



BERRY & WALLACE, J

"Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy Country's, thy God's, and Truth's."

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Choice Poetry.

'Tis Fine to be Talking of Wedding. 'Tis fine to be talking of wedding, With nothing at all in the purse; But I'm not to be easily led in Exchanging my better for worse. Even Nature herself gives us warning. If we look, ere the wedding is by; For it's scarcely at all like the morning, Unless there's some gold in the sky. Only look at the ways of creation, And learn how its truths you behold; Hills and valleys will tell you no station Can shine in this world without gold. So cease to be talking of wedding, With nothing at all in the purse; For believe me, I'm not to be led in Exchanging my better for worse. Life's music, and is depending On gold-light and sunlight alike; Even beauty comes soon to an ending, When the sun-god has quitted his throne. Then talk not to me of wedding, With nothing at all in the purse; For, be sure that I'm not to be led in Exchanging my better for worse. WHIPPING GRAVES.—Excommunicated persons were formerly restored to the Church, according to the old Ritual Romanum, by the ceremony of whipping their graves. When it was resolved the dead party should be restored to the communion of saints, it was ordered that the body should be disinterred, but that the "graves shall be whipped, and while the priest whips the grave, he shall say, 'By the authority which I have received, I free thee from the bond of excommunication, and restore thee to the communion of the faithful.'"

Kate Yale's Marriage.

"If ever I marry," Kate Yale used to say, half in jest, half in earnest—"if ever I marry, the happy man—or the unhappy one, if you please, hal hal—shall be a person possessing these three qualifications: First, a fortune. Second, good looks. And thirdly, common sense. "I mention the fortune first, because I think it the most needful and desirable qualification of the three.—Although I could never think of marrying a fool, or a man whose ugliness I could be ashamed of, still I think to talk sense for the one, and shine for the other with plenty of money, would be preferable to living obscurely with a handsome, intellectual man—to whom economy might be necessary. "I do not know how much of this sentiment came from Kate's heart. She undoubtedly indulged lofty ideas of station and style—for her education in the duties and aims of life had been deficient, or rather erroneous; but that she was capable of deeper, better feelings, none ever doubted who have ever obtained even a partial glimpse of her true woman's nature. And the time arrived, at length, when Kate was to take that all-important step of which she had so often spoke so lightly; when she was to demonstrate to her friends how much of her heart was in the words we have quoted. At the enchanting age of eighteen she had many suitors; but as she never gave a serious thought to more than two, we will follow her example, and discarding all except those favored ones, consider their relative claims. If this were any other than a true story, I should certainly use an artist's privilege, and aim to produce an effect by making a strong contrast between the two favored individuals. If I could have my own, one should be a poor genius, and somewhat of a hero; the other a wealthy fool, and somewhat of a knave. But the truth is— Our poor genius was not much of a genius, nor very poor either. He was, by profession, a teacher of music, and he could live very comfortably in exercise thereof—without the most distant hope, however, of attaining to wealth. Moreover, Francis Minot possessed excellent qualities, which entitles him to be called by discreet elderly people a "fine character," by his companions a "noble good fellow," and by the ladies generally a "darling." Kate could not help loving Mr. Frank, and he knew it. He was certain she preferred his society even to that of Mr. Wellington, whom alone he saw fit to honor with the appellation of a rival. This Mr. Wellington (his companions called him the "duke") was no idiot or hump back, as I could have wished him to be, in order to make a good story. On the contrary, he was a man of sense, education, good looks, and fine manners; and there was nothing of the knave about him, as I could ever ascertain. Besides this, his income was sufficient to enable him to live supably. Also, he was considered, two or three degrees handsomer than Mr. F. Minot. Therefore, the only thing on which Frank had to depend, was the power he possessed over Kate's sympathies and affections. The "duke"—although just the man for her in every other sense, being blessed with a fortune, good looks, and a common sense—had never been able to draw these out, and the amiable, conceited Mr. Frank was not willing to believe that she would suffer mere worldly considerations to control the aspirations of the heart. However, she said to him, one day, when he pressed her to decide his fate—and she said to him with a sigh

"Part!" repeated Frank, turning pale. It was evident he had not expected this. "Yes—yes," said Katie, casting down her eyes with another piteous sigh. Frank sat by her side; he placed his arm around her waist, without heeding her feeble resistance; he lowered his voice, and talked to her until she—the proud Kate—wept— wept bitterly. "Katie," said he, then with a burst of passion, "I know you love me!—But you are proud, ambitious, selfish! Now if you would have me to leave you, say the word, and I go!" "Go!" murmured Katie, very feebly. "You do not care for me," he cried. "You have decided!" whispered Frank. "I have!" "Then, love, farewell!" He took her hand, gazed a moment tenderly and sorrowfully upon her beautiful, tearful face, then clasped her to his bosom. She permitted the embrace, she even gave way to the impulse, and twined her arms about his neck. But in a moment her resolution came to her aid, and she pushed him from her with a sigh. "Shall I go?" he articulated. A feeble "yes," fell from her quivering lips. And an instant later, she was lying upon the sofa sobbing and weeping passionately—alone. To tear the tenuous root of love out of her heart, had cost her more than she could have anticipated; and the certainty of a golden life of luxury proved but a poor consolation, it seemed, for the sacrifice she had made. She lay long upon the sofa, I say, sobbing and weeping passionately.— Gradually her grief appeared to exhaust itself. Her breathing came more regular and calm. Her tears ceased to flow; and at length her eyes and cheeks were dry. Her head was pillowed on her arm, and her face was half hidden in a flood of beautiful curls. The struggle was over. The agony was past. She saw Mr. Wellington enter, and arose cheerfully to receive him. His manners pleased her, his station and fortune fascinated her more. He offered her his hand. She accepted it. A kiss sealed the engagement—but it was not such a kiss as Frank had given her, and she could not repress a sigh! There was a magnificent wedding. Splendidly attired, dazzling the eye with her beauty thus adorned, with everything around her swimming in the charmed atmosphere of fairy land, Kate gave her hand to the man, her ambition—not her love—had chosen! But certainly ambition could not have made a better choice. Already she saw herself surrounded by a magnificent court, of which she was the acknowledged queen. The favors of fortune were showered upon her; she floated luxuriously upon the smooth and grassy wave of a charmed life. Nothing was wanting in the whole circle of her outward existence to adorn it and make it bright with happiness. But she was not long in discovering that there was something wanting within her breast. Her friends were numerous; her husband tender, kind and loving; but all the attention and affections she enjoyed could not fill her heart. She had once felt its chords of sympathy moved by a skillful touch; she had known the heavenly charm of their deep delicious harmony; and now they were silent—motionless—muffled, so to speak, in silks and satins. These chords still and soundless, her heart was dead, none the less so because it had been killed by a golden shaft, having known and felt the life of sympathy in it, unconsoled by the life of luxury. In short, Katie in time became magnificently miserable, splendidly unhappy. Then a change became apparent to her husband. He could not long remain blind to the fact that his love was not returned. He sought the

company of those whose quiet might lead him to forget the sorrow and despair of his soul. This shallow joke was unsatisfactory, however, and impelled by powerful longings for love, he went astray to warm his heart by a strange fire. Katie saw herself now in the midst of a gorgeous desolation, burning with a thirst unquenchable by golden streams that flowed around her; panting with a hunger all the food of flattery and admiration could not appease. She reproached her husband for deserting her thus; and he answered with angry and desperate taunts of deception, and a total lack of love, which smote her conscience heavily. "You do not care for me," he cried, "then why do you complain that I bestow elsewhere the affection you have met with coldness?" "But it is wrong, sinful," Katie remonstrated. "Yes, I know it!" said her husband, fiercely. "It is the evil fruit of an evil seed. And who sowed that seed? Who gave me a hand without a heart? Who became a sharer of my fortune, but gave me no share in sympathy?—who devoted me to the fate of a loving, unloved husband?—Nay, do not weep, and clasp your hands, and sigh and sob with such desperation of impatience, for I say nothing you do not deserve to hear." "Very well," said Katie, calming herself, "I will not say your reproaches are undeserved. But granting that I am the cold, deceitful thing you call me—you know this state of things cannot continue." "Yes, I know it." "Well!" Mr. Wellington's brow gathered darkly; his eyes flashed with determination; his lips curled with scorn. "I have made up my mind," said he, "that we should not live together any longer. I am tired of being called the husband of the splendid Mrs. Wellington. I will move in my circle; you shall shine in yours. I will place no restraint on your actions, nor shall you on mine. We will be free. "But the world!" shrieked Katie, trembling. "The world will admire you the same—and what more do you desire?" asked her husband, bitterly. "This marriage of hands, and not of hearts, is mockery. We have played the farce long enough. Few know the conventional meaning of the term husband and wife; but do you know what it should mean? Do you feel that the only true union is that of love and sympathy? Then enough of this mummery. Farewell. I go to consult friends about the terms of separation. Nay, do not tremble, and cry, and cling to me now—for I shall be liberal to you. As much of my fortune shall be yours as you desire." He pushed her from him. She fell upon the sofa. From a heart torn with anguish she shrieked aloud: "Frank! Frank! why did I send you from me? Why was I blind until sight brought me misery?" She lay upon the sofa sobbing and weeping passionately. Gradually her grief appeared to exhaust itself; her breathing became calm; her eyes and cheeks dry. Her head lay peacefully on her arm, over which swept her dishevelled tresses—until with a start she cried— "Frank! oh, Frank, come back!" "Here I am," said a soft voice by her side. She raised her head. She opened her astonished eyes. Frank was standing before her. "You have been asleep," he said, smiling kindly. "Asleep?" "And dreaming, too. I should say, not pleasantly, either." "Dreaming?" murmured Katie; "and is it all a dream?" "I hope so," replied Frank, taking her hand. "You could not mean to send me from you so cruelly, I know? So I waited in your father's study, where I have been talking with him all of an hour. I came back to plead my cause once more, and found

you here, where I left you, asleep." "Oh, what a horrid dream!" murmured Katie, rubbing her eyes. "It was so like a terrible reality that I shudder now to think of it. I thought I was married!" "And would that be so horrible?" asked Frank. "I hope, then, that you did not dream you were married to me." "No—I thought I gave my hand without my heart." "Then if you gave me your hand, it would not be without your heart." "No, Frank," said Katie, her bright eyes beaming happily through her tears—"and here it is." She placed her fair hand in his, he kissed it in transport. And soon there was a real marriage; not a splendid, but a happy one; followed by a life of love and contentment; and that was the marriage of Frank Minot, and Kate Yale. A late copy of the Liverpool Times says that a short time ago, as a wedding party was ascending the steps of one of the churches of that city, the intended bride missed her footing and fell. The swain, unable, even at that joyful crisis of his existence, to conceal his vexation at this little contretemps, exclaimed, pettishly—"Dear me, how very clumsy!" The lady said nothing; but she was observed to bite her lip, and a far darker and gloomier look than beamed the count of Hymen was seen to gather on her brow. She walked deliberately, however, into the church, the ceremony commenced, and everything proceeded in orthodox fashion, until the important question was put, "Will thou have this man?" &c.— Here, instead of whispering, blushing, a soft affirmative to the communion cushions, the fair lady drew herself up, cast a withering glance upon her betrothed, and uttering the words, "Dear me, how very clumsy!" sailed down the aisle, and out of the church, with the air of an offended goddess. AMERICAN CLOCKS.—The number of clocks made in this country, says the Albany Knickerbocker very justly observes, rather surprises one who is not somewhat posted up in the matter. The Jerome Factory, of New Haven, makes on an average, 500 per day. This is equal to 3,600 per week, or 187,200 per year. These clocks sell on an average of three dollars each, which shows that the annual earnings of one Connecticut clock establishment foots up at \$561,600. Brewster & Brown, of Bristol, Connecticut, also turn out an immense number of these popular timepieces. This firm sends to London alone 75,000 clocks per year—for about 1,550 per week. It must not be supposed, however, that the English consume all the clocks sent to Great Britain, for it is not so—thousands of them being sent through the London agents to all parts of the world. Of so much importance is the American clock trade to the commission merchants of the United Kingdom, that the duties on them have been lately reduced to ten per cent.— In the way of clock making, the people of Connecticut "take down" any community in the world. They have reduced the thing to a system, and can if they choose, build clocks for a less price per dozen, than any other nation charges for rat traps.

The Poet, Tom Moore.

A lady who had the good fortune to be present at a party in Dublin, the evening of the day when the first volume of Moore's Melodies was given to the world, was recalling the circumstance in so graphic a manner that we think her story may interest others as much as it did us. At that time our now aged friend must have been of remarkable beauty—an enthusiastic girl, brought up in deep seclusion, married in her seventeenth year to an officer, with whom she was about to leave her native land. Of Little's poems, the avant courier of Moore's fame, she had never heard; and, though the "melodies" of her country were familiar to her ear and lip she did not think that they were known except by those who had learned them from the peasantry.— "The pretty bride" was so new to the world that her husband almost tutored her, as our grandame tutored us—"Now, my dear, hold up your head, hold your tongue, and remember your courtesy." He begged of her, whatever occurred, "to ask no questions." It was that great event in a country lady's life, "her first town party," and she was, of course, perpetually charmed, confused and blushing. Presently she heard various whispers in the room—"Is he come?" "Will he come?" "Is he certain to come?" Vague ideas of the Lord Lieutenant, that cynosure of Irish eyes—of the commander of the garrison—floated before her; then the lady of the house asked her daughter if the book was placed on the piano, where he could see it at once! And a dozen sweet faces pressed forward to inquire if "he" was "certain sure to come?" and the reply called forth all the little bewitching "Oh dears!" and "Oh mys!" and "Oh thens!" which rendered the "brogue" the true accents of Cupid. The obedient wife—a very Griselda—would ask no questions; but she tried to reach the piano, and ascertain what "the book" was. However, one page of music is too much like another to have yielded much information. As the evening melted away, the anxiety of the hostess and her friends increased to fever heat.— At last, a quacking sound, the hero of that and many other evenings, entered. "I saw," continued our friend, "a very, very little man, without star or ribbon—not the lord-lieutenant! I was so disappointed; I even thought him ugly. I looked at all the radiant officers and wondered who the little man was. Then came fine speeches from the hostess; and there gathered round all the old and young. I was provoked; all this fuss for a little tiny man in black, who was neither the lord-lieutenant nor an officer. I sat down sulkily at the end of the piano, and resolved not to look at him. Presently the hostess manoeuvred him to the piano and then, showing him the first number of his own melodies, asked him to sing. He said something—I did not hear exactly what—about not being prepared, but sat down and with his small, delicate hands prelude a moment and then sang "RICH AND RARE." Before he had got to the

my husband expected every day to be ordered off to the war; my hopes for him were so mingled with terrors that I felt a shudder when I heard the words of the song. They were succeeded by others. "But when fame clares thee, Oh, then remember me," in tones so plaintive, so tender, so overwhelming, that asbamed of my emotion, I covered my face with my hands and pressed it on the piano.— I tried to endure it, but every line winged by such bewildering melody, entered into my heart. I had said words with the same meaning to my husband twenty times. As the poet finished I was completely overpowered; the burst of tears would come and my husband carried his foolish, child-wife out of the room. I afterwards heard that the poet had said "those tears were the most eloquent thanks he could ever receive."

Misery of Ireland.

The Galway papers are full of the most deplorable accounts of wholesale evictions, or rather exterminations, in that miserable country. The tenantry are turned out of the cottages by scores at a time. As many as 203 men, women, and children have been driven upon the roads and ditches by one day's work, and have no resource but to beg their bread in desolate places, or to bury their griefs in many instances forever, within the walls of the parish work-house. Land agents direct the operation. The work is done by a large force of police and soldiery. Under the protection of the latter, "The Crowbar Brigade" advances to the devoted township takes possession of the houses, such as they are, and with a few turns of the crowbar, and a few pulls at a rope, brings down the roof, and leaves nothing but a tottering chimney, if even that. The sun that rose on a village sets on a desert; the police return to their barracks, and the people are no where to be found, or are vainly watching from some friendly covert for the chance of couching once more under their ruined homes.

The English Language.

Our language is now spoken by seventy-five millions of people, and it is exceedingly copious. Webster's Dictionary, the standard work, contains more than 70,000 words. In our daily life business, we use only about one-sixth part of them. There are only about 10,000 in daily use by those who write and speak our language.— The Chinese language contains only about 330 words, but by modifying the sounds, a dozen different ideas are expressed by the same character. To appreciate the flexible character of the English language, we have but to read the works of Washington Irving, and Carlyle; the language of the two appears to be entirely different.

A New Symplic.

A physician of Rome has recently succeeded in discovering a liquid possessing so extraordinary a power of coagulating blood, that if to a large basin containing this fluid, one drop of the symplic be added, complete solidification ensues, so that the basin may be inverted without causing any blood to be lost. The following is its preparation: Take eight ounces of gum benzoin, one pound of alum, and ten pints of water. Boil all together, for the space of eight hours, in an earthenware glazed vessel, frequently stirring the mass, and adding water sufficient to make up the original quantity of that lost by the ebullition, taking care, however, to add the water so gradually that boiling may not be suspended. The liquid portion of the compound is now to be strained off, and preserved in well corked bottles.

An extensive sale of 35,000 acres of land, is to take place at Natchez on Monday next. This land was granted to the State by the Legislature of Mississippi, for the improvement and navigation of the Homochitto River. The debt of Great Britain is £782,889,382.

The Washington Monument is now 118 feet high, and will probably reach 120 feet by the end of the season.

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company of those whose quiet might lead him to forget the sorrow and despair of his soul. This shallow joke was unsatisfactory, however, and impelled by powerful longings for love, he went astray to warm his heart by a strange fire.

Mr. Crockett, principal editor of the St. Louis Intelligencer, says, in a recent letter from San Francisco, labor and provisions command the most exorbitant prices, flour is selling at thirty five dollars per barrel, and rice at thirty cents per pound.

The London Police consists of 5,535 persons, and post, in 1851, \$1,000,000. The New York Police consists of less than 1,000 men and cost, in 1851, \$534,000; or 50 per cent more than London, in proportion.

Ten thousand persons attended the funeral of Mr. Webster.