear arm to which you trust, remember those, who, with chilled limbs and bleeding hearts, know of no treasure on earth save in the church yard.

FANNY FERN.

RETRECTION.—The Petersburg (Va.) Intelligencer, noticing the accession of Louis Napoleon to the throne of the French Empire, takes occasion to observe that the great Emperor himself, who divorced Josephine because she bore no children, would have some strange feelings could he rise from the dead and see his throne filled by the grandson of the divorced wife, whilst his own son, by his second marriage, sleeps far from France, in the tomb of the Hapsburgs. This reflection is indeed singular, and it proves that "there is a divinity which shapes our ends, rough how them as we may."

VERY PRETTY.—There are friends for the old maid—the universal aunt! Children love her, and kittens come and lie in the fireplace at her feet, and purr. There are pleasant homes where her presence is welcome and by and by, some poor soul she has comforted will put a flower on her grave. But for the old bachelor, heaven help him, for man cares not for him, [Hartford Excelsior.]

SHOCKING TRAGEDY IN NEW JERSEY.—On Friday afternoon, a man named William Caton, about 55 years of age, living with a distant relation named O'Brien, in Washington township Bergen county, New Jersey, perpetrated the most brutal murder upon the bodies of two of O'Brien's children, during the absence of their father and mother. The girl aged about 11, who had been violated, was found in the house in a pool of her own blood, with her head nearly severed from her body, while the boy, aged about 9 years, was found on the hill side among some shrubbery near to the house, his head entirely cut off by an axe, and his body horribly mutilated by six or seven different gashes made by the same instrument. A coroner's jury was empanelled and a verdict rendered that the children met their death by blows from an instrument in the hands of William Caton. The murderer is still at large.

One of Tom Moore's obituaries: Here lies John Shaw, Attorney at Law; And when he died, The Devil cried, Give us your paw, John Shaw, Attorney at Law.

### RAILROAD IRON.

The last advices from England quoting Iron Rails at 20 10 a £10 per ton on board, which is a large advance on previous rates, will in its effect have an important bearing upon the construction of new lines in this country. At those rates rails will cost paid down in this country about \$70 per ton, being an advance of over \$30 within the past five months. This must to some extent check the demand for Iron, as the means of many projected lines will not be sufficient to enable them to supply themselves at these high rates. Even higher prices are looked for by the trade.





