The American Citizen.

BY JOHN F. BOSWORTH. | The Constitution and the Union. | TERMS—THREE DOLLARS IN ADVANCE.

VOL. IX. CANTON, MISSISSIPPI, SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 15, 1859. NO. 3.

Musical Education.

MADAME ANNA LORD devotes herself to the formation and cultivation of the voice, basing her theory upon the fundamental principles of Elocution.

Special regard given to Instruction on the Piano Forte, Harmony, Musical Composition, and the General Science of Music, to pupils (at any stage of advancement) wishing to pursue a thorough and systematic course. When desired, *Sacred Music* will receive particular attention.

Parents who may entrust their children to the undersigned, may rely on their having the most careful attention; and all pupils, *especially those advanced*, have opportunity to obtain a profound and thorough education in music.

Instruments will be furnished at my house for the use of pupils who have no instrument at home to practice (under my superintendance, also) without extra charge.

For further information, &c., please apply at Henry Lord's Music Store; or, a personal interview may be had on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons of each week, at my private residence.

MADAME ANNA LORD.

Canton, Miss., Feb. 27, 1858. 9y

PIANO FORTE AND MUSIC STORE,

JACKSON, MISS.

PIANOS..... **A. E. BLACKMAR**, at No. 7, Cheapside, keeps on hand a great variety of the best 6½ and 7 octave Piano Fortes, ranging in price from $275 to $500. He is the sole agent for the superb full iron frame Piano's of Peters, Cragg & Co., which are acknowledged, wherever they have been tested, to be superior in tone, touch, beauty and durability. Also, the well known A. H. Gale & Co. Piano Fortes. Orders received for Nunns & Clark's, and Steinway & Son's Pianos.

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MELODEONS. PRINCE & CO.'S Melodeons, with the patent divided swell; all sizes and styles.

GUITARS..... GUITARS—Hall & Son's, made to order, expressly for this climate; also the celebrated Tilton's Patent Improved Guitars, and a variety of French and German manufacture.

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☞ All new Music received as soon as published.

BOOKS..... ☞ Instruction Books for every Instrument, Singing Books, Music Paper, Blank Music Books, &c., &c.

A. E. BLACKMAR.

Jackson, Miss., March 20, 1858.tf.

GEORGE PRINCE & Co.'s MELODEONS, with the latest improvements, Wholesale and Retail Agency Depot at

No. 5 Camp Street, New Orleans.

The undersigned would most respectfully announce to his friends and the public that he has been appointed the only Wholesale and Retail Agent in this place for those highly improved MELODEONS of the above firm, and he is prepared to offer peculiar inducements to dealers and others who may wish to make purchases.

This Instrument is gaining great favor all over the country, and, on account of its sweet, rich tones, is often preferred to the *Piano Forte*. Those playing on the *Piano Forte* can play on this instrument without any extra preparation.

Every variety of style, in fine Rosewood Cases, from four to six octaves, can be had.

N. B.—An agency of this kind has long been needed in this place, to enable dealers, as well as private parties to secure these highly favorite instruments at Eastern prices.

Piano Fortes, of the best makers, together with Sheet Music and Books, and all sorts of Musical Instruments, for sale.

PHILIP P. WERLIEN.

June 21, 1856. No. 5 Camp st., N. O.

☞ Orders for any kind of Musical Instrument from the above house, can be made, by those who prefer it, through the editor of this paper, who will take pleasure in forwarding and having them promptly filled.

One Hundred Thousand Cures,

AND NOT A SINGLE FAILURE!

Green's Ague and Fever Mixture,

WARRANTED to cure the Ague and Fever, or Chills and Fever, in every case where the directions are followed, without the aid of any other Medicine.

Having purchased the exclusive right to the manufacture and sale of this remedy, we cheerfully offer it to our customers and the public at large, as nearer a specific for Ague and Fever than any other Medicine known.

CASSELL & BAUGHN.

—ALSO—

Green's Diarrhœa Mixture,

OR DYSENTERY SYRUP,

A SPEEDY, safe, and effectual Remedy for Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera Infantum, or Summer Complaints of Children, Cholera Morbus, or any and all irregularities of the bowels.

Prepared and for sale, wholesale and retail.

CASSELL & BAUGHN.

Now is the Accepted Time!!

HOUSE, SIGN & ORNAMENTAL PAINTING.

THE undersigned returns his grateful acknowledgments to the citizens of Canton and vicinity for the liberal share of patronage extended to him heretofore, and respectfully announces that he is well prepared to execute all orders in the above line of business, promptly and in the best style. He prides himself especially in his capacity to give entire satisfaction in the following branches: White Enamelling, for parlors; Gilding, Bronzing, Graining, Marbling, Glazing, Paper-Hanging, &c., &c.

He begs leave to refer to General Winter, Colonel Priestly, J. T. Scruggs, and any others for whom he has done work.

Orders left at either of the Drug Stores, or addressed to him through the post office will meet with prompt attention.

JOHN ROBB.

Canton, Sept. 25, 1858.

SNUFFS—Macaboy, Honeydew and Scotch in bulk and in bottle, a large and fresh supply, just received and for sale by

J. C. LANIER & CO.

SOAP, CANDLES AND STARCH—

100 boxes Castorville Soap;
100 boxes Star Candles;
50 boxes Pearl Starch, for sale by

BUTCHER & McRAVEN

COTTON WANTED, and advances made on Cotton

ROBINSON, MATSON & CO.

CANARY SEED—12 Bushels in store and for sale by

J. C. LANIER & CO.

Boston Nails

NEW SACRED SONGS (FOR THE PIANO FORTE, OR MELODEON)

Just received at

Henry Lord's Music Store

CANTON, MISS.

O! Hear me Jehovah.....35
Come Holy Spirit.....30
Gracious Spirit.....
The Angel's Serenade.....
The Angel's Watch.....
My God of Mercy.....
God of Israel.....
God of Evening.....
The Morning Star, by Rev. F. F. Hage
Mighty Jehovah.....
Heavenly Dwelling.....
God is my Song.....
Oh! Lord, I Have Wandered.....
I Know that my Redeemer Lives.....
Angels of Peace and Gladness.....30
The Angel's Greeting.....30
Oh! Jesus, to Thy Love.....30
Jesu Redemptor Omnium, (O! Jesu Redemptor,).....30
O! Magnum Mysterium.....30
The Night Song, (as a Solo, or Tercet for three female voices).....30
Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty.....30
Honor thy Father and thy Mother.....45
Fair One, whose Heart Unmoved.....35
The Sabbath Bells.....45
Peace, Troubled Soul.....45
Air from "Joseph and his Brethren".....45
Hark, Ten Thousand Voices Cry.....4
Handel's Hallelujah.....4
The Heavens are Praising the Glory of God.....4
Luther's Marseillaise.....
Prayer from the Freischutz.....

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☞ Copies sent by mail, free of postage, to any address, upon receipt of the above price. Address

HENRY LORD'S MUSIC STORE.

38-3m Canton, Miss.

NEW MUSIC FOR THE PIANO FORTE.

JUST fresh from the press, and for sale at HENRY LORD'S MUSIC STORE, Canton, Miss.:

VARIATIONS ON THE FOLLOWING THEMES:

Yankee Doodle & Hail Columbia; Yankee Doodle; Witches Dance, by Paul Jones; Washington's March; When the Swallows homeward fly; Water Sprite Polka; Wearied by my own love; Within a mile of Edinboro' Town; Will you come to my mountain home; Fly on the dark blue sea; Willie we have missed you; Warren's Song of the Robin; Vance Polka; Virginia Rosebud; Dodworth's Fancy Best Polka; Tilda Horn; La Traviata; True love can ne'er forget; Thou art gone to the grave; Social Chat; There's no home like our own; Tancredi; Il Trovatore; Tuneless affection; Rochester Schottisch; Ravel Polka; Rainbow Schottisch; Rosa Lee; Reveries d'Amour; La Rose; Rory O'Moore; Ring the bell; Robert le Diable; The Maiden's Dream; Souvenir de Lima; Switzer's Song of Home; The Silver Spring; Syracuse Polka; Sturdy Oak Gallop; Shells of Ocean; Settin' on a Stump; Sounds of Friendship; Star Spangled Banner; Sleigh Drive Polka; The Serenade; Tambert; Stop that knocking; Souvenir d'Aque; Souvenir de Niagara; Song without Words; Salut a Washington; Peasant Maiden's Dream; Pleasures of Home; The Parting; Prize Banner Quickstep; Oh, Susanna; Hundred; Old Dog Tray; Ocean Burial; Boys, carry me long; Over the summer sea; Memories; Old Dan Tucker; Nelly Bly; Mary Blane; Musical Rockets; My Mary; My old Kentucky Home; La Marcellaise; Lodging is on the cold ground; Lucy Long; Lucy Long; Lilly Dale; Last Rose of Summer; The Last Hope; Katy Darling; The Rhine Row; Kitty Clyde; Kathleen Mavourneen; Les Ideals; Jeannie with the light brown hair; Jordan is a hard road to travel; Ten thousand voices cry; Home, sweet home; Good news from home; Good-bye; Farewell; Switzerland's icy mountains; Fille du Regiment; Do they miss me at home; Desire Waltz; The dearest spot to me on earth is home; Child's love; Child's wish; Carnival de Venise; Schottisch; Les Cloches du Monastere; Bords du Delaware; Blue bells of Scotland; The Banjo; Bamboula; Auld lang syne; Anvil Chorus; A life on the ocean wave; Canadian Traveller; Annie Lawrie; Invitation to a dance, by Weber; &c., &c.

(*To be concluded.*)

NOTICE.—The most of the above pieces are published also as Song or Dances for the Piano or Guitar, and can be had at my establishment.

I also keep constantly on hand, Pianos, Melodeons, Guitars, Violins, Accordeons, Flutes, Flutes, Clarionets, Fife's Flageolets, all sizes, and Tambourines, and a full assortment of Musical Merchandise of every description. Also, the real Italian Violin and Guitar Strings.

Any order for Music Instruments, Strings, Instruction Books, or anything relating to music, addressed by mail, will be promptly attended to.

All kinds of Instruments tuned and repaired, and warranted.

☞ The Trade, Teachers and Seminaries promptly supplied upon the most liberal terms. Discretionary orders for teachers filled by one who understands the wants of Pupils in every stage of progress. Terms liberal.

Address, HENRY LORD,
Music Store, Canton, Miss.

To Editors—Henry Lord will send you $3 worth of his latest musical publications (postage free) if you will give the above advertisement (including this offer) one insertion in your paper.

Canton, Nov. 20, 1858.

Musical Proclamation.

ALL ORDERS

☞ The following *Popular Songs*—
☞ Many Years Ago;
☞ O! Stay my Side;
☞ Bessie Return;
☞ Bell Brave;
☞ Gentle Ida;
☞ Do they miss me at home?
☞ Dearest spot on earth to me, is home;
☞ Child's Wish;
☞ Kitty Clyde, &c., &c.,

can be filled immediately as I have just received 200 *of each of the above Songs*.

Canton, Miss., May 1, 1858. HENRY LORD, Music Store.

NEW DRY GOODS AND GROCERY STORE.

Chas. Long,

RESPECTFULLY announces to the citizens of Madison and adjoining counties, that he has taken the three rooms formerly occupied by D. W. Aven, where he has opened a very large stock of Dry Goods, Groceries, Plantation Supplies, and hopes by fair and liberal dealing, to merit and receive a liberal share of the custom. He has now in store and for sale, low, the following articles:

Tobacco,	Shirts,
Salmon,	Hats,
Powder,	Clothing,
Flannels,	Rope,
Stripes,	Flour,
Blankets,	Whisky,
Jeans,	Sugar, every quality,
Linseys,	Rio Coffee,
Cottons,	Java do.,
Sheetings,	Soap,
Shirtings,	Prints,
Domestics,	Candles,
Gentlemen's Goods,	Pickles,
Tinware,	Cheese,
Hardware,	Pie Fruit,
Willow ware,	Codfish,
Carpenter's Tools,	Shot,
Saddles,	Champagne Wine,
Bridles,	Claret Wine,
Stirrups,	White Wine.
Bagging,	

Also, a very heavy stock of Boots & Shoes.

Chas. Long will do business strictly on the CASH principle, as being better for the customer as well as the seller, for by it he will be able to sell low, and keep up a fresh and desirable stock of goods.

He will pay the highest market price in COTTON, in cash or goods.

The public are invited to call and examine his stock and learn his prices before buying elsewhere.

Sept. 17, 1857.

Look out for Cold Weather!

250 BOXES Window Glass, all sizes;
1,500 pounds Putty;
25 papers Glazier's Points, receiving and for sale by

CASSELL & BAUGHN.

Poetry.

ONLY WAITING.

Only waiting 'till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting 'till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
'Till the night of earth is faded
From the heart once full of day;
'Till the stars of heaven are breaking
Through the twilight soft and gray.

Only waiting till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gathered home;
For the Summer time is faded,
And the Autumn winds have come.
Quickly, reapers! gather quickly
The last ripe hours of my heart,
For the bloom of life is withered,
And I hasten to depart.

Only waiting 'till the angels
Open wide the mystic gate,
At whose feet I long have lingered,
Weary, poor and desolate;
Even now I hear the footsteps,
And their voices far away,
If they call me, I am waiting,
Only waiting to obey.

Only waiting 'till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting 'till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
Then from out the gathering darkness
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul shall gladly
Thread its pathway to the skies.

Miscellaneous.

AUNT SALLY'S MUFF.

BY CHARLES M. KENDALL.

Miss Sally Strong was a peculiar woman. For sixty years she had retained her name, which exactly suited her hardy nature; and the man having the assurance to ask her to exchange it for his own, would have been a rare companion for Cummings in his tiger hunt in the jungles of Africa. At least no one in the village of B——, would dare to question his manhood.

She was one of those who seemed to have been born an old maid in perspective. Before she arrived at her teens, she used to stone the boys with a malignant delight; and ere she was out of them, her contempt for the opposite sex was so strikingly manifest, that all prudent young men, if accidently walking upon the same sidewalk, to avoid a meeting, would very quietly cross to the other side and allow her the whole of it.

Yet she was a privileged person, and people would smile at an ill-natured remark from her as though it were a compliment. Even the young minister of the parish treated her with marked respect, although he was certain to have his last sermon wofully criticised, in answer to his kind inquiry regarding her health. The secret of all this might have been written in three words—she was rich; and even the clergyman was worldly-minded enough to desire to be on good terms with one who was the largest contributor to his support.

Aunt Sally, as the villagers universally called her, had received the bulk of her property from a deceased aunt, which her shrewd business qualities had enabled her to invest so advantageously, that she increased in wealth as she did in years, and like many other rich people well advanced in life, had scores of affectionate young relatives who each hoped to obtain a large slice of the cake of real estate, which would be cut up in the event of her decease. Her old gray eyes were too shrewd not to see through their eager attentions to the very selfishness of their source.

One nephew, however, did not belong to this class of schemers. On the contrary, the old lady was very often the victim of his jokes, and he would dispute with her just for the fun of having a hot argument. Yet for any real service, she would offer, or apply to him than any one else. She had once loaned him a sum sufficient to stock a store, but still this Frederick so often argued and vexed her, that public opinion changed and, going no further, of course, than the limits of this village—was about equally divided as to whether he would be the favorite heir, or be cut off with a shilling.

One evening, upon the meeting of the parish sewing circle at the house of the clergyman, this nephew perpetrated a joke upon his aunt, the result of which he never forgot. She, unlike most maiden ladies, considered these gatherings a fashionable nuisance, but usually was present to indulge her sarcastic remarks. Her nephew was there ostensibly to wait upon his aunt, but the fair Lucy, daughter of the worthy practitioner Dr. Blood, particularly allured him with her charms.

"Did it ever occur to you, girls," said the old lady, "what you are here for?"

"To be sure, aunt," answered one of her nieces: "simply to make clothing for the poor heathen."

"Where may these objects of your pity reside?"

"O, in Siam, Burmah and other like places."

"Indeed! Well, heavy woolen shirts are very serviceable garments, upon my word, for people living under a tropical sun. They will doubtless be very grateful for clothing so suited to their climate."

"Well done, aunt!" exclaimed Frederick. "A good shot and no mistake. But these circles are grand affairs, after all."

"Grand affairs, indeed, for young men to say soft things, and silly girls to listen to them! Grand affairs to dispense the accumulated gossip of a month! Grand affairs for scandal moving, and for everything but the purpose they profess!" And Aunt Sally looked about her with a triumphant glance, as though her charges were unanswerable.

In fact, too many felt the justice of the rebuke to measure words with her. Even Frederick agreed so much with her in the abstract, that he was content to remain silent. Having achieved such a moral victory, the lady continued in unusually good humor during the rest of the evening.

When the party broke up, as Frederick was taking leave of his young friends, and his aunt upon one arm and the fair Lucy upon the other, the old lady suddenly remembered that she had left her muff.

"O, never mind, aunt," said the young man, "I will get it and send it up to you in the morning."

"But I do mind. Fred Strong, for it is not my way to leave things about in this manner. But where can it be? I certainly left it with my bonnet and cloak." "But where can it be?" echoed all her nieces, flying into sundry places to look for it in the search. "Have you taken it?" cried one, "for aunt's muff is unlike all others."

"That is as true," said Fred, laughing, "as a barrel is unlike a two-gallon keg." And he gave Lucy a mischievous glance, which she interpreted to mean that he knew the whereabouts of the missing article better than any one else.

"It certainly is not with any of the ladies' things," said one of her young relations.

"O, plague upon you all!" was the kind reply. "I must hunt it up myself, I suppose."

"Deacon Gray, you haven't taken aunt's muff, by mistake—have you?" asked Fred, maliciously.

That functionary drew himself up stiffly, as though the imputation was unworthy of an answer, and stepped aside.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed one of the young ladies.

"Who could have done it?" added another.

"Be silent—will you?" cried the irritable maiden; "or tell me where I can find it."

"Why, it is in Deacon Gray's hat, and pressed in so tightly that we cannot remove it."

"O, fie upon you, aunt! Such a hint, and the deacon only a recent widower!" exclaimed the laughing nephew.

Aunt Sally seized her muff but the hat adhered most affectionately to it. By an angry wrench it was liberated, and the unoffending hat flew across the entry, projected by the vigorous foot of the incensed maiden. When it arrived at the terminus of its short journey, it had assumed a most questionable shape, and its condition might certainly have been termed "shocking bad."

"I will pay you for this young man."

"Don't trouble yourself, dear aunt. So far as I am concerned, you are perfectly welcome."

"You will perhaps tell me, that you have had no hand in this matter?"

"No, I will tell no falsehood about it; but I intended it for a joke upon our stiff deacon, as much or more than upon yourself."

"At best it is but an ill trick you have played upon me, and now mark my words: you shall have reason to remember this muff to the latest day of your existence."

"As you please, aunt, since you take it so seriously, but I didn't think a silly joke would have thus offended you."

Time passed on, and young Strong prospered famously in his business. He had amassed sufficient means to be enabled to repay his aunt, the sum she had loaned him, but she declined receiving it, alleging that she would rather have it remain on interest. In the meantime, he had also persuaded the gentle Lucy to share his fortunes. As for aunt Sally, a singular mania seemed to possess her. In the matters of real estate, stocks, etc., she had become a perfect alchemist, turning all to gold.

The neighbors looked on and wondered, but none ventured to remonstrate with her. She was often seen to visit the office of Squire A——, and it was rumored that she was making arrangements, for the bestowal of her property after her decease. The affair of the muff was not forgotten, and it was current with the good villagers that Fred would have to pay dearly for the joke.

One morning the village was all action. During the night, the spirit of the redoubtable lady had quietly taken its flight. She was found dead in her armchair, and had died as she had lived, alone. She had disturbed no one during the night nor had she suffered previous illness. Curiosity of course, was intense on the subject of her will, and it was produced, as soon as decency would allow. All her connections were present, and their eager, hopeful, anxious countenances, would have furnished a rare subject for the pencil of an artist. The reading of the will proceeded, except a single codicil,—each of her relatives expecting her nephew, had been remembered—some to a greater extent than others, but none considerably.

At all events, not one-third of her fortune had been dispensed, and as the heir only remained, all eyes were turned upon Frederick Strong as the lucky one, after the first surprise, when they learned what was their share, the recipient of hers, it only made him contents. The word "muff" and excited their curiosity, and on examining them, the article was produced, but found only to contain a simple paper sewed on the lining. When detached and opened, in the bold handwriting of Aunt Sally, was only found these words:

"DEAR NEPHEW:—You will doubtless appreciate this, the last joke I shall ever be guilty of, as I appreciated yours on a certain time you will remember. God bless you and yours. Farewell."

Frederick declared he was satisfied. The old lady had fairly retorted upon him, and he deserved nothing better at her hands.

But what had become of Aunt Sally's money? That was the mystery, and it became more than a "nine day's wonder" to the worthy villagers, who discussed it on every occasion. She was known to have large sums of money at the various banks, but all this the anxious relatives ascertained was drawn out a few days before her death. Squire A—— was consulted, who drafted the will but he stoutly maintained that the will covered the whole of her property and would have nothing farther to do with it.

One evening, about six months after the old lady's death, while Frederick was conversing with his wife, the subject of the muff was introduced.

"That was a costly gift, of course, dear Fred," said the [illegible] at all events.

"But, and what is better, no one has come forward to claim the three thousand dollars which [illegible] me. I feel confident that she intended [illegible] to me, and therefore destroyed my [illegible]."

"Let us have a look at the old relic, [illegible] the moths have not eaten it [illegible] I will return with it in a moment."

The muff was produced, and as Lucy predicted, the lining was [illegible] eaten.

"My dear wife, you must look to [illegible] for I prize it dearly, on good Aunt Sally's account. I think you had better rip out the lining and renovate the whole with camphor."

Lucy took her scissors and commenced at once upon the task.

"What can the old lady have stuffed it with, I wonder? Why, Fred, instead of cotton, she has wadded it with dirty brown paper."

"Dirty brown paper, indeed," [illegible] claimed her husband, springing [illegible] chair and catching [illegible] about to throw [illegible]

The mystery of the word "contents" was now explained. Note after note was drawn out, until more than thirty thousand dollars lay upon the table before them. A letter also was found from the aunt, which stated that she always intended him for her heir. His own note also came to light, from which his name had been torn off. This new revelation of course, created an immense sensation among the villagers, but Frederick and his fair wife kept on the even tenor of their way—respected by all, not for their wealth simply, but for themselves. One evening during each year, they open their splendid mansion to all. It is a famous affair for the villagers, and is known as the anniversary of "AUNT SALLY'S MUFF."

Art and Nature in Dress.

Yesterday we stood looking at a flower bed, into which some really exquisite roses, besides pansies, mignonettes, English daisies, verbenas, and other blossoms had been transplanted. Kate, an Irish cook, and a beautiful girl, by the way, was hanging out the Monday's washing to dry, over a plat of rich, new grass, green and velvety, and delightful to the eyes and feet. She sympathized with our admiration of the grass, and the delicate, soul-enchanting roses; "but this," said she, "is the prettiest flower of them all, I think;" and she pointed out a sprig of the scarlet bloom of the fish-geranium. It was the gayest, and therefore handsomest to her—she required not the yearning holiness of the lily, nor the grace and love inspiring perfumes of the roses and pansies. We would not give one half-expanded rose-bud, with the blush diffusing itself outward from its odorous heart, for a basketful of fish-geraniums. But which of us was right? Often when we have been thinking upon dress, as a subject for study, to be cultivated as a fine art, we have gone to nature, who is the mother of arts, for lessons. We have seen that she mingles all colors with effects which are truly harmonious, and why should we be more arbitrary than she in her adornment of the flowers, when we would prescribe the hues and combinations for a lady's toilette? The "puritan pansy" puts on a yellow vest with its purple robe; the queenly tulips are gorgeous with streaks of red and yellow, gay enough for an Indian squaw; the florist labors for rainbow effects in his pet dahlias; the poppy flaunts her scarlet looped petticoat, and the peony shakes out her dozen of crimson *jupes;* the morning-glory trims her blue robe with a scarf of pink; while one and all, without exception, find a mantle of green becoming. Nature tries all kinds of experiments with the materials at her command, and her success is always certain. If nothing in nature is ugly, then nothing in art is ugly when it simply copies nature; and it cannot be truly said (though it is often asserted,) that good taste limits the colors of the toilette, and that drab, black or white, slightly relieved by some trimming in harmony, not in contrast, is the only really elegant costume. If a dahlia can look well in purple, black and yellow, then why not a lady? If a maiden fastens the flounces of her azure ball dress with pink garlands, she is only copying the pattern of the morning-glories—and would she ask to be more modest and graceful than they?

Still, there seems to be such a thing as the correspondence of attire with the complexion, height, style and years. The fragile lily of the valley does not depend from a mullen stock, nor is the superb japonica nestled amid the moss and grass with the violet. Therefore ladies may well and profoundly study which of all the various patterns and hues best assimilate with the character of each; and therefore it is that we enter our protest against the blind adoption of any and every color and shape which fashion may dictate. Upon the brow of fashion is written, change; yet there is no woman (almost none) but will pronounce her beautiful, whatever aspect she assumes; and the number is precisely equal who will pronounce her thrown off aspect as hideous and ludicrous. The woman who adored her elegance in large bonnets, coat-sleeves and slender skirts, now turns from the memory with uplifted hands. The name of fashion is caprice, and of her followers is folly. It is well that nature knows her own mind better; else, some seasons we should have all the flowers of the garden, regardless of what queen made for them, dressed up in the form of the calla-shaped robe and snowy trail hollyhock and peony, we should have the dainty ladyslippers squeezed into [illegible] lets and primroses smothered [illegible] the violet of the dahlias.

Let word come over from Paris that green is to be worn by Mistress Fashion, and straightway every sallow-faced woman becomes "sicklied o'er with the pale cast" of jaundice. Or let the mandate be blue, and no face is so florid but that it can afford a deeper tint for the sake of being in the fashion. No woman is too short for plaids or too tall for stripes, when they are fashionable, nor too thick for short waists nor too thin for long ones.

It is impossible to arrive at any fixed standard of taste in dress; for it is a curious fact that, what our eyes have learned to become accustomed to, that we call displease becoming. Most new fashions lose some charm when first seen, and familiar with them; we ing as we grange, yet after the change is regret, grows more beautiful than the [illegible] me. Studying the art of dress is like gazing into a whirlpool of beauties—the longer [illegible] continued the more confused we grow. We would only suggest, that while fashion is not neglected entirely, propriety, becomingness, style and place be also respected.

[illegible] probably noticed in our telegraphic columns, a dispatch to the effect that a territorial government will be asked for Colorado. It is said that a bill for that purpose will soon be introduced in Congress. It embraces all the recently discovered gold region at Pike's Peak, and parts of Kansas, Nebraska, Utah, and New Mexico, nearly all being taken from Kansas, and comprising about 122,000 square miles.—*Vicksburg Whig.*

DEATH OF A NORSE [illegible]—An Indian Chief called Okemos died lately near Lansing, Michigan. He is supposed to be over one hundred years old. He was in the wars of 1792 both for and against Wayne and St. Clair, at different times. He had a sabre cut clear across his back, made by one of Mad Anthony's troopers. At Fort Meigs he [illegible]

The Mortara Abduction.

The great laws of the family which underlie all government, have seldom been more flagrantly set aside than in the recent case which has aroused the indignation of the civilized world. As the facts have been elicited at intervals extending over a considerable period, and various conflicting statements have appeared, a connected narrative of the circumstances may be of service to those who have not closely followed the case. We copy, says the Vicksburg Whig, from the New York Century:

A Jewish family named Mortara, residing in the curious old city of Bologna, had in their employ a few years ago, a Roman Catholic servant woman. A son of Mortara, Edgar, a boy of six years, became dangerously ill. The servant woman in attendance at his bed side, thinking the child in a dying state, secretly baptized him, in accordance with the authority by which the administration of the rite is permitted to lay persons in cases of urgency, when the license of a priest cannot be obtained. A similar permission was given in the church of England by the prayer book of Edward VI, but was removed at the revision in the reign of Elizabeth, and the rubric now requires, in sickness as in health, the services of a "lawful minister." A similar rule prevails, we believe, with all protestant sects.

Contrary to expectation, the child recovered. The woman kept her act secret until some two years later, when she mentioned it to her confessor. She had in the meantime left the service of the Mortara family, but apparently without any cause of dissatisfaction existing between the employer and the employed. By her confessor's directions, the servant made a formal statement of the affair to the Archbishop of Bologna, the Cardinal Viale Prela. By his directions proceedings were instituted. Mortara and his wife were aroused on a night last summer, by a knock at their door, about twelve o'clock. The nocturnal visitors in reply to the challenge, "who's there?" replied, "the police." The door was opened, and a "little man in plain clothes," followed by several guards, entered. He asked Mortara's name, and demanded to see his children, exhibiting at the same time a warrant of the Inquisition. It was of no use to urge the inhumanity of disturbing their slumbers, they must be roused, dressed, and produced. As the children entered, their names were called over, the last proved to be the one wanted. The officer beckoned to the child, and as he advanced within reach caught him in his arms, and the soldiers preventing the father from interfering, carried him off. A few guards were left at the house to prevent any alarm being given to the neighbors.

The officer was one of several spies and secret agents employed by the Inquisition. The boy was soon after sent to Rome. The father remonstrated, but in vain. His child, he was told, was a Christian, and must be educated in the holy doctrines of the faith. The parents were informed that they might, as a matter of favor, follow their child to Rome. Young Mortara made the journey in charge of a serjeant, who forced him to wear a rosary with a cross. The child cried and protested. He would wear nothing, he exclaimed, but the name of God, worn by all Jewish children. He entreated that he might return to his home. The parents following after, were insulted by the people of the villages through which the route lay, who cried out against them, prejudiced by false statements studiously inculcated, that they had tried to murder their child. At Alatri, they, with difficulty escaped personal violence.

The child, on arriving at Rome, was placed in one of the ecclesiastical schools. An account soon appeared in a government journal of the happy frame of mind of the young convert. He had seen his parents and entreated them to abjure their errors. He had shown an exquisite appreciation of the joys of the Christian life, beyond his years. The Pope had sent for him and been much pleased with his behavior. The remarks of the young Christian were most edifying. His contentment, sweetness of disposition, and general frame of mind were angelic. The abundantly proved facts of the case are that the boy, during the few interviews which his parents succeeded in obtaining with him, cried and begged, as we might naturally expect him to do, to be taken back. He declared that nothing should tempt or force him from the faith of his fathers. The sorrowful parents appealed to the Pope, but without success. The child remains in the custody of the priests. He is taken out to walk with the other children, and has been paraded through the Ghetto, or Jewish quarter. It is perhaps thought advantageous that a well-cared-for appearance Israelites with [illegible] dirty faced little [illegible] of conversion.

The news of this transaction has spread over Europe. The Jews [illegible] shown a proper earnestness for the redress of their injured brother. They have held meetings and memorialized governments. M de Rothschild has sent to Mortara ten thousand francs to be expended in the prosecution of his claim. The ultramontane journals, the blind partizans of Rome treated the matter with great coolness. The *Journal de Bruxelles*, ranking next in influence to the *Univers* of Paris, in this small but active party, says that such events had frequently occurred in Catholic countries, and were taking place at the moment in other places in Italy besides Bologna. The *Univers* has treated the case in its favorite mediæval style, with such absurd virulence that we find by a statement in the papers, it has subjected itself to a libel suit by the Jewish consistory of Paris, for wrongly calling the venerable body a [illegible]

The more moderate and [illegible] Continent representative press of the Continent have however, denounced the act as unjust and impolitic. The governments of France, Sardinia, Russia and Prussia have formerly expressed their disapproval. The authorities at Washington have been petitioned by large and important bodies of our citizens to unite in this demonstration, but Mr. Cass has signified his unwillingness to comply.

Charles Lamb's autograph recently sold in New York for six dollars. A few autograph letters of Thomas Carlyle, with [illegible]

[illegible] Brash and [illegible] Whenever [illegible] mit of [illegible] the soil, spread [illegible] cost of [illegible] over it, and [illegible] deeply at [illegible] either with the spade [illegible] with a good [illegible] plough, so as to [illegible] the land ready [illegible] the crop. In fact, the manuring and [illegible] working of the soil can not be too [illegible] upon. Good vegetables are [illegible] greatest, cheapest and most wholesome luxuries, which almost every family can raise with but little trouble; but [illegible] to excel to raise fine vegetables [illegible] heavy manuring, deep working [illegible] subsequent stirring of the soil.

Whenever cabbage [illegible] have been raised in the autumn [illegible] protection, they should now be looked [illegible] and as much air as possible be given them during mild weather, taking care however, to cover them up again during frosty nights. The best variety for early use are: *Early Wakefield* and *Early Dutch*. Early peas may be planted, though they seldom will come to much. *Prince Albert* and *Extra Early* are amongst the best early peas.

Should the soil be in proper order for sowing onions, (black seed) may now be planted; the seed lies in the ground for a long time, and should it come up, it is hardy enough to withstand pretty severe frosts; *Portuguese* and *Red Wetherfield* are the best kinds. If parsley was not sowed in the autumn, it should now be put in the ground as soon as possible.—*American Cotton Planter.*

SIN SHORTENS LIFE.—Every form of sin tends to precipitate the ruin of the transgressor. It hastens the final catastrophe. Not a violent passion can man indulge which does not tear his heart strings. How often has a sudden excess of rage broken the golden bowl of life? Why are men so eager to reach the end of their course? On the other hand, every Christian virtue tends to prolong as well as to sweeten human life. Kind emotions, in doing right affections, and activity good, all fortify and confirm the powers of the body, as well as the mind. Not only is the intellect clearer, but the sleep is sounder, and the limbs are stronger. Such a man has nothing to fire his brain, or accelerate his blood, or to cause his heart to beat violently with rage or fear. Thus it often comes, as the reward of faith, and patience, and charity, as well as of honor and reverence to a father and mother, that the days of the obedient, the kind, the gentle, and the good, are made long on earth.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

DYING FOR HIS COUNTRY BY PROXY.—When Col. L—— was a candidate for Congress in one of the North-Western States, he was opposed by a gentleman who had distinguished himself in the war of 1812. Discovering, in the course of the canvass, that his opponent's military reputation was operating strongly to his prejudice, he concluded to let the people know that he was not unknown to fame as a soldier himself, and accordingly, in his next speech, he expatiated on his achievements in the tented field as follows:

"My competitor has told you of the services he rendered in the last war. Let me tell you that I, too, acted an humble part in that memorable contest. When the tocsin of war summoned the chivalry of the West to rally to the defense of the national honor, I, fellow-citizens, animated by that patriotic spirit which glows in every American bosom, *hired a substitute for that war, and the bones of that man now lie bleaching on the banks of the river Raisin!*"

And he was elected.

TIMES AIN'T AS THEY USED TO BE.—A gentleman who resides in Western New York, tells the following rich anecdote. "Many years ago the first settlers in this country, then a wilderness almost, were obliged to take their grain one hundred and fifty miles in wagons to Albany, to find a market. The roads were bad and traveling dangerous. Three of our farmers found a purchaser for their loads of wheat at Amsterdam, a village some twenty five miles west of Albany, and were glad to dispose of it and save themselves the travel. They took an order on the bank of Amsterdam for their pay, which was offered to them in silver, but they objected to taking it, as it was too heavy to carry, and they preferred the notes of the bank. And here the laugh comes in. The officers of the bank refused to give them the bills, because the farmers were going so far out into the wilderness *the bills would never come back to the bank again!* The matter was finally compromised, the banks' paying each of them one dollar extra on their consenting to receive silver instead of paper money."

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—A beautiful child, pale and prematurely wise, was complaining, on a hot morning, that the poor dew drops has been too hastily snatched away, and not allowed to glitter on the flowers, like other happier dew drops, that live the whole of the day through, and sparkle in the moonlight, and through the night, and onward till noon day. "The sun," said the child, "has chased them away in his heat, or swallowed them up in his wrath." Soon after came a rain, and a rainbow; whereupon her father pointed upwards and said, "there stand my dew-drops gloriously reset, a glittering jewel in the Heavens; the crowish foot tramples on them; the crowish foot tramples on them; but, my child, that what withers on the earth blooms again in heaven." Thus the father spoke, and knew not that he spoke prophetic words; soon after, the delicate child withered, morning brightness of his early wisdom, was inhaled, like a dew drop, into Heaven!

A very modest lady, sent her very modest daughter, a pretty young damsel, out one morning for some articles. Among the many, she informed a clerk in one