Daily Appeal.

MY CHILDHOOD'S HOME — DARLINGTON DISTRICT, S. C.

BY MRS. E. P. DAVIS.

[From the Jackson Mississippian.]

How often will loved ones, in childhood's bright hour,
I've rambled in meadows from flower to flower;
And wove into garlands of beautiful hue,
The Jessamine, Wild Pink and Violet blue
Oh! "Life is a dream, a rapturous hour;"
A hallowed remembrance, a pleasing young dream;
And sweet is the picture when seen through a tear
With its joyous delight, and its transports so dear.

I see my fond mother as sweetly she smiled,
Her dark lustrous eye, and expression so mild,
Its tenderness, and its pure, soul-lit thought,
Such rich waving hair as shaded her face;
Her children were ever her fondest delight,
"Mid pleasure's gay scenes, or sorrow's dark night;
While caught from her lips with attention's bright beam,
Where'er we roamed, or on the bank by the stream,

As evening came on and the twilight appeared,
When a thrill of delight in each bosom was stirred;
As Father's step, though varied, were ever, alike,
While each listening ear was thrown to the door
He step was hushed, and into her nook,
His hair was dark brown and his blue eye serene;
His children he regarded with interest rare,
Yet ever his kindness was shown to the fair.

Fond mother's interest in many loved scenes,
Which centered around in childhood's young dreams;
They form a bright shade to enlivening skies,
To look on it lightly, and on it hearts to sighs;
The merry birds chirped in the old oaken grove,
Which seemed to sing in the morning of love;
And tender, the lone cooing of the homesick wee bird
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Thro' the woodbine, the rose and the jessamine vines,
Twined lovely, amid the latticed porch of mine;
The gentle Sentinel, Sir, was decked with care Roses,
With vest with the rosin of Hibert's fair flowers,
And the old porch-lodge that memento must bear
Of our sweet home, and treasured in with care;
Her name is in the shadow, no trace to appear?
Then, well may the pilgrim! And drop a soft tear!

Disgusting Case—A White Girl Elopes with a Negro.

From the Detroit Free Press, Jan. 5.]

An elopement and marriage took place on Saturday which was a little out of the usual line, sufficiently so we imagine to satisfy the most craving appetite for the novel and disgusting, both of which we have,—the latter in sufficient quantity to turn any white stomach in existence. A young girl named Sarah Judson, whose father lives on a fine property a mile or two from Pontiac, eloped on Saturday night last with a negro. The parent of her flight was a black man, who has been in the employment of her father for some time in the capacity of farm hand. The first intimation that the father had of the intention of the parties was conveyed by the fact of their flight. They immediately crossed over to Windsor, upon reaching the city, fully sensible that they were about accomplish their unnatural designs off this side, as no official or clergyman could have been found who would have so far transgressed the bounds of decency as to unite the couple, the appearance of the girl being such as would forbid the idea in the mind of any sensible man, to say nothing of the law in the case. Some individual was found in Canada who performed the ceremony, however, and the two were made one. They are now in Windsor, enjoying the sweets of the honeymoon.

The father of the girl is a red-hot abolitionist, of the whole-hog-or-nothing, single-shot-and-no-quarter style. For long years he has disgusted his neighbors with his ranting on abolition and amalgamation, of which he was disposed to make a little from his earliest to utmost limit. In undertaking he might not be said to preach what he did not practice, he made it a point to treat the numerous colored individuals when he from time to time employed, as on a par with his own family. These doctrines he inculcated upon the understandings of his children, and he has the satisfaction of witnessing, as the practical result of his teachings, his own daughter eloped in the embrace of a young nigger, and evidently in the most enthusiastically reciprocal, in the sweet game of dalliance with which lovers (?) delight to celebrate their unions. The brother of the girl came on the scene shortly after the flight and, ascertaining her whereabouts, went to her and implored her to return. She was contented, however, to have loved her chosen half—as happy in his arms, and couldn't think of going back.

The reasons of a brother at such a sight can better be imagined than described. Some men would have blotted out their disgrace with a single blow, but he had been taught that it was a sacrilege for God or man that his young sister should repose in the embrace of a negro, and at the same time calmly look him in the face and say that she was contented. He went home as he had come, alone.

The girl is about eighteen years old. The family are said to have occupied a position in society which is first class, and the blow is consequently a terrible one. The father is rich, and the girl an heiress, which makes it very sadly for the African if for the lady in the matter has caused an intense excitement in the neighborhood, where the parties are well known, the girl having been born and brought up where her parents reside. It is difficult to imagine any train of circumstances by which a young and intelligent girl could be brought to form a connection so repugnant to her nature, yet the fact exists. A more complete retribution for the crime of fanaticism we never heard of. It is bad enough, in that the father, had actually well cured of his beliefs by this time, may be able to save his young daughter from the terrible future which now opens to her.

St. Paul de Loando, Africa.

The Boston Courier has a letter from a correspondent on board the United States ship Cumberland, dated St. Paul de Loando, Africa, Oct. 30, 1858, from which we extract the annexed interesting account of that Portuguese and commercial station:

The trade of this place has declined very much during the last year, having been influenced probably by the late commercial crisis at home. The ivory, palm oil, India rubber, copal, ivory and dyewood, is still very large and on the increase.

Although this place is much larger and handsomer than Porto Praya, I do not like it as well, for it is entirely destitute of all accommodation for a stranger. There is not a single hotel or place of public resort, and the inhabitants number 18,000; and hence, when we go on shore, after walking about until we are tired—which is in a very short time, on account of the narrow streets, and nose upturning odors—we have to go to the Consulate, or to one of the American merchants' houses, to dinner, (which I do not like to do,) or retreat to a billiard-room and play billiards and drink coffee in desperation till sunset, when we must return to the ship. And there we are anchored six miles from the town, that it takes nearly an hour to pull up, and the same time to sail back. You can, therefore, readily imagine that I do not "strike the beach," in the nautical phrase has it very often.

Loando is the Botany Bay of Portugal, and nearly half the white persons here are convicts and public officers; the remainder of the population being the native negroes, who have so far adopted civilized habits as to dwell in the most miserably filthy straw huts, wear a few correspondent rags, worship idols, eat, drink, sleep, and smoke, and speak a kind of compromise between villainous Portuguese and their native jargon. In the streets, thousands of them are seen squatting in the hot sun, with their pipes, in the attitudes of idleness and sloth, and of all degrees of nakedness, while the women, dressed in gaudy calicoes, are seen carrying on their heads shave-heads enormous burdens, or tending their little array of goods, which are carefully displayed in some conspicuous spot.

There are no vehicles or horses to disturb these noble lazaroni or their industrious cousins—for legal marriages are few and unfashionable, even in the Portuguese Africa. And they are refrained from fighting, if they could ever so far overcome their constitutional indolence as to be roused to the exertion. Some of white soldiers, who, wan, rusty handspikes and gaudy uniforms, walk sullenly and listlessly about—sullenly, because they are convicts, and are being punished in lieu of hanging, and because perhaps the terrible African fever is commencing their wills. Gangs of hardened criminals may be seen chained, a dozen together, at work in the broiling sun or pouring rain, breaking rock, building, &c., with a swarthy taskmaster, lash in hand, standing over them.

The houses, except those of the negroes aforesaid, are of stone, large and handsome, and built in the Portuguese style, with spacious and with spacious balconies. The ladies and wealthier classes generally, use machines, a sort of palanquin, borne by two negroes, to go about in; and in these all the fashionable calls, &c., are made. When I said that there are but two seamen here—the war, or ramy, which is the most sickly, and the dry, which is the hight is intolerably warm, but in the earlier and later portions is very pleasant—you know as much about this chief Portuguese possession as I do.

The winter, or dry months, are from May to October inclusive; and the summer, or rainy season, includes all the remaining months. At present the weather is very pleasant, the thermometer never ranging higher than 76 degrees, but is daily becoming warmer.

Tragic Affairs in Lincoln Co., Mo.

We have received information of a murder near Troy, Mo., and of the lynching of the murderer subsequently at Troy.

The murder was committed on Friday night, the 24th, by a slave on his master, Mr. Simon B. Thornhill, who lived on a farm not far from town. Mr. Thornhill was provoked by some misconduct on the part of the slave, and enraged him, not, however, as appeared, with any great degree of violence. After reprimanding the negro, Mr. Thornhill struck him very insolent, struck him with his hand. He did not report the blow, but turned immediately and left the negro. The negro, at the other was retiring, called for his master, who returned to know what was wanted. As Mr. Thornhill approached the negro the latter rushed upon him with a hatchet, which it appears, he had ready, he dealt his master several scalps, cutting and wounding him in a horrible manner. Mr. Thornhill survived but a few days, and under circumstances as they are now detailed.

The slave was immediately arrested and taken to Troy, where he was committed to the county jail.

After his arrest and the facts had become known, the people in the neighborhood became much excited. On Saturday, the 1st instant, a very large number of persons had collected at Troy and it was evident that they had determined to make an example of the negro. Accordingly a strong guard was placed in the jail and gaining admission, took the murderer out, and conducting him to a convenient spot, lynched him by hanging.

The act is regretted, and condemned, since, under the circumstances, there could scarcely be a doubt that the murderer would have received heavy damages in due course. But the murder was universally considered as unprovoked. Mr. Thornhill was not a hard master, and had done nothing to repent the negro to so terrible an act of vengeance. The negro was between 40 and 50 years of age, and had been the property of Mr. Thornhill about four years. He had been before that understood to have too much his own way, since he chafed at the reasonable demands of Mr. Thornhill. This was shown by his declaration, just before he was lynched, that he had "long meditated to kill him several times within the last two years.—*St. Louis Republican, Jan. 4.*

Queen Victoria.

That Alexandrina Victoria should ever have ascended the English throne is, perhaps, the only remarkable event in her life. George III. left five sons, the elder, of course, the heir, the others is all likelihood forever debarred from the succession. The heir, the Prince of Wales, reigned as George IV., and died childless, the second son, the Duke of York, died without reigning, and likewise childless; the third son, the Duke of Clarence, reigned as William IV., and died childless; the fourth son, Edward, Duke of Kent, died without reigning, but left one child, a daughter; and to her, then remote from the inheritance, descended the patrimony of the house of Hanover and Brunswick.

When Victoria was six years old her mother appointed the Rev. George Davys her preceptor; his fidelity and zeal proved the wisdom of her choice. The Baroness Lehzen was associated with him as instructress. Up to her eleventh year the princess was totally unaware of her claims upon the succession, or of any possible concatenation of events by which her condition in life would be materially changed. In 1827 the Duke of York died, and in 1830 King George followed him. The accession of King William, whose two daughters were already dead, placed her next in the line. Her elevation was now such as would best fit her to wear the crown. Without overtasking her mental or physical energies, her instructiny filled her with every species of knowledge by which a queen might profit.

She was familiar with the lives and actions of all who had conferred honor upon the human race, whether as sovereigns, statesmen, scholars, inventers, discoverers, benefactors, poets, or divines. While yet in her teens, and not yet in her majority, she could converse in Italian, French and German, with equal fluency; she read Italian, and translated Virgil and Horace; she was a proficient in mathematics, and showed decided talent in all branches connected with the science of numbers. Accomplishments were not neglected, and the Princess danced, sang and sketched from nature.

On the 17th of July, VICTORIA made her first public appearance as sovereign of the nation. She prorogued Parliament in person, addressing the members of the two chambers from the throne in the House of Lords. Her paller betrayed her emotion, but her manner was composed, and her bearing at once childlike and royal. Her voice was distinct, though tremulous. VICTORIA I. was crowned in Westminster Abbey, on the 28th of June, 1838.

ALLEGED CASE OF SWINDLING.—A letter from Rockingham, Va., to the Richmond *Dispatch*, announces the arrest of a member of the Sonora or Gold State, charged with swindling the citizens and banks of Staunton out of several thousand dollars. He has given a mortgage of his property, valued at $70,000, to meet his indebtedness. The letter adds:

The affair has caused the greatest excitement throughout the county. He has represented the counties composed of Rockingham and Pendleton counties for the last eight or ten years, and there was some talk of running him for Congress. We hear some talk that there will be other developements made, but will say nothing of them until out. His wife accompanied him to Staunton, and determined to stand by him to the last.

SINGULAR FATALITY.—The St. Louis *Democrat* of Thursday relates:

A man whose name is not known, and who took deck passage from this port, on the the steamer *Louisville*, lost his life on last Saturday night under an unusual way. When at Crater's Landing, 30 miles above the mouth of the Illinois, he accidently fell from the guard of the boat, into the river. The boat had a yawl which was thrown to him on the instant, and was thereby landed on board. But he died almost as soon as he was brought on deck. Dr. McCune, of Monticello, was called, and pronounced the cause of death to be congestion of the brain, caused by the sudden shock to his system. The officers of the boat buried him at their own expense, at Monticello.

A WEDNESDAY CURE.—The New London (Conn.) *Star* gives the particulars of the ejection of a snake eight inches long from a boy's stomach, by one John R. Reale, a "spiritual medium," after all the medical skill of some of the most celebrated physicians of New York and other cities had failed to relieve him. The extraordinary means employed by the medium were in a clairvoyant state, and include the following medicaments, applied both inwardly and outwardly: Veratrum, glycerine, "anti-spasmodic mixture," gentian, camphor, salt, spearmint, phosphorated ether, saltpetre, stramonium, digitalis, bismuth, valerian, polophylin, tobacco, lobelia and cayenne! That the snake should have thought best to vacate his quarters is not so remarkable as that the boy should have survived the treatment. He is, however, doing well.

SURGERY IN INDIA.—M. Guyon, a French surgeon, gives thirty-nine cases of wounds in the chest, in India, all cured. The balls lodged in these wounds were in the hilly, while the very primitive but good surgery of the natives may be judged from the cases cited by one of Sir Balinglall's pupils, where a Sepoy or cang followed the amputation of his left ankle from a cannon-ball. "I was preparing to amputate, pondering on Syme and Chopart," he says, "but the patient, a native of the hill Hindoo Coasts, ran off with him to the potter in an adjoining street, who enveloped the ankle in clay, and by the fourth day finally cured the patient!" The Russians, under the direction of Pirogoff, saved many hundreds of their fractured cases in a like manner, with plaster of Paris, in the Crimea.

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