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Gen. Walker in Montgomery.

The Montgomery (Ala.) *Mail*, of the 30th ult., says:—

The assembly which greeted Gen. Walker, last evening, in front of the Montgomery Hall, was a very large one. It was, besides, apparently quite enthusiastic.

We arrived late and heard only a portion of the speech. What we did hear, however, impressed us very favorably in respect to his ability. As far as his modes of speech are concerned, they seemed to us very consistent with the idea of ability as a commander or ruler. There was no pretension to rhetorical ornament—no flourishes—but great simplicity, terseness and vigor. His elocution is plain, but effective. His sentences came forth as if each were an order of the day, clear, distinct, and without a redundant word.

It is not our purpose even to attempt to glance at the principal points of this speech. It was merely, in good part, a history of the Nicaraguan revolution in which he was engaged, and the facts, as given, were highly interesting. Two points he made with much force. The first was that he had been encouraged by the naval commanders of the U. S. Government to embark in the enterprize, although that Government had subsequently changed its course and become inimical to the enterprise. To show that this Government gave an open encouragement, he stated that the sails of the brig which conveyed him and his comrades to Nicaragua, were actually bent on by seamen from a Government vessel.

The other point was this: that the opposition to the Nicaraguan scheme was never developed, North, until the decree establishing slavery. *Then* there was a general waking up and putting on the pressure.

Gen. Walker showed conclusively the value to the South of a foothold for slavery in Central America. Whether he will succeed in establishing it, is another question.

We are not advised how long Gen. Walker will remain, nor what his specific purposes are in making his present tour. He probably disclosed the latter last evening, but there was a large portion of his speech which we did not hear.

He was loudly cheered at the close of his remarks.

MEETING OF LINSEED OIL MANUFACTURERS.—A meeting of the manufacturers of linseed oil in Southern Ohio and Western Indiana was held in Cincinnati last week, and, after some discussion, the meeting adjourned to meet in Dayton last Saturday. The Price-Current says of it:

Sixteen oil mills were represented. A resolution was adopted unanimously, that the rule of selling linseed oil by weight, as prescribed by the law of this State, passed last winter, be adopted by all dealers, so that after the new crop oil is in market it will be sold by weight, at the rate of 7½ lbs. to the gallon. It was also agreed that the packages in which the oil is contained be charged for in all cases henceforward.

The rules heretofore observed in the loaning of seed to farmers were revised. The most important changes made are as follows: The price of seed shall be fixed at the time it is taken into store by the manufacturers, and not at some other time named by the grower, as has been the case heretofore. The rule of giving third parties privileges in making loans of seed has been abolished; henceforward the loan shall be made by the manufacturer to the farmer who sows it direct, and the seed returned to the manufacturer or his agent in like manner.

With reference to the present crop of flaxseed, the reports made by manufacturers from the various sections, established the following facts beyond a doubt: A greater breadth of land was sown the present than in any previous season; the crop matured more fully and completely than for several years, and based upon these facts the yield will at least be 30 per cent greater than in any former season. The quality of the seed is prime and uniformly so.

It was stated by one manufacturer that he had examined the boles in two or three fields in his neighborhood, and found ten seeds in top boles.

The question of what the price should be was lengthily discussed, but no resolution was passed, though the census of the meeting evidently were in favor of $1 20 in this city. The estimates of all the manufacturers showed a surplus of seed above their capacity to crush, of 100,000 bushels.

It is probable, however, that the price of seed will open rather higher than the one above named, the price of oil being so high, and it is quite as probable that the highest prices paid during the season, will be paid at the commencement.

DEATH OF COMMODORE NEWTON.—Our community, says the Washington *Union* of Wednesday, will not soon recover from the shock which it received yesterday afternoon by the sudden death of Commodore John T. Newton, whose courtesy, accomplishments, bravery, and gallant bearing in the most trying situations have added so much lustre to the American Navy. He was a member of one of the Naval Courts of Inquiry now sitting in this city, and at the time of its adjournment at noon yesterday, appeared to be in the enjoyment of his customary vigorous health.

Commodore Newton entered the navy in 1809, and at the time of his death was about 65 years of age. Within a few days we have been called upon to announce the deaths of Capt. Henry, Lieut. Decatur, and Lieut. Hare, and now the name of Newton is to be added to that band of departed spirits the recollection of whose heroic deeds will be long and warmly cherished by their grateful and admiring countrymen.

A Discussion and a Fight.

A very discreditable affair occurred on the 24th ult., at Gallatin, Mo., between the two opposing candidates for Governor of the State. The following statement is given of it by gentlemen who were present.

The undersigned citizens of Davies county state that they were present at Gallatin on the 24th inst., and listened to the political discussion between Major Rollins and Col. Stewart, the candidates for Governor. Major Rollins opened the debate in a speech of one hour and a half in length. Throughout his speech he was respectful in his bearing to his competitor, and said nothing which could be constructed as personally offensive to Col. Stewart. After he concluded, Col. Stewart replied in a speech two hours long. In the course of his remarks, he dealt a good deal in personalities, and we regarded much that he said in bad taste, and unsuited to the discussion; amongst other things, he spoke of Maj. Rollins being the owner of certain organ grinders, and mentioned the name of at least one editor in this connection; he also charged, among other things, that Maj. Rollins was the candidate of the Black Republican party—that he had been brought out by F. P. Blair, and in one or two instances he designated him (Rollins) as a Black Republican.

When Col. Stewart concluded, Maj. Rollins, according to the understanding between them to respond for half an hour, and amongst other things stated in substance that as Col. Stewart had spoken freely of his ownership of gentlemen and also of his being a Black Republican, he thought these things came with a bad grace from Col. Stewart, who was a Northern man by birth—who was the President of the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad, most of the stock of which was owned in Boston—and who had aided in turning over to this Boston company six hundred thousand acres of as fine land as there was in the State—a man, in short, who was owned by the Boston Company—and who would continue to act as their agent, whether he remains a private citizen, or was elected Governor of the State.

Col. Stewart remarked, you had better repeat that statement a few times more, or words to that effect. Maj. Rollins said he did repeat what he stated. Col. Stewart, who was sitting to the right of Maj. Rollins on the platform, remarked that the statement made was false, when Maj. Rollins advanced towards him and struck him one or two blows with his fist and which terminated in a short scuffle, when their mutual friends interfered and they were separated. Very great excitement prevailed for a few moments at the court-house, but, after order was restored, Maj. Rollins proceeded with his remarks. After he got through, Col. Stewart addressed the audience for a short time, and, after a few running remarks between them, the matter was concluded and the crowd adjourned.

NASHVILLE:

TUESDAY, AUGUST 4, 1857.

The Land Question—Democrats coming into its Support.

The proposition that Tennessee is entitled, and ought, of right, to receive her proportion of the public lands, is so just and equitable in itself, and commends itself so forcibly to the public mind that we find a prominent democrat in the 7th Congressional District, opposing the regular democratic candidate, mainly upon this issue. Mr. David E. L. McElrath, an old line Buchanan democrat, is now a candidate for Congress in that District, and whether he is successful or not, we venture that he represents the sentiment of the majority of the democrats of that district, on the question whether we shall have our share of the public lands. In the outset of the canvass we believed that the measure demanding for Tennessee her share of the public lands, would meet with the general concurrence of the people. We even went so far as to express the hope, that there would be no issue made upon the subject, and that whichever party was successful, we should at least have Legislature, and a Congressional delegation, who would be ready to insist upon our just and plain rights in this regard. We have seen more than a hundred millions of acres of the common property of all the States, gratuitously donated to new States and territories, some of which neither furnished a single soldier, nor a single dollar, in its acquisition; and when the older States, finding themselves in straightened circumstances, with salutary schemes of internal improvement and education on hand, and without the means, except state credit, to complete them, make a demand for their rights, in this common fund, they are turned away without a single acre or a single dollar. Such a picture is enough to arouse every voter of Tennessee, to a just sense of the undeniable rights of his State, and cause him to vote for those who will demand and defend those rights.

We are persuaded that the rank and file of the democracy are really and truly in favor of the policy of an equitable disposition of the public domain; and that it is only the self interested leaders, who are opposing it, because it happens to be an American doctrine, set on foot at the last Congress by that able and far seeing statesman, John Bell. It is one of the highest measures of justice and of State rights, and we are glad to see the democracy themselves rising to an assertion of the great principle, and having the nerve and independence to face their leaders, in their iniquitous schemes of injustice on this subject. There has been no land donation project before Congress, in which the democrats have not largely participated; and the great parade that is made against it in Tennessee, is in direct conflict with the action of some of the most thoroughgoing democrats of the Union. We can of course have no sympathy with Mr. McElrath, as a democrat, but as a stern and independent advocate of the rights of Tennessee, in the public lands, we cordially coincide with him. We hold it to be one of the paramount interests of Tennessee, and should be voted for, and pressed above all minor party differences. We now say to all those democrats who are really and conscientiously in favor of the land policy of the American party, they should express that preference by their vote. In doing so they would minister to the defeat of their present leaders, but would not compromise their principles as democrats. But if they vote against the principle now, it will be an open avowal that they do not mean to assert their rightful claims in this behalf. Will you do this? Will you thus sign a quit-claim deed to all your rights in a magnificent landed estate, sufficient to build all your railroads, and educate your children, for all time to come?

The Avalanche Democracy.

We shall sweep like an avalanche over the State. —*Union and American.*

Our contemporary could not easily have found a figure more appropriate to express the characteristics of Democratic success, than the one above quoted. That party has avalanched it over the Union until they have to a great extent, sectionalized the country, and overwhelmed the rights and interests of the South. They swept like an avalanche over the country, when Buchanan was elected a minority President; and his policy in Kansas, has swept like an avalanche, over that Territory, crushing and killing out forever, the rights of the South. Like an avalanche, too, they gather in their foreground and take with them in their course, all foreign and unstable elements, and, in their headlong sweep, blight the very soil over which they pass, and wither every good thing which flourishes upon it for human happiness and comfort. The figure is a most happy one, and we commend its import, when applied to the Democratic party, to the patriotic citizens of Tennessee. These riders of the avalanche and the storm, the Democratic leaders, care very little for the destruction, which they leave in their wake, provided they themselves ride in safety.

We believe that the masses of Tennesseeans, are prepared to resist these avalanches. They have seen their evil effects, and will set to work on Thursday to throw up a barrier in its way, that shall put a check upon its wild career. They will chain it within its proper bounds, and so restrain it, that it will hereafter prove harmless. So far as this avalanche implies the success of the Democracy of this State, we hope and trust and believe that it will be no avalanche at all.

Cheering from the 9th District.

We were shown yesterday a letter from Trenton, written by a well-informed citizen of that place, in which it was stated that Etheridge's election may be regarded as certain, and that a gain of between four hundred and five hundred votes for Hatton may be calculated upon in that district. Hurrah for the gallant Americans of the 9th district. Let all the other districts do as well and Bob Hatton will be our next Governor.

Americans of Middle Tennessee, the Americans of the Eastern and Western divisions, send us word that they will make heavy gains in their portions of the State; and they demand that you shall do your duty. Will you not do it? Will you not aid them in cutting down the majority which stands as a barrier to the triumph of our glorious cause? We answer for you, that *you will.* But a few more day's work is now to be done. Make the most of it; on the day of election be discreet, diligent, active, and you will succeed beyond your most sanguine expectations.

We shall sweep like an avalanche over the State.—*Union and American.*

Yes; very like—downhill.

A SAG-NIGHT OUTRAGE.—*Stealing Votes.*—The Paris *Citizen* says that on Sunday last seven Sag-Nights, one Irishman included, went to the house of an American in Nicholas county, named Shaw, a man in feeble health, and attempted to carry him off by force, intending to keep him confined until after the election. They seized him for that purpose, but Shaw assisted, and grasping a corn knife cut one of the ruffians severely on the head and another on the arm, and being assisted by a nephew of the same name who was present, and the wife of Shaw, who called loudly for help, he cleared the party out. A pistol was snapped at Shaw during the melee. The rascals who attempted this outrage have been arrested.—*Lou. Jour.*

Letter from Senator Mason.

The Richmond *South* publishes the subjoined letter from Senator Mason. It will be noted that he was of the opinion, at the time the Kansas-Nebraska bill passed, that Kansas would be a slave State. It will also be noted that he approves the strictures of the South upon the Buchanan-Walker policy by which it is now sought to make Kansas an anti-Slave State. The Administration journals in Tennessee have studiously attempted to keep their readers uninformed in regard to this subject, and the divisions it is producing in the Democratic party South. They cannot, however, shut out the light much longer. Public opinion will compel them to let it shine:

WINCHESTER, Va., July 22d, 1857.

To the Editor of the South:

DEAR SIR:—In your paper of Monday last, in an article headed "Walker's Usurpation," I observe the following paragraph:

"But we are told that Hunter and Mason and other distinguished Southern Senators, in the debate on the Nebraska-Kansas bill, expressed the same opinion that Kansas must be a free State," &c

I cannot undertake to say what opinions may have been expressed by my honored colleague, or by other Senators from the South, in reference to the probable condition of Kansas; though, from a general knowledge of their views in regard to that Territory, I should not doubt that any opinions so expressed would have reference to circumstances and contingencies necessarily qualifying them. To avoid misconstruction, however, I think it proper to say that I never expressed the opinion thus ascribed to me; because I never entertained it. At the time the law passed organizing the Territorial Government, there were few with whom I conversed, who did not believe that the future State would take its place with those recognizing and cherishing the institution of African slavery. There was at that time, certainly, every reason to believe why this should be so, and none why it should not. The State of Missouri, bordering its eastern frontier, was a slaveholding State, holding at that time nearly an hundred thousand slaves, and these were chiefly held in the border counties.

The State of Arkansas, adjacent to the Territory on the South, was likewise a slaveholding State. The soil and climate of Kansas were well adapted to those valuable products, chiefly hemp and tobacco, which gave value to slave labor in Missouri.—The proximity of its population, with the attractions of new, fertile, and cheap land, I believed would lead the slaveholders in Missouri to diffuse themselves speedily over Kansas, and the prohibitory line of 36:30 being obliterated, there was no reason why they should not. I had no fear of fair competition in such appropriation of the new Territory from any quarter. Unfair competition I did not look to. What may yet be the result as to the condition of Kansas, notwithstanding the extraordinary and unscrupulous efforts of Northern Abolitionists to force a population there, I cannot undertake to say. Nor will I allude in this place to the new and unexpected aspect now exhibited of affairs in that Territory, with so much propriety reprehended in the columns of the "South." Whatever may be the information of others, I certainly am not sufficiently informed of the existing state of things in Kansas to form a clear opinion one way or the other; yet I will venture to say this much, that, if African slavery be ultimately excluded from Kansas, it will be effected by the numerical force of organized majorities, operating against the usual laws which govern emigration; and will present a new and most instructive lesson to the Southern States.

Very respectfully, I am, yours, &c.,
J. M. MASON.

TEXT.—So far, every body is satisfied with Mr. Buchanan's Administration. No body finds fault with it.—*Union and American.*

COMMENT—From the Augusta (Ga.) *Chronicle and Sentinel*, wherein an old line Democrat makes himself heard:

Can't Stand the Buchanan Policy.

At a meeting of the American party of Macon county, held in Oglethorpe, on the 20th of July, E. W. ALLEN, a prominent old line Democrat, was present, and, being loudly called for, responded to the call in the following patriotic strain:

"Mr. Allen gave his reasons for voting for Mr. Buchanan—thought *then* that it was the best that could be done for the South, but that Buchanan had deceived the South—especially had he deceived a great confiding party which had supported him. He had pandered through his agent and appointee, Walker, to the abolition spirit of the North. Such he considered Walker's course in Kansas. He was born a democrat—raised to have much reverence for the name, but could not, for its sake, dear as it was, go with a party against his own native South. He felt it to be his duty to oppose it, and he should dare to do his duty."

There are thousands of other good and patriotic men throughout the South, who, like Mr. ALLEN, were deceived and betrayed into the support of Mr. BUCHANAN, and who, we have no doubt, now that they are conscious of the fraud, will repudiate the Administration and those who deceived them.

PRESIDENT BUCHANAN A KNIGHT OF MOUNT VERNON.—It will be seen by the following extract, from the Richmond Enquirer, that the President of the United States, although an old bachelor, has gallantly enlisted himself under the patriot banner of the "Southern Matron." It is to be hoped that the heads of departments, and all Governors of States, will promptly follow the example of the Chief Magistrate of the Republic.—*Ch. Cour.:*

The Mount Vernon Purchase.—We subjoin several letters in behalf of this laudable object; among them one from the President of the United States. We cannot doubt that the patriotic devotion to a noble cause, evinced by the Chief Magistracy of the Confederacy, by the official authorities of Little Rock, and by individuals of all classes and sections, will stimulate the friends of the enterprise to new and energetic exertions, and finally crown their labors with success:

WASHINGTON, July 25, 1857.

Mrs. Wm. F. Ritchie—

My Dear Madam:—The annexed is my cheerful contribution to the Mount Vernon Association. Will you be kind enough to present it in my name, and to assure the ladies who have undertaken to raise the funds necessary to purchase "the Home and Grave of Washington," that I most ardently wish them success in a cause which ought to enlist the sympathies of every patriotic heart!

Yours, very respectfully,
JAMES BUCHANAN.

[Accompanying this letter was a check for fifty dollars.]

OFFICE OF RECORDER OF THE CITY OF LITTLE ROCK, ARK., July 14, 1857.

Mrs. Wm. F. Ritchie, Richmond, Va.

Madam:—I have the honor, in compliance with a resolution of the Hon. the Board of Mayor and Aldermen of this city, to transmit to you herewith the sum of fifty dollars, appropriated by them out of the City Treasury, towards the purposes of the "Ladies' Mount Vernon Association of the Union."

I am, with high regard, your obedient servant,
A. J. SMITH, City Recorder.

TO WHOM IS THE CREDIT DUE?—The "*Squatter Sovereign,*" a leading Free State organ published at Atchison, in Kansas Territory, says:

"Gen. Lane, we understand, says that there is no doubt any longer but that Kansas will be a free State; *and that the only contest now remaining, is as to which have the credit of making it so, him or Walker.* If this is so, we are suspicious that Walker will beat him, *as he proposes by far the most practicable mode of settling the question.*"

AMERICAN GENIUS STILL TRIUMPHANT.—The *Persia* is the fastest of the British steamships. The average time of her first four trips across the Atlantic from Liverpool to New York, was *eleven days* and *thirteen hours.* The American steamship *Vanderbilt's* average time between New York and Cowes, her first four trips, was *ten days, one hour, and thirty minutes.* The latter has, therefore, beaten the *Persia* by one day and a half on every passage she has made. If the seven hours difference between the ports of Cowes and Liverpool had not been deducted, the Vanderbilt would still beat the *Persia* by over a day on each passage.

For the Patriot.

MEMORY.

Wheat is memory? 'Tis the dew
Gently falling on the flower,
Restoring its soft vermiel hue,
Faded by the noontide hour;
Living o'er those scenes of gladness,
All too bright for earth to last,
E'er grief threw a shade of sadness
O'er the rainbow tinted past.

What is memory? 'Tis the voice
Of the by-gone years,
That with its sad mellan tones,
Our inmost being stirs,
Telling of the lov'd, the lost,
In that far off land,
Uniting us by unseen links
To that spirit band.

Memory! 'tis the blessed dream,
That with soothing power,
Sheds a halo o'er the gloom
Of life's closing hour.
Guiding weary travellers
To that peaceful bourne,
Where the wicked have no place,
And sorrow is unknown.

CLARA.

Hugged by a Snake.

I was brought up the near Canada line in Vermont, where my father owned a large farm. Not far from his farm was a quiet lake where we used to enjoy ourselves fishing and sailing. One afternoon I saw a flock of black ducks fly over the house and I was sure they lighted on the lake; so I siezed my double barreled shot gun and ammunition, and started off. When I reached the landing, I saw the ducks away off by the opposite shore. I at once cut some green boughs with my knife, and having rigged up the bow of a small flat bottomed scull we kept on purpose for such work, I jumped in and started off. I had got near enough for a shot, and had drawn in the scull, and was in the act of taking up my gun when the ducks started up. As quickly as possible I drew one hammer and let drive. I hit two of them, but they didn't fall into the water. They fluttered along until they fell into the tall grass up in the cove. The water was low and the place was dry where they were. I pulled up as far as I could, and then got out and walked up. I knew very near where one of the ducks had fallen, and very soon had my eye on it. As I ran to take it, I saw the head of a black snake pop out and catch it by the wing. I saw only the head and neck of the reptile, and had no idea how large it was, or if I had, probably I would have done just as I did, for I had no idea of fearing such a thing—so I just ran up and snatched the bird away. I had left my gun in the boat, and had nothing to kill the chap with; but as I took the duck, I just put my foot on the thief's neck.

The ground was moist and slimy, and as the snake had his body braced among the roots of the stout reeds, he took his head out from under my foot about as quick as a man could comfortably think. I thought I would run back to my boat and try to kill this fellow, and I had just turned for that purpose, when I felt something strike my leg as though somebody had thrown a rope around it. I looked down and found that the snake had taken a turn around my left leg with his tail, and was in the act of clearing his body from the grass. I dropped the duck and gave a smart kick, but that didn't loosen him; so I tried to put my right foot on him, and thus draw my leg away, but I might as well have tried to put my foot on a streak of lightning.

I had forgotten the proportionate size of the head of this species of black snake. I had expected to see a snake four or five feet long, but instead of that he was nearly eight feet and a half. Still I hadn't any great fear, for I supposed that when I came to put my hands on him, I could easily take him off, for I was pretty strong in the arms. In a few seconds he had his body all clear, and it was then that the first real thrill shot through me. There he held himself by the simple turn around my leg, and with his back arched in and out, he brought his head on a level with mine. I made a grab for him but missed him, and then, as quick as you can snap your finger, he swept his head clear around my body, and then straightened up and looked me in the face again. I made another grab at him, and another as quick as I could, but he dodged me in spite of all I could do.

I next felt the snake's body working its way up. The turn of the tail was changed to my thigh, and the coil around my stomach began to tighten. By this time I began to think there might be some serious work, and the quicker I took the snake off the better. So I just grasped him as near the head as possible, by taking hold where he was around me—for he couldn't dodge that part you know—and tried to turn him off. But this only made it worse. The fellow had now drawn himself up so high and stretched himself so that he whipped another turn around me. His tail was now under my left thigh, and the rest of him turned twice around my body—one of them being just at the pit of my stomach and the other above it. All this had occupied just about half a minute from the time he first got the turn round my leg.

His head was now right around in front of my face, and he tried to make his way to my mouth! What his intention was I cannot surely tell, though I have always believed he thought he could strangle me in that way. He struck me one blow in the mouth that hurt me considerably and after that I got him by the neck and there I meant to hold him; at least so that he should not strike again. The moment I grasped the neck he commenced to tighten his folds about by body! I soon discovered that he'd squeeze the breath out of my body in that way, and I determined to unwind him. He was wound in this way—the turn around the thigh was from left to right, then up between the legs to my right side and around my back to my left side—and so on with the second turn—thus bringing his head up from under my arm. I had the snake now with the left hand, and my idea was to put its head around my back until I could reach with my right and so unwind him. I could press the fellow's head down under my arm, but to get it around so as to reach it with my right hand I could not. I tried—I put all my power into that one—but it was an impossibility to do it.

Until this moment I had not really been terrified. I had supposed I could unwind the serpent when I tried. I never dreamed what power he had. I tried it until I knew I could not do it, and then gave up. My next thought was of my jack knife; but the lower coil of the fellow was over my pocket, and I could not get it.

I now for the first time called out for help. I yelled with all my might; and yet I knew the trial was next to useless, for no one could easily gain the place where I was, except with a boat. Yet I called out, hoping against hope. I grasped the snake by the body and pulled; I tried to break his neck. The idea presented a gleam of promise; but it amounted to nothing. I might as well have tried to break a rope by bending it.

A full minute had now passed from the time when I tried to pass the snake's head around my back.

His body had become so elongated by his gradual pressure around my body, that he had room to carry his head around in a free symmetrical curve. He had slipped from my grasp, and when I next caught him, I found that I was weaker than before! I could not hold! The excitement had prevented me from noticing this until now.

For a few moments I was in a perfect frenzy. I leaped up and down—cried as loud as I could—and grasped the snake with all my might. But it availed me nothing. He slipped his head from my weakened hand and made a blow at my face. This made me mad, and I gave the infernal thing another grasp with both hands, trying once more to twist his neck. The result was that I got another blow on the mouth.

But the moment of need was at hand. I felt the coils growing tighter around my body, and my breath was getting weak. A severe pain was beginning to result from the pressure, and I saw that the snake would soon have length enough for another turn. He was drawn so tightly that the center of his body was no bigger than his head. The black skin was drawn to a tension that seemed its utmost, and yet I could tell by the working of the large hard scales that he was drawing himself tighter still.

Stricken with absolute fright, I gasped, "What shall I do?" What could I do? The enemy for whom I had at first so little thought, was killing me—killing me slowly, surely—and I had no hope! I, a stout, strong man, was being actually held at the deadly will of a black snake! My hands and arms were swollen and my fingers were numbed. I had let go the snake's neck, and he now carried the upper part in a graceful curve, his head vibrating from side to side with an undulating motion of extreme gracefulness and fascination.

At length I staggered, I was losing my strength rapidly, and the pain of my body had become excruciating. The snake's skin where it was coiled about me, was so tight that it seemed almost transparent. He had found me, or I had found him, in a state of hunger, his stomach free from food, and life's muscular forces unimpaired.

A second time I staggered, and objects began to swim before me. A dizzy sensation was to my head, a faintness in my heart, and a pain the most agonizing in my body. He had drawn himself certainly three feet longer than before.

He had darted his head under my right arm, and brought it up over my right shoulder and firmly pressing his under jaw down there, he gave a sudden wind that made me groan with pain. Each moment was an age of agony—each second a step nearer to death.

My knife? O, if I could reach it! Why not? Why not tear it out? My arms were free. Mercy! Why had I not thought of this before when my hands had some strength in them? Yet I could try it. I collected all my remaining power for the effort and made the attempt. My trowsers were of blue cotton stuff and very strong—I could not tear it! I thought of the stitches they might not be so tenacious. I grasped the cloth on the inside of the thigh, and gave my last item of strength to the effort. The stitches started—they gave way! This result gave me hope, and hope gave me power. Another pull with both hands and the pocket was laid bare. With all the force I could command, with hope of life, of home, of everything I loved on earth in the effort—I caught the pocket on the inside and bore down upon it. There was a crackling of threads, a sound of tearing cloth, and—my knife was in my hands.

I had yet sense to know that the smallest blade was the sharpest, and I opened it. With one quick, nervous movement, I pressed the keen edge upon the tense skin, and then drew it across! With a dull tearing snap, the body parted, and the snake fell to the ground in two pieces!

I staggered to the boat—I reached it, and there sank down.

I knew nothing more until I heard a voice calling me by name. I opened my eyes and looked up. My father stood over me with terror depicted in his countenance. I told him my story as best I could. He went up and got the duck I had taken from the snake—the other he could not find—and also brought along the two pieces I had made of my enemy. He told me he had heard me cry out, and at once started after me to the large boat. I had lain there over half an hour, exhausted, when he found me.

When we reached home the snake was found to be eight feet four inches in length. It was a month before I fully recovered from the effects of that hunting; and to this day there is something in the very name of snake that sends a thrill of horror to my heart.

FEVER AND AGUE.—Foremost among the various remedies for this disease stands Dr. Shallenberger's Antidote. A few doses will cure any ordinary case, and *one dose* invariably stops the chills. It contains nothing in the least degree hurtful to *the system under any circumstances*, and never produces the unpleasant effects that attend the use of Quinine and other agents in general use. It cures every form of the disease, and is the original and *only Antidote for Malaria.*

Ask for Dr. Shallenberger's Fever and Ague Antidote, and be sure you get *quite.* Sold by respectable Druggists everywhere. Price $1 50. Sole Proprietors, A. T. SHALLENBERGER & Co., Rochester, Pa. aug4-3mdtriw.

MARRIED.

In this city, on the 30th ult., by Wm. H. Wilkinson, Esq., Mr. A. C. POINDEXTER and MISS MARTHA FERGUSON, all of Nashville.

FOR ST. LOUIS.

THE fine large light draught steamer, DR. ROBERTSON, JNO. CARTWRIGHT Master, will leave for the above and intermediate ports on Tuesday, the 4th, just at 4 o'clock, P. M. For freight or passage apply on board, or to A. L. DAVIS, U. S. M. Packet office. aug4—1t.

WANTED.

A YOUNG man who is now travelling through the South would take the situation of agent of a house, solicit orders for goods, buy produce, grain, &c. Is now engaged selling patented article. Address Box 704, Post Office Nashville, Tenn.

Notice.

BY virtue of the provisions of the articles of co-partnership under which the firm of CALEB COPE & CO. has been established, WILLIAM B. JOHNSON is hereby declared to have retired from the said firm, and has from this date no further connection therewith.

The remaining partners will continue business under the same firm, at the same place.

CALEB COPE,
HENRY C. HOWELL,
I. KENDRICK,
SAML H. SMITH.

Philadelphia, July 28th, 1857—aug4—d1w.

A. HEINRICH,
Dyer and Scourer,
NO. 45, FRONT STREET,

WOULD respectfully inform his old customers and the "rest of mankind," that he has taken the above stand for the purpose of carrying on an extensive business in DYEING AND SCOURING. All who have old clothes that want them made new should call.
A. HEINRICH,
aug4—8m, Front street.

GREAT EXCITEMENT FOR THIS WEEK ONLY!
Summer Bonnets!
Closing Out at Half-Prices.

NOW Ladies you can purchase a fine Bonnet or Millinery Goods at your own Prices.

From the unprecedented patronage we have received this season, the great competition notwithstanding, for this has fully established the reputation of our house and increased our trade 50 per cent., the great rush after our Bonnets the past three weeks has reduced our stock, and will close out the balance certain this week.

Such Flowers, ladies, that will delight you, and the Eugene Gipsey Hats, so bewitching. Call soon, as this is our last stock for this season, and will soon be sold out

Our stock of Straw and Fancy Goods, Embroideries, &c., consists of—
Rich Paris, Bugal and Fancy Bonets, imported styles;
Hair, Bugal Bond Lace Bonnets;
English Straw and other plain styles;
A few dozen imported Imperial Chip Bonnets;
A few Carton's of Paris Flowers, for bonnets, parties and brides;
Just received a fine lot of Pink Ribbons, for bonnets and dress trimmings;
Hoop Skirts, bone and steel, extra bone, &c.;
Spanish and French Fans;
Parasols, assorted quality;
Rich Black Bugal Lace Mantillas and materials;
Bugal Gimps and Laces, white, blond and Maltese;
Black Bugal Collars and Setts, for mourning.

Our stock of Embroideries is not only beautiful but cheap, consisting in part of Rich Maltese Work, Muslin, Jaconet Setts, Collars of Honiton Work, Muslin, Maltese and Jaconet Under-Sleeves, Worked bands. Paris Embroidered Handkerchiefs. A fine line of Paris Mitts, Kid Gloves and Elastic Belts; Ladies fine and medium Cabbas Port Monies. The Bonnet Comb and new styles of Tuck and Redding Combs, with many Fancy Goods, too numerous to mention, will be sold at a great reduction in prices.

We shall open on the 15th September, the finest Stock of Goods for the Fall Trade ever opened at Nashville, of over $25,000 worth of our own importation from Paris. Competition must be met with a large Stock of Rich Goods and low prices, to keep up the life of trade with

E. WISE, Agent,
Aug. 4, No. 46 Union St. next door to State Bank.

Large Sale of New Furniture at AUCTION.

IN pursuance of an order of the Chancery Court, the undersigned, Receiver, will offer for sale at public Auction, on TUESDAY, AUGUST 4TH, a large and handsome stock of FURNITURE, consisting of Bureaus, Bed-teads, Wardrobes, Wash Stands, Tables, and the usual variety of articles kept in Furniture establishments, being the stock in trade of the firm of Hess & Perriam, Market Street, between the Square and Union street. The sale will be made at the above place, commencing at 11 A. M. Sale positive and without reserve. GEO. W. OWEN,
July25—dtd. Receiver.

Great Reduction in Prices
AT
R. C. M'NAIRY & CO.'S.

BEING anxious to reduce our summer stock to the very lowest possible point before receiving our Fall Importations, we will from this date offer any portion of it at

Greatly Reduced Prices.

We will offer—
Dress Silks;
Flounced Barege;
Organdies,
Printed Jaconets,
Muslins,
Summer Chints,
Summer Mantles, &c., &c.,

At prices that will insure their sale. And to all persons not supplied, we would say—now is the time, for we are determined to close them out regardless of cost.

We have a large stock of Staple Goods, Carpetings, Rugs, Mats, Oil Cloths, Curtain Goods, Linen, Table Damask, Table Cloths, Napkins, Towels, Cotton and Linen Sheetings, Musquito Nets, etc., which we will sell at the very lowest possible prices.
Aug 5. R. C. McNAIRY & CO.

Champagne and Sweet Cider.

A LOT of the above just received.
2 packages of New York Made Ale Pamps;
1 lot with Silver Tops;
50 boxes French Confectionary Articles, fresh;
Candies made to order fresh every day;
Crackers made fresh daily, all kinds;
50 bbls Nuts, assorted;
100 bbls Ale, best brands;
The above articles are fresh and will be sold cheap by
J. G. ROBERTSON,
aug3. Broadway.

Read this and Profit Thereby!
AT
I. C. NICHOLSON & CO.'S,
No. 22, on the Square,
You can get all kinds of Goods at Greatly Reduced Prices.

OUR Summer DRESS GOODS we will sell at cost, and even less than cost, for we are very anxious to close them all out before fall, and will make the price no object just so we will sell the goods.

We have left some beautiful Silk and Flounced Organdies, and Berage Plaid Organdies, and French and Scotch Muslins; also, Mantles, Hosiery and various other things which we will not mention here, but can be found at our house, some cheaper than anywhere else. Our stock of

White Goods

Is very large, and we will give great bargains in that way. Be sure you call soon before they are all gone, for we are over anxious that our customers should enjoy the benefit of our cheap goods. I. C. NICHOLSON & CO.
August 2—2w

Negroes for Sale.

WE have a good lot of NEGROES on hand for sale. Amongst them are some good cooks, several first rate house servants, a valuable blacksmith, and 10 or 15 good field hands. H. H. HAYNES & CO.
August 1—tf.

NEW GOODS.
NOW RECEIVING AND OPENING AT
T. & W. Eakin & Co.'s
NO. 48 PUBLIC SQUARE,
July31—tf NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

THOS. EAKIN. WM. S. EAKIN. ADAM G. ADAMS.
T. & W. EAKIN & CO.,
IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE DEALERS
IN
DRY GOODS,
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

We have now in Store a superb stock of SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS, in which will be found some of the most tasty goods for Ladies and Gentlemen ever offered in Nashville.

We have largely increased our stock of

Readymade Clothing,

And are fully prepared to meet the growing demands of the Trade at

Reduced Prices.

Our Stock of
BONNETS,
MANTLES,
VARIETIES,
&c., &c.

Will be found large and attractive, to all of which we invite the attention of Merchants, as our facilities enable us to offer extra inducements.

T. & W. EAKIN & CO.
NASHVILLE, Aug. 1, 1857.

PRINTER'S INK.—Printers in want of a superior article of News and Book Ink, can find a supply at the Patriot Office, for sale cheap for cash. apr25 SMITH, CAMP & CO.

SODA FOUNTAIN, AT No. 48, on Cherry street, is all ready for the Summer, to supply the thirsty with delicious beverage. apr4 CHARLES MILLER.

RAGS.—I will pay 3½ cents Cash for good Cotton and Linen Rags, delivered at my Rag Store on the North-east corner of the Square. Woolen and Silk Rags are not wanted. dec25 W. S. WHITEMAN.

TO PRINTERS.—We have a good Super Royal Press, nearly new and in perfect order, which we will sell at a bargain. dec29—tf SMITH, CAMP & CO.

NEW RELIGIOUS BOOKS.

THE HISTORY OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN AMERICA; From its origin until the year 1716. With BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES of its EARLY MINISTERS. By REV. RICHARD WEBSTER. With a memoir of the author, by Rev. C. VAN RENSSELAER, D. D.

ANNALS OF THE AMERICAN PULPIT; Or, Commemorative Notices of Distinguished American Clergymen of various Denominations. By WILLIAM B. SPRAGUE, D. D.

PULPIT ELOQUENCE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY; Containing Discourses of EMINENT LIVING MINISTERS in Europe and America, with SKETCHES, BIOGRAPHICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE. By REV. HENRY C. FISH.

For sale by
jul31. BG CHARLES W. SMITH.

NEW BOOKS.

NOTHING TO WEAR. Highly Illustrated.
ZAIDEE. A Romance from Blackwood.
LEONORA D'ORCO. By G. P. R. James.
ROMANY RYE. By George Borrow.
THE RANGERS. By Capt. Mayne Reid.
THE DEAD SECRET. By Wilkie Collins.
THE PROFESSOR. By the author of Jane Eyre.
THE WAR TRAIL. Capt. Mayne Reid.
THE MECHANICS' BRIDE. By W. G. Cambridge.
PARLOR DRAMAS, for home amusement.
AMERICA AND EUROPE. By A. G. Dettourowski.
Just received and for sale by
CHARLES W. SMITH,
july 22. BG 41 College street.

HAGAN & BRO.,
Book Sellers and Stationers,
No