

JANUARY

# Jacksonville Republican

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## POETRY

### ELEMENT OF THE WIDOWED IN-BRARIATE

By BYRON W. SAFFREY.  
I see full many a smile, Mary,  
On your lips beaming bright;  
And many an eye of light and love  
Is flashing in your sight.  
But the smile is not for your poor heart,  
And the eye is strange to me,  
When I see you so bright and gay,  
And loneliness comes o'er my soul,  
When memory turns to thee!

I'm thinking of the night, Mary—  
The night of grief and shame—  
When with drunken ravings on my lips,  
To thee I homeward came.  
Oh! the tear was in your earnest eye,  
And your bosom wildly heaved,  
Yet a smile of love was on your cheek,  
Though your heart was sorely grieved!

But the smile soon left your lips, Mary,  
And your eye grew dim and sad;  
For the tempter lured my steps from thee  
And the wine cup drove me mad.  
From your cheek the roses quickly fled,  
And your glowing laugh was gone,  
Yet your heart still fondly clung to me,  
And still kept trusting on.

Oh! my words were harsh to thee, Mary,  
For thy wine cup made me wild;  
And I chide thee when your eyes were sad,  
And I curse you when you smiled,  
God knows I loved you even then,  
But the fire was in my brain,  
And the curse of drink was in my heart,  
To make my love abane.

'Twas a pleasant hour of ours, Mary,  
In the spring time of our life—  
When I looked upon your sunny face,  
And proudly called you wife,  
And 'twas pleasant with our children  
To play  
Before our cottage door,  
But the children sleep with thee, Mary—  
I never shall see them more!

Thou'rt resting in the church yard now,  
And no stone is at thy head—  
But the sexton knows a drunkard's wife  
Sleeps on that lowly bed!  
And he says the hand of God, Mary,  
Will fall with crushing weight  
On the wretch who brought your gentle  
Less life  
To its untimely fate!

But he knows not of the broken heart,  
I bear within my breast;  
Or the heavy load of vain remorse,  
That will not let me rest;  
He knows not of the sleepless nights,  
When dreaming of your love,  
I seem to see your angel eyes,  
Look coldly from above!

I have raised the wine-cup in my hand,  
And the wildest strains I've sung,  
Till the laugh of drunken mirth,  
The echoing air has rung,  
But a pale and sorrowful face has looked  
From out the cup on me,  
And a trembling whisper I have heard,  
That I fancied came from thee!

Thou art slumbering in thy peaceful  
grave,  
And thy sleep is dreamless now—  
But the seat of never-dying grief  
Is on thy mourner's brow;  
And my heart is chill as thine, Mary,  
For the joys of life are fled,  
And I long to lay my aching breast  
With the cold and silent dead!

**Paddle your own Canoe.**  
The following has the sparkle of originality, and contains some good advice. It is from the pen of Mrs. Sarah T. Bolton, of Indianapolis:  
Voyager upon life's sea,  
To yourself be true,  
And where'er your lot may be,  
Paddle your own canoe.  
Never, though the winds may rave,  
Father nor look back,  
But upon the darkest wave,  
Leave a shining track.

Nobly dare the wildest storm,  
Stem the hardest gale,  
Brave of heart and strong of arm,  
You will never fail.  
When the world is cold and dark,  
Keep an aim in view,  
And toward the beacon-mark,  
Paddle your own canoe.

Every wave that bears you o'er  
To the silent shore,  
From its sunny source has gone,  
To return no more.  
Ther't let not an hour's delay  
Cheat you of your due;  
But, when it is called to-day,  
Paddle your own canoe.

If your birth denied you wealth,  
Lofly state and power,  
Honest fame and hardy health  
Are a better dower,  
But if these will not suffice,  
Golden gain pursue,  
And to win the glittering prize,  
Paddle your own canoe.

Would you wrest the wreath of fame  
From the hand of fate?  
Would you write a deathless name,  
With the good and great?  
Would you bless your fellow-men,  
Heart and soul imbue?  
With the holy task, and then  
Paddle your own canoe.

Would you crush the tyrant wrong,  
In the world's free fight,  
With a spirit brave and strong,  
Battle for the right;  
And to break the chains that bind  
The many to the few—  
To enfranchise slavish mind—  
Paddle your own canoe.

Nothing great is lightly won,  
Nothing won is lost;  
Every good deed, nobly done,  
Will repay the cost.  
Leave, to Heaven, in humble trust,  
All you will to do;  
But, if you succeed, your must  
Paddle your own canoe.

**The Young Soldier's Story.**  
"Generally speaking," began the youth, "stories have what is called a moral to them; and if you don't know what that means I shall not stop to tell you—"  
"Yes, yes, we know," ran in low murmurs around.  
"Well, mine has no moral, because it comes too late," and his voice thrilled as he spoke; "and if it had, its use would be very doubtful."

"It matters very little who or what I am," he continued, "I have lain in silk and purple, and grew up as one born to command. I went to college, and very likely you think I was a wild, harum-scurum devil of a fellow—beating, driving, hunting, 'grooving and towing' it—cultivating wine, cards, and so on, as you may have heard that young fellows with plenty of money do. Well, if you think so, you are mistaken. I loved books, study, and peace, was a good scholar, and quiet as an infant. I still had a fiery devil in me."

"I fell in love, ha! ha! with a little doll of a girl about my age, that was seventeen, and for whom I would have taken my heart out of my bosom. She was so frail and fair-like a creature, that I could have put her in my breast to shelter her as one would a little bird, and she loved me with such strength of faith that had I been a Dutchman, there was such a high trust in her that she would have converted me from a deceiver into a true honest man."

"She is still now as a frozen rind—sleeping like the streams of winter—she will never awaken again; and his hand fell on his breast though his eyes were burning with the pain of his strong agony. They were not moistened with a tear. They have dried at the very fountains."  
"She was a lovely little trusting flower, the daughter of a very worthy, honest tradesman, who loved her like the apple of his eye; but she was worthy of a throne, and I would have given her one. As it was, I could make her I thought—good that I was!—honored, great, wealthy. She is poor enough now, and so am I."

"Our dream of love was brief. She clung to me, and as the Lord both, I meant her no harm—for I made her my wife," he added, with a solemnity that startled the soldiers, who were not often moved by any strength of expression.  
"Your wife?" ejaculated one or two of them. "Thunder and lightning, here, Dick, give us your hand, my boy!" and a cordial grasp was given. "We thought you tricked with the child."

"I tricked my father and mother loved me too well to thwart me, and that I had only to bring her home to give her another father and mother, who would love her like her own. When my father was born, and she put it in my bosom, and had her own sweet little head like a blossoming flower beside it, I—I prayed for her, for both, and loved them more and more. Then I made up my mind to return to my father's house."

"One day I went to my little home, after walking or fishing or something, and found her gone—both gone! Oh! then the sleeping devil within me woke up. I learned from the people of the house, that a stern man, and a proud, pale woman, richly dressed, drove up in a splendid chariot, and carried her off—she was my wife and child. This man—this woman, were my parents. I traveled night and day, and arrived at their house in town."

"I demanded my wife! They called her a designing, cunning girl—and said something worse of her than I could tell, and I sneered them, and made them turn pale and tremble. I demanded my child. They knew nothing of either. I cursed them both, and quitted the house, never to return to it any more."

"I need not tell how long after, or by what means, I traced Alice through stages of wretchedness and penury, till I found both mother and child, dying on a mean pallet in a parish work-house. I could have called curses from heaven, and fires from hell to avenge this unmitigated wrong—done to what had this piteous tender dove done to win such an atrocious injury? But when I saw her pale, thin cheeks, and heard her moaning and saw her wasted babe on the half-starved breast of the woman I adored, as devoted to a love heaven, I stilled my soul, I shed no tears. I heard her utter a cry of joy and pain, and then her thin pale hand wandered over my head, as I knelt in heaven."

ing I laid it on her breast, beside my child. "Little Alice!" I said, "little Alice, you and your sweet babe shall live here no longer."  
"No, George," she said, "Oh, her thin lips how they trembled! 'No, George, dear, we shall not live here long—not very long—'"

"When I heard what she said, I had a terrible foreboding of the future—Was it for this I had sought her? Was it thus my parents had shown their love? Was it to see her die that I had moved the heaven and earth to discover her? If tears were rain, and not the bitter and acid shower which scalded my face like caustic, roses would have sprung to life around her dying pillow, and that golden hair so saddled—"

"Take my head in your arms, my dear George," she said faintly. "Take my child too. Kiss me—kiss the baby. You love us, do you not? God bless you! God protect you! Do not forget us. Do not forget us. I have borne much—but I loved you so dearly; and I forgive every one, as I hope to be forgiven!"

The rough soldiers turned away, and one or two wiped their eyes furtively. "Little Alice!" I said, "are you going without me? Well, I won't wait very long."

"I am only going before you," she said, and I felt that she was speaking the truth. "I am going before you, clasping close; let me feel your lips; lift up my head; put my baby's mouth to mine—"

And so she did, my heart. And for an hour after, I held her baby in my bosom, till I felt it cold. It was dead too! "They made my heart desolate, wrecked and void; and I, in turn, desolated their household and wrecked their peace forever. As they had two passions to feed and foster—love for their only child, and a pride which God forgive them! they had also given to me, and the latter the greater, they sacrificed me to that pride. They knelt to me and I scorned them. They offered me a bride, the fairest in the land, and I laughed at them. They could not give me little Alice, and I had nothing else to ask. I had a grand funeral from the workhouse for my wife and child, and I put my name on her coffin-lid, and after that day I forgot that I had a name or parents, and I know that I have avenged Alice, for their house is a house of mourning, and the world is to them as to me—a sepulchre."

"And this is the reason, my boys, that I don't care for anything that comes or goes or that happens or does not happen. I want to be dead. I want to sleep for my eyes burn so at night, I only clasp in my arms my dear baby, till the dream or trumpet wakes me up, and then I have only the bullet that hits me to look for. It has not come yet, but to-morrow I will have better luck. And now go to sleep and don't disturb me; I am going to dream of my Alice and her child again."

**M. N.**  
In a recent discourse, by Henry W. Dozier, we find the following eloquent passage:  
"Within the range of human ken, there is nothing that God has done so grandly as Man. It was His last and His best work. The heaven and the earth, the waters and the mountains, the firmament and armies of clouds, are insignificant matters in comparison with the meaneast Hottentot that ever stupidly gazed upon them: All the forces of God's heaven's army, the bright procession of glittering stars, wheeling in peace, and moving silence along their appointed ways, upon paths which no one can see, but from which, through eyes, they never wander nor stumble therein; the pomp of this stellar host, bannered with light, is transient, but every globe is but a huge deadness. They neither think nor choose nor joy nor sorrow; pulses, passionless they swing through the circuits struck by the hand of God, for the same reason that the shuttle darts, or the ball from the unconscious bat, or the shuttlecock between two badmintoners. But, within the meaneast man, there lives a nature on which all eternity may work without fully developing it. The intellect, the soul, the affections—they are something of God. All the universe is but their cradle; and these elements, in their lowest state, in their rudest life, are yet in value beyond all the fabric of the earth."

**Mr. Prentice, of the Louisville Journal,** thus touchingly alludes to the death of his associate, Mr. Sherwin:  
"We, the surviving editor of the Journal, feel that the prime of life is scarcely yet gone, yet as we look back upon our long career in this city, we seem to behold, near and far, only the graves of the prized and the lost: All the numerous journeymen and apprentices, that were in our employ when we first commenced publishing our paper, are dead; our first partner, our second partner and our third partner is dead, our first assistant and our last assistant are also dead. When these memories come over us, we feel like one alone at midnight, in the midst of a churchyard, with the winds sighing mournfully around him through the broken tombs, and the voices of the ghosts of departed joys sounding delectably in his ears. Our prayer to God is that such memories may have a purifying and elevating influence upon us, and fit us to discharge, better than we have ever yet done, our duties to earth and to heaven."

## A Young Martyr.

In the Madison (Ind.) Daily Argus, Dec. 1, we find the following account of the martyrdom of an American boy—a youth of whom our nation may be proud—who died because he would not tell a lie:  
A case of moral heroism, exceeding that imputed to Knud Iverson, occurred in Marquette County, in this State a little over a year ago, the facts of which were established by judicial investigation and were related to us by Judge Larabee, who presided at the trial.

A beautiful, fair-haired, blue-eyed boy about nine years of age, was taken from the Orphan Asylum, in Milwaukee, and adopted by a respectable farmer of Marquette, a professor of religion and a member of the Baptist persuasion. A girl, a little older than the boy, was also adopted into the same family. Soon after these children were installed in their new home, the boy discovered criminal conduct on the part of his new mother, which he mentioned to the little girl, and it thereby came to the ears of the woman, she indignantly denied the story to the satisfaction of her husband, and insisted that the boy should be whipped until he confessed the falsehood.

The man—poor, weak, bigoted—impeled to a sense of religious duty, proceeded to the task assigned him, by procuring a bundle of rods, stripping the child to the rafters of the house, and whipping him at intervals for over two hours, till the blood ran through the floor, making only to rest and interrogate the boy, and getting no other reply than "Ja, I told the truth—I cannot tell a lie;" the woman all the time urging him to "do his duty." The poor little hero, at length released from his torment, threw his arms around the neck of his tormentor, kissed him, and said, "Ja, I am so glad," and died.

It appeared in evidence, upon the trial of this man and woman for murder, that the child told the truth, and suffered death by slow torture rather than tell a lie. The age of heroism and of martyrdom will not have passed into the minds of their infant offspring. The man and woman who murdered this angel child are now in the Penitentiary at Wauwata, to which they were sentenced for ten years.

**Science in Jaxson.**—On Wednesday evening the 7th, the inhabitants of Jacksonville, and the citizens of the country in attendance upon our Superior Court, were surprised by a startling and melancholy occurrence. Masco Jester, formerly of Guilford, was in our jail awaiting his trial upon an indictment for an assault and battery upon his wife. The case had all been disposed of but his, and the Sheriff was sent to bring him to the bar. In a few minutes he returned with the sad news that the prisoner had hanged himself to a grate of his cell, had already taken his passage with that grim Ferryman that Poets write of, to be impaled before the tribunal which judgeth alike the proud and the lowly! Poor man in a fit of intoxication, he had savagely beaten his wife and some of his heartless acquaintances had called upon him in prison, and to mock his misery, had sadly told him that his wife was dead. Under this impression, no doubt, he died. Can they sleep quietly when they think of it?  
*Greenboro' Patriot.*

**THE HIDDEN LIFE.**  
Among the workings of the hidden life within us, which we may experience but cannot explain, are there any more remarkable than those mysterious moral influences constantly exercised, either for attraction or repulsion, by one human being over another? In the simplest, as in the most important affairs of life how startling, how irresistible is their power! How often we feel and know their pleasurable or painful, that another is looking on us, before we have ascended the fact with our own eyes! How often we prophesy truly to ourselves the approach of a friend or enemy just before either has really appeared! How strangely and abruptly we become convinced, at a first introduction, that we shall scarcely lose this person and least that, before experience has gifted us with a single fact in relation to their characters.

The following is the peoration of the eloquent speech recently delivered at New York by John Mitchell, the Irish orator:  
And what am I speaking of? Am I not in America? It was not for this last that the farmers and traders of those colonies fought and conquered. The courtesies of his country are due to the people of Europe, not to the people's masters and enemies. And how deeply these poor people need—how richly they deserve your sympathy? Do you know, and what number of men are they—the refugees of '48 whom that Secretary calls adventurers and seditious propagandists? They are the very salt of the earth—the proud thoughtful students, the inspired poets, the knightly soldiers of Freedom and Right! \* \* \*

Will you warn them against fraudulent machinations tending to disturb your good friends the Sovereigns of Europe? Once more pardon me the question—The *Mayflower* Pilgrims were adventurers—Benjamin Franklin was a seditious propagandist and if Washington had been taken, he would have been sent to Botany Bay. America, I know

will not be false to her own traditions, and the immortal men who made her history. And I do, indeed, believe that the time is coming when America will have to decide once for all, whether she will be an ally of the tyrants or the people—who can doubt which?

No thinking man now imagines that the present order of things in Europe can be sustained by multiplying bayonets and heaping on taxes forever. The Creator of the world did not assuently kindle the noblest spirits and crown with intellect the most God-like brows on earth!—only that those spirits should consume themselves forever in vain; that those lofty intellects should be dragged down into idiosyncrasy or wrung in to insanity forever, in an eternal and hopeless conflict with careless wrong, and slavery, and false hood. No! I believe in a moral and intellectual electricity. I believe that nothing of all the thought and passion expended for this cause has been lost, but that it is heating kindling even now the atmosphere of the world. I believe that not a solitary captive has sighed forth his soul alone in the dungeons of Naples—not a gallant soldier has fallen with his feet to the foe, on the fields of Hungary, or Lombardy, or Baden, not an imprisoned student has grown prematurely bald, or prematurely gray, or has gone mad in the cells of Spielberg, but his spirit lives, and moves about the leavening, heaving, seething mass of that fluid which breeds God's earthquake and his lightnings.

Citizens of New York, I thank you and I have repaid your kindness at least with candor. No Secretary, or man, shall charge me with fraud. I am a professed Revolutionist now an adventurer, a seditious propagandist. I mean to make use of the freedom guaranteed to me as a citizen or incoerate citizen of America, to help and stimulate the movement of European Democracy, especially of Irish Independence. I mean to claim for the revolutionary refugees here, not only the hospitality and the comity of America, but also her sympathy and active friendship; may I claim for them that America shall be to them the very standing-ground prayed for by Archimedes, whereupon they may plant a lever that shall move the world.

**BREVITIES.**  
Joseph Johnson is Governor of Virginia. Andrew Johnson of Tennessee, and Herschel V. Johnson of Georgia... The Editor of the *Clairborne Southern* has lost three subscribers by publishing a humorous sketch that has been circulating in the newspaper world, entitled "Donk's Sermon on Timber Gum." An editor should feel relieved at getting rid of such tools... Liquor making appears to be on decline in Kentucky. In one county alone, the distillery of whiskey has been 5000 barrels less within the last twelve months than it was for the years previous... Benton's book will be in two volumes of 600 pages each... Northern papers which have watched the progress of the cholera think it will reach this country in the Spring... The value of ivory annually used for manufacturing purposes in Sheffield, England, £30,000... Spirit Rappings are having a run in Paris, and several prominent persons have gone crazy on the subject... The School Lands in Wisconsin are said to be worth \$16,000,000... The amount of silver accumulated by fifteen London pickpockets whose careers have been £20,000... Counterfeit Post office envelopes are circulating at the North... An average of twenty-two vessels a day have arrived at Boston during the last twelve months... The Pacific Railroad Bill has passed the lower House of the Texas Legislature, as it came from the Senate by a vote of 71 to 13. The chief feature of the bill is the liberal grant of lands it makes to aid in building the section of the road through that State... The population of Georgia according to the late State census, amounts to 936,000... Rev. Mr. Milburn pronounced an eloquent funeral discourse on the 28th ult. in the Hall of Congress, on the death of Hon. Brooks Campbell... A fellow named Murphy is to be hung at Boston for murdering his wife by forcing sulphuric acid down her throat... Since the organization of the Georgia Penitentiary 1,343 convicts have been received within its walls, of whom 921 earned the distinction by their ignorance of the laws concerning property—the difference between *mean* and *them*—and the remainder by various other species of free and easy department vulgarity called crime... The printers' Union Association of Cincinnati have started a first class daily journal... A fireman's riot took place in Baltimore, Monday night, 19th ult., resulting in numerous mangled faces and broken heads... A riot among the German population of Cincinnati took place on the 26th ult., in consequence of the presence in that city of M. B. Bolin, the Pope's Nuncio. About 60 of the rioters were arrested and held to bail. Rev. Robt. Fletcher of London, who is 107 years old, is supposed to be the oldest preacher in the world... A gentleman in Philadelphia on Christmas day gave fifty pine turkeys to as many poor families.

**Mr. Jones, don't you think marriage is a means of grace?** "Certainly, my dear ma'am! anything is a means of grace when America will have to decide once for all, whether she will be an ally of the tyrants or the people—who can doubt which?"  
"Does your lordship," replied the old man, measure conciences by beards? If so your lordship has none at all."  
"If you want to start a young woman right out of her morals, economy and things, and yourself outside the door, just tell her she has got big feet." The feminine institution can stand most anything but that."

**SHARP**—A western paper speaking of a cotemporary says:—"The *Gazette* comes out with a new head this week. A similar improvement is needed in the editor."  
In Cork a short time ago, the crier endeavored to disperse the crowd by exclaiming:  
"All ye blackguards that isn't lawyers quit the court!"  
Once upon a time, a man met an old woman in an English town, driving several asses.  
Adieu mother of asses, said he  
"Adieu, my son was the old woman's reply."  
The fellow went on his way feeling for his ears.

If all the babies in the world were seated together, and spanked at the same time; how many sugar plums would it take to quiet them.  
A lively girl had a bashful lover whose name was Locke. She got out of patience with him at last, and in her anger declared that Shakspear had not said half as many things as he ought to about *Sky Locke*.

The vulgar mind fancies that judgement is implied chiefly in the capacity to censure; and yet there is no judgement so exquisite as that which knows properly how to approve.  
Poor Hans, he pit himself red a snutterake, and was sick in his bed for six long weeks in de long mont August, and all time he zay water! water! and he did eat nothing till he complained of peeing petter, so as he could stand upon his elbow and eat a little tea.

John, parse girls are lovely."  
"Girls is a common noun, third person, plural number, and objective case."  
"No. Nominative case?"  
"Inconative to what verb?"  
"I don't know sir."  
"What what follows girls?"  
"John, Dickson followed our gals, what we've got to hum last Sunday afternoon."  
"Oh, young man! Well I suppose they were in the objective case?"  
"No, sir—"

showed that they were in the possessive case for he was huggin' em like thunder."  
The hardest grapple upon earth, is that which obtains between pride and poverty.

The great snow storm of yesterday has not had a parallel since the 25th of December, 1845—eight years ago... Our streets are filled with snow in many places from four to six feet deep. The railroads running in all directions are completely blocked by the snow, and travel over them is nearly suspended. The snow on the Brighton road near Longwood in many places, is seven feet in depth. The tide arose unusually high in the harbor yesterday, and overflowed a number of wharves.

A number of cellars in different parts of the city were overflowed by the rising of the tide, and as far as Merchants' Row the water rose in some cellars two inches above the floor, but no great damage was done. A large number of families have been turned out of doors by the tide, forced its way into their domicils. The water completely submerged the old Colony Railroad bridge South Boston.

**TERRIBLE RECONSTRUCTION.**—A terrific encounter took place opposite our office on Monday. The names of the combatants are Shockley and Sherill. The two men got into dispute about some trivial matter, words grew high between them, and they started to draw their weapons. J. H. Kirk stepped between them and told S. to put up his knife, which he did; Mr. K. then turned around to desire the same thing of Shockley; but as he did so Shockley shot over his shoulder at Sherill. Mr. K. stepped aside and Sherill drew his bowie knife and rushed at Shockley, who stood with a large knife awaiting his attack. Sherill struck him in the neighborhood of the jugular and fell. Shockley then seized him by the hair and went to carry him off. The crowd rushed up and tore the man assunder. Sherill received three cuts on the temple, and one in the back of the head, and one over the right shoulder blade. He was the bloodiest looking man I ever seen. Shockley received besides the stab in the neck, a cut on his forehead, and it may appear the wounds of neither are considered mortal.

Sam Slick says: I believe every critter in the world thinks that he is the most enterprising one in it, and there's no critter on any how without him. Conscience grows natural as the hair on one's head, but is longest coming out.

Through the great East 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 connecting at Weldon with the lines to Petersburg, Richmond, W. Va., N. C., Baltimore, 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 commanders, and the Ballasts are in forward order (the Wilmington and Weldon, as well as the Seaboard and Roanoke having been recently re-fitted with heavy T. Rail thereby securing both safety and dispatch. By these routes passengers avail themselves of the first train may reach Baltimore in 40 hours, Philadelphia in 45 hours, and New York in 54 hours; and by the second train they arrive in Baltimore in 50 hours, Philadelphia in 56 hours, and New York in 61 hours.  
Through Tickets can always 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 30, 1852.

**United States Mail Line.**  
Through in 50 to 55 Hours!  
NEW YORK and CHARLESTON  
STEAM PACKETS,  
Leave Adger's Wharves every Saturday afternoon and each alternate Wednesday or Saturday  
JAMES ADGER, J. Dickson,  
1500 Tons. Commander  
MARIOX, M. Berry,  
1200 Tons. Commander.  
The Southerner, W. Foster, will leave each alternate Wednesday; having been newly coppered and guards raised, is now in complete order.  
For freight or passage, having elegant State Room accommodations, apply at the office of the Agent  
HENRY MISSROON,  
Cor. E. Bay & Adger's Wharves.  
Cabin Passage, \$25 00  
Steering, \$8 00  
N. B. A new ship will be placed on the line to connect with the Southerner on Wednesdays.  
Feb 22, 1853.

**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, Literature, &c., and are constantly receiving all the New Books of value and importance, as they are issued from the various Publishing Houses of the country.  
They also keep a large and complete stock of Staple and Fancy Stationery, embracing English, French and American Copy Letter and Note Paper; Envelopes, Quill 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 extensive stock, as to point of variety, moderate prices, &c. we cannot be excelled.  
Remember to call at their splendid Establishment, at No. 34 Dauphin Street.  
December 7, 1852.

**E. H. SLOUGH, J. E. ELSTON,**  
Slough, Elston & Co.,  
Commission Merchants,  
MOBILE,  
Dec 7, 1852—17.

From the American Cotton Planter.  
Dear Sir—In reading over the old numbers of several agricultural papers of the cotton growing States, I find they advise rotating cotton, without giving any reason. I believe that cotton differs in its habits from all other cultivated products, and from a small experience and larger observation, it is my opinion that it should never be rotated when the making of the cotton is the object. The first reason is, it grows and fruits better after its own soil than anything else. Another reason for not rotating cotton upon the ordinary lands, is that its roots go deep and have a fine subsolving effect far beyond any other plant we have in the south, preferring the subsoil for the easy reception of roots of the next year's plant; consequently when change your cotton land the cotton weed loses that benefit. Why, sir, it is proverbial how well corn, oats, &c., grow after cotton; and the "old fogies" have ascribed it to the land being clear of grass; but, sir, it is owing to the subsolving operation of the cotton roots, together with the inorganic manures brought from the subsoil and dropped with the cotton leaves upon the surface. There fore manure your land every year and keep it in cotton. Yet I must admit that where the boll worm takes to a field too liberally, and no remedy will prevent them then we should change our cotton land; but manure high, plant early and you will make a good crop before the worm comes.

I believe in rotating the grain and other crops, always letting the corn crop come after peas sown broadcast. But stop in cotton gathering time is a great loss to stop picking cotton to gather peas to sow broadcast the next year, especially when it takes so many bushels. This true, and all the southern systems of rotation, no writer seems to have given his experience upon this matter. I would suggest that an early patch be sown of some early variety, to be gathered when the main crop is laid by to sow next year in the rotation, and by pulling up the vines they would answer as a green food for stock.

The shiny pea is early variety that produces a fine vine, and by sowing early it makes seed in time to be sown after the oat crop comes off. This pea I have tried.

A word about the "American Cotton Planter." It is the only agricultural paper in our State and well worthy the patronage of her citizens; indeed it would be a disgrace to the State did they let it sink. When I meet a planter in Alabama that doesn't take it, I look upon him as recreant to his calling. We have great confidence in its editor, and therefore would like to hear often from his pen upon theoretical as well as practical farming.

Rotation.—As that is true, scientific agricultural philosophy is that cotton grows better and bears better after cotton than after any other crop is not an argument against rotation as a distinct agricultural fact. The experience and observation of our correspondent, of additional testimony in favor of hefact asserted by us in the February number of this journal—that the cotton plant is the best vegetable fertilizer known to agriculture. We never grow cotton after any other crop, our experience and observation having taught us long since that the cotton is not benefited by such practice; but we do invariably grow other crops after cotton, not as because as the "Old Fogies" say the cotton having been worked later, there is less, or no grass left on the land,—but from the agricultural fact that cotton being the best vegetable fertilizer, leaves the land in a little more productive condition. Of course these planters that so direct their rows by line, from the top of the hill to the branch, or creek so that every fall of rain, shall run all the leaves and all the blooms, and all the burs and small limbs of the cotton, with all the inorganic salts thus brought up to the surface, by the large dipping roots of the cotton, from the subsoil below, out of the cotton field into the creeks and rivulets, to the utter demolition of all the "little fishes,"—but these froggy-fied mud cats, that luxurate and fatten upon the fertility of cotton fields thus butchered and flayed—now I say, can these gentlemen realize the fact indeed that cotton on land where water does not run, is the very best fertilizer and the true reason therefore, why all other crops grow better after cotton? This interesting subject will claim much of your attention hereafter. The field pea called by Mr. Ruffin, the "Clover of the South," is only valuable as a fertilizer in the same way, faintly and inferior to the cotton. But the Cotton Planter says, with all due deference to the opinion and experience of Mr. Ruffin, that Cotton, after grass, clover, upon horizontal rows, is the true clover of the cotton region, and will improve our land augment its productive capacity, more speedily and more effectually than any vegetation known to agriculture.

Never be afraid of catching cold from a shower of curls.

### THE REPUBLICAN.

TUESDAY, JAN. 17, 1854.

We have not indulged in dunning, as is usually the case at the close of one volume and the commencement of another, and neither do we intend to do so now. We think too much of our patrons to treat them in that way, even if they had been much more remiss than they have. We have received from them more evidences of kindness and forbearance than we have deserved; for which we feel sincerely grateful, and are constantly endeavoring to discharge that debt of gratitude, by furnishing them with as useful and interesting a paper as possible. But we think it is proper to inform all who are interested, that those who settle their accounts in January and February, will find us prepared to make more liberal settlements than they would perhaps suppose. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

**LIBERAL PROPOSITION.**—We now propose to any friend who will forward us the names of five responsible subscribers, to send the papers at two dollars each, payable within the year, and an extra copy to himself, free of charge.

**POETRY.**  
We welcome to our columns the poetical effusion entitled "Childhood," by our new correspondent "Willie Lind." This production we think, evinces the true poetic fire and genius; and our readers will no doubt be gratified to learn that we have the promise of frequent contributions from the same pen.

We would endeavor to say something appropriate of the merits of our correspondent—but pshaw, we have not poetry enough in our composition to talk about it, and are compelled to exclaim like the Ohio Editor, who labored unsuccessfully a whole week, on a single verse:  
"Tisn't every man can be a poet,  
No more than a sheep can be a goat."

We regret to learn by a private letter from Col. W. B. Martin, president of the Senate, to Gen. R. G. Earle of this place, that the Hon. D. G. Ligon, formerly Chancellor, and at present one of the Judges of the Supreme Court, was dangerously attacked with pneumonia, on Tuesday last. The letter states that the chances for his recovery were thought to be decidedly against him.

**RAIL ROADS.**—We have been favored by some friend with a small pamphlet copy of the "Advance sheets of the American Railway Guide," containing a list of all the Rail Roads in operation in the United States. From this we ascertain that the whole number of roads in actual operation is 351. Pennsylvania has the largest number in any one State, 50—Massachusetts next, 44—New York has 41. In this list some of the Southern States appear lamentably deficient, as compared with the North and West. Georgia has 15; Alabama, 6; Louisiana, 6; Kentucky, 4; Tennessee, 3; Mississippi, 3; Missouri, one.

An affray took place near Centre, Cherokee Co. on the 24th ult. between K. Read and Wm. Bishop, in which eleven wounds with a large knife were inflicted upon Read, from which it was not supposed he would recover. In the same County, in the last week in December Joseph Howell was thrown from his horse and killed, near Blue Pond, and a man named Isaac Smith was killed by the falling of a tree.

**CHAMBERS TRICENE.**—By a recent arrangement, Johnson J. Hooper, Esq., author of "Simon Suggs," and late Solicitor of the 9th Judicial Circuit, has again assumed the editorial management of the Tribune.

**GREAT STORM.**—The severest storm, as stated by the papers, ever experienced on the Atlantic coast occurred recently. The destruction of shipping, property, goods, &c. was unparalleled, and a great number of lives were also lost. In Halifax harbor, 214 lives were lost by the destruction of a single vessel, the *Staffordshire*, bound from Liverpool to Boston.

Our Legislature again met on Monday the 9th inst. agreeably to adjournment, but we find nothing in the proceedings thus far that would interest our readers: we promise them however, that by extracts from the published journals, and other sources of information, to keep them well posted on all important proceedings, to the close of the session.

One of our devils, rather poetically turned, recently perpetrated the following scandal:  
If all our love to one wife's due,  
And half our time be given;  
Then twice the time will give us two,  
Would not this earth be heaven?  
To which another of our devils not so poetic, facetiously replied:  
Nay John, thou'rt mad, for this I'll swear,  
One scold is half a devil;  
And if two scolds the w'rd doomed to bear,  
They'll drive thee to the—Ahem.  
Go it on the next column.

The Special attention of purchasers of Land and Lots is called to the advertisement of sale by Mr. E. P. Gains, which takes place at Oxford, on Wednesday the 26th inst.

**THE SOIL OF THE SOUTH.**—This truly valuable agricultural journal for January comes to us greatly enlarged, and otherwise considerably improved. It is edited by J. M. Chambers and C. A. Pebody, and published by Lomax & Ellis, Columbus, Georgia. It now contains 32 pages, beautifully printed on new type, besides a handsome colored cover, upon which is inserted advertisements. It is published at one dollar per annum, or six copies for \$5. "The Soil of the South," Columbus, "The American Cotton Planter," Montgomery, and the "Southern Cultivator," Augusta, are all eminently worthy of patronage, and we are glad on this account, that we are not compelled to discriminate and confine our recommendations to one, nor are others confined in their patronage.

**CONGRESS.**—Since our last issue we have received a letter from our Representative, Hon. J. F. Dowdell, from which we learn that although there is a large democratic majority in Congress, much confusion and embarrassment to the business of legislation is experienced, in consequence of dissensions growing chiefly out of the New York divisions. The House is represented as eminently conservative, and prepared to give the administration of President Pierce a warm and cordial support. The agitation of the slavery question he says is inevitable, on such questions as the organization of new Territories, the Pacific Rail Road Bill, and the distribution of Public Lands; but that we have a safeguard in Gen. Pierce, during his administration.

Mr. Dowdell is an enthusiastic admirer of the President, and as we know that a very large majority of his constituents entertain the same sentiments, we take the liberty of making a few brief quotations from his letter, on this subject:  
"Our President is not only a man of sound political principles, which know no locality, but the good of the whole country, but likewise a man of unyielding moral integrity. He is practically a democrat. No heralds announce his approach, and no stiff courtly formality, characterizes his intercourse with his fellow-citizens. Every Sabbath finds him at church, attending upon the teachings of that Divine Master, whose Providence he so sincerely invokes in public addresses."

"Since I have been in Washington; a better moral example for humility, kindness, and sobriety, has not been furnished by the Church. He is a good man, and the highest honors of earth, bespeak for him greatness. He will prove faithful to the Constitution, and 'it follows as the night the day, that he cannot be false to the South."

**Declaration of War by England and France against Russia.**—We find in the Charleston Courier the following telegraphic items of the latest foreign intelligence by the Steamship *Canada*. We presume that the measures fully agreed to by England and France to coerce Russia, and stop all her ships cruising in the Black Sea, may be regarded as equivalent to a declaration of war:  
"England and France have fully agreed to the proposition of taking efficient measures to coerce Russia, and that instructions have been given to the British and French admirals to stop all Russian ships cruising in the Black Sea, and to force them to return to Sebastopol, and not allow them to leave again until peace shall have been concluded."  
"Fort St. Nicolaï had been taken by surprise, and only 80 Turks had escaped out of 1500."

**MR. EDITOR:**  
Please insert the following, and oblige your friend:  
Jacksonville, every 3d & 5th Sunday,  
Scott's the afternoon of every 3d Sunday,  
Renfro's Friday preceding "3d Sunday,  
Mt. Olivet Saturday " " " "  
Fine Grove, Friday " " " "  
Cold Water first Sunday  
Alexandria every 4th Sunday  
Cane Creek afternoon of every 4th Sunday  
Broyle's every 2d Sunday  
Alexandria Camp Ground the afternoon of every 2d Sunday.  
W. E. M. LINFIELD.

**Jones Hooper.**  
"Some female woman writing to the Alabama Journal, and who signs herself 'Dolly,' having occasion to allude to Jones Hooper, says, 'he is a tall elderly man; with white hair, and a curious expression of countenance.'"  
"Jones has certainly a curious expression of countenance, but how will he like being called old? Let us know about that Jousing!"  
[*Albion Republican*.]

Agoo is honorable. Treat it with respect, Daniell "DOLLY" is a strong-minded woman who saw us just after the mushy voice of the Speaker had announced a certain result, to a Convention of the two Houses. No wonder we had a "curious expression of countenance." There he, too, who says that several "expressions" came out of that "countenance" that would have made even sister Doll, rise in her Bloomer boots. It was not decorous, we'll admit, for an old man to swear; but we couldn't help it!—Hope Dolly will excuse it—tho' we believe the strong minded swear a

little at times, themselves. If we knew Dolly's address, we would take pleasure in mailing a lock of that white hair—blanched in long-continued, unappreciated efforts to instill virtuous sentiments into the minds and dispositions of the most devilish, rowdying, gambling, fighting, Lord-forgotten set that ever sucked whiskey out of quart jugs, or played old sledge in thickets, by the blaze of pine-knots.  
Chambers Tribune.

**WHAT RAIL ROADS DO.**—On Thursday last, the estate of James Harmer, deceased, in Cheltenham township, Montgomery county, was sold by Ephraim Fenton, trustee. These farms are situated on the North Pennsylvania Rail Road, ten miles north of the city. The homestead of 43 acres 80 perches, brought \$231 per acre. The property adjoining, of 46 acres and 125 perches brought \$237 50 per acre. It is believed that four years ago these properties, with the same improvements would not have brought half that sum.

**DOYLESTOWN INTELLIGENCE.**  
THIRTY TONS OF SILVER.—The Louisville Courier says the great express company, Adams & Co., have made a contract with a New Orleans packet for the transportation of thirty tons of specie—one million of dollars—from New Orleans to that city.

**FATAL DUEL.**—We learn from a gentleman from West Alabama the particulars of the duel which was fought near Pickensville, in Pickens county, a few days since, between Drs. Fant and Earbee, of Noxbee county, Miss. The weapons used were colts' revolvers.—Dr. Earbee fired at the word "two," and missed. Dr. Fant fired at the word "five," and shot his antagonist through the heart, killing him outright.

The difficulty originated in a political misunderstanding.  
Ado. & Gaz.

**ANNEXATION OF WEST FLORIDA TO ALABAMA.**—This project meets with much favor in and about Pensacola. Speaking of the measure, and of the resolution of Mr. Yelverton our State Legislature, the Pensacola Democrat very justly remarks:—Ado. & Gaz.  
"Nothing could occur that would so accelerate West Florida to prosperity as the success of this measure. The wealth and enterprise of the citizens of Alabama would instantly concentrated upon such schemes of internal improvements, as would connect us at once with the interior of that State and make us the great outlet of her staple productions and disperse forever the withering and heart-sickening depression that now rests upon our city."

"In future number we will endeavor to show the advantages that would result to the citizens of West Florida from this proposed annexation to Alabama."  
"The London Herald says: 'I mentioned in my last that the United States had offered to advance a considerable sum to the Porte, on condition of receiving an island in the Archipelago. I now learn, on pretty good authority, that Mr. Buchanan has been engaged in the preliminary negotiation for the purchase of an island in that sea for a naval depot of arms.' It is deemed necessary by the United States government to have a depot there in the Mediterranean."

**THE ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE LOUIS NAPOLEON.**—A citizen of Utica, N. Y., now in Paris, writes to a friend in the former city, under date of the 7th inst., as follows in relation to the alleged attempt to assassinate Louis Napoleon:  
"Napoleon was wounded slightly last week at Fontainebleau. I do not know whether you will see an account of it in our papers, as it has not been published here. He was fired at three times, one ball passing within a few inches of his head, another grazed his side. The perpetrator was instantly killed, and the affair is hushed up."

**MURDER OF A WIFE AND THREE CHILDREN.**—Groton, Mass. Monday Dec. 26.—Last night, Mr. Hayes, keeper of the Poor-House in this town, murdered his wife and three children, and afterwards cut his own throat.

**STEAMBOAT SUNK, AND EIGHT OR TEN LIVES LOST.**—We learn with great regret that at about 3 o'clock this morning the steamboats Pearl and Natchez came into collision about six miles below Baton Rouge when the Pearl instantly sank, and some eight or ten lives were lost.—The Pearl was coming down from Attakapas, the Natchez going up the river; but we have no further particulars of the circumstances attending the collision.  
Among those lost, Capt. Stanley, brother-in-law of Capt. Dorsey, of the Pearl, is one; and those known to be lost are—Robert Sullivan, two Dutch laborers, Col. Bates's negro cook, Morris Child and two firemen.  
The cabin of the Pearl floated off, fortunately, and the Magnolia

brought down the crew and passengers who were saved to this port. [Pica-yone.]

**IMPORTANT FROM MEXICO IF TRUE.**  
Baltimore, Jan. 4.  
The N. Y. Herald has information that Gen. Gadsden had negotiated a treaty with Mexico which had been forwarded to Washington by which, for \$50,000,000, Mexico cedes Lower California, Sonora, and a sufficient territory for a practicable rail road route running from Albuquerque through the Mesilla Valley, as well as a large tract of country, on condition that the United States check the depredations of the Indians.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 3.  
In the House of Representatives on Tuesday, a joint resolution was passed to present to Gen. Wool a sword, with the thanks of Congress.  
Jan. 6.—The House and Senate adjourned till Tuesday, in honor of the battle of New Orleans.  
The Secretary of the Treasury has ordered the Collectors at New York, Norfolk and Charleston each to dispatch a revenue cutter in search of the steamer San Francisco, which vessel was spoken by the Illinois on the 24th in a worthless condition; heavy weather prevented the Illinois from rendering any assistance. The San Francisco had on board 700 U. S. troops.

**Loss of the Steamer San Francisco—Loss of 809 men of the Third Regiment.**  
The Secretary of War has telegraphed to New York that a steamer must proceed immediately in search of the steamer San Francisco, which sailed recently from New York on her first trip, with the 3d Regiment of U. S. Artillery, numbering between 700 and 800 men, under the command of Brevet Major George T. Tyler, whose parents and relatives reside in Macon, Ga.  
All Revenue Cutters are ordered on the same service.  
The Illinois, it will be recollected, passed her on the 24th ult., disabled, but as a gale was raging, she could render her no assistance, and the San Francisco soon drifted out of sight.

The Savannah Courier of a late date, contains a dispatch, stating that the San Francisco had been seen in latitude 33 degs., with her decks swept, and that all on board, amounting to 800 souls, had been lost—and that the Secretary of War had ordered a steamer to be dispatched immediately in search of the wreck. We sincerely trust however, that this information may prove incorrect.—Ata Journal.

### From the Union.

**Improvements in Rail Roads.**  
WASHINGTON, Dec. 28, 1853.  
It has long since been a subject of the highest interest among those engaged in the construction and operations of rail roads, to devise some plan by which the engine could be made to work up to its steam capacity, and thus secure the full effects of its power. This necessity has been doubly apparent when circumstances rendered high grades unavoidable, without great expense in tunnelling or excavating, or a great loss of time from the increased length of the road.

To effect this desirable object, vast sums of money have been expended, and numerous experiments have been tried in England, this country, and others where railroads have been prominent among business and financial enterprises.  
The advantages that would result to the country from the adoption of such a plan are incalculable, as roads would then be constructed at a greatly reduced price, less time and consequently a saving of interest on capital invested. Through sparsely settled sections of the country cheap roads could be constructed that would pay as handsome dividends to the stockholders; for, on the plan now spoken of, roads can be built not to exceed in cost the plank roads now built.

The result, so much desired, has been obtained, by many years of study and heavy outlay in experimenting, by James S. French, well-known in Virginia as a man of fine inventive genius, and possessing a thorough knowledge on the subject of railroads.

Two years since the legislature of Virginia, upon the recommendation of Gov. Floyd, appropriated \$10,000 to build an experimental road on the plan proposed by him. Of the results of that experiment, the following brief extract from the committee's report will show:

"The road is constructed on the Manchester side of the river, is about 1,900 feet in length, and with the exception of 100 feet at the lower extremity, rises the remainder of the entire distance, 200 feet to the mile, the incline being nowhere less than one foot in thirty. The engine used weighed, with water and fuel, 3 1/2 tons, and repeatedly drew up the incline a passenger car with 100 passengers, at a speed of fifteen miles the hour, stopping and starting repeatedly on any part of the incline either ascending or descending. The train is perfectly manageable, stopping within twenty feet, at the will of the engineer."

suppose roads were constructed on this plan, costing from \$3000 to \$5000 per mile, what competition could be made against them by roads costing from twenty to thirty thousand dollars per mile; for many of our roads have but thirty to fifty thousand dollars per mile. This plan is not only serviceable on heavy grades, but is equally applicable to level lines, as the engine works up to its steam power independent of its position, while the present plan the engine can only work up to its adhesion, and this fluctuates with every change of the weather, while the other plan works independent of frost, snow, or ice, and would, therefore, be of great utility in the northern portions of our country.

### From the New York Tribune.

**RUSSIA—THE EASTERN QUESTION.**  
We have private information from St. Petersburg, of the most positive nature, and of incontestable truthfulness, brought by the Pacific, which throws some light on the complicated Eastern question. The Russian disposable force, the Danube at the beginning of hostilities amounted to no more than 35,000 men. Only a single army corps, that of Gen. Dannenberg, originally crossed the Pruth. General Liders with another corps remained in Bessarabia, and near Odessa, in order to be able to send reinforcements both to Asia and the principalities. The corps under Osten Sacken was contented still further north, in the Ukraine. Each army corps numbers 50,000 men, and seldom more. Deducting the thousands in hospitals, and the detachments occupying the fortified places in the Principalities, Gorschakoff could scarcely dispose of as many as 35,000 to oppose the attacks of Omer Pacha. Nobody in St. Petersburg imagined that open hostilities would so soon begin. The declaration of war by the Sultan, as well as the almost immediate crossing of the Danube took the Russians both in Bucharest and St. Petersburg wholly unawares. The Czar and his counselors believed to the last that bulging Turkey and her supporters would suffice to bend them to his demands. Now Nicholas is taught better, and is exceedingly dissatisfied with Menchikoff. The Emperor never seriously wished for war and does not wish it, though he will never submit to be dictated to by England and France. It is, therefore, impossible to foresee what will be the influence in St. Petersburg on the recent military and diplomatic events. The excitement in Russia and above all in Moscow, the heart of the Empire, whose pulsations act powerfully on the masses of the people through the whole country—this excitement on the increase and of the most dangerous character, because it is religious. The wealthy character merchants of that capital are among the dissenters, from the Orthodox Russian Church and are generally not on good terms with the Government, but now they have offered millions of rubles to carry on the holy war. This example will be followed by other cities and communities in the interior. On the other hand, we are informed the Servians and Montenegrins are kept quiet as yet by the united exhortation of Russia and Austria. If however, no pacification should take place during the winter, Europe is really on the eve of a terrible conflagration. In such a case, it is decided in the Imperial Councils to open a serious campaign, by stirring up all the elements of general discord. Paskewich will then be put at the head of active army, numbering above 300,000 men and will march—if he can—directly on Constantinople. Other corps of elite such as that of the Grenadiers and of the Guards, 130,000 in all under the personal command of the Grand Duke Alexandria, the heir apparent, will be drawn up in positions between the theatre of war and Poland, which will be occupied by some of the Guards of the Interior, all of whom are veterans. In Poland the peasantry take no interest in any thing, and no chance exists there for a successful insurrection. Preparations on an extensive scale are now being made in the military colonies of cavalry near the borders of the Principalities, and the signal to rise will be given to the Montenegrins and Servians when their services are wanted. As yet, however, the chances are about equal. With the spring we may see displayed the white flag of peace or the blood-red flag of war. Should the latter be the case, Europe will be paralyzed in two hostile camps, no power of the second or third order being able to remain neutral. How they will divide it is difficult to foresee precisely, but peace will be nowhere.

The first hostile act will be marked by blockading the Baltic, the Buxine, and very likely the Mediterranean. The American will be only neutral flag. Even Holland, Sweden, and the German free cities will soon be obliged to side with one or the other of the belligerents. But God grant that they may not have occasion to make the choice! Assuredly, a general war cannot lead to freedom anywhere.

**EXTRAORDINARY NEWS FROM AUSTRALIA.**—A letter in the Bristol (Eng.) Journal, dated Hobart Town, Australia, Sept. 8th, states that an extraordinary discovery of gold has been made fifty-six miles from Geelong. The gold is found 100 feet from the surface. The writer says 17,000 oz. were taken out in three days by a few persons, and one man got out a lump weighing 100 lbs. The writer adds that a tunnel had occurred among the diggers, and that the military had been ordered to quell the riot.

**THE THRIFTLESS FARMER.**  
The thriftless farmer provides no shelter for his cattle during the inclemency of the winter, but permits them to stand shivering by the fence, or to lie in the cold snow as best suits them.

He throws their fodder on the ground or in the mud, and not frequently in the highways, by which a large portion of it, and all the manure, is wasted.  
He grazes his meadows in the fall and spring by which they are gradually exhausted, and finally ruined.  
His fences are old and poor—just such as to let his neighbor's cattle break into his fields, and teach his own to be unruly.  
He neglects to keep the manure from around the sides of his barn—if he has one—by which they are prematurely rotted and destroyed.  
He fills or skims over the surface of the land, until it is exhausted; but never thinks it worth while to manure or clever it. For the first he has no time; for the last, he is not able.

He has more stock than he means to keep well.  
He has a place for nothing; and nothing in its place. He, consequently, wants a hog or a rabe, a hammer, an auger, but knows where to find it. He and his whole household are in search of it, and much time is lost.  
Heifers away stony days and evenings when he should be repairing his mills or improving his mind by reading the newspapers.  
He spends much time in talking at the corner of the street, or in

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**THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH IN IRELAND.**—The Belfast Commercial Advertiser says:—There are in Ireland fifty three convents, eighty-seven nunneries, and thirty four monasteries. During the last six years and half 32,000 persons have left the Roman Church in this country and become members in Protestant churches, while more than 80,000 have been unsettled in their old opinions.

**AN AFFECTING SCENE.**—A few days ago, as Daniel Cullen was about to be taken from the jail in St. Louis to the State penitentiary, to which he had been sentenced for 99 years for the murder of his wife, an affecting scene occurred, which is thus related:

"Shortly before the arrival of the coach, a woman, bowed and decrepit with years, and bearing an infant in her arms, entered the office, hesitatingly. Scanning the faces of the crowd, her eye fell finally upon Cullen, and with a shriek of recognition, pain, and half joy, weeping on his breast. It was his mother, come to bid him farewell, and show in a his own child for the last time. The scene was a moving one. The man, at first, was ashamed to give way to his feelings, and for awhile remonstrated gently with his old mother as she fondled with him. At last, however, nature could contain itself no longer—he fell back upon his seat and cried like a child. The marshal and jailer, with all their familiarity with distress of the kind, found a difficulty in mastering their own promptings. When the conveyance arrived, it required no little exertion to part the mother from her son."

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