

Nottingham

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LIGHTS AND SHADES.

The gloomiest day hath gleams of light:
The darkest wave hath white foam near it.
And twinkles through the cloudiest night,
Some solitary star to cheer it.

The gloomiest soul is not all gloom:
The saddest heart is not all sadness.
And sweetly o'er the darkest doom
There shines some lingering beam of gladness.

Despair is never quite despair,
Nor life nor death, the future closes;
And round the shadowy brow of care
Will Hope and Fancy twine their roses.

MORNING AND AFTERNOON.

It was the freshest of April mornings, with a soft wind that had ruffled all manner of sweet scents from dimpled hollows, purpled over with young violets, and solitary brook-side, fringed with white anemone stars, and waited them into the city streets to revive many a weary dweller among paving-stones. Mrs. Arden, standing at her window, looked down at the few feet of earth that city people dignify by the title of "garden," and felt the sunny spring influences even there.

"What a lovely morning!" she said to herself; "this is the very time to put my dahlias into the ground, and take care of the roses, how fortunate that to-day will be a comparatively leisure time to me! Women don't often get released from the domestic treadmill, and what with spring sewing, company, and house cleaning, I have been literally a slave for the last three months. Once out in the open air, among the flower roots, and I shall feel as though I were entering a new life."

Ignorant Mrs. Arden. Had she lived to be 30 years old, without knowing that a married woman ought not to breathe, without first asking her husband if it's perfectly proper and convenient? Mr. Arden had laid out an entirely different programme for his lady-wife. In the morning, she was to be busy with her needle, and in the afternoon, she was to be busy with her needle.

"Nelly, can't you fix this coat somehow?—There is something hitchy about the collar—you can tell where the trouble is, you're so smart with your needle?"

Mrs. Arden took it out of his hands and looked at it despairingly—there was full three hours work about it.

"And, Nelly, if you wouldn't mind altering these shirt bosoms—they're all in wrinkles—the pattern was a bad one."

"You insisted on having them made according to that pattern entirely against my advice."

"Well, I know I did," replied Mr. Arden rather sheepishly.

"Martin said it was a good one, but Martin don't know everything."

"I wish you had found that out before the shirts were made," said Mr. Arden petulantly.

"I say," interposed her spouse, apparently rather despondent, "what are you going to have for dinner?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," was the vexed reply. "I believe men are always thinking about eating—no sooner is breakfast over than dinner begins to disturb them."

"I wish you would make one of those puddings I like—make it yourself, for Susan always mangles it. We haven't had one for a long time now."

"There goes the day of leisure that was to have put my garden in such beautiful order," sighed Mrs. Arden.

"O, pshaw," said her husband, contemplating his whiskers in the glass, "what do you care about garden work? A woman ought to find her chief happiness in domestic duties. I don't approve of this everlasting fidgeting about flowers."

"Harry," said his wife, "you would not be at all contented if your office work was so endless that you never got a moment's time to smoke a cigar, or read a book or newspaper?"

"No," replied Mr. Arden hesitatingly, "but then you are not a man."

"No—I know I'm not," said Mrs. Arden quickly; "if I were, my wife should have a little leisure to breathe occasionally."

Mrs. Arden went not, shutting the door with some vehemence behind her.

"I never did see such a complaining set as women are," was his internal reflection as he walked rapidly down the street.

Two or three hours steady work soon disposed of the press of office business awaiting him, and he threw himself back in a chair to rest and look over his newspaper. But the balmy wind fanned his forehead like narcotic incense, and the sensation of delicate perfume was incessantly delightful, the closely printed columns became a mere confused blur, and the first Mr. Arden knew, he was—not exactly asleep, perhaps, but certainly not very wide awake.

Something carried him back to the time when Nelly had been a bride—fresh and blooming as a rose. How well he remembered the blue light of her eyes and the satin brightness of her complexion. She had grown wiser and weary looking since those days. Was it possible that he had been lacking in care and tenderness? It was rather an uneasy twinge of conscience, for he did love her, rattle-brained and thoughtless as he was.

He thought of her, sitting alone through the glorious April day, bending over the work he had assigned to her, until the pallor deepened on her cheek, and the eyes grew dim and listless—he remembered the many, many days she had spent in the same wearisome occupation. No wonder that the little garden was a sunny spot to her—no wonder that she loved the flowers whose freshness seemed to revive her whole nature.

A man may be very cruel to a woman without either beating her or denying her the necessities of life.

Suppose she should drift away from him, like a delicate leaf upon a swift rushing stream! He shuddered at the mere idea. She was not strong—the time might come when a narrow grave and a white headstone would be all that remained of his little wife. And then—should he not remember all these things?

He started up from the troubled net-work of fancy that had woven itself into a vague dream; the sunshiny rays brightly on the floor, and the fingers of the clock pointed to the hour at which he usually went home to dinner.

The pudding was made—the coat in prime order—the unsatisfactory shirts ripped apart, and Nelly, though pale and tired looking, came to the door with a smile to greet her husband.

"Why, Harry, what on earth have you got there?" she exclaimed, as Mr. Arden came up accompanied by three men to jail. While on the way he slipped his cuffs and stealing a revolver from one of the guards with his shot and killed the three men who had charge of him.

"Thought you'd like some flowers for your garden, my dear," explained he; and Nelly straightway gave him a good old fashioned kiss that amply sufficed for portage fees.

"And now," said he after dinner, "there isn't much to do at the office to-day—suppose you and I devote the afternoon to garden work. We can make the little place as neat as a park."

"Oh, Harry, that would be so delightful!" exclaimed she, with brightening eyes; but those shirts—

"O, hang the shirts, let 'em wait, I want to see your cheeks a little redder, my love!"

Mrs. Arden wondered in her secret heart what had wrought this agreeable change—she didn't know anything about her husband's dream!

Texas.—There appears to be an actual panic in Texas, resembling the John Brown panic in Virginia. The slaveholders are forming vigilance committees all over the State, resolving to expel white persons suspected of abolition sentiments, reprobating giving slaves general passes and selling liquor and arms to slaves, and recommending all ministers of the Gospel to abstain from preaching to the slaves during the present year. The Gospel is put under the ban as incendiary in Texas! The Vigilance committee of Dallas has made discoveries "under the lash"—so says the *Texas Ranger*—implicating nearly all the negroes of Ellis and adjoining counties. The negroes confessed that they had deadly poisons to be administered to the families of their masters in their food, and have gone to the kitchens and produced the poison. Meals must be taken with misgivings in Texas! An attempt to burn the town of Austin is reported, and in Fayette county a band of runaways was thought to have organized to make a break for Mexico. The town of Quitman as well as Austin was guarded by a night watch. It is also stated that a large amount of arms and ammunition has been discovered in the possession of negroes, and a white man who was implicated at Fort Worth was hung on the nearest tree. The plan of raising was to have been executed simultaneously in several counties, and in the same way in all. All this seems senseless, and doubtless is so. All the discoveries made have been extorted under the lash, from negroes who have invented stories to suit the wishes of their tormentors, in order to escape torment. The recantations extorted by the Inquisition under the pressure of its tortures and cruelties were analogous to these confessions. No other evidence has been found to corroborate the confessions, and nothing but the scare into which Texas has resolutely worked herself could make her people put the least faith in them. When the end comes, as it soon will, they will find that they have made bigger fools of themselves than the Virginians did in the John Brown affair.—*Gazette*.

KILLING LARGER GAME!—One of the authors of Mr. Lincoln's biography relates an interesting instance of the latter's political sagacity. He had triumphantly answered that set of interrogatories which Mr. Douglas calculated would crush him, and in return had made up his mind that his antagonist should be presented with a collection. His plan was to compel him, by public interrogation, to repudiate the Dred Scott decision or the doctrine of unfriendly legislation in the Territories. Before the discussion commenced at Freeport, Mr. Lincoln informed his friends of his intention. They unanimously counseled him to abandon his purpose; "for," said they, "if you put that question to him, he will perceive that an answer giving practical force and effect to the Dred Scott decision in the Territories inevitably loses him the battle, and he will therefore reply by affirming the decision as an abstract principle, but denying its practical application." "But," said Mr. Lincoln, "if he does that he can never be President." His friends replied, "That is not your look-out—you are after the Senatorship." "No, gentlemen," said he, "I am killing larger game." The battle of 1860 is worth a hundred of this! From the day that Mr. Douglas promulgated this doctrine of "unfriendly legislation" to save himself in Illinois, he was a doomed man in all the South, and the "battle of 1860" was won for the Republicans, though Mr. Lincoln of course could not know that he was to be their gallant leader.

A neat and charming maiden in Indiana, the fortunate possessor of a considerable property, became engaged for marriage to a green, unattractive, clumsy boy of 18 years. The day for the wedding was fixed, and the course of rustic love was running smoothly enough. One day the groom-expectant appeared before his mistress with wrinkled brow, quivering chin, eyes filled with tears. "My father says I must marry unless I first pay him for my sins!" This was all he said. The woman at once sent him to the sharp parents with instructions to learn the lowest rate of exchange at which the time could be transmuted into money. "I will sell you," said the father, "for \$200, and not a cent less." "And I will buy you," returned the damsel, when the offer was communicated to her. She paid the money, married the property, and has since so assiduously cultivated it, that a great improvement, personally, morally, and intellectually, has taken place.

The New Orleans papers of recent dates contain the particulars of an unexpected return to life. It appears that Mr. Fleury, a merchant of that city, was on board the steamer *Arctic*, and was supposed to be lost, no trace of him appearing. His wife, young and attractive, mourned for him, then married the chief clerk of the late husband. Together the pair lived happily for several years, and to their family three children were added. On the 4th of the present month the wife received from New-York a letter written by her former husband. He had been picked up from a piece of the wreck, with five other survivors, and, being taken on board a cutter, had gone on a long voyage with her. This ship was subsequently sunk, and fifteen of those aboard saved themselves upon the island from which they were taken by another whaler, which only just commencing her cruise, and which only returned to New York a week or two ago.

A man named Galt was recently arrested near Sacramento, Cal., for murder, and after being handcuffed was placed on a wagon accompanied by three men to jail. While on the way he slipped his cuffs and stealing a revolver from one of the guards with his shot and killed the three men who had charge of him.

THE AMERICAN "DESERTS."

In a book just published, called "The Central Gold Region," the author, Wm. Gilpin, who has spent twenty years in the wilderness, presents a view of what is commonly called "the desert," widely differing from the popular notions. He says:

There is a radical misapprehension in the popular mind as to the true character of the "Great Plains of America," as complete as that which pervaded Europe respecting the Atlantic ocean during the whole historic period prior to Columbus. These plains are not deserts, but the opposite, and are the cardinal basis of the future empire of commerce and industry now erecting itself upon the North American continent. They are calcareous, and form the pastoral garden of the world. Their position and area may be understood. The meridian line which terminates the States of Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri and Iowa on the west, forms their eastern limit, and the Rocky Mountain crest their western limit. Between these limits they occupy a longitudinal parallelogram of less than 1,000 miles in width, extending from the Texas to the Arctic coast.

There is no timber upon them, and single trees are only to be seen in the valleys from the west to the east, and about in rivers. They are clad thick with nutritious grasses, and swarm with animal life. The soil is not silicious or sandy, but is a fine calcareous mold. They run smoothly out to the navigable rivers, the Missouri, Mississippi, and St. Lawrence, and to the Texas coast. The mountain masses toward the Pacific form no serious barrier between them and that ocean. No portion of their whole sweep is more than one thousand miles from the best navigation. The prospect is everywhere gently undulating and graceful, being bounded, as on the ocean, by the horizon. Storms are rare, except during the melting of the snows upon the crest of the Rocky Mountains. The climate is comparatively *rainless*; the rivers serve, like the Nile, to irrigate rather than drain the neighboring surface, and have few affluents. They all run from west to east, having beds shallow and broad, and the basins through which they flow are flat, long and narrow. The area of the "Great Plains" is equivalent to the surface of the twenty-four States between the Mississippi and the Atlantic sea, but they are one homogeneous formation, smooth, uniform, and continuous, without a single abrupt mountain, timbered space, desert, or lake. From their ample expanse and position they define themselves to be the *pasture fields of the world*. Upon them pastoral agriculture will become a separate grand department of national industry.

The pastoral characteristic, being novel to our people, needs a minute explanation. In traversing the continent from the Atlantic Beach to the South Pass, the point of greatest altitude and remoteness from the sea, we successively the timbered region, the prairie region of soft soil and long annual grasses, and finally the great plains. The two first are irrigated by the rains coming from the sea, and are arable. The last is rainless, of a compact soil, resisting the plow, and is, therefore, *pastoral*. The herbage is peculiarly adapted to the climate and the dryness of the soil and atmosphere, and is peculiarly suitable and nutritious throughout the year. This is "blue grass" or "buffalo grass." It covers the ground one inch in height, has the appearance of a delicate moss, and its leaf has the fineness and spiral texture of a negro's hair. During the melting of the snows in the immense mountain masses at the back of the great plains, the rivers serve like the Nile, and yield a copious evaporation in the form of mists, which across the plains; storm-clouds gather on the summits, roll down the mountain flanks, and discharge themselves in vernal showers. During this temporary prevalence of moist atmosphere, these delicate grasses grow, seed in the root, and are carried into hay upon the ground by the gradual returning drouth. It is in this longitudinal belt of perennial pasture upon which the Buffalo finds his winter food, dwelling upon it without regard to altitude, and here are the infinite herds of aboriginal cattle peculiar to North America—buffalo, wild horses, elk, antelope, white and black-tailed deer, mountain sheep, the grizzly bear, wolves, the hare, badger, porcupine, and smaller animals innumerable. The aggregate number of this cattle, by calculation from sound data, exceeds one hundred million. No annual fires ever sweep over the great plains; these are confined to the prairie region.

The great plains also swarm with poultry—the turkey, the mountain cock, the prairie cock, the sandhill crane, the curlew; water-fowl of every variety, the swan, goose, brant; reptiles; the horned frog; birds of prey, eagles, vultures, and the small birds of game and song. The streams abound in fish. Dogs and semi-wolves abound, and buffalo are found in great numbers. The immense population of nomadic Indians, lately a million in number, have, from immemorial antiquity, subsisted exclusively upon these aboriginal herds, being unacquainted with any kind of agriculture, or the habitual use of vegetable food or fruits. From this source the Indian draws exclusively his food, his lodge, his fuel, harness, clothing, bed, his ornaments, weapons and utensils. Here is his sole dependence from the beginning to the end of his existence. The innumerable carnivorous animals also subsist upon them. The buffalo alone have appeared to me as numerous as the American people, and to inhabit as uniformly large a space of country. The buffalo robe at once suggests his adaptability to a winter climate. The plains embrace a very ample portion of arable soil for farms. The "bottoms" of the rivers are very broad and level, having only a few inches of elevation above the waters, which descend by a rapid and even current. They may be easily and cheaply saturated by all the various systems of irrigation, azequias, artesian wells, or flooding by machinery. Under this treatment the soils, being alluvial and calcareous, both from the silphate and carbonate formations, return a prodigious yield, and are independent of the seasons. Every variety of grain, grass, vegetable, the grape and fruits, fax, hemp, cotton and the flora, under a perpetual sun, and irrigated at the root, attain extraordinary vigor, flavor and beauty.

The great plains abound in fuel, and the materials for dwellings and fencing. Bituminous coal is everywhere interstratified with the calcareous and sandstone formation; it is also abundant in the flanks of the mountains, and is everywhere conveniently accessible. The dromedary of the buffalo is scattered everywhere. The order of vegetable growth being reversed by the aridity of the atmosphere, what show above

as the merest bushes, radiate themselves deep into the earth, and form below an immense arborescent growth. Fuel of wood is found by digging. Plaster and lime, limestone, freestone, clay and sand exist beneath almost every acre. The large and economical *adobe* brick, hardened in the sun and without fire, supercedes other materials, and, as in Syria and Egypt, resists decay for centuries. The dwellings thus constructed are most healthy, being impervious to intellectual and physical development, and stimulative of an exalted tone of social civilization and refinement. The American people and their ancestral European people having dwelt for many thousand years exclusively in countries of timber, and within the region of the maritime atmosphere, where half the year; where all animal food must be sustained, fed and fattened by tillage with the plow; where the essential necessities of existence—food, clothing, fuel and dwellings—are secured only by constant and intense manual toil; why, to this people, heretofore, the immense empire of pastoral agriculture, at the threshold of which we have arrived, has been as completely a blank as was the present condition of social development on the Atlantic coast.

The American continent to the ordinary thoughts of the antique Greeks and Romans! Hence this immense world of plains and mountains, occupying three-fifths of our continent, so novel to them and so exactly contradictory in every feature to the existing prejudices, routine and economy of society, is unanimously pronounced an uninhabitable desert. In any reversal of such a judgment, the unanimous public opinion, the rich and poor, the wise and ignorant, the famous and obscure, agree to oppose, unanimously, a dogmatic and universal deafness. To them the delineations of travelers, elsewhere intelligent, are here tinged with lunacy; the science of geography is befogged; the sublime order of creation no longer holds, and the supreme engineering of God is at fault and a chaos of blunders!

THE LAST DRINK.

Dan Jones has a wife, an amiable, accomplished and beautiful lady, who loves him devotedly, but she finds too many bricks in his hat. One night he came home tight and was not very much astonished, but rather frightened, to find his worthy lady sitting up for him. She always does. She smiled when he came in. "That also she always does. 'You stayed out so late,' she said, 'that I feared you had taken a sick.'" "I'm a little tight, wife; b-but don't you think I'm a little tight?"

"A very little, perhaps, my dear, but that is nothing—you may have so many friends, as you say, you must join them in a glass once in a while."

"Wife you're too good—the truth is, I am d-d-runk."

"Oh, no, indeed, my dear—I'm sure that even another glass wouldn't hurt you. Now suppose you take a glass of Scotch ale with me, just as a night-cap, my dear?"

"You are too kind, my dear, by half, I know I'm d-d-runk."

"Oh, no, only a julep too much, love, that's all! Well, take a glass of ale at any rate; it cannot hurt you, dear; I want one myself before I retire."

She had listened to open a bottle, and as she placed two tumblers before her on the table, she put in one a very powerful emetic. Filling the glass with the foaming ale, she handed that one with a most bewitching smile to her husband. Suspicion came cloudily upon his mind. She had never before been so kind to him when he was drunk. He looked at the glass, raised it to his lips—then hesitated.

"Dear, won't you taste mine, to make it sweeter?" said he.

"Certainly, love," replied the lady, taking a mouthful, which she was very careful not to swallow.

Suspicion vanished, and so did the ale, emetic, and all down the throat of the satisfied husband. After spitting out the taste, the lady finished her glass, but seemed in no hurry to retire.

She fixed a foot tub of water before an easy chair, for which the husband was curious to know the reason. A few minutes later, the gulp and spurge from the throat of the husband gave the answer.

The brick was gone when he rose from the easy chair, and he never after carried one home to his wife.

STENKS have a history, as many a New York trader has learned at his cost. A year or two ago they were exported to Europe in such quantities as to promise the purification of our atmosphere from one of the most disagreeable odors, before the lapse of many years; but this demand suddenly fell off, and several found themselves "skinned" to the amount of \$25,000 and even twice that figure. Some European Israelites, it appears, had substituted them successfully for fitches, which commanded from one to nine dollars each in market. Forthwith, from being considered worthless, skunk skins rose in price to 1.50 each; ships were freighted with and fortunes made out of them for a few months. But an unlucky snow-storm in Russia, during which one of these collars or capes was drawn over the wearer's head, proved fatal to the trade. The disagreeable odor leaked out! Now, it is said, as many as 50,000 of these skins are stored away in London, without being able to find a purchaser.

By a recent Act of Congress, any person mailing a letter, who may wish to have it returned, in case the person addressed should not call for or receive it, need only endorse his or her name and address on the letter, and then the postmaster at the office to which it may be sent is required to return it to the writer after thirty days. Such letter will then remain in the office from which it was sent for one quarter, unless previously called for by the writer. The manifest advantage of this arrangement will be that important letters, those containing money, valuable papers or other articles of value, or those of a private nature, will be secured to the writers in case the persons addressed should be prevented from receiving them, and will return to hand much sooner than when they all must go to the Dead Letter Office.

"Will you have some cat-soup?" asked a pedantic gentleman of Aunt Pricilla, at a dinner table. "Dear me, no," she replied with a shudder. "I'm fond of cats in their places; but I should as soon think of eating dog-soup."

A REMINISCENCE OF OLD DAYS.

Richard Yates, Republican candidate for Governor of Illinois, delivered a speech at Springfield, in that State, on the 7th August, from which we take the following extracts:

"I recollect the first time I ever saw Mr. Lincoln, and I have a great mind to tell you, though I don't know that I ought to. [Yes, go on, go on.] It was more than a quarter of a century ago. [A voice, 'he was Young Abe' then.] I was down at Salem with a friend, who remarked to me, one day, 'I'll go over and introduce you to a fine young fellow we have here—a smart, genial, active young fellow, and we'll be certain to have a good talk.' I consented, and he took me down to a collection of four or five houses, and looking over the way I saw a young man partly lying or resting on a cellar door, intently engaged in reading. My friend took me up and introduced me to young Lincoln, and I tell you as he rose up I wouldn't have shot at him then for a President. [Laughter.] Well, after some pleasant conversation, for Lincoln talked sensibly and generally, then, just as he does now, we all went up to dinner. I ought not to tell this on Lincoln. [Great laughter and cries of 'go on! go on!'] You all know very well that we all lived in a very plain way in those times. The house was a rough log house, with a puncheon floor and clapboard roof, and might have been built like Solomon's Temple, without the sound of hammer or nail; for there was no iron it. [Laughter.] The old lady whose house it was, soon provided us with a dinner; the principal ingredient was a great bowl of milk, which she handed to each. Somehow, in serving Lincoln, there was a mistake made, and his bowl tipped up, and the bowl and milk rolled over the floor. The good old lady was in deep distress, and burst out, 'Oh, dear me! that's all my fault.' Lincoln picked up the bowl in the best natured way in the world, remarking to her, 'Aunt Lizzy, we'll not discuss whose fault it was—only, if it don't worry you, it don't worry me. [Roars of laughter and applause.] The old lady was comforted and gave him another bowl of milk. [Renewed laughter.]

"My friend Green, who introduced me, told me the first time he saw Lincoln, he was in the Sangamon river, with his pants rolled up some five feet, more or less, [great merriment] trying to pilot a flat-boat over a mill-dam. The boat had got so full of water, that it was very difficult to manage, and almost impossible to get it over the dam. Lincoln finally contrived to get her bow over, so that it projected a few feet, and there it stood. But he then invented a new way of beating a flat-boat. He bored a hole through the bottom to let the water run out, and then corked her up, and she launched right over. [Great laughter.] I think the Captain who proved himself so fitted to navigate the broad-river over the dam, is no doubt the man who is to stand upon the deck of the old ship. So if I might have the guide her safely over the billows and breakers that surround her. [Enthusiastic and prolonged applause.]

"I do not mention these hardships of Lincoln's early life as evincing any great merit in themselves. Many a man among you may say, 'I am a rail splitter. I have done many a hard day's work, and if that entitles him to be President, it entitles me to be President, too.' I mean to say in regard to his having been a poor, hard-working boy, that 'if don't set him back any.' [That's it.] As the young man who courted and married a very pretty girl; when, on the next morning after the wedding, she presented him with a thousand dollars—'Lizzy, said he, 'I like you very much, indeed, but this thousand don't set you back any.' [Roars of laughter and cheers.] So if I might have the other qualities of a statesman, it don't set him back any with you, who know and love him, to know that he was once a hard-working boy."

THEM CALLS.—A philosophical old gentleman was passing by a new school house erected somewhere towards the setting-sun borders of our glorious Union, when his attention was suddenly drawn by a crowd of persons gathered around the door. He inquired of a boy whom he met, what was going on.

"Well," said the boy, "see that Bill, that's our biggest boy, got mad the other day at the teacher, and so he went all over and gathered dead cats. Nothing but cats and cats. Oh, it was awful, then cats them cats!"

"Pshaw! what have them cats, to do with the school committee?"

"Now, well, you see Bill kept bringin' cats and cats; always piling them up yonder, [pointing to a pile as large in extent as a pyramid, and considerably aromatic] and he piled them. Notlin' but cats, cats."

"Never mind my son, what Bill did. What has the committee met for?"

"Then Bill got sick handlin' 'em, and everybody got to nosin' 'em; but Bill got madder and didn't give it up, but kept a piling 'em up the cats—ard—"

"Tell me what the committee are holding the meeting for?"

"Why the school committee are going to meet to hold a meetin' to say whether they'll move the school house or them cats!"

The old gentleman evaporated immediately.

A correspondent, writing from Knoxville, Tenn., thus describes the effect upon animals produced by the meteor of the 2d inst: "A gentleman on horseback states that his horse bounded as if he had been shot, and tried to run off; the report frightened the animal still more; he succeeded in stopping him at the front door of an old lady. She had run out in her night gown, exclaiming, 'Great God, stranger, has the world busted?'"

THE "GROUND OF DEATH."

Bladsburg, in the District of Columbia, the celebrated duelling ground, is thus described by a correspondent. The place, so noted for its polite and refined manners, is about five miles from the city of Washington, fresh and handsome, in full livery of green, adorned with flowers, and should blush in its beauty for the scenes it has witnessed. Here, in a beautiful little grass plat, surrounded by trees, forms, made after the image of God, come to inspect Nature and defy Heaven. In 1814, Edward Hopkins was killed here in a duel. This seems to have been the first of these fashionable murders on this duelling ground.

In 1819, A. T. Mason, a United States Senator from Virginia, fought with his sister's husband, John McCarty, here. McCarty was averse to fighting, and thought there was no necessity for it; but Mason would fight. McCarty named muskets, loaded with grape shot, and so near together that they would hit heads, if they fell on their faces. This was changed by the seconds to loading with bullets, and taking twelve feet as the distance. Mason was killed instantly, and McCarty, who had his collar bone broken, still lives with Mason's sister in Georgetown. His hair turned white so soon after the fight as to cause much comment. He has since been solicited to act as second in a duel, but refused in accordance with a pledge he made to his wife after being her brother.

In 1820, Commodore Decatur was killed in a duel here by Commodore Barron. At the first fire both fell forward with their heads within ten feet of each other, and as each supposed himself mortally wounded, each fully and freely forgave the other, still laying on the ground. Decatur expired immediately, but Barron eventually recovered.

In 1821, two strangers named Lega and Segs appeared here, fought, and Segs was instantly killed. The neighbors only learned this much of their names from the marks on their gloves left on the ground. Lega was not hurt.

In 1822, Midshipman Locke was killed here by a Clerk of the Treasury Department, named Gibson. The latter was not hurt.

In 1823, Henry Clay fought (his 2d duel) with John Randolph, just across the Potomac.

In 1824, Martin was killed by Carr. Their first names are not now remembered. They were both from the South.

In 1825, Mr. Key, son of Frank Key, and brother of Barton Key, of Siskies notoriety, met Mr. Sherborn and exchanged a shot, when Sherborn said: "Mr. Key, I have no desire to kill you." "No matter," said Key, "I came to get him, and he got me." Very well, then, said Sherborn, "I will now kill you," and he did.

In 1828, W. J. Graves of Kentucky, assuming the quarrel of James Watson Webb with Jon's Cilley of Maine, selected this place for Cilley's murder, but the parties learning that Webb, with two friends, Jackson and Morrel, were armed and in pursuit, for the purpose of assassinating Gilley, moved toward the river and nearer the city. Their pursuers moved toward the river but missed the parties, and then returned to the city, to which they were soon followed by Graves and the corpse of Gilley.

In 1845, a lawyer named Jones fought with and killed a Dr. Johnson.

In 1851, R. A. Hoole and A. J. Dallas, had a hostile meeting here. Dallas was shot in the shoulder, but recovered.

In 1852, Daniel and Johnson, two Richmond (Virginia) editors, held a harmless set-to here, which terminated in coffee.

In 1853, Davis and Ridgway fought here; Ridgway allowed his antagonist to fire without returning the shot.

IT IS WORTH noting to attempt to disguise the fact that the popular current has set in strongly for Lincoln. From every section comes intelligence of public demonstrations of an unusually enthusiastic character. On the 8th inst., an immense meeting of the Republicans was held at Springfield, Illinois. The lowest estimate of the crowd in attendance was 20,000—others fixed it as high as 50,000. The procession was two hours and a half passing Mr. Lincoln's residence. During the afternoon Mr. Lincoln appeared on the ground in a carriage, when he was immediately seized upon by the crowd, drawn forth, and forced to respond to the cheers of a wildly enthusiastic multitude. His speech was wholly unintended. It was as follows:—

MY FELLOW CITIZENS:—I have appeared among you on this occasion with no intention of making a speech. It has been my purpose since I have been placed in my present position, not to make any speeches. This meeting has been drawn together at the place of my residence, it appeared to be the wish of those constituting this vast assemblage, to see me. It is certainly my wish to see all of you. I appear upon the ground here at this time, only for the purpose of seeing you and enabling you to see me. I confess with gratitude that I did not suppose my appearance among you would create the tumult which I now witness. I am profoundly grateful for this manifestation of your feelings. I am gratified because it is a tribute which can be paid to no man. It is a testimony which, four years hence, you will pay to the next man who is the representative of the truth on the questions which now agitate the public mind. [Cheers.] It is an evidence that you will fight for this cause then, as you now fight for it, and even stronger than you now fight, though I may be dead and gone. [Cheers.] I most profoundly and sincerely thank you. Having said this much, let me now add that you will hear the public discussions by others of our friends, who are here for the purpose of addressing you, and let me be silent. [Immense applause.]

Mr. Lincoln retired from the grounds amidst the wildest enthusiasm, being seized upon and carried hither and thither by the immense crowd which filled the grounds to overflowing. No such demonstration has ever been witnessed in Illinois. The meeting in this evening was the most imposing ever assembled in the State. The square about the State House resembled a sea of fire, through which solid ranks of Wide-Awakes marched and counter-marched by thousands. There was speaking from five stands at once, besides the immense meeting inside the Wigwam. Among the speakers were Senators Trumbull and Doolittle.

The telegraph posts, as far as Los Angeles, California, on the Butterfield route, are nearly all up, and in two weeks the line will be open to a point 480 miles from San Francisco.

The name of the present husband of the late Mrs. Burdell-Unioningham is Sheenan, a Universalist preacher of California.