

TERMS.

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OFFICE OF THE REPUBLIC.

NINTH STREET,
NEAR PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

By the President of the United States.

In pursuance of law, I, FRANKLIN PIERCE, President of the United States of America, do hereby declare and make known that public sale of the sections and parts of sections of land, all bearing the odd numbers, which remain to the United States, within six miles on each side of the line of the Mobile and Ohio River railroad, in the States of Alabama and Mississippi, subject to double the minimum price of the public lands, as provided by the act of 20th September, 1850, will be held at the following land office, in the State of Alabama and Mississippi, at the periods hereinafter designated, to wit:

At the land office at ST. STEPHENS, in Alabama, commencing on Monday, the fifth day of September next, for the disposal of such sections and parts of sections, being the odd numbers above referred to, as are situated in the undermentioned townships, to wit:

North of the base line and west of the principal meridian.

Townships one and two, of range one.

Townships one, two, three, and four, of range two.

Townships one, two, three, four, five, six, and seven, of range three.

Townships three, four, five, six, seven, and eight, of range five.

South of the base line and west of the principal meridian.

Townships one, two, three, four, and five, of range one.

Townships one, two, three, four, and five, of range two.

Townships one, two, three, and four, of range three.

Township one, of range four.

South of the base line and east of the principal meridian.

Townships three and four, of range one.

At the land office at DEMOPOLIS, in the same State, commencing on Monday, the twelfth day of September next, for the disposal of such sections and parts of sections, being the odd numbers above referred to, as are situated in the undermentioned townships, to wit:

North of the base line and west of the principal meridian.

Townships eighteen, nineteen, and twenty, of range four.

At the land office at TUSCALOOSA, in the same State, commencing on Monday, the fifth day of September next, for the disposal of such sections and parts of sections, being the odd numbers above referred to, as are situated in the undermentioned townships, to wit:

North of the base line and west of the principal meridian in the southern surveying district.

Township twenty one, of range four.

At the land office at MOBILE, in the same State, commencing on Monday, the nineteenth day of September next, for the disposal of such sections and parts of sections, being the odd numbers above referred to, as are situated in the undermentioned townships, to wit:

North of the base line and east of the principal meridian.

Townships eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, and twenty, of range fifteen.

Townships eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, and twenty, of range sixteen.

Townships eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, and twenty, of range seventeen.

Townships eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, and twenty, of range eighteen.

Townships eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, and twenty, of range nineteen.

Townships eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, and twenty, of range twenty.

At the land office at AUGUSTA, in the same State, commencing on Monday, the twenty sixth day of September next, for the disposal of such sections and parts of sections, being the odd numbers above referred to, as are situated in the undermentioned townships, to wit:

North of the base line and east of the principal meridian.

Townships four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, and eleven, of range thirteen.

Townships one, two, three, four, five, six, and seven, of range fourteen.

Townships one, two, three, four, five, six, and seven, of range fifteen.

Townships one, two, three, four, five, six, and seven, of range sixteen.

Townships one, two, three, four, five, six, and seven, of range seventeen.

Townships one, two, three, four, five, six, and seven, of range eighteen.

Townships one, two, three, four, five, six, and seven, of range nineteen.

Townships one, two, three, four, five, six, and seven, of range twenty.

North of the base line and west of the principal meridian, and east of the principal meridian.

Townships three, four, five, six, seven, and eight, of range five.

Townships five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, and eleven, of range six.

Townships eight, nine, ten, and eleven, of range eight.

Townships eight, nine, ten, and eleven, of range nine.

Townships eight, nine, ten, and eleven, of range ten.

Townships eight, nine, ten, and eleven, of range eleven.

Townships eight, nine, ten, and eleven, of range twelve.

Townships eight, nine, ten, and eleven, of range thirteen.

Townships eight, nine, ten, and eleven, of range fourteen.

Townships eight, nine, ten, and eleven, of range fifteen.

Townships eight, nine, ten, and eleven, of range sixteen.

Townships eight, nine, ten, and eleven, of range seventeen.

Townships eight, nine, ten, and eleven, of range eighteen.

Townships eight, nine, ten, and eleven, of range nineteen.

Townships eight, nine, ten, and eleven, of range twenty.

Given under my hand, at the city of Washington, the twenty-third day of May, A. D. 1853.

FRANKLIN PIERCE.

By the President:

JOHN WILSON,

Commissioner of the General Land Office.

Notice to actual settlers on lands of the United States originally withdrawn from market on account of the railroad grant.

Under act of Congress, approved 3d March, 1853, entitled "An act to extend pre-emption rights to certain lands therein mentioned," the pre-emption laws of the United States as they now exist are extended over the alternate reserved sections of public lands along the line of the railroad hereinbefore mentioned, where the settlement and improvement were made prior to the final allotment of the alternate sections to the said railroad. The pre-emption claims for such lands, which were made prior to the date of the final allotment, shall be given priority over all other claims, and shall be paid for at the rate of two dollars and fifty cents per acre. Claims outside of the six miles, and within the limits of the original reservation, must be proven up prior to the restoration of said lands to private entry.

Soldiers' bounty land warrants, at a dollar and twenty-five cents per acre, may be received in payment for either class of lands; one warrant only, however, can be located by each pre-emptor, and must be located before the close of the public sale directed by the foregoing proclamation of the President, applications will be received for the purchase at private entry, or location by warrant, of the lands reserved to the United States, outside of the six miles limits, in such order as to prevent the six miles limit, in accordance with instructions to be issued to the registers and receivers.

JOHN WILSON,

Commissioner of the General Land Office.

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THE REPUBLIC.

We published a few days since some verses copied from an exchange paper, entitled "Would You?" and have received the following in reply thereto:

Could You?

Answer to "Would You?"

BY A BACHELOR.

If you loved a lady truly,
And wooed her with a tender care;
If she told you "no"—as duty,
Would you think of waiting there?
Tell me, could you?
If you got the "million," could you?
If you had no wife to kiss you,
And to fondle on your neck;
And no one at home to miss you,
Could you give your cash to "spec"?
Would you, could you?
If you had no "woman," could you?
No sweetheart there, no wife to say,
You're like our darling little babe;
None to throw your funds away,
Could you help it, prince or knave?
Would you, could you?
If you couldn't, would you, could you?
With labor hard, and keener strife,
And dulcet care, and dreary cot;
O would you live a "narrized" life?
If, too, by all the girls forgot?
Tell me, could you?
If they called you "sugar," could you?
Health and comfort in a garret,
No wife or prattlers at the door;
With peace and pleasure, none to mar it,
A bachelor—could you ask for more?
Should you, could you?
With cigars and champagne—could you?
WASHINGTON, August, 1853.

"THE INFIDEL MOTHER."—Can it be—can you look back into the depths of those clear, blue eyes that seek yours in such confiding, innocent trust; can you look back into those eyes, and see the "wonderful" made? Can you watch within him the first faint gleam of light that ushers in another happy day? Can you point out to him the gold and purple sunset glow? Can you look upward with him to the shining host; or plunge in his eager hands the field flowers that bend their dewy eyes with grateful thanks, and never name "Our Father?"

When at dead of night you watch beside his sick couch; when you hush your very breath to listen to his painful moans; when every gust of wind makes your cheek grow pale; when you turn with trembling hand the healing drops; when every click of the clock seems beating against your heart; when the pallid face looks beseechingly to yours for "help," you cannot give; oh! where can turn the suppliant eye, if you see not the "Great Physician?"

When health slowly returns; when the eye brightens and the red color lies cheek; when the vacant chair is filled; when the feet are again busy; when loving arms in playful glee twine round your neck; comes there from that woman's heart of truth no burst of grateful thanks to Him who notes even the sparrow's fall? You fold away the lessons robes; you turn with a tearful eye from the toys and books and paths those little feet have trod; you feel ever the shadowy clasp of a little hand in yours; you turn heart sick from the happy mothers who number no missing lamb from their flock; a sunny ringlet, a rosy cheek, or a piping voice, gives your heart a death-pang. You walk the busy street and turn your head involuntarily to a little strange voice calls "mother!" Oh, where can you look for comfort if you believe not that the "Great Shepherd" folds your lamb to His loving breast?

There is peridy at our household hearth; there are broken vows which you may not breathe to mortal ear. There is treachery repaid for trust! Childhood looks on with a sad wonder; you must go backward and cast the mantle of evasion over the broken faith. Whence shall strength come to your slender shoulders to bear this heavy cross? How silence the ready tempter's voice! Where shall all those warm affections now be gathered up, if not in Heaven?

Oh! you have no anchor! no rudder or compass! your little bark is adrift, at the mercy of every pitiless gale; the sky is dark and fearful; the billows mountain high; the sky black with darkness, if you turn from the Great Pilot!

Fanny Fern.

A Paris correspondent of the New York Times gives the following extract from a Parisian Catechism on Marriage, which is a very good one. The "instructions" are curious enough to furnish an extract, as thus:

Question. What is the most necessary thing for grown-up girls?

Answer. Marriage.

Q. At what age ought girls to be married?

A. That depends upon whether they are handsome or not.

Q. What should handsome girls be married?

A. From sixteen to eighteen.

Q. Why at that age?

A. For fear that if they wait some damage may happen to their honor.

Q. And when should plain girls be married?

A. Just as soon as a man asks them, so as not to lose the chance.

Q. When a girl is asked in marriage what must she do?

A. She must appear surprised, and reply that she did not think a fellow so deserving would have thought of her.

Q. During the marriage festivities what must she do?

A. She must take care and not laugh if any one says anything with a double sense, as people are very apt to do on occasions of the sort.

Then follows an "oration" to be repeated from time to time by girls who are tired of maidenhood:

"Lord, who formed Adam of earth, and gave him Eve for a companion, send me, if I please, a good husband to live with, that I may honor you and have children who will bless you."

After this comes a litany, to be said every day till the effect is produced—"as the physicians say of their prescriptions," "one teaspoonful every hour till the patient goes to sleep."

Then comes the code of manners for the parents of a happy couple. This is as full as any one who had gone through life aided by the counsels of the Complete Letter-Writer, could desire.

The father and mother of the bridegroom will say to the father and mother of the bride, after the usual bowing: "We have learned with lively satisfaction the tenderness our boy feels for your daughter, and have come to ask her in marriage. If you consent, we shall be very well pleased."

Then the old gentleman will reply: "We are deeply sensible to the honor you do us; we yield with unhesitating cordiality. Be good enough to fix the day."

"We could not think of it, sir; fix it yourself, I beg you."

A Deed of Noble Daring.

The following deed of noble daring is recorded as one of the events attendant on the late destruction by fire of the Imperial Theatre at Moscow: From the suddenness of this melancholy occurrence, and from the number of employees permanently living with their families in the house, many lives were lost. Three skeletons were found in the ashes. Just at the commencement of the fire, three workmen, who had been engaged in the upper stories, finding no means to descend by the staircase, so rapid was the progress of the flames, jumped out of the windows to the lower roof, which, being of iron, soon became so intensely hot that two of the unfortunate beings, not capable of enduring the heat, threw themselves to the ground, and were killed by the fall. The third, with more presence of mind, made his way over protruding broad cornices to the front roof, and there remained for some minutes, till the greedy element, not content with the number of its victims, made its appearance close by him. The poor man cried loudly for help. Ladders were procured, but they did not reach the height at which he stood. He saw it, and, raising his arms to heaven, he made a sign of the cross and began to approach the edge of the precipice before him. In an instant more he would have become a corpse. Thousands of people stood all around gazing with horror at the immense pile, upon which this poor man remained helpless and hopeless. Silence like that of the grave reigned among the multitude. His fate seemed inevitable. Suddenly was heard a voice, "Stay a moment, my good friend! Pray to God Almighty, and I'll endeavor to save you!" All eyes were turned to the spot from which those sentences were uttered. A group of three men were observed, common peasants; two of them holding by the arms and shoulders a third, who was struggling hard to break from the hold of his friends. "Let me go, my lads," said he, "my heart is burning within me; I cannot bear the sight of a Christian soul thus perishing! And with a powerful effort he broke loose and started forward. The dense crowd gave way as he ran to the burning building, pulling from himself, and at the same time throwing away his shoes (sheepskin) and his hat. In an instant he was at the foot of the ladder; here he took off his boots, attached a rope round his waist, and seizing an over-fork which happened to lie close by, he began to ascend the ladder, which did not reach at the utmost to two-thirds of the height at which stood the victim. Having attained the upper foot-step, the generous man took hold of the rain-gutter. Apparently it was not a very safe means of ascent, as it bent and rattled under his weight. But the man was resolved; he made the sign of the cross, and began to climb up. A cloud of suffocating smoke whirled around him; the flames were fast approaching; burning timber, red-hot sheets of roofing iron were falling down from every side; but when to him was all this? His heart was burning within his breast; he could not bear the sight of a Christian soul thus perishing. It was a frosty day; the rain-gutter was cold as ice; his warm, sweaty palms and fingers stick and freeze to the iron-tube; he tears them off, leaving bloody marks at every hold, and ascends higher and higher, till he puts his foot on a projecting cornice. From hence, by means of the over-fork, he hauled the rope to the person who stood the victim. Having attained the upper foot-step, that right! Now descend!" And he held the other end of the rope, and proceeding the man, still supporting him down the gutter, placed him on the ladder. The man was saved.

During all this time the multitude stood breathless; but when they saw them both out of danger all hats were taken off, and a sign of the cross at every breast testified a general thanksgiving, and stood the victim. The act of generosity. Every one pressed forward to see the hero of this scene. The first who approached him, an officer in the army, gave him twenty-five roubles silver. The example was followed; noblemen, merchants, peasants, took out their purses; some gave gold, some silver coin; some threw into his hat a few copper coins; all gave what they could. "God bless you, noble friend!" was heard from every side.

The name of this generous man is Basil Marin, a native of the government of Tveroff. Being a roofer by trade, he for many years lived in St. Petersburg, pursuing his vocation; but afterwards engaged himself as a boiler-maker at the government foundry of Rolpino. Last year he took leave of absence and visited his native village. Having spent a few months with his friends, he was returning to St. Petersburg by way of Moscow, to avail himself of the railways. He came to the ancient capital the day before the fire, and, not having caught the train, was obliged to remain till the next day. As this was his first arrival in Moscow, he took the opportunity of seeing the Kremlin, the old fortress, and to visit its venerable cathedrals. There, from some passer-by, he heard of the fire, and, as he was hurrying to the scene, he saw the flames rising high into the sky. "There he so nobly distinguished himself."

At three o'clock in the afternoon of the same day he took his seat in a railway carriage. On the 13th of the same month he reached St. Petersburg, and again enlisted himself in the number of workmen at Rolpino. In two days after he was summoned to the office of the general police-master of the capital, where he was told that the Emperor desired to see him. He was accordingly taken to the palace. His Imperial majesty received Marin in his cabinet, and was pleased to say to him when he entered, "I thank you for a good action. Embrace me, and relate how you did it." In simple words Marin told his story; and, when he finished, the Emperor dismissed him, saying, "Now you may go; but in case of need come to me at any time." Soon afterwards Marin was rewarded with a medal and a sum of one hundred and fifty roubles silver.

THE DANGERS OF CAMPFIRE.—A lamentable accident happened at the Madison House on Saturday evening. While the boarders were at supper, a lamp suspended over the supper-table became extinguished, and was taken down and refilled with camphene by a lad about seventeen years old, a son of the proprietor of the house, Mr. Prindle. He had filled it, and was in the act of raising it to its place above his head, when it exploded, the burning contents falling all over his person, dreadfully burning his head, face, neck, and hands. The flames were immediately extinguished, and medical assistance summoned. All the aid possible was given to the sufferer, and they are glad to learn that, though suffering intensely from his injuries, he is in a fair way to recover. But one month ago, the boy was injured, though the table was surrounded with boarders at the time. The escape of many other persons who were in the vicinity is almost miraculous. Why will people use camphene, when such frightful accidents are almost daily before their eyes? [Cincinnati Sun.]

Dr. Hoar, of Whiteville, Ga., describes a white negro woman, living near him, thirty-four years of age, the mother of an ebony children, whose skin, since she was eleven years of age, has changed from a pure black to a white as fair as any of Caucasian blood. Her eyes and hair retain the African peculiarities. No diseased condition of the skin or system has been discovered to show cause for this change of color, which began upon her forehead in a small spot, and gradually affected her whole body, the black disappearing from her neck downwards in a single week after her face had become entirely whitened.

The Curl Leaf of the Peach.

What causes the curled leaf in the peach? The disease is common to be a serious one. Out in Western New York some of the culturists complain that they will have to abandon the peach crop entirely, unless a remedy is soon discovered. Where are the peach doctors? Come, gentlemen, turn out. Hasten to look after your patient. The peach is our special favorite among fruits. It must not lose any of its juiciness, plumpness, deliciousness, or luscious taste. Its vigor must not all run to decay. The staple of the wool on its cheek is already long enough. Men must die, but nations, unless we except the Sandwich Islanders, and the Indians generally, have no business to die. We have no objections to having a fine old tree, that has supplied one whole generation with its fruit, die when the fullness of its time has come, honored in its old age. But to have whole orchards of peach trees, scarcely old enough yet to be in their prime, take on the curled leaf, grow unproductive, and die at last, unregretted; this is a shame, if it can be helped, and a misfortune any way.

The doctors have put their heads together, their golden-headed canes are up to their noses. We hope the consultation will result in the benefit of the patient and its troops of friends, and redound to their honor. They do not quite agree as to the cause of the curl. They used to say that aphides poisoned the leaves, and we had to believe it, though no microscope should reveal a single specimen of the aphidic looter. Some said that a fungus sapped the life of the leaf, and grew shapeless and unbecomely at its expense; but if so, the fungus must be in the air; for the skin of the leaf is as smooth and fresh and handsome over the curl as elsewhere. The fungus, then, must be in the plant tissue—a kind of boil, furunculus, or carbuncle. Greatly, then, do we pity poor peach-leaves. When we have boils we grow dimly-leaved. When patient Job had them, he growled at his wife—not half as much as she deserved though—but his friends through, and talked noble poetry. When Napoleon the Little had them, he thought over his great uncle's oaths, and stirred another handful of hoarhound into the decoction he was preparing for crazy France. But these boils the peach trees have borne without a murmur. The delicate leaves have twisted and turned and doled themselves up in silent agony. Nature gave them a great deal of hydrocyanic acid, but they haven't used it to poison us with; subduing it to their temper—their flavor and fragrance have drawn their chief charms from its wisely-modified presence.

Some said that the cold weather was the cause of the curl, but unfortunately for this theory, no peach but a theorist can come into cold weather some of the warm days of May, in which they do their curling. Others still say that the cause is diseased sap, which may be true; but which is about as practical an exposition as if a horticulturist should say that the disease was owing to an improbable depravity of the ligneous atoms, and a scarcity of essential virtue in the fluid constituents of the plants. It would be cheaper, and less hazardous to explain it as a pompous old medical ignoramus used to explain the inexplicable symptoms of his inquisitive patients: "Well, madam, it will do so sometimes," which, being gravely said, was accepted as a sufficient explanation of sundry occult symptoms which the young doctors had tried in vain to solve.

The Genesee Farmer regards the presence of mildew and insects that have been found upon these diseased leaves as the very natural consequence of the disease. The diseased leaf, he says, is stagnant air, the oozing gum of a feeble and degenerated leaf being reason enough why aphides should visit, and mildew attack it. The cause he conceives to be the sudden change from warm to cold weather, as if he should say the tender leaves took cold, and in their humility, like men who have a bad cold in their head, wrap themselves up, and of course do not get along as well as if they kept themselves open to the air. The Genesee Farmer thinks that vigorous growth is the best remedy, having observed the trees which were copiously supplied with manure, and freely shortened in during the preceding winter, generally send out strong, new shoots, almost wholly free from the disease, and that they are well loaded with fruit. The Farmer responds that hardy varieties should be selected and planted in situations somewhat protected from the cold west and north-west winds.

At it again, gentlemen in the country, and practical farmers. Argue and theorize, experiment and observe. If you save the peach trees, you will do a job more to our taste than to save a tyrant or to prop up a rotten government. The man who makes a bushel of peaches to grow on a tree that would have produced but a peck, and diminishes the number of fruit to save the skin from rotting, proves the flavor, thickens the domain of the pulp, lessens the diameter of the pit, and reduces the woolly coat to the minimum required for the peach's well-being, ought to have a medal at the World's Fair, deserves well of his countrymen, and should be buried where no commissioners will disturb his bones when the order to widen the streets is promulgated, or rude ploughshares intrude upon his grave. Then, Y. Times.

Recently it was stated in the House of Commons that British law was actually more lenient to husbands than to women; that is, the law was severer for maltreating the former than it was for abusing the latter. A very recent English report states the case of a wretch of a husband, a filthy man, after weeks' absence from home, about 3 a. m., broke open the door of a room in which his wife and two children were sleeping, aimed a blow at her head with a poker, which she managed to parry, by having only the skin torn from her face; gave her a blow on her nose, which he had previously broken, and then seized a knife and swore that he would rip her open; but she managed to get into the street, where she got protection from a constable. The poor woman, an industrious wife, horrified the court in her details of how the brute had with him week after week, and how he had treated her. Six months' hard labor. Perhaps if he had whipped a hound it might have been six years. If the Duchess of Sutherland will but cast her look about her, she will find work enough to last a lifetime.

TOUCHING A TENDER CHORD.—Much has been said and written upon the effect which an allusion to home or a mother's influence has upon the most hardened and depraved criminal, even when all other considerations fail to reach him. A striking illustration of the truth of the sentiment has occurred in the case of Wilson, now in jail for the murder of his fellow-convict in the State prison. Until Sunday last he maintained a sullen indifference to every thing about him, when, by a remark of Mr. J. C. Chace, on a visit to the prisoners, that his little girl was a native of the same place with himself, together with the sympathy which she manifested towards him, the wretched man was instantly melted to tears. Since that time he has conversed freely upon the enormity of the crime with which he is charged, the great amount of suffering which his course of life has brought upon him, and his feeling that he was looked upon with abhorrence by every one.—Boston Post.