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# propertion: Jon-Partika—Such as Hand-bills, Posting-bills, Pampblete, Blanks, Labels, &c. &c., executed with accuracy and at the shortest notice.

#### TO-DAY AND TO-MOBROW.

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PA.

A bird sang in my garden; The resebud was its fairest flower, The bird its gentlest warden.

The bird its gentlest warden.

And a child beside the linden-tree

Esing, "I think no more of sorrow that let us smile and sing to-day,

To we must weep to morrow."

Tasked the bird, "Oh didst thou hear The song that she would sing thee? And tan it be that the would sing thee?
And tan it be that theu should'st fear
What the next morn may bring thee?"
He answered with triumphant strain,
Baying, "I know not sorrow;
But Limust sing my best to-day,
For I may die to-morrow!"

Lasked the rose, "Oh tell me, sweet, In thy first beauty's dawning, Thou canst not fear, from this retreat, The coming of the morning?" She flung her fragrant leaves apart,
The loviler for her sorrow,
Saying, "Yet I must bloom to day,
For I may droop to morrow."

Leaid, "The bloom upon my check As feeting as the roses; At yoice no more shall sing or speak, When dust in dust reposes; A it from these soulless monitors One lesson I may borrow—
That we should smile and sing to-day,
For we may weep to-morrow."

#### THE AUTUMN OF LIFE.

Refore my door, in summer's heat. Cool readure sprang beneath my feet,
And shadows played around my head;
Joyfully I passed the sultry hour,
And mocked the sun's meridian power.

But when, with withering hand, the frost Shriveled the leaves, and gaunt and bare, Their naked arms the elm tree tossed; The vinter came, and cold and still, The king forged his frezen chain, Language snow-olad vale and hill

Militight assumed her solomn reign Thus earthly love, like summer leaves, Gladden, but intercept our view; But when bereft, the spirit grieves, And liopes are crushed, and comforts few, Lo. in the depths of sorrow's night Beams forth from far celestial light.

### Miscellaneous.

WOMAN'S LOT---A FRAGMENT.

entle by the author of Jane Eyre.

We feel that the following fragment, so therese Charlotte Bronte, cannot fail to add to the mournful interest which all feel for her

A lover masculine disappointed can speak and urge explanation, a lover feminine can say nothing if she did the result would be shame and anguish, inward remore for self treachery. Nature would brand such demonstrations as a rebellion against her instincts, ly and would vindictively repay it afterward by the thunderbolt of self contempt smiting sud-tient donly in secret. Take the matter as you find ie p. it; ask no questions; utter no remonstrances; it is your best wisdom. You expected bread, it, and don't shrick because the nerves are new resurrection from the cradle of gladness are new resurrection from the cradle of gladness and ingenity are the little stomach if you have such a thing—is strong that would never yield to the pressure of the seem homelike. But there's nothing there soft head, while the tender hands of April too good to use the soft head, while the tender hands of April too good to use the soft head. and you have got a stone; break your teeth on ling that in an hour or two there would be a while true feminine taste and ingenuity are new resurrection from the cradle of gladness displayed everywhere. These are the little hold out your hand for an egg, and fate put into it a scorpion. Show no consternation; leftingers firmly upon the gift; let it sting the brough your palm. Never mind in angure namy upon the gitt; let it brough your palm. Never mind; in fif your hand and arm have swelled field long with torture, the spucezed all die, and you will have learned

esson how to endure without a sob. ronger, wiser, less sensitive. hope: Native in every as has been intimated, is an excellent friend in such cases; scaling the lips, interdicting utterance, commanding a placid dissimulation; a dissimulation after wearing an easy and gay mien at first.

mllad or the many Lee," that old Scotch modelled written is now not in what generation, astor by what anges. Mary had been ill used, if robably in being made to believe that truth thich was falsabod; she is not complaining. s. at the is sitting alone in the snow storm, and ou hear her thoughts. They are not the houghts of a model heroine under the circumances, but they are those of a deep feeling, tanges; but they are those of a deep feeling, that were always brimming over with sweet trongly, resentful, peasant girl. Anguish caresses would never drop into smiles again—as driven her from the inglencok of home to the little children would never find "mother" any more!

The provided the second of the seco

""the milk in the taed's back," she hates esc, but "waser she hates Robin a Ree." bloomed I lived happily by you bonny burn— The world was in love wi me; "at you I maun sit 'neath the cauld drift and mourn

And sought through the scrunty tree, And smoor me up in the snaw fu' fast, And ne'er let the sun me see.

Oh, never melt awa', thou wreath o' snaw, That's sac kind in graving me; But hide me from the scorn and gusaw O' villains like Robin a Rec.

olve; other people solve it for them by saying "your place is to do good to others, to be ing "your place is to do good to others, to be helped whenever help is wanted." That is right in some measure, and a very convenient doctrine for the people who hold it; but I perceive, that certain sets of human beings are very apt to maintain that other sets should And so those thoughts rung to and fro like give up their lives to them and their service, and then they requite them by praise; they call them devoted and virtuous. Is this ble hollowiness, mocking, want, craving, in that existence which is given away to others, for want of something of your own to bestow it on? I suspect there is. Does virtue lie in abnegation of self? I do not believe it. Undue humility makes byranny; weak concession creates selfishness. Each human being large the large transport of the River of Life, whose was peculiar, and altogether indescribable—sion creates selfishness. Each human being large transport of the River of Life, whose was peculiar, and altogether indescribable—windows look off to the Eternal Hills, and unformed to have a remainded to have the deadly effect, the riflemen plied their terrible weapon. The summit of the embankment was a line of shadow of death dropping over the threshold. Oh, "many mansions," whose fair gardens was peculiar, and altogether indescribable—sion creates selfishness. Each human being large transport of the summit of the embankment was a line of shadow of death dropping over the threshold. Oh, "many mansions," whose fair gardens was peculiar, and altogether indescribable—sion creates selfishness. Each human being large transport of the summit of the embankment was a line of shadow of death dropping over the threshold. Oh, "many mansions," whose fair gardens was peculiar, and altogether indescribable—sion creates selfishness, always with deadly effect, the riflemen plied their terrible weapon. The summit of the embankment was a line of shadow of death dropping over the threshold. Oh, "many mansions," whose fair gardens was peculiar, and altogether indescribable—shadow of the summit of the embankment was a line of summit of the embankment was a line of the summit of the embankment was a line of the summit of the embankment was a line of the summit of the embankment was a line of the summit of the embankment was a line of the summit of the summit of the embankment was a line of the summit of the embankment was a line of the summit of the summ

human feet terminates in one bourne-th grave! the little chink in the surface of this great globe, the furrow when the mighty hus- days since. bandman with the scythe deposits the seed he has shaken from the ripe stem; and there it falls, decays, and thence it springs again, when the world has rolled round a few times gazing down through the burning clearness, finds there mirrored the vision of the Christian's triple Godhead! the Sovereign Father; the mediating Son; the Creator Spirit. Such words, at least, have been chosen to express what is inexpressible; to describe what baffles description, the souls real hereafter, who shall

"CLOSED ON ACCOUNT OF A DEATH IN THE FAMILY."

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

We paused a moment to read these words, as we passed by. They were written on a slip of paper and affixed to the window of a grocery tore, somewhere in the heart of the city which we have called home for a year.

And these words on that narrow slip of paper were like keys opening into new doors and passages of our thought, and they were like a carol there amid its fragrant blossomer, and waters splash in the tiny fountain; but chime of bells swinging to and fro in the air,

above us, as we went on our way.

Of whom was it written, that brief, solemn, final sentence which alone must close the chap- the day in business, returns home weary and ters of all lives—the highest and the lowest? harrassed with care, and vents his ill-humor and where was the home whose windows were upon those whom he is bound to love and chedarkened and the voice of whose music was hushed under that fearful mystery. "A death in the family!" And who was dead? Was ety and dissipation, to ever settle down to quity the family of the shore and dissipation, to ever settle down to quity the family of the shore and dissipation are render to the family of the shore and dissipation are render to the family of the shore and dissipation are render to the family of the shore and dissipation are render to the family of the shore and darkened and the voice of whose music was the month of the shore and the voice of whose music was the month of the shore and the voice of whose music was the month of the shore and the voice of whose music was the month of the shore and the voice of whose music was the month of the shore and the voice of whose music was the month of the shore and the voice of whose music was the month of the shore and the voice of whose music was the month of the shore and the s it a little child, a "well-spring of gladness," suddenly ceased in the household?

Was it all gone—the patter, patter of its little feet as it went about its little play—the small head with its golden rings of hair, flut so what does it matter if people only fancy tering now here, now there, as a sunbeam flut-ters around a room, chased and driven by the There's no family altar there, no sweet inrestless shadows—the sweet laugh, which gurgled out suddenly for joy, and was eaught up and hidden in other voices, which only laughed for joy of the child's, and the little teasing, cunning, frolicksome, sweet ways—were these all gone, and was that what it meant, this

"death in the family?"

Was it lying still and white in some darkened parlor, the little, half worn shoes at the head of the cradle, and the scarlet dress with who possessed such transcendent talents and the white apron flung across the foot; were so early called to quit a world in which her whole life was a continual struggle.] used to flutter up every night for joy when the father came home, while the small lips would be lifted up and crow out for joy at his kiss-

And to-day must they lay it down to its last And to-day must they lay it down to its last sleep, not on soft pillows, with dainty coverlets drawn over its dimpled shoulders, know-wall, easy chairs, and lounges, all home-made, blat would never yield to the pressure of the seem homelike. But there's nothing their should fold its green coverlet over the fair the neat carpets and climb the cushioned chairs unchecked; and when the welcomed sound in the desolate home of which it was written, to the desolate home of which it was written, death in the family?

was written. The patient, loving face, the sy chair. Here the husband is strengthened gentle voice, the soft footfalls—all gone! and for another day's toil, and the mother nerved

the family now?

There was her low chair in its old place by the table, with the work-basket close by it; there's something to meet the stain beside the filmsy vanities of life. There's a strong arm into her lap and be hugged to her heart a few upon which to lean, and; a trust in a Heavenminutes, and find such comfort and healing ly Father's guidance, knowing that he leadeth

if inter—18 that wrong? No! the clock struck eight, that the eight votes if the litter—18 that wrong? In the clock struck eight, that the eight votes is for recreation and some of the latter of the grous energy, deadly when or gladness, always loving, always ready to hear, and patient, and sympathetic, and fordary Lee," that old Scotch giving; no mother to make all troubles smooth to soothe all sorrows, to explain, and comfort and heal all difficulties.

and heal all difficulties.

There she was lying, with her frozen face and silent lips, and her little children clustering with wondering, frightened faces about her, but the ear that always thrilled to their the control of the cont highest call would never wake again-the lips that were always brimming over with sweet

hairy adder," "the auto moon toving the ghair at e'en," "the simbullistic boyhood, while the boughs of his life were full boyhood.

Or mayhap it was a sister, just blossoming Reader, do you hear the wild sound of this sweet "hearth flower," whose fragrance filled weaned on salt fish.

ERICAN VOLUNTEER. line, sweeping over the waste, piercing the the household, and whose future was full of romise as a summer morning when it rises out from the east and walks upon the mountains, Where is my place in the world, is the uestion which most old maids are puzzled to

And so those thoughts rung to and fro, like

a solemn dirge rung by bells in the air around us; and suddenly, in the midst of this, there call them devoted and virtuous. Is this conough? Is it to live? Is there not a terrible hellowings mocking want activing in "in my Father's house are many mansions." windows look off to the Eternal Hills, and under whose shining roofs are gathered the families of the Redomer its and the Re

"There's a vast difference in the atmosphere

its architectural proportions "as a poet's and scaling the lines." dream," and superbly adorned with all that "Here comes the For

it. But we shall see.

As you ascend the broad steps a chill creeps slowly over the heart, that you can't but hope an inner view will dispel. Yet as you traverse lofty, richly-decorated rooms, the feeling

Pictures, and busts, and books, and flowers, And a light hearth where one may sit for hour. And feel the minutes in their rapid flight, The mind in converse sweet beguiled so Alas! 'tis a vain search; 'tis as cold as the

possessors; indeed, they know but little enjoynent. The husband, wholly absorbed through et home pleasures. So there is constant bick-ering and contention, and hearts ache sadly

treet thanking a kind Providence that you lot has not been cast there. Then come with me once more—this tim way from the noisy bustling streets of the browded city, to an humble home, nestled in

mong green hills and gay pastures, dotted over with nodding daises and buttercups.

There is something in the very air of the lace that attracts you; it wears that cheerful be lifted up and crow out for joy at his kiss—
was the bady lying there, the weed lips, the
laughing eyes, the dimpled checks, so still and
frozen that the mother could not catch it up
and hide it in her bosom, and warm it with her
kisses back to life?

And to-day must they lay it down to its last

Or, maybe, it was of the mother that this merry sound of laughter as they rush to meet him and make ready the slippers and the carry written. The national loving feet the il what a blank and darkness was there in for her daily round of duties, by the blesses

thed, is an excellent friend in such cases; sealing the lips, interdicting utterance, commanding a placid dissimulation; a dissimulation after wearing an easy and gay mich at the little limbs were snugly "tucked so that the little limbs were snugly "tucked in"—no mother to tell some pleasant story before bed-time, and say, in her soft, coaxing the loneliest spot pleasant, and the homeliest dear. Then envy not the rich, you that have lumstoned the little limbs were snugly "tucked in"—no mother to tell some pleasant story before bed-time, and say, in her soft, coaxing the loneliest spot pleasant, and the homeliest dear. Then envy not the rich, you that have lumstoned the little limbs were snugly "tucked in"—no mother to tell some pleasant story before bed-time, and say, in her soft, coaxing the lone, and are sometimes weary, and long the little limbs were snugly "tucked in"—no mother to tell some pleasant story before bed-time, and say, in her soft, coaxing the lone, and are sometimes weary, and long the little limbs were snugly "tucked in"—no mother to tell some pleasant story before bed-time, and say, in her soft, coaxing the lone little story."

Thus one sunshiny heart will diffuse its brightness through a whole home, making the loneliest spot pleasant, and the homeliest dear. Then envy not the rich, you that have lumstoned the little limbs were snugly "tucked in"—no mother to tell some pleasant story before bed-time, and say, in her soft, coaxing the loneliest spot pleasant, and the homeliest dear. The one sunshiny heart will diffuse its brightness through a way that we know not.

Thus one sunshiny heart will diffuse its brightness through a way that we know not.

Thus one sunshiny heart will diffuse its in a way that we know not.

Thus one sunshiny heart will diffuse its in a way that we know not.

Thus one sunshiny heart will diffuse its in a way that we know hole home, making the brightness through a way that we know heart will diffuse its in a way that we know hole home, making the brightness through a wa

In one of our courts lately, a man who was called on to appear as a witness could not be found. On the Judge asking where he was, a grave elderly gentleman rose up, and with much emphasis said: "Your honor he's gone." "Gone! gone!" said the Judge, "where is he gone?" "That I cannot inform you," replied the communicative gentleman;

but he is dead."

A worthy Scotch Gouple, when asked how their son had broken down so early in life, gave the following explanation: "When and white shrouded and icy hills, crouched any more!

any more!

Inder the "cauld drift," she recalls every nage of horror, "the yellow wymed cups," the hairy adder," "the auld moon loving to the following and such like, gradually in the ghaist at e'en," "the simbulliss boyhood, while the boughs of his life were full until we were able to dine off a bit of roast and white shrouded and icy hills, crouched any more!

Inder the "cauld drift," she recalls every mag and such like, gradually then the should not a bit of roast any more!

Inder the "cauld drift," she recalls every mag and such like, gradually in the ghaist at e'en," "the simbulliss of his life were full until we were able to dine off a bit of roast any more!

An "old soak" down East, accounts

#### The Battle of New Orleans.

Steadily and fast the column of Gen. Gibbs promise as a summer morning when it rises out from the east and walks upon the mountains, and the wind swings their great censers of perfume before it, and the birds commence its sweet service; for just as was her dawn, just so fair did its sunshine and sweet songs prophecy her day, but Death made ready his bow, and for her too is the hard pillow and the green quilting which the spring shall draw over it.

Or perhaps this "death in the family" came to one whose years were ripe as the fruit the wind shakes from its boughs in October, one who sat bowed and wrinkled, "waiting patiently" by the fire side, with the snows of life of Carroll's Tennesseeans, the muskets of of Carroll's Tennesseeans, the muskets of Adair's Kentuckians, four lines of sharp shooters, one behind the other. General Carroll coolly waiting for the right moment, held his fire till the enemy were within two hundred yards, and then gave the word, "Fire!" At first, with certain deliberation, afterwards in hottest hasto, always with deadly effect, the riflemen plied their terrible weapon. The summit of the embantment was a line of spurting fire, except where the great guns showed their liquid, belching flash. The noise sion creates selfishness. Each human being has his share of rights. I suspect it would conduce to the happiness and welfare of all, if each knew his allotment, and held to it as tenaciously as the martyr to his creed. Queer thoughts these that surge in my mind; are they right thoughts, I am certain.

Well, life is short at the best; seventy years, they say, pass like a vapor, like a dream, when one awaketh; and every path trod by human feet terminates in one hourne—the

sind of the Redeemer—it is never written on the whole line it blazed and rolled, the British atteries showering rockets over, the scene; Patterson's batteries on the other side of the river joining in the hellish concert. Imagine if a death in the family."

The Atmosphere at Home.—Two Pictures.

The column of Gon. Gibbs, moved by the fire of the riflemen, still advanced, Gibbs at it. Ask no one to describe it. Our words

"There's a vast difference in the atmosphere fire of the riflemon, still advanced, Gibbs at of homes," remarked a friend to me a few its head. As they caught sight of the ditch, some of the officers cried out:

dream," and superbly adorned with all that taste could suggest and wealth supply. True the Forty-fourth; shouted the general, adding, In every direction it is studded with worlds, more. So much for the body; the soul mean-time wings its flight upwards, folds its wings on the brink of the sea of fire and glass, and Mullens on the highest tree in the cypress

wood." Reassured, these heroic men passed on, in the face of that murderous, slaughtering fire.
But this could not last. With half its number increases in spite of you. The subdued light seems gloomy. Can it be, that amid this rare collection of the beautiful, comfort has been with dead and wounded, and the men falling "crowns of glory," and "diadems of beauty," ver faster and faster, the column wavered But still you wonder on, hoping to find the and recled (so the American riflemen thought) of ancient days," and which so powerfully at test that "the hand that made them is divine!" the household cluster. A quiet place adorned about a hundred yards from the lines the front. about a hundred yards from the lines the front ranks halted, and so three, the column into our attention, and awakens the most enrapdisorder, Gibbs shouting in the madness of vexation for them to re-form and advance. There was no re-forming under such a fire. Once checked, the columns could not but break

Then, seeing the Highlanders advancing to he support of General Gibbs, he, still waving his hat, but waving it with his left hand, hi ight being wounded, cried out:
"Hurrah! brave Highlanders!"

open the general's thigh, killed his horse, and ering and contention, and hearts ache sadly brought horse and rider to the ground. Capbeneath velvets and jewels; but smiles have marked grief-laden hearts this many a year; arms, removed him from the fallen horse, and brought horse and rider to the ground. was supporting him upon the field, when a second shot struck the wounded man in the groin, depriving him instantly of conscious-He was borne to the rear, and placed in the shade of an old live-oak, which still stands; and there, after gasping a few min-utes, yielded up his life without a word, happily ignorant of the sad issue of all his pains and toils.

### The Prize Fight.

The New York Clipper has in the London correspondence some interesting news concerning the late prize fight. We give a spec-

men:
Before the ring was really put in order, Tom Sayers made his entree. There was no shying of castors on either side, and every thing was done in the plainest manner. Say ers, on getting inside the ropes, very carelessly divested himself of his cloak. The appearance he presented after this was flashy in the extreme-a suit of plaid-green and red be-

ing the prominent colors. Heenan, who had been standing outside o the ring with his friends, now entered it, followed by Cusick and McDonald. He was dressed in a suit of heavy gray clothes, the overcoat being butfoned closely round the neck, and having a thick comforter round his throat, to protect it from the wind. Cheers from the Americans went up, on his entrance,

Sayers, taking the proffered hand-"Very well, I thank you; how do you find yourself?"
Heenan—"I feel very well, indeed. We have got a fine morning for it."

Sayors—"Yes; if a man can't fight such a lay as this, he can't at all." Sayers, (pulling out a roll of bills)-"Do u want to bet anything?"

Heenan—"No; I've bet all my money."

Heenan then walked toward McDonald and had some conversation with him. Sayers, who had never seen the Boy before, now took a careful survey of him. It was plain to be seen he was disappointed in his antagonist, but it did not last long, as the determined eye and compressed lips told only too plainly that he would make the best of a bad bargain.

The ring, when formed, presented an ap-pearance of grandeur. Long before the day named for the fight, the names of eighty-seven noblemen, headed by the Earl of Branfort, were sent to Falkland, all wishing to be posted as to the time and place of the battle. We were glad to see them there, as it added importance to the contest. There was also a minister, from Cambridge, who witnessed the fight, and though we did not see him go down into his pockets to bring forth the necessary, the pleasant smile on his phiz assured us he was ready and willing to see a fair and manly

A boy being praised for his quickness of reply, a gentleman observed:
"When children are so very keen, they generally become stupid, as they advance vears

The lad immediately replied,
"What a very keen boy you must have been.

That's my impression," as the printer said to a pretty lass when he had kissed her.
"And that's a token of my regard," replied to conclude that there are sufficient ground for attachment.

#### BAILBOAD LYBICS.

If an engine meet an engino
Coming round a curve,
If they smash track, train and tender,
What do they deserve?
Not a penny's paid to any,
So far as we observe,
But all acquit the engineer,
When coming round a curve.

If an engine meet a steamer Coming through the draw, If they crush or drown the public, Need we go to law?
If the engineer was careless—
Perhap's he rather raw—
They don't discharge an honest fellow, Coming through the draw.

If a steamer chase a steamer, If a steamer chase a steamer,
Running up to time,
If they burst their pipes and boiler,
Where's the mighty orime?
Should a jury, in a fury,
' Make them pay one dime,
Or send the officers to prison,
Running up to time? Running up to time?

If they main or kill a body, Or a body's wife, Need a body sue a body For baggage, limb or life?
If you sue for damages—
For pay for what you lost,
You get a broken neek or leg,

And have to meet the cost.

The Beauty of the Heavens. How delightful is it to contemplate the heavens! They "are stretched out as a curtain to dwell in!" Not only as far as the hu-The column of Gen. Gibbs, moved by the man eye can see, but beyond the remotest re of the riflemen, still advanced, Gibbs at boundary which the highest telescopic power can reach does the othercal firmament extend! We can find no limit, no boundary. Millions of miles may be traversed from any given point of space, and still the heavens appear illimitable. And with what gorgeous splendor and magnificence is that curtain adorned! suns and systems, all harmoniously moving in perfect and undeviating obedience to the Almighty will. The soul in such a contem plation is absorbed. Earth ceases to hold us with its silver chain. The mind, set free from groveling pursuits, mounts up as on the wings of an eagle, and soars away through immen-"crowns of glory," and "diadems of beauty," bespangle that firmament "whose antiquity is of ancient days," and which so powerfully at our attention, and awakens the most enrapturing feelings in the mind. Reason is compelled to give the reins to imagination, which The heroic Packenham had not far to go to meet his doom. He was three hundred yards from the lines when the roll matter of his enterprize seemed to flash upon him, and he turned to Sir John Tylden and said:

"Order up the reserve."

Then, seeing the Highland. tells us there are stars so distant that their bit, moving in unerring obedience to His will

> the following Friday night, Mount Moriah Church, two miles north of Mulberry village, was also burned. Both were the work of an of Mulberry village, incendiary. The Observer says that on Monday night last a week, New Harmon Church, two miles and a half north of Charity, was set on fire and entirely consumed, and about an hour later, or at 11 o'clock, Charity Church was discovered to be in flames, and the fire communicating to Charity Academy, both buildings were soon in ruins. The loss is estimated at from \$6,000 to \$8,000. This wanton destruction of property naturally created great excitement, and the cltizens arrested, about two hours after the fire, a man wel known in the neighborhood, who is said to be about half-witted, and on the following day he confessed to burning the four churches and gave up the books and other articles that he had taken from Charity Church, and said his object was to burn every Church in Lincoln County that was over ten years old, as he thought that was long enough for such a building to do service, and he had given himself six months in which to do the work. The incendiary was placed in jail in Fayettville last Tuesday. The Observer says his name is Ishana P. Rudd.

Fauetteville, Tenn. Obsererv.

SNAKE WORSHIP IN AFRICA,-According to a correspondent of the Boston Post, now in Africa, the people there have some curious ideas of religious questions: "The chief objects of worship in Whydah are snakes and a large cottonwood tree. There is a snake house which I used to go often to see. The snakes are of the boa species, and are from five to fifteen feet in length. You can almost always and though they were not numerous, no one could doubt their sincerity. When the Boy entered the ring he walked over to Sayers, extending his hand and said:

Are of the boa species, and are from hive to fifteen feet in length. You can almost always see them crawling about the streets. When the natives see them they fall down and kiss extending his hand and said:

They are perfectly harmless, as I "How do you do, Tom—how do you find yourself this morning?"

Sovore to him."

"They are perfectly harmless, as I have often seen the natives take them up and carry them look to the fatial. unfrequent to find them on the matalongside of you in the morning, as the luts are without doors. I had my lodging in what was once an English fort, but is now in ruins, and is a favorite resort of the snakes. I never found one in my room; but one morning, upon looking in the room adjoining mine, I found one about seven feet long. The penalty for killing one is, for white persons, the price of 60 slaves, now \$4,200. For a native, he is shut up in a bamboo house, and the house is set on

THE COPPER MINES OF LAKE SUPERIOR. The Lake Superior Miner gives the most flat-tering accounts of the mining business in the vicinity of Lake Superior. The product of the Minnesota mine alone for the month of February, 1860, was one hundred and sixty tons, one thousand nine hundred and sixty pounds, and that in a month when, from the ntensity of the cold, the mine was worked only about one third of the time. The receipts at Ontonagon, since the close of navigation are seven hundred and forty-two tons, three hundred and forty-two pounds. Several new mines will be opened this spring, from which it is expected that not less than twenty thousand tons of ore will be taken during the sea son, or \$4,000,000 worth copper alone.

A spring poet sends us his "first at empt." We will do him the justice of pubtempt." We will do him lishing the first "stanza:"

shing the first "stanza:"
"The birds is singin' in the trees,
The fregs is peepin' in the water,
The birds can fly just where they please,
The fregs can't, cause
They are nothin' but squatters." We fear our friend will die early, for death ves a shining mark!

PRENTICE thinks that if a young lady has a housand acres of land, the young men are apt

#### The Delaware Grape.

Many facts and opinions have, from time in reference to this grape, and almost univer-sally they have been in its favor; seldom has a fruit so quickly, and so generally been adopted as a public favorite, and we have much reason to believe that in this case confidence is not misplaced. The popularity which this fruit has obtain-

ed, also indicates the need and wants of the ommunity.

The grape is destined to become one of the

most important and useful fruits of this country; and something superior in quality and carlier in ripening than the commonly disseminated Isabella and Catawba, has long been demanded—though we do not wish to be understood as in any way desparaging the valuable qualities of these old standard sorts; heir merits and demerits are well known. The following description we copy from Downing's Fruits and Fruit Trees of America, and is perhaps as concise and truthful as

may be written:
"Bunches small, compact, and generally shouldered. Berries smallish; round when ot compressed. Skin thin; of a beautiful light red or flesh color; very translucent, passing to wine color by long keeping. It is without hardness or acidity in its pulp; exceedingly sweet, but sprighty, vinous and aromatic, and is well characterized by Mr. Prince as our highest flavored and most delic-

ious hardy grape.

"It is a vigorous grower, an early and profuse bearer, and probably more hardy than the Isabella or Catawba. In the garden of Mr. Thomson, (Delaware, C.,) where all other kinds were nearly destroyed by the unprecedented cold of 1856 and 1857, this alone was

uninjured.
"It ripens nearly or quite three weeks before the Isabella. Its bunches and berries are greatly increased in size by culture.

The coming season will probably afford much experience with this grape in various parts of the country; and we shall endeavor to place efore our readers everything of interest that

The Fort Wayne (Ind.) Times furnishes the letnils of one of the most horrid crimes that we have been called upon to record: The murdered man and the murderess were

jushand and wife, and had maintained that relation to each other for a period of upward of fifty years. They resided on a small farm, which they owned, in DeKalb county. Mrs. Knapp informed her son "Jakey" of her in-Jakey to hold the old man, and requested the sold the old man's hands, while she should choke him to death. Jakey refused. So she said no more about the matter until manner was disregarded and the suffer fixed manner was disregarded was disregard next morning, when she persuaded Knapp, under some pretence, to enter the milk house, and as he was in the act of stepping out of the building, she struck him on the back of the head with a heavy club. She then seized the large wild all from his weapon passing through the Marshal's throat, killing him instantly. The head with a heavy club. She then seized the large wild head read a self-translation where his facility model. Arms is from Wyandotte, where his facility models are self-translation. A CHURCH BURNING IDIOT—HE BURNS
FOUR CHURCHES.—The County Line Church, situated three miles above Lynchburg, was destroyed by fire on Wednesday night, and on the following Friday night. Mount lease, by striking him on the hands with the end of a heavy board; he then sunk to the

bottom of the well.

She then threw a number of chunks into the well, remarking to her son at the time, that in case search was made for the old man, his body would not be discovered. There being some stains of blood upon the dress she had on at the time, she placed a second dress over it, directing Jakey to hide the axe and club with which she had committed the deed. She went to a Mrs. Smith's, living about a mile distant, and spent the day.

Jakey, in obedience to her command, also spent the day away from home. She met her son-in-law, Place, and told him that she had just learned that the old man was lost, and hastened on her way home. Place and a number of the neighbors immediately instituted a search for Knapp, and noticing that the surface of the well was covered with chunks. they put down a hook and dragged the body of the murdered man out. Mrs. Knapp exhibited no grief, but, on the contrary, manifesting the most perfect indifference, suspicion pointed at her. She was accordingly arrested, but denied all connection with the murder. A committee of females was appointed to examine her clothing, and found upon her secand dress the stains of blood spoken of-when she became alarmed, and inquired for Jakey, stating that he was a simple boy, and they interrogated, and at first denied all knowledge of the matter, but afterwards made a full

She was tried last week, found guilty, and

Neoro Jurymen.—They are rapidly progressing towards "the largest liberty" in Massachusetts. The Board of Aldermen, of Worcester, in that State, have placed upon the jury list for the present year, the names of two negro barbers, William H. Jenkins and Fraceis A. Clough, the former a runaway slave from the South. This action of the Board doubtless sprang from a full knowledge of who were the "peers" of the people of Wor-

Dr. Steinroth, a German economist proposes to add to the food of man by bleeding oxen, cows and sheep, and using it for food. Blood contains all the elements that render meat nutritious, and he thinks the animals might be bled once a week without injury to

In a crowd, looking at the body of a man killed on the railroad, a fat Dutchman remarked:
"In the midst of life we are in debt."

A son of the Emerald Isle standing by, an-"Be jabers, we may well say that, for he owed me two dollars."

In a New York hospital a poor woman alone at night was delivered of a child. Rats swarmed around her in her bed, and as she was too weak to drive them away they de-voured her child. It was found by the phyian dreadfully mutilated.

The everlasting Burdell case is up again in the New York Courts. The heirs are now quarrelling among themselves as to the division of the murdered dentist's property.

Maple sugar enough has been made in Vermont during the present spring to sweet-en the coffce of every coffee drinker on the

The ocean speaks eloquently and forever. She replied, dropping a perplexed courtesy, "Yes, sir, I can, but I hate to most plague."—Louisville Journal. up."-Louisville Journal.

## Underground Railway.

The London Illustrated News, of the 7th,

contains a description of the tunnel now being built under the streets of London, for the purpose of connecting the city with the series of railways at the north of the Thames. To of railways at the north of the Thames. To have a railway after the American fashion, passing through a densely populous district, and crossing on a level and over crowded thorough-fares, was considered utterly out of the question. Therefore the plan was resorted to of avoiding the surface altogether, leaving that to the ordinary local traffic and travel, and coing entirely under the city with all the and going entirely under the city with all the passenger and freight trains. The London railroad tunnel was constructed by making an open cut from the surface of the street down the distance required, building the archway. and then replacing the surface—a cheaper mode than tunnelling. The work has been contracted for and is now in progress, the com-pany engaged in it having a capital of four millions dollars, in shares of fifty dollars each. To avoid any annoyance from smoke or the combustion of fuel in the tunnel, the truffic is to be worked by light locomotives of a novel and ingenious construction. They have no fire-box; but will be charged with hot water and steam at certain pressure, to be sup-plied by fixed boilers at the termini, and will be furnished with a large heater to assist in maintaining the required temperature. It is, believed that each locomotive can be supplied with power sufficient to run the whole tunnel distance. The tunnel is expected to be finished and in working order by 1862. This plan is evidently the best one which can be devised for passing over the space occupied by crowded cities. It will ultimately have to be resorted to wherever practicable by all roads which require the crossing of such spaces, no matter what the cost may be.

MURDER OF A U. S. MARSHALL IN KANSAS. -We gather the following particulars of the bloody murder of United States Deputy Marshal Leonard Arms, Topeka, Kansas, by a notorious Free State ruffian, from the Leavenbefore our readers everything of interest that shall be elicited in respect to it, and also the other new and valuable varieties of grapes which are now attracting so much attention in all parts of the country.—Genesce Farmer.

A Horrible Nurder.

The Fort Wayne (Ind.) Times furnishes the worth Herald. John Ritchy, the murderer, of the purpose of his visit. Ritchy inquired if the Marshal had a warrant, and upon being informed that he had, drew a revolver, and threatened to resist to the last extremity. Deputy Arms then left the house, telling Ritchy that he would certainly arrest him at the first opportunity, but after going a short distance he returned, and informing the latter that he was determined to have him then and warning Armes not to approach nearer. The menace was disregarded and the ruffian fired,

TIME AND ETERNITY .- We step on the earth: we look abroad over it, and it seems immense —so does the sea. What ages had men lived and knew but a portion? They circumnavi-gate it now with a speed under which its vast bulk shrinks. But let the astronomer lift up his glass, and he learns to believe in a total mass of matter, compared with which this great globe itself becomes an imponderable grain of dust. And so to teach us of walking along the road of life, a year, a day, an hour, shall seem long. As we grow older, the time shortens, but when we lift up our eyes to look beyond this earth, our seventy years, and the few thousands of years which have rolled over the human race, vanish into a point; for then we are measuring time against eternity.

ORIGIN OF A "FEATHER IN HIS HAT."-Among the manuscripts of the British Museum, says an English writer, there are two copies of a curious description of Hungary, vhich appears to have been written by a mil itary adventurer of the Dalgetty tribe, in 1598. The writer, speaking of the inhabitants, whom e describes as being "of stature and complexion not unlike unto the poor Englishe, and in habits like unto the poor Irishe," says: "It has been an ancient custom amongst them, that none should wear a feather but he who had killed a Turk, to whom it was only lawful to show the number of feathers in his cappe!" Does not this account for the exression, "That will be a feather in his cap!"

THE TARNAL SLAVE POWER.—It is related that a good old lady, who had resided in the country, innocent of railroads, but well sup-plied with Abolition newspapers and documents, made her first visit to a town acquaintance. In a street a locomotive drawing a heavy train was seen approaching, puffing and blowing to its utmost.
"What on airth is that?" said the old lady.

"That," rejoined her friend, "why that is

"A locomotive?" said the old lady, "why

locomotive?

bless my eyes, I thought it was the 'tarnal slave power! Manliness.—The purpose of life is to form a manly character, to get the best development of body and spirit—of mind, conscience, heart and soul. This is the end; all else is the means. Accordingly, that is not the most successful life in which a man gets the most successful life in which a man gets the most placeure the most money or ease, the most successful life in which a man gets the most pleasure, the most money or case, the most power or place, honor or fame; but that in a man gets the most manhood, performs the greatest amount of manly character. It is of no importance whether he win this by wearing a hood upon his shoulders or a crown apon his head. It is the character, and not the crown, I value. The crown perishes with: the head that wore it; but the character lives with immortal man who achieved it.

In Cincinnati a few days since a woman was sentenced to four months imprisonment for stealing a ham. Her husband who was present, and who had assisted her in disposing of it, on hearing the sentence, bowed-politely to the Court and expressed himself much gratified at the result.

A firm in Virginia advertise that all accounts due them not settled by the first of May would be offered at public sale to the nighest bidder for each. A good mode of in-ducting dilatory and dishonest debtors, with whom a resource to law would be worse than

A schoolmaster asked a fair pupil, Can you decline a kiss?"