From the Louisville Times.

RETURN OF SPRING.

BY H. THORNTON HARDY.

I know by the song that the blue birds sing;
I know by the streamlet's voice,
That the rose-wreathed torms of the velvet Spring,
Over the uplands now rejoice;
I know by the scent of the primrose pale—
By the violet's azure eye,
That the sprite of Spring has been in the vale.
That the Winter said "Good bye."

I know by the hum of the bee that flies
To the sweet leaded maple there,
That the buds have opened their dewy eyes
At the kiss of the warm South air;
I know by the trout, as he all day plays
On the rocks beneath the mill,
That the gentle foot of Spring now strays,
Warm and soft o'er stream and hill.

And I know by the bob'link's early song,
As it echoes clear and wild;
By the winds as they sport in glee along,
That the Queen of Spring has smiled.
I know by the dogwood's gorgeous bloom;
By the crabtree's gorgeous dress;
By the hawthorn's delightful rich perfume,
That they've felt Spring's caress.

I know by the coo of the timid dove,
At the morning's sunny glow,
That Spring has come with a wreath of love,
Where long lay the hidden snow.
I know by the breath of a thousand flowers;
By the glad song of the brooks,
That Spring has come, with her sun and showers,
O'er the wild woods' quiet nooks.

And I know by the young lamb's careless play
On the mountain's grassy side,
That Spring now has spread her mantle gay
O'er the wild wood far and wide.
I know by the sky as it bends above
In soft ether veil of light,
That Spring has spread a bright robe of love
O'er the mountain's far blue height.

I know by the song that the field lark sings,
As he mounts up from his nest,
And flutters aloft on his airy wings,
Withdew on his golden breast,
That Spring has come with her thousand dyes,
On the wild landscape to dwell,
And scatter warm sunbeams down from the skies
Over field and wood, and dell.

I know by the breeze that comes from the South
At hush of the pleasant day;
I know by the notes that are trembling forth
From the pe-wit on the spray,
That the Goddess of Spring has come again
In her dress of blue and pink;
For flowers and birds on the meadow and plain
Their orgies of thankfulness hold.

☞ The editor of the Ashland *Union* thus poetises his neighbor of the *Times*:

"Ashland *Times*—you're useful. You
Use up Democrats and Farriners—you make
A big noise with your little whistle, and
You leave your slaughtered men behind you
In the Insurance office. But, Ashland *Times*,
You're useful. You're a trump. Go on—
Go on, Ashland *Times*.
Stupendous Press, with great Skwirls!

The Charms of Married Life.

If in that chair yonder, not the one your feet lie upon, but the other beside you, closer yet, were seated a sweet faced girl, with a pretty little foot lying out upon the hearth, a bit of lace running around the swelling throat, the hair parted to a charm over a forehead fair as any of your dreams; and if you could take an arm round that chair back, without fear of giving offence, and suffer your fingers to play idly with those curls that escape down the neck, and if you could clasp with your other hand, those little white taper fingers of hers, which lie so tempting-ly within reach, and so, talk softly and low in the presence of the blaze, while the hours slip without knowledge, and the winter winds whistle uncared for; if, in short, you were no bachelor, but the husband of some such sweet image, dream call it, rather, would it no be far pleasanter than a cold, single night-sitting counting the sticks, reckoning the blaze, and the height of the falling snow.

Surely imagination would be stronger and purer, if it could have the playful fancies of dawning womanhood to delight it. All toil would be torn from the mind-labor, if but another heart grew into this present soul, quickened it, warming it, cheering it, bidding it ever God speed.

Her face would make a halo, rich as a rainbow, stop of all such noisome things as we lonely souls call trouble. Her smiles would illume the blackest of crowded cares, and darkness that now seats you despondent in your solitary chair, for days together, weaving bitter fancies, dreaming bitter dreams, would grow light and thin, and spread and float away, chased by that beloved smile.

Your friend, poor fellow! die—never mind; that gentle clasp of her fingers, as she steals behind you, telling you not to weep—it is worth ten friends!

Your sister, sweet one, is dead—buried. How the worms are busy with all their fairness. How it makes you think earth but a spot to dig graves upon.

It is more: she says she will be a sister; and the waving curls, as she leans upon your shoulder, touch your cheek, and your wet eyes turn to meet those other eyes—God has sent his angel, surely.

Your mother, alas! for if she is gone! Is there any bitterness to a youth alone and homeless like this?

But you are not homeless; you are not alone; she is there; her tears softening yours, her smile lighting yours, her grief killing yours; and you live again to assuage that kind sorrow of hers.

Then, these children, rosy, fair-haired; no, they do not disturb you with prattle now—they are yours. Toss away there, on the green sward; never mind the hyacinths, the snow-drops, the violets, if so be any are there; the perfume of their healthful lips is worth all the flowers in the world. No need now to gather wild boquets to love and cherish; flower, tree, gun, are all dead now; things livelier hold your soul.

And she, the mother, sweetest and fairest of all, watching, tending, caressing, loving, till your heart grows pained with tenderest jealousy; and curses itself with loving.

You have no need now of a cold lecture to teach thankfulness, your heart is full of it. No need now, as once, of bursting blossoms of trees taking leaf, and greenness, to turn thought kindly and thankfully; for ever beside you there is bloom, and ever beside you there is fruit for which eye, heart, and soul, are full of unknown—unspoken—because unspeakable—thank-offerings.

Mortality Among Bachelors.

The forlorn condition of bachelors has always been a favorite theme among ladies, editors and other wits to expatiate upon. The untidy rooms, the buttonless shirt, the stockings full of holes, and the thousand other inconveniences of the unmarried state are familiar, in this way, to the most obtuse of us all.

The poor bachelors have, in fact, a hard time of it. They have been ridiculed by the sex, and sometimes taxed by legislators, and now staticians deal them "the unkindest cut of all," by proving that they die earlier than married men. The celebrated Dr. Caspar, of Berlin, estimates the mortality among bachelors, between the ages of thirty to forty-five, at twenty-seven per cent; while the mortality among married men between the same ages, is only eighteen per cent. As life advances the difference becomes even more striking. Where forty-one bachelors attain the age of forty, there are seventy-eight married men, a difference of nearly two to one in favor of the latter. At the age of sixty, there are forty-eight married men to twenty-two bachelors; at seventy, eleven bachelors to twenty-seven married men; and at eighty, nine married men to three bachelors. No bachelor, it is said, ever lived to be a hundred.

The reason for the comparatively short life of the bachelor is obvious. Of two men, exactly similar in other respects, except that one is married and the other not, the bachelor will have the more irregular habits. Gentlemen, when single, are twice as apt, as Dick Swiveller has it, "to pass the rosy," as when they are married; and especially to do it into what Burns calls "the wee sma' hours ayont the twal'." Ten bachelors sing "we won't go home till morning," where one married man vocalizes in the same way. No doubt, to bachelor taste, all this is very delightful. But brandy and water, cards, *et id omne genus*, especially after midnight, take care to compensate themselves, in due season, for the fun that has been extracted from them. They may cast out the "blues," so incident to the bachelor state, for the time being; but "the blues" thus cast out invariably return, bringing "seven devils worse than before;" and among them are gout, fever and rheumatism, if not delirium tremens and death. Too often, indeed, the bachelor lives on the capital of life, and hence exhausts his bank, when the married man is still well to do in health, happiness and longevity.—*Phil. Ledger.*

POLETICS IN ALEXANDRIA, VA.—An esteemed friend in that city writes us that the withdrawals from the Know Nothing lodges of Alexandria, Va, have been quite numerous during the last three or four weeks; fourteen having withdrawn on the night of Monday of last week. He says, further, that nearly all the Democrats in that place connected with the order, and many Whigs, are

The Contest in Virginia.

It is said—and the old Whig organ of Mobile cannot conceal its joy at the prospect—that the unterrified and invincible Democracy of the Old Dominion are to be routed and laid out as cold as a wedge by the blast of that Northern *ism*, born down east and now sweeping across the Potomac. Perhaps the wish is only father to the thought, or perhaps it may be a true prophecy. It is certain, however, that the *ism* will have to fight for the victory and will win it over a foe worthy of its steel. The Democracy of Virginia is thoroughly aroused for the contest. The Richmond *Enquirer* flashes defiance at its assailants and rallies its friends with trumpet tones to "do or die" in the good old cause.—The following blast does not sound like the note of a desparing leader:

"But, however confident we may be, we intend not to relax our efforts. We call upon the Democratic press throughout the Commonwealth to "let slip the dogs of War." Rest not. Sleep not. Suffer not Democratic principles to be invaded without resistance. Let your mortars and heavy artillery pour bombs and hot shot unceasingly upon every appearance of the Know Nothing batteries. The thunder of the Democracy will be heard by and by. To every Democrat we say, Work on—our armament is not yet complete. Work on—our ammunition is not all ready. Work on—our drill is not yet perfect. The Democratic party intend to go into this battle with disciplined troops, every man perfect in the manual of principle, and able to take the lock step and keep it. Work on—organize promptly, efficiently, zealously. Come up to the great battle which approaches, cool, calm, confident, and when the voting commences, and you see the whites of the Know Nothing and Whig eyes, give them the Democratic War Whoop, shout the shout of triumphant success, let your power be heard and seen and felt.

"Who would be a traitor knave?
Who would fill a coward's grave?
Who would be so base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee."

We want no sluggards now. Our ranks will be cleansed and purified by the desertion of the disaffected. We shall know our friends. But we must put forth all our energies. Every county must vie with its neighbor.

We intend to neutralize the Whig and Know Nothing vote of Richmond, by pouring forth the yellow jackets of Chesterfield. Our working bees of Shenandoah and Rockingham and Page know how to make honey, and when and where to inflict their stings.—Our hornets of the South and Northwest will give the enemy jesse. Our musquitoes of the East will sing new pæans around their ears. But every Democrat must abandon any prejudice he may entertain against the nominees of the party, and every vote must be concentrated upon them. Forget self, and go for our old, long-tried principles, and scorn Know Nothingism and all the new fangled isms hatched and reared in a Northern clime. Let the enemy brag as they may, they will be beaten. We shall crush Know Nothingism in the egg; if the aspiring bird shall ever soar amid our mountains and over our valleys, the arrow of the Old Dominion will bring him to the earth. Let the moral force of Virginia now be felt, and we crush forever the brood of monsters which have sprung from the old hydra of Federalism.

Let ambition sleep for the present, and let the generous patriot abide his time. What a rebuke would it be upon our party, what an utter shame upon the ambitious aspirants themselves, if through their sheer obstinacy, their ungenerous devotion to self rather than to our great and glorious cause, we should loose a single county in the State. We invoke every voter to sacrifice his personal prejudices and his paltry passions upon the altar of his country. We tell him Virginia expects every man to do his duty. Stand firm, work on—keep the ball in motion, and we shall dissipate the mad scheme of the fusionists and put them down forever.

There is a reflection calculated to strike with some force all *Democratic* minds—and that is, that this "American" movement which pretends to know *no party*, always finds it convenient to organize itself for the defeat of the democratic men and measures; and unceasingly carries with it the warmest sympathies of Whigs. So far as the philosophy of the Know Nothing movement is developed, it is nothing more or less than a fusion of all sorts of *isms* to put down Democratic Administration and Democratic principles, and this is what is called "nationality," and "American ruling America!" Another remarkable feature in the movement is the tendency to promote to public station inferior and mediocre men. Tried statemanship and eminent public services are ignored to give room to "Americans," that is to say, men of immense prejudices, but limited understanding and narrow minds.

The Coal Mines of Evansville.

We are happy in being able to announce this morning the entire success of one of the most magnificent experiments, ever attempted by a single individual in this country. The search for coal, by Mr. Kersteman, on the bank of the the Ohio below the city, resulted on Thursday in the opening of one of the finest working veins of coal, of a superior quality, to be found on the Lower Ohio. No one has doubted the existence of coal in this vicinity, and that the locality of Evansville had for miles in extent around it, rested upon beds of coal; but at the same time grave doubts have been entertained whether the bold adventure of Mr. Kersteman would not prove an abortive speculation, and he the victim of an illusory scheme. Mr. K. has had alternately the good wishes, the sympathy, and latterly the pity of our citizens—and we are not aware that he has received any other aid from any one in the enterprise which he has just brought by his indefatigable industry, to so happy, a result.

About one year ago Mr. K., a stranger in Evansville, commenced his experiment of boaring for coal, about one mile north-west of the city—and after persuing his project for over three months he succeeded in probing the earth at that point about 275 feet and passing three different layers of coal, at the respective distances of 70, 170 and 270 feet from the surface. The veins of coal indicated by the boaring, were respectively 18, 32 and 50 inches in thickness. Upon the strength of these indications Mr. K, commenced the stupendous work of sinking a shaft 7½ feet by 15, out of which he has lifted more than 40,000 feet of solid rock, over 3000 feet of earth, and an unlimited amount of water.—We visited the shaft by invitation on Thursday, and descended to the lower vein. We made a critical examination of its thickness the quality of coal and derived such other information as we could from the miners themselves, relative to the practicability of mining advantageously from such a vein:—From our inquiries and observations we were enabled to deduce the following conclusions which we have no doubt will be realized by the future progress of the work.

1st. That the Bodiam mines contain as good and workable a vein of coal as any mines on the Lower Ohio.

2d. That the quality of coal is at least equal, and believed by those who have tested it by burning, to be superior to the productions of any mines yet worked below the Falls of the Ohio, or elsewhere in the so-called Illinois Coal Basin.

3d. The location of the mines is such, that coal can be delivered in boats upon the river at less expense than at any other point, and with far more extended advantages both for home sale and shipment.

Of this project, which has hitherto been at least problematical to all except Mr. Kersteman, we can now speak with confidence.—The developments of the last few days amount to nothing less than actual demonstation. The skepticism of our own citizens, and the sneers of editorial cotemporaries of rival towns may now hide themselves behind the realization of more highly satisfactory and substantial results, than the most sanguine interested parties have heretofore boasted or fancied.—*Dem. Clarion.*

☞ Martin Doty, who was last week tried at Ann Arbor, for the crime of incest, has been found guilty, and sentenced to the State prison for 15 years. Doty was a farmer in advanced years, and has for a long period lived in Washtenaw county. His victim was his own daughter, with whom criminality commenced, according to her evidence, at the early age of twelve years.—*Detroit Times.*

FIRE.—We regret to learn that the dwelling house of NICHOLAS DRULEY, Esq., of Union, county, was destroyed by fire on Tuesday afternoon last. His household goods and the wearing apparel of the family were destroyed. It is supposed the fire caught from sparks

A NEW NATIONAL HOLIDAY.—A committee appointed by the Pennsylvania Historical Society has submitted to that Society an able report, recommending the celebration of the anniversary of the adoption of the Constitution of the United States as a National Festival by the American people. The report suggests the anniversary of its formal ratification by the Convention, sitting in this city, which took place September 17th, 1787, as the proper time for its celebration, as Washington, who presided over the deliberations recommended it to the people in a communication signed on that day. In urging this addition to the national holidays, the report urges that our national festivals are only two in number, and the addition of a third can be made without impairing the value and efficacy of the others. The report concludes as follows:

"The Constitution of the United State is literally to the States as a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night. It is their safeguard in prosperity, their refuge in adversity. It secures to them the rights of conscience and republican government, peace at home and security from external danger.

Its superintending eye guards commercial intercourse among the States and with foreign countries, and looks abroad to command honor in the remotest corners of the earth. Unlike other frame-works of government, changes can be made under the instrument itself, without revolutionary violence. Without it, where are the efficiency of collected numbers, the power of extended empire, the glory of a common renown? With these, added to the keen sense, the cultivated intelligence, the moral virtue impressed upon our people by the conditions of their society, what can prevent this government from controlling the destinies of the world? But strike away the bulwark of the Constitution and the clamps of the Union are broken, the glorious memories of a common struggle are lost, the boast of a proud nationality ceases, and all the high hopes it fostered are dissipated and forgotten."

Signed by J. R. Tyson, Wm. Duane, G. W. Norris.—*Public Ledger.*

WASHINGTON IRVING'S HOME.—In a sequestered rural retreat, some twenty-five miles from the din of city life, half-hid among thick foilage through which gleams the silvery expanse of the Hudson, stands a grotesque-looking, antique edifice—half-Dutch, half-Elizabethan in style, and so snugly nestled amid shrubbery and evergreen, as to elude the ken of the casual passer-by. It is an enchanting little nook, charmingly diversified with upland, lawn, and dell, and so rife with picturesque beauty as completely to fascinate the eye and hold it spell-bound to the spot. This emparadised retreat, with its leafy recesses and antique structure, is the home of the great American essayist and historian—Washington Irving.

There is an air of singular quaintness and rural elegance about the scene—every thing that refined taste could devise, and diligent culture effect, is here indicated. It is indeed in some sort an exponent of the mind of its distinguished occupant. The eye is regaled on every side, by an ever-varying succession of picturesque beauty—here may be seen an emerald lawn, gracefully sloping to the margin of flower-beds, with their rich clusters of variegated tints and blossoms—here again masses of luxuriant trees and shrubbery, intersected by gravel walks winding their sinuous course in all directions. The oak, the ash, the locust, the maple, the alanthus and the poplar mingle their leafy branches in massive groups, casting deep shadows against the brilliant patches of newly-mown grass in rich harmonious contrast.

The scenery adjacent is also scarcely less note-worthy; to the east stretch the plains of Westchester, with their far-famed "Sleepy-Hollow," and the site memorable for its association with the tragic story of the gallant though hopeless Andre. This tract of land was also the scene of some desperate encounters during the revolutionary contest; so fierce were the feuds, indeed, between the contending parties, that many owners of the soil in this "neutral ground," fled their homes to escape the torment of the lawless marauders. Not far distant, to the south, on the margin of the river, is the home of the great American naturalist, Audubon, and on the opposite side are the range of trap-rock, known as the Palisades, with Fort Washington—the site of the early movements in the Revolutionary struggle.—*N. Y. Quarterly.*

DICKENS ON THE FAST-DAY.—Charles Dickens in his Household Words, comments in this emphatic style on the recent humbug called a fast-day in England:—"If the directors of any great joint-stock commercial undertaking—say a railway company—were to get themselves made directors principally in virtue of some blind superstition declaring every man of the name of Bolter to be a man of business, every man of the name of Jolter to be a mathematician, and every man of the name of Polter to possess a minute acquaintance with the construction of locomotive steam engines; and if those ignorent directors so managed the affairs of the body corporate as that the trains never started at the right time, began at their right beginnings, or got to their right ends, but always devoted their steam to bringing themselves into violent collision with one another, and if by such means those incapable directors destroyed thousands of lives, wasted millions of money, and hopelessly bewildered and conglomerated themselves and everybody else; what would the share-holding body say if those brazon-faced directors called them together in the midst of the wreck and ruin they had made, and with an audacious piety addressed them thus: "Lo ye miserable sinners, the hand of Providence is heavy on you! Attire yourselves in sackcloth, throw ashes on your heads, fast, and hear us condescend to make discourses to you on the wrong you have done?"

BEAUTIES OF THE WEST.—Who would give up their home in the West, where the weather is now, and has been for a month past, almost without a change, and as pleasant as May? Where the plow-boy is already in the field,

"And as he treads the furrow round and round
His gleeful voice in harmony doth sound,
With the forest feathered queens.'"

Yes, who would give up the West for a home in "old Vermont," where, we learn by recent dates, the deep snows of the past winter have not yet disappeared, and by the last "freeze up," the lakes and rivers were still navigable on ice, for the traveling community. Several sail sleighs had been fitted up, and used for pleasure excursions. One is reported to have run a distance of sixteen miles, across a small lake, freighted with Yankee b'hoys and g'hals, in one hour. This may be fun for those who have the opportunity of embracing such, but for our part, at this season of the year, we would prefer the pleasure of—

"Paddling our light canoe"

O'er the silvery waters of the Wabash, where can be read from its tablets and majestic shores, volumes of the beauties of modle nature which ever adorns the Western country. To those in the East who would be blest, seek a home in the blooming West.—*Lafayette Courier.*

THE RUSSIAN COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.—Prince Gortschakoff, appointed by the Emperor Nicholas commander-in-chief of the Crimean army, in the place of Menschikoff, is general of artillery and inspector of the corps of engineers. He was born in 1794, received his military education in St. Petersburg, and entered the army towards the end of the struggle against Napoleon I. When, in 1828, the Russian army had been unsuccessful against the Turks, Nicholas recalled its officers, and Gortschakoff was among those selected from the Guards to replace them. He was ordered to the corps of Krasofsky, who directed the seige of Silistria, received the command of a battery, and distinguished himself as a brave soldier. For his brilliant services during the Polish Revolution, the Emperor made him Lieutenant General. He is distinguished as an officer of artillery, but since the breaking out of the present war he has not been very successful, and for his reverses at Kalafat and Oltenitza, he was superseded about a year ago by Paskiewitch. After the latter had been wounded, Gortschakoff, on the 9th of June, again obtained the command, and, with his troops, recrossed the Danube.

DISCOVERY OF A PETRIFIED BODY.—The body of a man entirely petrified was found a few days since in removing the bodies from the old grave yard, in Race street, between Fifteenth and Sixteenth. The petrified corpse was interred fifteen years since, and the body had been in a moist part of the ground. The strange phenomenon was examined by several persons, and physicians testified to the fact of the body being entirely turned to

☞ We clip the following items from the *Journal of Commerce:*

SHOCKING DEATH.—On Friday last, as Mr. David Foster, of this city, was coming down the hill in Methuen village, with a loaded team, he stepped back of his load at a moment when the rope which confined his "binding lever" gave way, thus letting the lever over with such force upon his head as to break his skull and cause his death in about 24 hours. Mr. Foster leaves a wife and two children. His age was about 35 years.—*Lawrence (Mass.) Courier.*

THE REPORTED FAMINE AT SAL ISLAND.—Mr. Moore, the United States Council at the Cape Verde Islands, writes to the Boston Courier, contradicting the report of the famine at Sal. His letter is dated at the Consulate Porto Praya, February 17:

"I take the earliest opportunity to contradict the whole statement of famine, or of any necessity more than usual existing at any of these islands, the United States frigate Constitution, the sloops-of-war Dale and Marion, and also the American brig Monte Cristo, having lately visited the islands and heard of no complaint or any want whatever existing."

TOOK HER WITH HIM.—It will be remembered that last fall the editor of the Green Bay Advocate, (Wis.) during his absence left his wife to edit the paper, and that she being a Whig, took the Democratic ticket down from its columns, and wrote some energetic Whig editorials. The editor, it seems, has been called again to the capitol, and through his substitute announces as follows, on March 22nd:

"Our editor has gone to Madison, and in order to make a sure thing of it, and prevent the appearance of any more Whig editorials, has taken his wife with him."

ANOTHER "ROSARY."—The Boston Traveler states that at South Boston, on Sunday last a woman, while under the influence of delirium tremens, took it into her head that the devil was in her stomach, and to pacify him attempted to swallow her rosary. The cross at the end was too large for her throat, and she was nearly strangled, when the beads were drawn out by a person who chanced to be with her.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.—The extensive and valuable flouring mill of A. Medbery, on the Ohio Canal, at Roscoe, was entirely destroyed by fire, on Saturday evening. The loss is at least $30,000, of which $15,000 only was covered by insurance. This is the second mill Mr. Medbery has lost by fire within a year.—*Columbia (Ohio) Journal.*

ANOTHER FORGED DRAFT.—A forged draft for $2,800 upon Messrs. T. Knowles & Co., of this city, agents of the bark Isabella, of this port, was received from Honolulu, yesterday. It purported to have been drawn by Capt. Smalley, master of the vessel.—*New Bedford Stand.*

MAPLE SUGAR.—The Hampshire Mass. Gazette says that the crop of maple sugar in that section of the State will be below an average. The weather has been too cold to be favorable and the season is too far advanced now to expected a free flow of sap.

THE WALDOBORO,' ME., CUSTOM-HOUSE.—Yesterday, the Secretary of the Treasury accepted the bid of Mr. Joseph W. Cobum, of Boston, Mass., for the construction of the new custom house at Waldoboro,' Me. The price to be paid is $11,000.—*Wash. Star.*

☞ The Trustees of the Five Points House of Industry, we learn, intend soon to erect a large building on the lots No's., 155, 157 and 159 Anthony street, to be used and occupied, also, as a House of Industry.

FIRE AT ASTORIA.—The dwelling of Mr. John McAloney was burned to the ground, Wednesday morning at 2 o'clock. Loss about $10,000 or $11,000. Insured for $7,000 on house and furniture in Eastern Companies.—The house was built and formerly occupied by Grant Thorburn.

☞ A runaway slave made his escape to Canada, across the river at Black Rock, Ferry, Monday afternoon. He was from Washington county, Maryland, and was helped on his way by the agency of the under ground railway in this city.—*Buffalo Cour.*

SMOTHERED.—The proposition to amend the Constitution, so as to allow negroes to vote, was sent back yesterday, in the Senate, to the committee, and may be considered to be effectually smothered.—*Albany Atlas.*

The Oswego *Palladium* states that the Collector of that port has received instruction from the Secretary of the Treasury, to admit shorts and shipstuffs from Canada, free of duty.

FAST IN CANADA.—The Governor of Canada has issued his proclamation, appointing Wednesday, the 18th of April, to be observed as a day of general fast, throught the province.

POTOMAC FISHERIES.—The shad and herring fisheries of the Potomac are proving even more profitable than was anticipated. The river is now at the precise depth requisite for catching the fish.—*Richmond Whig.*

ACCIDENT AT PORTLAND QUARRIES.—On Monday, Robert Gaines, an Englishman, fell into a pit in one of the quarries at Portland, and broke two of his ribs.—*New Haven Cour.*

☞ We clip the following St. Joseph county items from the South Bend *Register:*

We learn that some fifteen new buildings are contracted to be built in Lowell, across the river, this spring.

John H. Harper intends making about a million brick this year.

We are informed that the new Court House, which will be the handsomest in the State, and one of which every citizen will be proud, will cost but little over $30,000.

The woolen factory will be running again in three weeks, and experienced workmen have been employed.

C. Deyo & Co. have sold their grist mill here to Daniel Garst.

The timber for Henricks & Miller's new mill is being framed, and the mill will soon rear itself, Phœnix-like on the ruins of its predecessor.

We learn that the University of Notre Dame have purchased the farm of John Rush, Jr., which adjoins them, for $8,000.

☞ The following Jackson county items we copy from the Brownstown *Democrat:*

The Common Pleas Court of this county meets next Monday.

The Democratic meeting comes off at this place next Monday.

An infant child of Phelin Phillips, of this place, died last week.

Rev. Mr. Wallace (Presbyterian,) preached at this place last Sabbath.

Corn can be bought at cribs in this county, at 65 cents per bushel.

Irish potatoes are very scarce, but may be had in small lots at $2.

Wheat is selling in this county at $1 60 per bushel, and flour at $8 75 per bbl.

☞ We find the following paragraph in the Springfield (Mass,) *Republican:*

Nine years ago a man died of dropsy, and was buried at Middlesex, and it being desirable to remove the corpse to Pomfret, recently, the body was disinterred and found to have become perfect stone, as hard as marble, and not in the least altered from the appearance of the man at his death.

The corse weighed 550 pounds what is more remarkable, the body of a girl buried by his side was found wholly consumed, only a few of the principal bones remaining.

The two following Brown items from the South Bend *Forum:*

Eighty acres of oak openings land near the village of New Carlisle, exchanged owners lately for $25 an acre. It was an operation between men of that neighborhood, and is a fair indication of the value of land of that description. The land was sold by John L. Carskadden to Isaac L. Borden.

With the coming spring season, South Bend is receiving more than the ordinary influx of new comers. Residences are in demand, and rents high. Improvements are vigorously commencing in every direction. The burnt mill is being re-constructed, and the sound of the hammer and the trowel began to be heard again yesterday upon the new Court House.

☞ It appears that camels are to be introduced into the American army for the purpose of transportation. Major Wayne has been directed, by the War Department, to procure fifty of these animals in Prussia.—They will probably spend their first winter in

J. H. McKERNAN,
REAL ESTATE AND STOCK OFFICE.

OF THE LATE FIRM OF MCKERNAN & MAY.

Rates of Commission are as follows:

All sales from $300 to 3,000 inclusive, will be taxed at 2 ⅌ cent., and commission: as the value of the property advances above $3,000 the rate per cent. will decrease in the following ratio: From $3,000 to 4,000 at 1¾ ⅌ cent.; from 3,000 to $5,000 1½ ⅌ cent.; from 5,000 to $7,000 at 1¼ ⅌ cent.; from $7,000, and as much greater as the sum may be, it will not be less than one per cent. and all sums as above mentioned going above $3,000 will be 2 ⅌ cent.; charged on first $3,000. On all sales of property, while in my hands, commission is charged. No sale, no commission or charge whatever. I require notice to be given two weeks previous to a withdrawal of property from our books. And I further wish it understood that I hold all persons responsible for the commission on Property when trades may be commenced with the owners of said property before the withdrawal of the same.

Washington St., Adjoining the Palmer House,
Have now ENTERED ON THEIR BOOKS more than
$4,000,000 REAL ESTATE
For sale on Commission.

FARMS IN MARION COUNTY.

No. 18. 70 acres 5 miles south of Indianapolis, in Perry township, ½ cultivated, buildings good.
No. 32. 40 acres 3 miles south of Indianapolis, on 3 notch line road, half cleared.
No. 197. 8 acres 1 mile from Indianapolis, on 3 notch line road.
No. 250. 119 acres 6 miles north-east of Indianapolis, ½ cleared, buildings good.
No. 263. 80 acres 7 miles from Indianapolis, south, ½ cleared, buildings good.
No. 296. 519 acres 10 miles south-east of Indianapolis, 200 acres cleared, brick house, improvements good.
No. 327. 200 acres 10 miles east of Indianapolis, ½ cultivated, good building.
No. 347. 70 acres south-east of Indianapolis, 9 acres deadened, (7 miles from town.)
No. 371. 80 acres 5 miles south of Indianapolis, 20 acres cultivated, good buildings.
No. 378. 120 acres 5 miles north-west of Indianapolis, ½ cultivated, improvements good.
No. 407. 160 acres 2 miles from Indianapolis, timber.
No. 416. 320 acres 2 miles from Indianapolis, splendid house and barn.
No. 436. 320 acres 9½ miles from Indianapolis, on the Bellefontaine Railroad, 200 acres cultivated, brick house.
No. 469. 180 acres 10 miles east of Indianapolis, 150 acres cultivated, improvements good.
No. 477. 320 acres 6 miles south-east of Indianapolis, 115 acres cultivated, improvements good.
No. 530. 79 acres 4½ miles north-east of Indianapolis, 35 acres cultivated, improvements good.
No. 511. 103 acres 6 miles north-east of Indianapolis, all timber.
No. 612. 11 acres ¾ mile east of Indianapolis.
No. 517. 80 acres 6 miles north-east of Indianapolis, all under fence, ½ cultivated.
No. 531. 80 acres 3 miles south of Indianapolis, 50 acres cultivated, improvements good.
No. 540. 80 acres 4½ miles north-east of Indianapolis, 55 acres cultivated, fine improvements.
No. 271. 260 acres 3 miles north-east of Indianapolis, 200 acres well improved.
No. 346. 56 acres east of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum.
No. 552. 84 acres land 1 mile east of Donation line, 30 cleared.
No. 568. 130 acres, 6 miles southwest of Indianapolis, 85 acres under cultivation, wellimbered—a No. 1 farm.
No. 569. 21½ acres ¾ mile from Indianapolis.
No. 573. 205 acres adjoining the Abnaki farm, west of Indianapolis. Part payment will be taken in good city property.
No. 607. 4 acres east of Drake's addition to Indianapolis.
No. 610. 80 acres half mile west of Indianapolis; in a good state of improvement.
No. 616. 55 acres near Indianapolis, good brick building.
No. 600. 5¼ acres on Indiana Avenue, in Indianapolis.
No. 360. 330 acres 5 miles north of Indianapolis, well improved.
No. 640. 96 acres 2 miles west of Indianapolis, well improved.
No. 581. Tavern stand, 35 miles east of Indianapolis.
No. 691. 95 acres 1½ miles north of Indianapolis.
No. 651. 400 acres on the line between Marion and Johnson counties, 12 miles from Indianapolis—small improvements; will trade part for city property.
No. 271. A Grist Mill 5 miles from Indianapolis; also, 360 acres of land.
No. 49. 240 acres 1¼ miles north-east of town; 85 acres cleared.
No. 558. 160 acres 10 miles west of Indianapolis, well improved.
No. 628. 73 acres, 21 miles from Indianapolis, 1½ miles east of Peru Rail Road.
No. 740. Eagle Creek Grist Mills, 4½ miles West of Indianapolis, with 10½ acres of Ground.
No. 450. 320 acres, 300 cultivated, 9 miles from Indianapolis on Bellefontaine Rail Road.
No. 323. 70 acres in 6 miles of Indianapolis, well improved.

BOONE COUNTY.

No. 11. 360 acres, ½ cultivated, 30 miles from Indianapolis, on the Boone and Clinton line, on the Michigan road.
No. 476. 245 acres, ¼ cultivated, 26 miles from Indianapolis and 9 from Lebanon on the Michigan road.
No. 316. 80 acres, 8 miles southeast of Lebanon.
No. 184. 80 acres 40 acresleared.
No. 299. 198 acres near Northfield.
No. 602. 160 acres, 1½ miles east; 1¼ miles east of Mechanicsburgh, in good repair—good farm.
No. 689. 300 acres choice land in ¾ mile of Lebanon, 40 acres good prairie, balance well timbered—with improvements.

BARTHOLOMEW COUNTY.

No. 529. A large Mill building for a flour and a saw mill, with good buildings, at Columbus, Ind.
No. 318. 240 acres, 20 acres cultivated, improvements good, 5 miles north of Columbus.
No. 323. 90 acres 6 miles north of Columbus, Ind.
No. 323. Grist Mill and Woolen Factory, 6 miles north of Columbus, Ind.
No. 323. 90 acres and Woollen factory, 6 miles North of Columbus, Indiana, 7 miles East of Edinburgh.

BENTON COUNTY.

No. 518. 430 acres.

CLINTON COUNTY.

No. 427. Steam Saw Mill, ½ mile from I. and I. railroad.
No. 427. 160 acres, ¼ mile from G. and I. Railroad, 40 acres cultivated.
No. 457. 120 acres.
No. 427. 160 acres, with 40 cleared, well improved, 1½ miles from I & I. Rail Road.
No. 502. 358 acres 20 miles from Lafayette, 3 miles south of Jefferson Mill, improved.
1360 acres in 7 tracts, on or near the Rail Road.

CLAY COUNTY.

No. 656. 131 acres, 2 miles North of Brazill & Co's.

DELAWARE COUNTY.

No. 676. 1,300 acres on White river—fine water power.
No. 585. 160 acres, 60 acres cultivated, good buildings, well timbered.
No. 601. 132 acres, in Delaware township.
No. 708. The Yorktown mills with the improvements.

DAVIESS COUNTY.

No. 496. 260 acres.

DEARBOURN COUNTY.

No. 390. 150 acres, well improved, 8 miles from Lawrenceburgh, 7 from Aurora.

FRANKLIN COUNTY.

No. 592. 80 acres, half mile of Matamora.

FULTON COUNTY.

No. 577. 120 acres, 1 mile from Rochester.

FAYETTE COUNTY.

No. 580. 100 acres, eight miles south of Connersville, three miles from Canal, 60 acres improved.

GREEN COUNTY.

No. 531. 400 acres, improved.

HANCOCK COUNTY.

No. 542. 80 acres.
No. 394. 120 acres, 1 mile from Alton station, 20 acres cultivated.
No. 460. 160, 1 acres mile North of National Road.

HENRY COUNTY.

No. 419. Flouring Mill at Knightstown, Ind.

HAMILTON COUNTY.

No. 646. 80 acres, 35 acres cultivated—well improved.
No. 641. 158 acres 4 miles north of Indianapolis, on Noblesville road; good improvements.

HOWARD COUNTY.

No. 678. 160 acres.
No. 708. 80 acres, 50 acres improved.

JASPER COUNTY.

No. 633. 10,000 acres of selected lands.
No. 695. 10,000 acres choice land in three different townships in the south-east of Jasper county, Ind.

JOHNSON COUNTY.

No. 320. 160 acres 2 miles east of Greenwood, 90 acres cultivated, improvements good.
No. 535. Woolen Factory in Greenwood. county.
No. 653. 160 acres of land in the north-east part of Johnson county, 2 miles south-west of Lawrenceburgh Railroad, 12 miles from Indianapolis—some improved.

JENNINGS COUNTY.

No. 615. A good Grist Mill near Vernon, Ind.

KOSCIUSKO COUNTY.

No. 559. 241 acres 3 miles from Liberty Mills.

MORGAN COUNTY.

No. 606. 308 acres near Mooresville, A No. 1 farm in point of improvement and convenience.
No. 285. 650 acres north-east corner of Morgan county, and under fence, 300 acres cultivated, good house.
No. 422. 516 acres adjoining Martinsville, 175 cultivated.
No. 516. A Saw Mill in Martinsville.
No. 422. The undivided half of a Steam Saw Mill.

MARSHALL COUNTY.

No. 389. 120 acres, on Yellow River.

MONTGOMERY COUNTY.

No. 640. Good Woolen Factory, south of Crawfordsville.

MADISON COUNTY.

No. 588. Tanyard and 2 acres in Huntaville, on Fall Creek. Also, 40 acres of land between Huntsville and Pendleton.
No. 384. 280 acres 22 miles east of Indianapolis, on the Bellefontaine railroad, well cultivated.

PUTNAM COUNTY.

No. 442. 240 acres of land; also three 40 acre lots 3 miles from Cloverdale.
No. 479. 160 acres of land 4 miles from Greencastle, good improvements.
No. 648. 264 acres, three miles south of Manhattan, 3½ miles from Terre Haute railroad, 10 miles from Greencastle; well improved.
No. 583. 160 acres, 50 acres cleared. Also a good saw mill, 5 miles from R. R. station.
No. 636. 263 acres, 160 acres well improved; otherw