

# Fayetteville Observer.

N. O. Wallace, ]

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

[Proprietor.]

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WHOLE NO. 461.

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## Toy Making in Germany.

It is not generally known, says the London Art Journal, how extensively the manufacture of children's toys in Germany has become, nor the full amount of care and attention that is bestowed on their construction. The best come from one district, Sonneberg, in Sax Meiningen, and the principal manufacturer there is Adolph Fleischmann, whose works in the Great Exhibition in 1851 excited much attention. In the southeastern district of the old Thuringian forest are numbers who live by this ingenious trade; and the Hereditary Duke, fully aware of the importance of its mercantile improvement, has founded and fitted out schools for the better instruction of the workmen, gathering for their use books, prints and models. The workmen are generally bred to the trade; sons improve on fathers' work, and, as in the other factories, it is found that some have exclusive ability in a particular branch of manufacture only—a peculiar native faculty which in so large a factory, can be exclusively devoted to its own bias. The use of paper made in place of wood carving has been the real secret of the great improvement of toys; for a good model in clay or wax being obtained, it could be reproduced in cases by the commonest workmen, women or children. Another advantage of paper mache was its lightness and hollowness—the latter allowing the introduction of simple machinery for movement. The cheapness of good casting triumphed over the commonest carving, and the result has been a continued improvement in German toys, until those of the best class may fairly be considered artistic models of nature, setting as educational agents where such agents can only be introduced—that is, by means of play.

The young men's debating societies are always on the look out for knotty questions. Here is one: If one of the Siamese Twins should commit an offence punishable by imprisonment, would it be right to imprison him, knowing that the other would be necessarily imprisoned also? There might be a great deal said on the question, on both sides.

An enterprising citizen in New Jersey has prepared ponds for the purpose of raising frogs for the table. They readily command the price of one dollar per hundred at wholesale. Frogs are becoming common articles of food.

A South Carolina paper notices the death of a mule, whose age was known with certainty to be sixty-two years at the time of his death. Such an instance of longevity is without a parallel.

Polverized tobacco cures worms in horses.

## Specimen of the Contents

Of the new work by the editor of the "Louisville Journal" entitled PRENTISSA, just published, and which will be sent, postpaid, on receipt of One Dollar, by DENNY & JACKSON, Publishers, New York. A Mr. Archer has been sent to the Ohio penitentiary for marrying three wives. Insatiate Archer could not one suffice?

The editor of a western paper recently fancied himself a live ox; but since our rough handling of him, he is beginning to conclude that he is only jerked beef.

The Southern Mercury says that Mr. P. O. Thomas has received his commission as Postmaster. So there's a post office gone to P. O. T.

A Pittsburg paper says, in an obituary notice of an old lady, that she bore her husband twenty children and never gave him a cross word. She must have obeyed the good old precept—"bear and forbear."

A Newbern paper says that Mrs. Alice Day of that city was recently delivered of four sturdy boys. We know not what a Day may bring forth.

A Buffalo paper announces that Dr. Braudreth has introduced a bill into the Legislature. Is the editor sure that he minded his p's in his announcement?

The editor of the Boston Liberator calls upon the ladies of the North to make use of nothing that is produced by slave labor. He needn't expect them not to use cotton. They will not expel so old a friend from their bosoms.

A lady correspondent, who professes to be horrified at the indelicacy of our paper, threatens for the future to set her foot upon every copy she sees. She had better not. Our paper has *fe* in it.

The common opinion is that we should take good care of children at all seasons of the year, but it is well enough in the winter to let them slide.

A writer in a Virginia paper devotes three columns to describing the great Blue Ridge Tunnel. We hardly know which is the greatest bore—the tunnel or the description of it.

W. H. Hooe, a postmaster in Vermont, publishes that two hundred dollars of the public funds are missing from his office, and asks *who* has got the money? Possibly echo may answer—Hooe.

The editor of an Indiana paper says, *more villainy is on foot*. We suppose the editor has lost his horse.

A party of our friends, last week, chased a fox thirty-six hours. They actually *tra* the thing into the ground.

The New York Evening Post says a man cannot be active and quiescent at the same time. There may be some doubt of that. Some fellows bustle about terribly and get *be still*.

Messrs. Bell & Topp, of the N. C. Gazette, says that "Primitives are made to serve masters." Well, Bells were made to be hung and Topp's to be whipped.

Mrs. Charity, of New Orleans, came near dying of poison a few days ago. A sister of Charity was suspected of having administered the dose.

A K says that in a short time he expects to be able to pay everything that he owes in this world. Ah, but there's a heavy debt at home that he has got to settle in the *other world*.

There'll be the debt to pay.

A Mr. J. Black declares for the dissolution of the Union. Let him have a traitor's reward:

"Hung by the heavens with Black." The Ohio River is getting lower and lower every day, it has almost ceased to run. All who look at it can at once perceive that it exhibits very little speed, but a *great deal of bottom*.

A young widow has established a pistol gallery in New Orleans. Her qualifications as a teacher of the art of duelling are of course undoubted; she has *killed her man*.

A New England writer says that it has been found that negroes can be better trusted than white men, not to betray secrets. We suppose this is upon the principle that they always *"keep dark"*.

Mrs. Lucy Hill complains, in an Arkansas paper, that her nephew has trampled upon her rights and feelings. The graceless young rascal shouldn't be allowed to tramp upon his *aunt Hill*.

A Canadian paper announces the marriage of Mr. Joseph Sterling to Miss Anne Stirling. Love strokes are not usually severe, but this one, it is plain, has knocked an *i* out.

A woman in Florida, named Cross, lately gave birth to an infant son which weighed only one pound—That Cross wasn't hard to bear.

Two men, Joseph Sparks and Oscar Flint, were assailed in the suburbs of Baltimore, a few nights ago, by a gang of shoulder-hitters. Flint was knocked down, but his companion escaped by flight. When the scoundrels hit Flint, Sparks *flaw*.

Mr. William Hood was robbed near Corinth, Ala., on the 13th inst. The Corinth paper says that the name of the highwayman is unknown, but there is no doubt that he was Robbin Hood.

A Mr. Bentley has been indicted for striking a stranger with an axe. He says didn't know but that the stranger was a robber. He didn't know, and so he *axed* him.

A quizzical editor in Arkansas, who rejoices in the rithier quizzical name of Harry Hurry, says that "truth is generally slow in its progress." Probably it is never in such a hurry as he is.

A young lady of New Orleans, who recently performed a remarkable feat in rowing, has been presented with a beautiful yawl. A *smack* would have been more appropriate.

A man in our State, who attempted to hog a beautiful young woman, Miss Lemon, has sued her for striking him in the eye. Why should a fellow squeeze a Lemon unless he wants a punch?

Mr. J. S. Fall, a Mississippi editor, asks when shall we get wise. Undoubtedly *before Fall*, if ever.

Mr. Henry A. Rhule says, in a Mississippi paper, that he has "work" and zealously for the administration.

Now let him turn *work* faithfully against it. *Tis* poor Rule that won't work both ways.

Mr. and Mrs. Brewer, of Wayne County, have twenty-two children. Theirs is, perhaps, the most extensive brewery in the West.

The "Beaver Argus" records the marriage of John Coburn, only three feet high. No wonder he wanted to get *spiced*.

A man named J. S. Bill has set up a shaving shop in one of our western cities. We know him of old. Whenever he takes off his beard, he shaves a bad Bill.

An impudent anonymous correspondent, signing himself "Ned Buckle," expresses the wish that we were dead. Very well—let him show himself in person, and we pledge ourselves to *kick the Bucket*.

A Southern lady has abandoned the Shaker establishment near Hopkinsville, to marry Mr. James Bean, aged seventy-five. She must be fond of dried beans.

A handsome young fellow in New York, in great distress for want of money, married last week a rich old woman of seventy. He was no doubt miserable for the want of money, and she for the want of a husband.

and misery make strange bedfellows. A father and son, Anthony and Thomas Scrow, escaped on the 25th ult. from the Wetumpka jail. There are two Scrows loose.

A lady in Montreal, on the 1st, recovered \$2,000 of a Maj. Breckford for hugging and kissing her rather roughly. She ought to set a high value on the money; she got it by a *tight squeeze*.

THE MASSACHUSETTS STRIKES.—Almost all the shoe manufacturing towns of Massachusetts are in an uproar, on account of the refusal of the operatives to work for existing prices. Fanatical Massachusetts is in the midst of a glorious fruition of her favorite doctrine of free labor. We are inclined to think the operatives are right, at least so far as they abstain from a violation of the laws. The Boston Traveller says: "There can be no doubt that the prices of labor in this department of Massachusetts labor have reached a very low ebb, in many cases not affording a sufficient remuneration to pay the moderate expenses of a family man." Allowing this to be true, it looks very like the Massachusetts capitalists were bearing down upon labor, and unjustly taking bread from the mouths of the laborer's children. The operative has adopted the only remedy in his power, and if he will confine it to a refusal to work until a fair price shall be paid for his labor, eschewing violence and setting his face against all mobocratic movements, he will have the sympathy of the just and right thinking everywhere.

BASTARD PHILANTHROPY.—The Massachusetts folks are so intensely absorbed in contemplating the pimple on other people's bodies that they cannot see the boils on their own noses. They are so lost in their excitement over the ill treatment of Sambo and Dinah in Virginia that, until just now, they have entirely overlooked the freezing, starvation, and other brutal treatment extended to the prisoners in some of their jails. A late *expose* of the jail at Cambridge shows a degree of inhumanity, on the part of the keepers, that is next to incredible. Prisoners frozen to death! Prisoners fed on putrid fish for years! Prisoners eating from swill barrels to escape perishing with hunger!—And we warrant that the keepers thus barbarous to their fellow-creatures at home, were among the loudest wailers over the misery of the sleek and well-fed colored laborers in Southern rice and cotton fields. What bastard philanthropy!—N. Y. Sunday Times.

Yesterday a fellow was around town, among the various saloons, peddling a receipt, whereby the best of whisky, brandy, Madeira, &c., could be manufactured at a cost not exceeding 10 cents a gallon in the aggregate. Such a fellow must be troubled for want of some *respectable* occupation—stealing must be at a discount, assassination below par. The trade of stealing blind dogs' dinners must be overdone—hell itself must be jammed to the brim with pimps, harlots, murderers and off-scouring of all villainy—all these must find a man when he gets low enough to peddle receipts to "make the best brandy" at 10 cents a gallon. Nero, Ossawatimie Brown, Gesler, Benedict Arnold, Alf Thomas and the man who cheated a publisher out of a year's subscription, were and are mighty mean men, but the 10 cent retailer has at length discovered a depth of meanness, to which that attained by the afore-mentioned is as inches to miles.—Dutagne Herald.

As an illustration of the condition of the shoe trade in Boston at the present time, it is stated that women's shoes of the style for which the strikers demand thirty-three cents simply for making, have been sold in that city last week for thirty cents per pair by the case.

## Temple of The Muses.

On the Death of a Little Daughter.

Our father sent an angel child  
Within our home to dwell;  
Of all her gentle, winking ways,  
How weak are words to tell!  
Her beaming eyes and tender glance  
Gilt fitting my soul with joy;  
She was my idol and my pride,  
Thou' well I loved my boy.

And often on my fevered brow  
Her tiny hands were pressed,  
And many loving arts essayed  
To bring "sweet mother" rest.  
Ah! now alas! I miss the clasp,  
Of that soft dimpled arm,  
But well I know my loved one's safe  
From future care or harm.

The footsteps of my darling were  
Sweet music to my ear;  
In dreams I start, and fondly deem  
I still their echoes hear:  
I vainly strive to catch the sound  
Of infant laughter will;  
With yearning heart my arms stretch forth  
To clasp once more my child.

Oh! who can tell the bitter pain  
The pang it cost to part!  
What mingled memories haunt the brain  
And rend my lonely heart!  
At every step some trace I meet  
Of her I've loved and lost;  
Each passing hour renews the grief  
By which my soul is tossed.

Ah, me! the little stocking lies  
Beside the empty shoe;  
Her useless playthings now recall  
The joys that once I knew.  
Oh! let me weep, and do not strive  
To check a mother's tears;  
My brimming eye can pierce beyond  
Where hope's bright bow appears.

I would not—though my heart is wrung  
By selfish grief the while—  
I would not dim one joy of hers,  
My suffering to beguile.  
Then do not chide me though I weep,  
Nor strive to check my tears;  
Though earth seems now less fair to me,  
Yet heaven more bright appears.

THE FAITHLESS—A SONG.  
BY "CLARA."

We met and coldly tell thy words  
Upon my listening ear—  
But colder far on this sad heart—  
Where thou art still too dear;  
No loving smile, thy glance illumined,  
But clouded was thy brow,  
Another's image fills thy soul,  
And I'm forsaken now.

Oh! faithless one! when far away  
'Mid scenes of pleasure bright,  
I missed on thee alone by day,  
And dream of thee by night;  
I never thought a brief brief month  
Could thus thy love estrange,  
Ah! had thy heart been true, like mine,  
Years—years, could make no change.

Thine is a noble, manly form,  
And art might vainly try  
To match the beauty of thy face,  
The lustre of thine eye;  
But oh! the stars, that seeming sleep,  
Within the blue unfathom'd sea—  
Have not more mockery in their light  
Than those dark, cruel eyes to me.

For truth, with thee, is but a name,  
And love, and honor, idle words—  
Thy soul ne'er felt the sacred flame,  
Thy hand ne'er swept the spirit-chords,  
Thine thrilled with ecstasy divine,  
The heart now prostrate in the dust,  
Whose every throb, once truly true,  
Has been repaid with cold mistrust.

Then fare thee well—'tis sad to see  
The wreck of all we've held so dear,  
Thus idle like meteors swept away,  
Forever from our hemisphere;  
Aye as bright and evanescent too,  
They've but increased the midnight gloom  
Thy falsehoods o'er my spirit cast,  
And my heart a living tomb.

A SHARP TRANSACTION.—An exchange paper states that a fellow in Venango county, Pa., profited in the following manner by the "oil excitement" now prevailing so extensively in the western and north-western part of Pennsylvania. He bored a hole in his land, poured a barrel of oil into it, and then called his neighbors to see the large yield. The result was that he sold his land for \$2,000 in cash, pocketed the money, and said:

"A merchant, who lived at Baton Rouge, La., and who was once worth \$150,000, was arrested for vagrancy last week, having in five years gambled away his entire fortune.

## The Black Cap.

The practice of our Judges in putting on a black cap when they condemn a criminal to death, will be found to have a deep and sad significance. Covering the head in ancient days was a sign of mourning. "Harman hastened to his house mourning and having his head covered." In like manner Demosthenes, when insulted by the populace, went home with his head covered. "And David wept as he went up, and had his head covered; and all the people that was with him covered every man his head, and they went up, weeping as they went up." Darius, too, covered his head on learning the death of his Queen.

But, among ourselves, we find traces of a similar mode of expressing grief at funerals. The mourners have the hood "drawn forward over the head," in ancient times. Indeed, the hood drawn forward thus over the head, is still part of the mourning habiliment of females when they follow the corpse. And with this it should be borne in mind that, as far back as the time of Chaucer, the most usual color of mourning was black. A tropic, also, who held the fatal scissors which cut short the life of man, was clothed in black.

When, therefore, the Judge puts on the black cap, it is a very significant as well as solemn procedure. He puts on mourning; for he is about to pronounce the forfeit of a life! And according to the act itself, the putting on of the black cap, is generally understood to be significant. It intimates that the Judge is about to pronounce no merely registered or supposititious sentence; in the very formula of condemnation he has put himself in mourning for the convicted culprit, as for a dead man. The criminal is then left for execution; and unless mercy exert its sovereign prerogative, suffers the sentence of law. The mourning cap expressively indicates his doom.—Notes and Queries.

A good story is told in London county, in this State, of an old Democrat, recently deceased. Soon after the execution of John Brown, he sent for an Attorney, to draw his will; and after arranging the usual matters in such document, he dictated as follows: "To Henry A. Wise, Governor of Virginia, I give and bequeath the sum of one thousand dollars, to be paid from my effects, for the justice, firmness and patriotism displayed by him in the hanging of John Brown." The lawyer, (who was a Black Republican,) dropped the pen in astonishment, and refused to make the record!—He was accordingly dismissed, and a few days after another one was sent for, who balked at the same instructions! and before he could accomplish his purpose, his friends convinced him that he could not, in justice to his family, make the bequest—and that the admiration he had evinced for Gov. Wise would be more gratifying to that gentleman than a gift in money, but it was a long time before his determination was conquered.—New Haven Register.

The Revenue of Mississippi.—The late Legislature of Mississippi raised the taxes to 75 cents on each negro, instead of 40, as heretofore; and to 20 cents on each \$1000 of land, instead of 10 cents—thus nearly doubling the tax of slaves, and increasing that on lands 25 per cent. As there are about 400,000 slaves in the State, it will increase the taxes on that property alone about \$150,000, and on the lands about \$60,000 per year; so that, after this year, the gross revenue will be about \$210,000 more than it has been past years from these two items.

The Siamese twins are still living in Surrey county, North Carolina. At a late revival the wife of Chang was baptized. Chan and Eng seemed to be much concerned for themselves, and requested an interest in the prayers of the minister.

Fast men like fast rivers, are generally shallow.

## The Guillotine.

There are two errors in the common history of this instrument of death, employed to this day in public executions in France. It is said to have been invented by Dr. Guillotin, who is stated to have been one of the victims first that suffered death by its stroke; but upon reference to the biography of Dr. Guillotin, we find that during the French Revolution, Guillotin merely pointed out the adoption of this machine, which had been long known as proper for the infliction of death without giving any pain to the sufferer; and for that reason was chosen as a kind of compromise among the first French Revolutionists who wanted to abolish the punishment of death altogether.

Unfortunately for Guillotin, some wags gave his name to the machine of which he was not the inventor, and which he only brought into notice. It is true that Guillotin was imprisoned, and nearly fell a victim to the carnage of the Revolution; but he escaped, and after the termination of his political career, resumed the functions of a physician, and became one of the founders of the Academy of Medicine at Paris. He died May 26th, 1814, aged 76, after enjoying, up to his last moments, the esteem of all who knew him.

Possibly the error may have arisen from the Regent Morton, of Scotland, being the first person executed by the Maiden, an instrument resembling the guillotine, the pattern of which he had brought from abroad to behold the Laird of Penycuik of that ilk.

It is said that the slanting descent of the hatchet of the guillotine, which renders instant decapitation more certain, and consequently less painful, was an improvement suggested by Louis XVI himself, who had a great taste for mechanics.

A LANTERN CANE.—One of the most unique of recent Yankee inventions is a cane, which is also a lantern—a stout, elegant walking stick, and a brilliant, steady light. The Lantern is set in the body of the cane about six inches from the top, and so as not to disfigure its proportions or beauty, and can be lit at pleasure by pulling the cane apart, or horns along dead, when the cane without close observation, is undistinguishable from an ordinary, large-sized walking stick.

Petitions have been addressed to the Legislature of Ohio asking them to appoint a day of fasting and prayer to atone for the sin they committed by appropriating five thousand dollars for drunkenness and debauchery in that treat given to the Legislatures of Kentucky and Tennessee.

An Irishman went to live in Scotland for a short time, and didn't like the country. "I was sick all the time I was there," says he, "and if I had lived there till this time I'd been dead a year ago."

WOODEN LEGS FOR DOGS.—An English paper has an account of a Scotch terrier with a wooden leg which runs about with a scarcely perceptible limp. The dog had its right fore foot amputated by an express train three months ago, and a veterinary surgeon from Manchester being informed that it was a favorite pet, not only dressed its wounds, but shortly afterwards supplied it with an artificial limb, of which it appears somewhat proud.

A case is on trial in the Detroit Police Court, involving the right of a fellow to take back presents he has made to a girl, when she says she won't have him, and is getting ready to marry somebody else. A young man who had disposed of about \$75 worth of jewelry in this way, during a three years' courtship, is on trial for larceny, in invading the lady's bed room and seizing the property when he had discovered it was to adorn another man's wife.

Fast men like fast rivers, are generally shallow.