Nashville Patriot.

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SMITH, CAMP & CO., PROPRIETORS.

W. HY. SMITH, IRA P. JONES, } Editors.

Office, No. 16, Deaderick Street.

MONDAY,..... JUNE 21, 1858.

The New Orleans Outlaws and their Backers.

The *Union and American* still defends the mob—that is in form, not in substance. Logically that paper is impaled, and every effort to relieve itself but adds to the pain which it suffers. We give our neighbors credit for much power and ability—of its kind; but, we hope it is not unkind to remind them, they cannot perform impossibilities. They cannot hope to make the public believe that the late Vigilance Committee was justifiable in any sense. The essay to this end, on Saturday, was more feeble and flimsy than any which the *Union and American* has yet put forth. It is true, it calls us stupid, which is a decided point in proving that New Orleans is a very badly governed city, and that the mob was a very upright and virtuous mob. We rather think this is the most forcible of all the arguments it has used on the subject. For, it follows by necessity, if we are of a dull understanding, the Dutch and Irish and sham democratic outlaws of New Orleans, would be engaged in a highly patriotic and praiseworthy service, in shooting, stabbing, brass-knucking and slung-shotting the peaceful and law-obeying citizens of that city! We should deplore the consequences, if our neighbors were brought before an inquisition of lunacy, with their Saturday's article before the jury.

And the remainder of the article is scarcely an improvement. There seems not to have been a lucid moment during the entire writing. It still insists that a *rumor*, a *street hearsay* proves a gravely criminal charge. It also quotes from the mob organs that there were thirty-nine votes for the mob ticket rejected, which has "been ascertained *approaching certainly!*" It is not even alleged that these thirty-nine were legal voters, or that they were not properly rejected. A just cause was never sustained by such transparent stuff. As to the number of legal voters in New Orleans the *Union and American* seeks to leave the impression that there was more than twelve thousand. Why not say it at once? Do you affirm that there are more than 12,000 legal voters in New Orleans? We deny now that there are more than that number. The *Union and American* quotes the *Courier* to show there was fraud and intimidation, we quote the same paper to show that "*every one who chose to vote had full opportunity to give free expression to his voice.*"

What progress then have our neighbors made with their task? Simply none.

☞ The *Patriot* will not tell us what it thinks of Messrs. Bell and Crittenden. The New Orleans *Crescent*, high authority with the *Patriot*, condemns their course on the Lecompton question in the most unqualified manner. What have you to say of them, neighbor?—*Union and American.*

We have this "to say of them"—that whilst we differ with Messrs. Bell and Crittenden in their views touching the "Lecompton question," we do not assume to sit in judgment upon their motives. They are distinguished statesmen, who have given their best years and services to their country, who have, so far as we know, ever been governed by a patriotism as comprehensive as the boundaries of the republic, and, withal, being leaders of the aggregation of independent thinkers with whom we have struggled against the sham-democracy, are entitled to our respect and veneration. We cannot be bent to their views; we shall certainly not essay the task of bending them to ours. Regarding them as honest in their opinions, and loyal to the South,—though misapprehending the true policy of the American party on the Lecompton question—we shall be content to maintain friendly relations with them and those Americans who think as they do, so long as they make no war upon us. We are willing to concede, as we shall take, the largest lease upon the exercise of the right of individual opinion; and shall not, unless forced to do so, prove the weapons in our armory in a contest against political friends. We care for peace with party friends; and active war upon the cohorts of sham-democracy. We take it, that both Lecompton and anti-Lecompton Americans can find enough to employ them in this war, and we doubt not they will have judgment enough to avoid the pitfalls into which the enemy would lead them, through the instrumentality of the Lecompton question. As to the manner in which the *Crescent* makes known its disapprobation of the course of Messrs. Bell and Crittenden, we think it might have left to others, outside of our party, all such sarcasms and impeachments.

The New American Cyclopædia.

The above is the title of a work which is now in course of publication by D. Appleton & Company, of New York. The entire work will consist of *fifteen volumes* of not less than 750, double column octavo pages each, and will be made to pass as rapidly through the press as is consistent with mechanical accuracy. The first two volumes are already issued, and have generally met with the most flattering reception from the public. In calling attention to this work and recommending it to public favor, as we most unreservedly do, we feel that we are doing the public a valuable service. We have ourselves long felt the necessity of such a publication, and have availed ourselves of the earliest opportunity of subscribing for it. We have received the first two volumes, and have no hesitation in saying that in no other shape has the same amount of accurate information been embodied, in as convenient a form and at as cheap a rate. It is the great work of the kind in this country, "a popular Dictionary of General Knowledge" including every branch of History, Biography, Geography, Religion and Science. The publishers have employed about one hundred persons, of the best acquirements and the most intimate acquaintance with the subjects intrusted to them respectively, and the utmost care is observed in making it a complete and impartial *expose* of the present state of knowledge on all subjects. It has received the sanction of the first literary and scientific men in the Union, and, we may say the universal commendation of the Press. There has been no work of the kind published in this country, upon which the same amount of talent has been employed, or upon which so much close research, diligent labor and persevering pains-taking have been expended.

Our citizens now have an opportunity of subscribing for the New American Cyclopædia, by application to Messrs. W. T. Berry & Co., or to Mr. William Merrill, at the Broadway Hotel, who is the General Agent of Messrs. Appleton & Co., for the Southern States.

☞ The Bolivar *West Tennessee Democrat* says that Democracy was "born on the eastern shore of a gilded ocean."

We have been of the impression for some time that a large proportion of them were born "on the eastern shore;" but we were not aware that all of them come from there. As bad as the democracy are, in our opinion, the *Democrat* seeks to make them worse.

☞ Neither the *Banner* nor the *Patriot* will tell us which of the two speaks the opinions of the Know-Nothing party in this State: Neither will they inform us whether Gen. Zollicoffer or Mr. Bell represents the sentiments of that party. They differ entirely in their views. Which does the party endorse?—*Union and American.*

Mr. Buchanan favors the construction, by government aid, of a railroad to the Pacific. The *Union and American*, rebuking the "uncertain humor of the times," takes ground against the President's position on this important question of public policy. Which represents the sentiments of the sham democratic party, Mr. Buchanan or our contemporary? "Which does the party endorse?"

Mr. Buchanan, in his annual message, recommended the enactment of a general bankrupt law. The *Union and American* opposes the enactment of a bankrupt law. On this question, which represents the sentiments of the sham democratic party, Mr. Buchanan or our contemporary? "Which does the party endorse?"

Is it not possible that the party are not united in sentiment on either of the measures alluded to above; that Mr. Buchanan and our contemporary may be regarded as orthodox by portions of the party; and that, overlooking their differences of opinion the whole party may confide in and endorse both?

☞ Why doesn't the *Patriot* either sustain or retract its intimation that Burton joined the Democratic party? We have denied the charge, and think it proper that the *Patriot* should remove the incorrect impression it may have produced on the minds of its readers.

We have simply to say that the paragraph referred to was based upon what was freely asserted on the streets. We did not undertake to vouch for its truth; but since the *Union and American* proves certain of its charges against the American party of New Orleans by that species of evidence, we do not see why it should not answer as well in the one case as the other. Come, neighbor, let the rule work both ways.

☞ Our neighbor of the *Patriot* says he does not wish to be cruel to irrational beings. Then, why will he continue to inflict such excruciating nonsense on those who are irrational enough to read the *Patriot?—Union and American.*

Recurring to the copious extracts we have been giving recently from the *Union and American*, it is possible we do owe our readers an apology. We have but one plea in extenuation, and that is the wholesome matter with which we accompany those extracts; and we trust that is sufficient.

☞ The *N. O. Bee* referring to the operations of the telegraph, during the recent troubles in that city, says: "We have never seen such a hugh mountain of lies as was industriously sent forth by the telegraph on the occasion referred to.' If the *Bee* had been a careful reader of the editorials of the organs of the vigilants, it would have seen the telegraph's "mountain of lies" dwindle to the size of a mole hill, by the side of those it feigns not to have discovered. The *Bee* itself should seem to

"——love each peak that shows a kindred hue,
Hail in each crag a friend's familiar face,
And clasp the mountain in his heart's embrace."

☞ The Bolivar *Democrat* says the Democracy "retains within its breast the seeds of revolutionary patriotism."

We suppose the *Democrat* had in its eye the New Orleans mob, which the *Union and American* calls a revolution. If so, the "seeds" are producing most abominable fruit.

The Unparnodable Sin.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

[CONCLUDED.]

These three worthies pressed forward, and greeted Ethan Brand each after his own fashion, earnestly inviting him to partake of the contents of a certain black bottle, in which, as they averred, he would find something far better worth seeking for than the Unpardonable Sin. No mind which has wrought itself, by intense and solitary meditation, into a high state of enthusiasm, can endure this kind of contact with low and vulgar modes of thought and feeling to which Ethan Brand was now subjected. It made him doubt, and, strange to say, it was a painful doubt, whether he had indeed found the Unpardonable Sin, and found it within himself. The whole question on which he had exhausted life, and more than life, looked like a delusion.

"Leave me," he said, bitterly, "ye brute beasts, that have made yourselves so, shrivelling up your souls with fiery liquors! I have done with you. Years and years ago I groped into your hearts and found nothing there for my purpose. Get ye gone!"

"Why, you uncivil scoundrel," cried the fierce doctor, "is that the way you respond to the kindness of your best friends? Then let me tell you the truth.—You have no more found the Unpardonable Sin than yonder boy Joe has. You are but a crazy fellow. I told you so twenty years ago: neither better nor worse than a crazy fellow, and the fit companion of old Humphrey here."

He pointed to an old man, shabbily dressed, with long white hair, thin visage and unsteady eye. For some years past this aged person had been wandering about among the hills, inquiring of all travelers whom he met for his daughter. The girl, it seemed, gone off with a company of circus performers, and occasionally tidings of her came to the village, and fine stories were told of her glittering appearance as she rode on horseback in the ring or performed marvellous feats on the tight-rope.

The white-haired father now approached Ethan Brand, and gazed unsteadily into his face.

"They tell me you have been all over the earth," said he, wringing his hands with earnestness. "You must have seen my daughter, for she makes a great figure in the world, and everybody goes to see her. Did she send any word to her old father, or say when she is coming back?"

Ethan Brand's eye quailed beneath the old man's. That daughter, from whom he so earnestly desired a word of greeting, Ethan Brand had made the subject of a psychological experiment, and wasted, and perhaps annihilated her soul in the process.

"Yes," murmured he, turning away from the hoary wanderer, "it is no delusion. There is an unpardonable sin!"

While these things were passing, a merry scene was going forward in the area of the showmen's light, beside the spring, and before the door of the hut.

A number of the youth of the village, young men and girls, had hurried up the hillside, impelled by curiosity to see Ethan Brand, the hero of so many a legend familiar to their childhood. Finding nothing, however, very remarkable in his aspect—nothing but a sunburnt wayfarer in plain garb, and dusty shoes, who sat looking into the fire, as he fancied pictures among the coals, those young people speedily grew tired of him. As it happened, there was another amusement at hand. An old German Jew, travelling with a diorama on his back, was passing down the mountain road toward the village just as the party turned aside from it: and in the hopes of eking out the profits of the day, the showman had kept them company to the lime-kiln."

"Come, old Dutchman, cried one of the young men, "let us see your pictures, if you can swear they are worth looking at."

"Oh, yes captain," answered the Jew—whether as a matter of courtesy or craft, he styled every body captain—"I shall show you indeed, some very superb pictures!"

So, placing the box at a proper position, he invited the young men and girls to look through the glass orifices of the machine, and proceeded to exhibit a series of the most outrageous scratchings and daubings, as specimens of the fine arts that ever an itinerant showman had the face to impose upon his circle of spectators. The pictures were worn out, moreover—tattered, full of cracks and wrinkles, dingy with tobacco smoke, and otherwise in a most pitiable condition. Some purported to be the cities, public edifices and ruined castles in Europe; others represented Napoleon's battles and Nelson's sea fights; and in the midst of these might be seen a gigantic, brown hairy hand, which might have been mistaken for the hand of destiny, though in truth it was only the showman pointing his forefinger to the various scenes of the conflict, while its owner gave historical illustrations. When, with much merriment at its abominable deficiency of merit, the exhibition was concluded the German lade little Joe put his head into the box. Viewed through the magnifying glasses, the boy's round, rosy visage assumed the strangest imaginable aspect of an immense Titanic child, the mouth grinning broadly, and the eyes and every other feature overflowing with fun at the joke. Suddenly, however that merry face turned pale, and its expression turned to horror, for this easily impressed and excitable child had become sensible that the eye of Ethan Brand was fixed upon him throughthe glass.

"You make the little man to be afraid, captain," said the German Jew, turning up the dark and strong outline of his visage from his stooping posture. "But look again, and, by chance, I shall cause you to see something that is very fine, upon my word!

Ethan Brand gazed into the box for an instant, and then, starting back, looked fixedly at the German. What had he seen? Nothing, apparently; for a curious youth, who had peeped in almost at the same moment beheld only a vacant space of canvas.

"I remember you, now," muttered Ethan Brand to the showman.

"Ah, captain," whispered the Jew of Nuremburgh, with a dark smile, "I find it to be a heavy matter in my show-box—this Unpardonable Sin. By my faith, captain, it has wearied my shoulders this day to carry it over the mountain."

"Peace!" answered Ethan Brand, sternly, "or get thee into the furnace yonder."

The Jew's exhibition had scarcely concluded, when a great elderly dog—who seemed to be his own master, as no person in the company laid claim to him—saw fit to render himself the object of public notice. Hitherto he had shown himself as a very quiet, well-disposed old dog, going round from one to another, and, by way of being sociable, offering his rough head to be patted by any kindly hand that would take so much trouble. But now, all of a sudden, this grave and venerable quadruped, of his own mere motion, and without the slightest suggestion from anybody else, began to run round after his tail, which, to heighten the absurdity of the scene, was a great deal shorter than it should have been. Never was seen such headlong eagerness in pursuit of an object that could not possibly be attained; never was heard such a tremendous outbreak of growling, snarling, barking and snapping, as if one end of the ridiculous brute's body were at deadly and most unforgiveable enmity with the other. Faster and faster round about went the cur, and faster and still faster fled the unapproachable brevity of his tail, and louder and fiercer grew his yells of rage and animosity, until utterly exhausted, and as far from the goal as ever, the foolish old dog ceased his performance as suddenly as he had begun it. The next moment he was as quiet, mild, sensible, and respectable in his deportment as when he first scraped acquaintance with the company.

As may be supposed, the exhibition was greeted with universal laughter, clapping of hands, and shouts of "Encore," to which the the canine performer responded by wagging all that there was to wag of his tail, but appeared totally unable to repeat his very successful effort to amuse the spectators.

Meanwhile, Ethan Brand had resumed his seat upon the log, and moved, it might be, by a perception of some remote analogy between his own case and that of this self-pursuing cur, he broke into the awful laugh which, more than any other token, expressed the condition of his being. And at that moment the merriment of the party was at an end; they stood aloof, dreading lest the inauspicious sound should be reverberated around the horizon, and that mountain would thunder it to mountain, and so the sound be prolonged upon their ears. Then, whispering to one another that it was late; that the moon was almost down; that the August night was growing chill, they hurried homewards, leaving the lime-burner and little Joe to deal as they might with their unwelcome guest. Save for these three human beings, the open space on the hill-side was a solitude, set in a vast gloom of forest. Beyond that darksome verge, the fire-lights glimmered on the stately trunks and almost black foliage of pines, intermixed with higher verdure of sapling oaks, maples and poplars, while here and there lay the gigantic copses of trees, decaying on the leaf-strewn soil. And it seemed to little Joe—a timorous and imaginative child—that the silent forest was holding its breath until some fearful thing should happen.

Ethan Brand thrust more wood in the fire, and closed the door of the kiln; then looking over his shoulder at the lime-burner and his son, he bade, rather than advised, them to retire to rest.

"For myself, I cannot," said he; "I have matters that it concerns me to meditate upon. I will watch the fire, as I used to do in the old time."

"And call the devil out of the furnace to keep you company I suppose," muttered Bertram, who had been making intimate acquaintance with the black bottle above-mentioned. "But watch, if you like, and call as many devils as you like; for my part, I shall be all the better for a snooze. Come, Joe."

As the boy followed his father into the hut, he looked back at the way-farer, and tears came into his eyes, for his tender spirit had an intuition of the bleak and terrible loneliness in which this man had enveloped himself.

When they were gone, Ethan Brand sat listening to the crackling of the kindled wood, and looking at the spirits of fire that issued through the chinks of the door. These trifles, however once so familiar, had but the slightest hold of his attention, while deep within his mind he was reviewing the gradual but marvellous change that had been brought upon him by the search to which he had devoted himself. He remembered how the night dew had fallen upon him; how the dark forest had whispered to him; how the stars had gleamed upon him, a simple and loving man, fatching his fire in the years gone by, and even musing as it burned. He remembered with what tenderness, with what love and sympathy for mankind, and what pity for human guilt and woe he had first begun to contemplate those ideas which afterwards became the inspiration of his life; with what reverence he had then looked into the heart of man, viewing it as a temple originally Divine, and, however desecrated, still to be held sacred by a brother; with what awful fear he had deprecated his pursuit, and prayed that the Unpardonable Sin might never be revealed in him. Then ensued that vast intellectual development, which in its progress, disturbed the counterpoise between his mind and heart.

The idea that possessed his life had operated as a means of education; it had raised him from the level of an unlettered laborer to stand on a star-light laden eminence, whither the philosopher of the earth, with the lord of the universe might vainly strive to clamber after him. So much for the intellect! But where was the heart? That, indeed, had withered, had contracted, had hardened, had perished! It had ceased to partake of the universal throb. He had lost hold of the magnetic chain of humanity. He was no longer a brother man, opening the chambers of the dungeons of our common nature by the key of holy sympathy, which gave him a right to share in all its secrets; he was now a cold observer, looking on mankind as the subject of his experiment, and at length converting man and woman to be his puppets, and pulling the wires that moved them to such degrees of crime as were demanded for his study.

Thus Ethan Brand became a fiend. He began to be so from the moment that his moral nature had ceased to keep the pace of improvement with his intellect. And now, as his highest effort, and inevitable development—as the bright and gorgeous flower, and rich, delicious fruit of his life's labor—he had discovered the Unpardonable Sin.

"What more have I to seek? What more to achieve?" said Ethan Brand to himself. "My task is done, and well done."

Starting from the log with a certain alacrity in his gait, and ascending the hillock of earth that was raised against the stone circumference of the lime-kiln, he thus reached the top of the structure. It was a space of perhaps ten feet across, from edge to edge, presenting a view of the upper surface of the immense mass of broken marble with which the kiln was heaped. All these innumerable blocks and fragments of marble were red hot and vividly on fire, sending up great spouts of blue flame, which quivered aloft and danced madly, as within a magic circle, and sank and rose again, with continual and multitudinous activity. As the lonely man bent forward over this terrible body of fire, the blasting heat smote up against his person with a breath that, it might be supposed, would have scorched and shriveled him up in a moment.

Ethan Brand stood erect, and raised his arms on high. The blue flame played upon his face, and imparted the wild and ghastly light which alone could have suited his expression; it was that of a fiend on the verge of plunging into this gulf of intensest torment.

"O, Mother Earth," cried he, "who art no more my mother, and into whose bosom this frame shall never be resolved! O, mankind, whose brotherhood I have cast off and trampled thy great heart beneath my feet! O, stars of heaven, that shone on me of old as if to light me onward and upward! Farewell all, and forever! Come, deadly element of fire, henceforth my familiar friend! Embrace me as I do thee!"

That night the sound of a fearful peal of laughter rolled heavily through the sleep of the lime-burner and his little son; dim shapes of horror and anguish haunted their dreams, and seemed still present in the rude hovel when they opened their eyes to the daylight.

"Up boy, up," cried the lime-burner, starting about him. "Thank Heaven, the night is gone at last; and rather than pass another such, I would watch my lime-kiln, wide awake, for a twelve month. This Ethan Brand, with his humbug of an Unpardonable Sin, has done me no such mighty favor in taking my place."

He issued from the hut, followed by little Joe, who kept fast hold of his father's hand. The early sunshine was already pouring its gold upon the mountain tops, and though the valleys were still in shadow, they smiled cheerfully in the promise of the bright day that was hastening onward. The village was astir, and the figure of the old smoke-dried stage agent, cigar in mouth, was seen beneath the stoop. Old Graylock was glorified with a golden cloud upon his head.—Scattered likewise upon the breasts of the surrounding mountains, there were heaps of hoary mists, in fantastic shapes, some of them far down into the valley, others high up towards the summits, and still others of the same family of mist and clouds, hovering in the gold radiance of the upper atmosphere—Stepping from one to another of the clouds that rested on the hills, and thence to the loftier brotherhood that sailed in the air, it seemed almost as if mortal man might thus ascend into the heavenly regions. Earth was so mingled with sky that it was a day dream to look at it.

To supply that charm of the familiar and homely which nature so readily adopts into a scene like this, the stage coach was rattling down the mountain road, and the driver sounding his horn, while each caught up the notes and intertwined them into a rich and varied elaborate harmony, of which the original performer could lay claim to little share. The great hills played a concert among themselves, each contributing a strain of airy sweetness.

Little Joe's face brightened at once.

"Dear father," cried he, skipping cheerily to and fro, "that strange man is gone, and the sky and the mountains all seem glad of it?"

"Yes, growled the lime-burner, with an oath, "but he has let the fire go down, and no thanks to him, if five hundred bushels of lime is not spoilt. If I catch the fellow hereabouts again, I shall feel like tossing him into the furnace!"

With his long pole in his hand, he ascended to the top of the kiln. After a moment's pouse, he called to his son

"Come up here, Joe!" said he.

So little Joe ran up the hillock and stood by his father's side. The marble was burnt into perfect, snow-white. But, on its surface, in the midst of the circle—snow-white, too, and thoroughly converted into lime—lay a human skeleton, in the attitude of a person who, after long toil, lies down to a long repose. Within the ribs—strange to say—was the shape of a human heart.

"Was the fellow's heart made of marble?" cried Bertram, in some perplexity at this phenomena. "At any rate, it is burnt into what is called special good lime; and, taking all the bones together, my kiln is half a bushel the richer by him."

So saying, the rude lime-burner lifted his pole and letting it fall upon the skeleton, the relics of Ethan Brand were crumbled into fragments.—*London Illustrated News.*

The American Horses in England.

Expectation in this country is on tip toe for the result of the contest for the Goodwood Cup, in which the American horses Prioress and Charleston are entered, in a field of 33 subscribers, a falling off of six competitors as compared with last years, when Prioress came so near carrying the stars and stripes ahead. It is pretty certain that the French horses Monarque, the winner of last year, will again be in the field, with Mademoiselle de Chantilly, one of the most notable high-flyers of the French turf, both owned by the Count La Grange. Risober, who was second to Monarque last year, is also to be entered, as well as Sauntterer, the property of Mr. Merry. The most formidable opponent, however, will be Mr. Parr's Fisherman. We perceive that he has thus early in the season added another laurel to his wreath, by carrying off the Epsom Cup, at the recent Derby meeting, beating his second, Sauntterer, by 20 lengths. The usual advantage of 14 lbs., for being foreign bred horses, will be awarded to Charleston and Prioress, although the latter will pay the penalty of extra weight for winning the Cesarewitch stakes last year. We perceive that Mr. Ten Broeck has purchased another English horses Badsworth, a four year old, who was second for the Railway plate at Epsom. He is going with spirit into the campaign, having Babylon and Prioress for the Chesterfield Handicap, and Prioress and Bell for the great Ebor Handicap, to be run at York at the August meeting, the former having 29 and the latter 64 subscribers. Babylon and Belle are also entered for the Royal Hunt Cup, at Ascot Heath, 48 subscribers, and Belle—who, by the way, he purchased last season in England—for a free handicap at the Newmarket Houghton meeting, 12 subscribers.

In the first great racing event of the season, the Derby stakes, neither of the American horses were entered. Nineteen horses ran, the stakes being worth £5,400, or $27,000; distance, one mile and a half. The race was won by a length by Beadsman, his lucky owner, Sir Joseph Hawley, netting in side bets $200,000 by the event.—*Cin. Cour.*

☞ DYSPEPSIA, HEADACHE AND INDIGESTION, by which all persons are more or less affected, can usually be cured by taking moderate exercise, wholesome food, and a dose of Boerhave's Holland Bitters, an hour before each meal.

MARRIED,

On the 10th inst., in Chatham County, by the Rev. Isaac Walton, Mr. Wesley W. Morrison, of this county, to Miss Mary Jane Hamlet, of Cheatham county.—*Clarks. Chron.*

On the 15th inst., by the Rev. R. L. Fagan, Dr. J. F. Albert, to Miss Eliza A. Trice, all of New Providence, Tenn.—*Ib.*

On the 17th inst., by Rev. S. P. Chestnut, Mr. James T. C. Kirby, and Miss Mary Balthrop, all of this city, —*Ib.*

DIED,

"Why should we start and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we fear to enter there"

Died—In Charleston, S. C., on Wednesday morning, the 2d inst., Mrs Caroline Rowena Sample, wife of Mr. Thomas B. Sample, and daughter of the late V. M. and Petelope Campbell, of Athens, Tenn.

New Advertisements.

PETWAY LANDS
FOR SALE,
BY THE EXECUTORS.

On Wednesday, June 23d, 1858,

WE will offer for sale to the highest bidder on a credit of one, two and three years, without interest, on the premises, that

Splendid Tract of Land,

About four miles south of Nashville, fronting on the east side of the Nolensville turnpike, and both sides of the Mill Creek Valley Turnpike, the late residence of H. Petway, decd. The whole tract contains

347 Acres,

which has been subdivided into

Forty-eight Parts,

ranging from 6 to 25 acres each, with proper streets and avenues running each way through the same; offering rare inducements to purchasers.

These lands lie well, are watered by twelve or fifteen never failing Springs and running branches, and the soil is of the very best quality, about one-third splendidly timbered, the balance cleared and in a high state of cultivation.

There are very few tracts of land in the vicinity of Nashville that will compare favorably with this, either in the quality of its soil, its elevated and even surface, healthy location, good neighborhood, and the abundance of good and lasting springs, and its convenience to the city.

This sale is made for distribution under the will of said deceased, on long and liberal credits **without interest**, affording to purchasers greater inducements than usual to suit themselves with a small or large tract of choice land.

Omnibuses will run free as usual, leaving the office of NANCE & WOODWARD, on Deaderick Street, at about half-past 9 o'clock, A. M., on the morning of the sale, and return in the evening.

Persons intending to go out, will please report themselves at the office of Nance & Woodward by 9 o'clock A. M., on the 23d, that all may be accommodated. Collation on the premises free, at the usual hour.

Come one, come all.

JNO. S. PETWAY,
WM. PETWAY,
GEO. W. PETWAY, } Executors.
JNO. K. HUME.

NANCE & WOODWARD, Surveyors, &c.
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INKSTANDS.
HICKS'S PATENT ELASTIC INKSTAND.

THIS Inkstand is better than any other in use; simple, useful and convenient.

JOHN YORK & CO. have them for sale.
je 21—tf.

New Advertisements.

For Cincinnati and Pittsburg.

THE new and light draught steamer, BELLE CREOLE, Capt. Bell, will leave for above Port and all intermediate Landings, on THIS DAY, the 21st inst., at 5 o'clock, P. M. For freight or passage apply on Board or to H. H. HARRISON, Agent.
je21-1t

For Cairo and Memphis.

THE fine passenger packet, and regular United States Mail Steamer, J. G. CLINE, N. D. Elliott, Master, will leave MONDAY, next, the 21st inst., at 2 o'clock, P. M., for the above and all intermediate ports.

For freight or passage apply on board or to
jo18-3t A. L. DAVIS, Agent.

Auction Sale of Groceries
BY
B. LANIER & CO.

WE will offer in front of our Store, No. 5 Market street, on MONDAY 21st inst., at 10 o'clock large assortment of Groceries, viz:

25 hhds prime and choice Sugar;	25 M. Langhorn & Son's Tobacco;
200 boxes prime Balt Rio Coffee;	50 bbls Mag. Whisky;
50 bbls Molasses;	1000 other brands "
100 bxs Star Candles;	500 Newsom's Tenn "
200 " ass'ted Glassware;	500 Brandies, Wines, Gin, &c..
100 doz Painted Buckets;	50 cases Cognac Brandy;
25 " Cedar "	50 Boxes Fickles;
25 bbls Ale;	20 bxs Pepper;
100 bxs Garrett's Snuff;	20 " Spice;
50 casks Soda;	

Together with all other articles to make up a complete sale.
june18—td B. LANIER & CO.

NEW BOOKS.

BRAZIL AND THE BRAZILIANS. Portrayed in Historical and Descriptive Sketches, and Illustrated by one hundred and fifty Engravings, by Rev. D. P. Ridder, D. D., and J. C. Fletcher.

MARY DERROENT. A New Work, by Ann S. Stephen.

MAGDALEN, THE ENCHANTRESS. Founded on fact, by E. L. L., 1858.

URSULA. A tale of Country Life, by Mrs. Sewell.

"FOLLOWING THE DRUM." A glimpse of Frontier Life.

THE YELLOW FRIGATE; OR, THE TWO SISTERS.

THE INDIAN REBELLION, ITS CAUSES AND RESULTS, in a series of Letters, by Rev. Alexander Duff, Calcutta.

BURTON'S CYCLOPEDIA OF WIT AND HUMOR.

Just received and for sale by
CHARLES W. SMITH.
june21-tf

COMMITTED to the jail of Davidson county on the 20th of June a negro man, who says his name is Bill, and belongs to J. R. Perkins, of Todd county, Ky. Said boy is about 20 years old, black complection, about six feet high, and weighs about 160 pounds, and spare made. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, and pay charges as the law directs.
THOS. HOBSON,
je 21—tf. Jailor of Davidson co.

Amusements.

FAREWELL CONCERT TOUR.

MISS ANNA VAIL,

ABOUT leaving the friendly shores of this, her native country for Europe, feels anxious to visit once more some of those cities in which she has been received with so much kindness, taking in her way many musical places where she has not had the honor to appear; and has much pleasure to announce to the

MUSICAL AMATEURS OF NASHVILLE,

That for this occasion she will be assisted by the following eminent Artists:

MOLLENHAUER,

The great Violinist, who created quite a sensation in Europe and this country.

N. B.—Mons. Julien, announcing the brothers Mollenhauer, says on his programme: "Their Duets have astonished the *dilettanti* of musical Europe, by their surprising unity of soul and expression accorded by these gifted Artists to their performances. The brothers Mollenhauer are as highly celebrated for their compositions, as their executive abilities; their Quartettes and Musica di Comora having given them as much renown among composers and artists as their playing has achieved with the public."

The. Schreiner,

The talented Pianist and Composer, pupil of Liszt.
may16-tf

SPRING TRADE.

HAVING anticipated the large demand that is soon to be made for goods of all kinds this coming Spring, we are constantly receiving and have now on hand an immense stock of

Fine Wines, Brandies & Liquors,
OF ALL KINDS,
Cigars, Tobacco and Sundries,

which we are offering at the very lowest possible prices. ☞ Particular attention paid to all orders.
ALEX. DELISSER,
jan14 No. 71 Public Square.

CIGAR MANUFACTORY.

THE undersigned is now very extensively engaged in the manufacture of all kinds of Cigars, and is enabled to compete successfully with any of the Eastern cities. One of our firm, who has charge of this department of our business, being a practical Cigar Maker, our customers may rely upon getting such goods as are sure to give satisfaction, and which we will guarantee in every instance. We can assure our friends and customers that we are making as fine Cigars as ever came from Havana; we import from there the finest Tobacco, thereby saving considerable duty, we are enabled to sell our Cigars when made at much lower rates than anything like the same article could be imported, then why not

Encourage Home Industry.

Call and examine for yourselves at
jan14 ALEX. DELISSER,
No. 71 Public Square.

American Livery, Hack and SALE STABLE,

Church Street, below the Post Office.

I AM keeping at the above stand a well conducted Livery Stable, where all transient and board horses receive every attention. I am keeping for hire good Buggies and Horses, and

Fine Hacks and Teams,

that will compare favorably with any, and excel nine-tenths of those in the city—some of them extra fine.

I have on sale at present, several good horses, and one very fine Mule, which I will sell low. Call and see for yourselves.
je19-tf M. S. COMBS.

WHISKY, &c.

50 BLS. Julius H. Smith's Copper Distilled Whisky;
20 bbls Old Bourbon and Monongahela "
10 " very Superior Old Country Whisky;
20 " Cider Vinegar;
20 boxes Star Candles;
20 ¼ bxs " "
20 ¼ bxs " "
Just received and for sale by
MOSELEY & McCALL.
No. 24 Market street,
june17-1w Nashville, Tenn.

A Pleasing Appearance in the first Letter of Recommendation.

GODFREY'S
Extract of Elder Flowers,
For Softening the Skin and Improving the Complexion.
EUGENE DUPUY, 109 Broadway, N. Y.
Sole Agent for the United States.

The object of this Circular is to give publicity to the most valuable and efficient Remedy that has yet been introduced in the practice of Medicine, for the purpose of removing every unsightly appearance from the Skin, and preserving to it to the latest period of life nearly all the firmness and freshness of youth. Extensive experience and minute observations have long satisfied the Proprietor that if applied as directed it will speedily remove any unsightly appearance, such as Tan, Sun-Burns, Freckles, &c., and quickly cure all Pimples, Humors and Eruptions which may disfigure the countenance; and will also impart to the Skin the most delightful softness and delicate clearness; in short, to preserve a pleasing complexion through life, nothing is required but the use of

GODFREY'S EXTRACT OF ELDER FLOWERS,

The sweetest and really the most perfect

BEAUTIFIER IN NATURE.

This admirable preparation of Elder Flowers is very fragrant as a perfume. Elder Flowers have from the earliest ages been esteemed as a mild and harmless, yet most perfect beautifier of the Skin. Tan, Sunburns, Freckles, Redness, &c., it will speedily and completely remove.

Children.—It is singularly beneficial and perfectly innocuous even to the youngest infant.

Shaving.—It is valuable beyond anything, anything, allaying every pimple, and all roughness, rendering the skin soft and firm, preparing it so completely for the razor.

Family Lotion.—Godfrey's Extract of Elder Flowers will be found beyond all praise, and needs only a trial to be approved.

AGENTS:
Carr, Howard & Sanford, New York.
Schieffelin Bros. & Co., "
J. W. Norcross & Co., Boston and New York.
F. C. Wells & Co., New York.
And all other Wholesale and Retail Druggists.
June17—TH&M—1m is

R. A. RICHARDS,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
Columbus, Ga.,

HAS at all times on hand and for sale BACON, FLOUR, CORN, LARD, &c.
Consignments solicited.

REFER TO
William Dougherty, Esq., Columbus, Ga.
Joseph Bell, " "
Gregory E. Thomas, Esq., " "
june15-1m.

Wanted.

A SITUATION as Overseer and Manager of a Cotton Plantation, by a person of 10 years' experience in the business, on Edisto, South Carolina. Address C. T., at this office. je5-tf

TO RENT.

A NEAT residence in Edgehill—not 300 yards from the bridge—suitable for a small genteel family, is for rent for the balance of the year. Rent $100. Apply at the Banner office. june19-2t.

Summer Resorts.

Buena Vista Springs,
LOGAN COUNTY, KY.,

WILL again be open for the reception of visitors on the 1st of June, and no pains will be spared to render their stay pleasant and agreeable.

Mrs. Burgess, formerly of the Forest House, Russellville, Ky., will preside over the Ladies' department. A good Band of Music will be in attendance. The Bowling Alleys are in good order, and those in search of pleasure or health will find both at Buena Vista. The stage will run every other day direct to the Springs from Nashville, and daily from Clarksville, Hopkinsville and Bowlingreen to Russellville, where conveyances can always be had.
may4-1mdatri T. D. JEFFRIES, Proprietor.

TYREE SPRINGS.

THIS most delightful summer resort will be opened for the reception of visitors on the 15th of June. The rooms and buildings are in the most complete order. The table will at all times be supplied with the choicest viands the market affords. The extensive ice house is well stocked with an inexhaustible supply. A good Band of Music will be in constant attendance. The Bar will be well supplied with a choice selection of wines, liquors, and segars, and every exertion will be made to advance the comfort and pleasure of all visitors that may favor us with a call.
je7-1mecdaw J. MOSHER.

WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS,
Hardin County, Tenn.

THE above Watering Place will be opened for the reception of Visitors, on the FIRST DAY OF JUNE NEXT. A daily line of Coaches, (four hours staging) will connect with the Memphis and Charleston Railroad at Burnsville Depot. Persons travel from Memphis to the Springs. For health or pleasure, the White Sulphur is equal to any Watering place North or South. A fine band of Music from New Orleans will be in attendance.

GEORGE SHALL,
may31-d&w1m Proprietor.

Kingston Springs,

WILL be opened the Summer season of 1858, on the 1st of June, for the reception of visitors. The subscriber will be prepared to receive Boarders, and furnish the best accommodation, at the rates of $1 50 per day, $8 00 per week, $30 00 per month. Servants, and children under 12 years of age, half price. A band of music will be in attendance. A passenger Carriage will run regularly, leaving Noel & Co.'s College street, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday
may26-1mdw E. J. KREIDER, Agents.

White's Creek Springs.

THE subscriber will be prepared to take Boarders at this watering place, 12 miles north of Nashville, during the Summer vacation, from the first of July to the first of September.

There will be no bar-room kept, as it is designed chiefly for the accommodation of families and individuals, who may wish to resort to a quiet and healthful place during the heat of summer.

The Springs, formerly much visited, are too well-known to require any elaborate description.

No pains will be spared to render the situation of visitors pleasant.

Price of Board:—$1.50 per day; $7.00 per week. Servants and children under 10 years of age, half price. E. L. CROCKER.
May24-3mdtriw&w.

NOTICE.

THE subscriber, as Trustee for William Stew