



A WEEKLY FAMILY NEWSPAPER—Independent of Party Politics or Religious Sects.—Devoted to News, Literature, Morality, Agriculture, the Arts, &c.

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THE MONONGALIA MIRROR

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AN ACT,

To incorporate the Monongalia and Ravenswood Railroad Company, passed Feb. 27, 1854.

Be it enacted by the General Assembly, that it shall be lawful to open books at Morgantown, in the county of Monongalia, under the direction of E. Towles, E. C. Wilson, Henry Daugherty, Daniel Haldeman, and James Shay; at Fairmont, in the county of Marion, under the direction of James O. Watson, James Newson, John Musgrave, Thomas S. Haymond and N. C. Cooper; at Clarksburg, in the county of Harrison, under the direction of Rezin K. Shinn, Stephen Allen, Aaron Criss, Augustine J. Smith and John Hursey; at Harrisville, in the county of Ritchie, under the direction of Cyrus Hall, Amos Culp, Alexander Skelton, Lewis A. Phelps and William T. Williams; at Ravenswood, in the county of Jackson, under the direction of William Park, Squire Rice, Henry Fitzhugh, Jr., B. Fleming and Daniel L. Kemp, and at such other place or places, and under the direction of such agent or agents as a majority of said commissioners in each of the above named counties may appoint, for the purpose of securing subscriptions to the amount of four millions of dollars, divided into shares of one hundred dollars each, to constitute a joint capital stock for the purpose of constructing a railroad from the Pennsylvania line, at or near where the same crosses the Monongalia river, and from thence up the ravine of said river to the junction of the Tygart's Valley and the West Fork rivers, thence up the latter river to some suitable and convenient point as or near the mouth of Elk creek, in the county of Harrison; and from thence by the most practicable route to the town of Ravenswood, in the county of Jackson, and to terminate at, or not more than fourteen miles from said town, in the county of Jackson.

2. The books shall be opened and the subscriptions raised in the manner prescribed by the Code of Virginia, prescribing general regulations for the incorporation of railroad companies, and when twenty-five hundred shares of the said capital stock shall have been subscribed, the subscribers, their heirs, administrators, executors and assigns, shall be and are hereby incorporated and formed into a body politic and incorporated by the name and style of the "Monongalia and Ravenswood Railroad Company," subject to all the provisions, and entitled to all the benefits and powers conferred by the provisions of the code of Virginia, in relation to Railroad Companies, except as far as the provisions of this act are, or may be inconsistent therewith.

3. If the capital stock of said company shall be insufficient for the purpose of this act, the said company shall have power, and are hereby authorized to increase the same by the addition of as many shares as may be deemed necessary for the construction and equipment of said road, and the said company shall have power to borrow money for the purpose of carrying out the object of their act, and to issue proper certificates or evidences of such loan, and to pledge the property of the company for the payment of the same, and the interest that may accrue thereon, and said company shall have power to construct so much of their said road as the amount subscribed will allow, and shall have ten years from the passage of this act to commence the said road, provided, that said railroad shall not strike or enter the ravine of the Ohio river, between the mouth of the Little Kanawha river and the mouth of Little Sandy Creek, above the town of Ravenswood, in Jackson county.

4. This act shall be in force from its passage.

In the progress of the war of 1812, there was a company of boys who took an active part in the defence of Plattsburg. But few of them were over the age of sixteen. They were referred to in one of Gen. Maccomb's despatches, dated at Plattsburg, September 13th, 1814. The General was so well pleased with their gallant bearing that he promised them each a rifle, which promise Congress afterwards redeemed for him.

New Trouble.—The steamship Black Warrior having been seized and her cargo condemned at Havana, great interest is felt as to the course of our government in the case. A message from the President to Congress on the subject was to have been sent in on Tuesday.

Surface of the Earth.—The surface of the Earth is unequally divided into land and water, of which 118,283,757 miles are occupied by land.

From the Saturday Evening Mail.

War and Conspiracy in Europe.

Beyond the regular old doings on the Danube, the Black Sea and the Asian frontier—beyond the imposing preparations in England and France—the recruiting, the chartering of ships, the embarkations of troops, the note of Louis Napoleon, the words of Lord John Russell of the *Moniteur*, accompanied by the seasaw and spasmodic movements of breadstuffs, cottons, stocks and consols, dancing their agitated quadrille, there are two things that, just now, seem to stand out from that complicated business with most significance—to wit: Austria and the Greek conspiracy. We are pretty sure of everything else: the Czar will make fight, England and France will send troops, bombardments will come, and Turks and Russians will go on, fighting furiously—with the Danube between them. But what will Austria do? Austria and Prussia went with England and France when it was an affair of paper bullets. Now that he *gens de plume* are ordered to rear, they hold off—will go no further in company. There are no Four Powers now. The Teuton pair say they will look on, which does not satisfy any of the others. In the House of Commons, Lord John Russell has sneered at Austria and Prussia for their subservience to Russia; and that speaks volumes. It is also announced by the British ministers that there is no agreement or concert between the Western and the German powers. The French organs of opinion intimate the same. The *Moniteur*, (that is the Emperor Napoleon,) says that if the flags of France and Austria shall be united in the East, they are found together beyond the Alps, that is, in Italy; leaving it to be inferred that if they shall not be so joined on the Danube, Austria need not hope for French assistance in any Lombard insurrection. The German powers desire to be neutral. But that must be a serious sort of neutrality—rather an *Irish* sort of neutrality—which, as we perceive, is to set two huge armies on foot and keep them marching and ready to march! This dream of neutrality will be dissipated, the moment the household cavalry of England and the French eagles come in sight of the Danube. Austria will not dare oppose the Czar; but will be obliged to fight nevertheless; and so will the sly, mild Frederick William. Prussia is a rather compact nationality and will, doubtless, weather the storm; but Austria may be utterly wrecked and annihilated. Franz Joseph is "a king of shreds and patches"—of an ill-combated, sprawling monarchy, to which a general war will probably be fatal.

The Greek conspiracy exhibits the peculiar strategy of the Czar and the resources on which he most steadily relies for the success of his vast projects. He is the hereditary head of the Greek Church in his own dominions, and, with the Patriarch of Moscow under one arm and the shrunken Armenian Patriarch of Eghnadzin under the other, this terrible old Papa, strides proudly down to put the other patriarch—him of Constantinople—in his pocket. He knows that there is nothing like a community of religion for binding together any confederacy of the children of men, and therefore undermines the whole Ottoman empire with a slow, steady, subtle conspiracy of creed. One of his emissaries, Father Athanasius, was detected the other day at Widdin. This subterranean missionary had traveled widely in his vocation—through Macedonia, Albania, Thessaly, Montenegro, Bulgaria, the kingdom of Greece, and the Moldo-Walachian provinces; and it is said he had been wandering as far as Jerusalem, to complete the ramifications of the plot. Some parts of that train are exploding. The Epirotes are up in arms against their old enemies, the Turks; and in southern Albania, where the Greek exceeds the Ottoman population, a large force of insurgents have besieged Arta, on the Gulf of Ambracia—where once was lost

The world for woman-lovely, harmless life. The *Klepts* are also taking to their long guns in Thessaly and Salis—so fiercely renowned—and some signs of insurrection have even shown themselves under the shadow of the British flag in the Ionian Islands. There were also disturbances among the Greek Christians of Asia Minor, and fighting has taken place at Aghura, Kutayah and other places. In Greece proper, or Otho's kingdom, the signs of the Czar's secret influence are as visible as anywhere else. The Greeks of that miserable monarchy sympathize with their fellow-believers in the Turkish provinces and dream of some extended and united Greece—they might as well hope for the Ephori and Arospagus. But they are ready to lend a hand against the Sultan, in any quarrel. Should Otho, however, be won over to the cause of the Czar, or show himself incapable of restraining his subjects, he will have an English man-of-war making a noise at the Piræus—perhaps some congruous rockets flying about his ears on the Acropolis. The ominous SG10 may become the *Mene Tekel* of his wall, and he himself be sent home to take care of the Bavarian Valhalla on the bank of the Danube. The Greek pasquades are very fond of ehaling the above four figures on the walls of Athens; the Italian names for them—*Otto*, *sei*, *uno*, *zero*, meaning also—"Otho, thou art a cypher." A rather ominous piece of jocular prophecy, just now!

Taking in the whole complication, then, of that European argument, we must be convinced that we have been, in a great degree, considering the surface merely, and that the Czar has not set the formidable monarchies of England and France at defiance, without seeing his underground way, and calculating results. And these promise to be most bewildering. Crowned heads are moving prominently into strife; but it is essentially, and will be, that tremendous thing, a war of principles. Russia undertakes a war of principles! Then what a ferment of the old world it will be, when Democracy, with its red flag, Greek Christianity, with the inscribed *labarum* of Constantine, and Islamism, desperately at bay, under the green banner of the prophet, shall meet together in anger, mingle their war-cries and try a terrible variety of conclusions on that ancient European *champ clos*! It will be nothing less than Armageddon—the very business St. John saw in Patmos, when time was.

Meantime, the two great powers, England and France, will not make any desperate haste to bring about such a consummation—they have no very devout wish for it. They have hitherto proceeded very ceremoniously, and with a great show of diplomatic maneuvering against the Czar, reminding one of that demonstrative approach to the city of New York, described by the renowned Knickerbocker. After every blow or movement, the Czar will be deliberately asked if that is enough—if he will go, *now*? Before the first discharge of broadsides or the first charge of cavalry, we shall expect to have the Muscovites and the Occidentals politely inviting each other to fire first, like the English and French officers, hat in hand, before the lines, at the battle of Fontenoy.

THE POULTRY SHOW.
The show of Poultry at Barnum's the last and present week has attracted crowds of visitors and stimulated the hen-fever not a little. Many of the specimens are very fine—some extraordinary. The prices put upon some of these bipeds—say from \$20 to \$100—would have astonished the last generation, but nothing can astonish the present. We were never so struck with the comical character of fowls as we were while inspecting this show, and were frequently reminded of our Estelle's remarks on the curiosity of chickens.—(See her letter.) A board happened to fall on the floor of the hall, making a loud noise. Instantly four thousand fowls raised a cackle and a shout, as if they would ask, "What's to pay now?" "Whose cock fell down?" "Do tell what's the matter!" and for five minutes the roar of inquiring cacklings was deafening. And then they would poke their heads through the bars of their coops as if they must see for themselves what was up, or rather what was down.

Gen. Santa Anna's fighting-cock is a melancholy spectacle of fallen greatness. He walked to and fro in his cage, with his eyes shut most of the time, as if absorbed in the memories of the past, like another Napoleon on his desolate rock. Hundreds of Shanghais and other breeds of cocks kept up a perpetual crowing, but the great warrior took no notice of them. Silent amid all the din, solemn amid the cackling levity, he continued pacing up and down with measured strides, his own great thoughts and memories his only companions. Poor fellow! Does he know that his old master is Dictator of Mexico, while he, with his spurs out, is a prisoner in the same halls that enshrine his master's wooden leg? Great are the contrasts and changes of life.

Among the queer looking fowls is a pair of Irish origin, whose appearance would remind any one of a Son of Erin emerging from his cabin in the morning with his face unwashed and hair all blowzy. They are a funny pair. The exhibition of pigeons and doves is very attractive, and the rabbits are beautiful. But the great attraction is the fowls.—If any of our readers have not been there to see, we advise them to go, particularly our country friends.—N. Y. Organ.

Morals at Washington.

The Washington correspondent of the *Cleveland Herald*, "Otesgo," has the following reference to a vice that has almost become a feature in the society of the National Metropolis:
Speaking of gambling, I will say in this connection, that this ruinous vice, or habit, pervadingly prevails in Washington—in private rooms and club-rooms—in hotels and grog-shops, as well as in elegant and attractive "gambling saloons"—where good eating, drinking and smoking are gratuitously furnished the customers—and in other "Hells" less seductive, scattered all over the city. Tens and hundreds of Congressmen and others, have been irredeemably ruined in these infernal holes—first visited, perhaps as matter of curiosity, they are surprised to find men there earnestly absorbed in gambling, whose characters to the public eye are unspotted.—Champagne, oysters, canvass-back, terrapins, and every variety of choice edibles and drinkables are spread out in profuse and gratuitous attractiveness. They eat and drink and smoke, and then only "gamble a little," so as not to appear mean—and from this beginning fortunes are squandered, morals corrupted—home and its blessed influences cease to attract, and degradation of men and desolation of their family circles are the "finality."

POETRY.

SPRING IS COMING.

Spring is coming—Spring is coming,
With her sunshine and her shower;
Heaven is ringing with the singing
Of the birds in brake and bower;
Buds are filling, leaves are swelling,
Flowers on fields and bloom on tree;
O'er the earth, and air, and ocean,
Nature holds her jubilee.
Soft then stealing comes a feeling
O'er my bosom tenderly;
Sweet I ponder as I wander,
For my musings are of thee.

Spring is coming—Spring is coming!
With her mornings fresh and light;
With her noon of chequered glory,
Sky of blue and clouds of white.
Calm the night falls when the light falls
From the star-bespangled sky,
While the splendor, pale and tender,
Of the young moon gleams on high.
Still, at morn, at noon, and even
Spring is full of joy for me,
For I ponder as I wander,
And my musings are of thee.

Still on thee my thoughts are dwelling,
Whatsoever thy name may be!
Beautiful beyond words telling,
Is thy presence unto me.
Morning's breaking finds thee waking,
Wandering in the breezes light;
Noontide's glory mantles o'er thee,
In a shower of sunny light;
Daylight dying leaves thee lying
In the silver twilight sky;
Stars look brightly on thee nightly,
'Till the coming of the day.

Everywhere and every minute
Feel I near thee, lovely one;
In the lark and in the linnet
I can hear thy joyous tone.
Bud and blooming mark the coming
Of thy feet o'er vale and hill;
And thy presence with life's essence
Makes the forest's heart to fill.
Low before thee I adore thee,
Love creative thee I sing;
Now I meet thee and I greet thee
By the holy name of Spring.

THE HAPPY FARMER.

BY MRS L. H. SIGOURNEY.
Saw ye the Farmer at his plow—
As you were riding by?
Or, wearied 'neath his noon-day toil,
When summer suns were high?
And thought ye that his lot was hard?
And did you thank your God,
That you and yours were not condemned
Thus live a slave to plod!

Come, see him at his harvest home,
When garden, field and tree,
Conspire, with flowing stores to fill
His barn and granary.
His healthy children gayly sport
Amid the new mown hay,
Or proudly aid with vigorous arm
His task as best they may.

The dog partakes his master's joy,
And guards the loaded wain,
The feathered people clap their wings
And lead their youngling train.
Perchance the hoary grandeur's eye
The glowing scene surveys,
And breathes a blessing on his race,
Or guides their evening Praise.

The hardest Giver is his Friend—
The Maker of the soil—
And earth, the Mother, gives them bread,
And cheers their patient toil.
Come join them round their wintry hearth,
Their heartfelt pleasures see,
And you can better judge how blest
The farmer's life may be.

From the Star-spangled Banner.

RAIL-ROAD SONG.

Some love to sail,
With a pleasant gale,
O'er the deep and pathless sea;
But a cheerful band,
On the safer land,
In the Rail-road car, for me.

Oh! who would float
In a crowded boat,
Where the fierce mosquitoes bite?
Let me onward dash,
Like the lightning's flash,
In the cars—for 'tis my delight.

The four-horse ring
Is behind the age,
The steamer's speed is slow;
Scarce a bird can hope
With our speed to cope,
As we merrily onward go.

The daring wing
Of the proud bird-kind,
In his sun-ward flight will tire,
But there's nought can tame
The sinewy frame
Of the horse whose food is fire.

Miscellaneous.

A SINGULAR STORY.

A Mr. Lawrence, of New Orleans, has lately been missing, and no trace could be found of him, although the opinion is that he was murdered and thrown into the river. The New Orleans Delta, of the 17th ult., contains the following singular narrative and says it comes from a highly responsible source, and that the veracity of the gentleman from whom they received the story is unquestionable. Says the Delta:—

The wife of one of Mr. Lawrence's most intimate friends, who had for a number of years been on terms of the closest friendship with that gentleman, is a mesmerist medium, and her brother is in the habit of placing her in a mesmeric state. But at the house of an acquaintance, in Lafayette, on last Saturday night, about 10 o'clock before any person had the least intimation that any misfortune had befallen Mr. Lawrence, the company requested the brother to mesmerize his sister as many of them were anxious to see the effect of mesmerism.

The lady was placed in a mesmeric sleep—and on the request of several persons present that he would propound to her a few questions, he asked her, "what do you see, sister?" she immediately replied, "I see three men engaged in a fight on the levee. 'Do you know any of them?' 'Yes; one of them is Mr. Lawrence; the others I don't know; one is a very tall man, the other a medium size; and these two men are striking Mr. Lawrence. Why don't some body help him? Why don't he shoot them? There, now, they have knocked Mr. Lawrence down. Good heavens! they have killed him.' 'What are they doing now?' 'The tall man is taking his watch, and the other is feeling in his pocket. He is taking some bank bills out of Mr. Lawrence's pocket; now he is taking some gold. They are talking together now; now they pick Mr. Lawrence up and are carrying him towards the river. Will no body save him? There, they have thrown him in. Mr. Lawrence is gone.' She stopped talking for a minute or two, when she was again asked, "what do you see?" "I see a steamboat lying at the wharf. It is about to leave. There is a great number of passengers on board; and among the passengers I see the two men who killed Mr. Lawrence and threw him in the river. The tall one has his watch; they are both better dressed than they were before."

Here the company having become satisfied with the experiment, the brother woke his sister; and when she was informed of what she had said, she laughed incredulously, remarking she recollected nothing of what had taken place. The sister of Mr. Lawrence was present, and the company were pretty free in passing their jokes about the matter; and all were vociferous in their denunciations of mesmerism as humbug. Little did they think that the vast scene the young lady had described, was actually at that moment perhaps being enacted, and that Mr. Lawrence was then on his way to California from the wharf on Sunday morning. Mr. Lawrence was not seen after leaving his office, with five or six hundred dollars in his pocket, at a late hour on Saturday. No anxiety was manifested by his friends until Monday morning; when, beginning to be alarmed, they instituted search for him. His hat and some other articles, with blood upon them, were found on the levee, in the Fourth District. All then remembered the story of the mesmeric subject; and mesmerism had more than one convert in that company. Was Dumas' romance of the 'Corsican Brothers' all a fiction?

SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

The extraordinary things which are said to be occurring throughout the whole of Christendom, and attributed by believers to the agency of spirits of the departed, are attracting universal attention. The high and the low—learned and unlearned—are alike inquisitive upon the subject.—We have heretofore refrained from making any statements regarding the existence of this strange phenomena in Cumberland or elsewhere; but our friends of the "Telegraph," having broken ground, and published what its Editor saw and heard, we feel bound to reiterate the same, as a truth existing in our community. We have heard of hundreds of remarkable occurrences at the circles here—such as lengthy communications being tipped out through the table—tapping on the table, without the table moving—rapping on the floor—spirits taking hold of a medium's hand and writing with it, &c., &c. All this is said to be mysterious and unaccountable, and so it is. A new feature has been introduced into it in Cumberland, which was exhibited, we learn, in the presence of several highly respectable and intelligent citizens of our town, amongst whom was the Editor of the Telegraph. In describing it the Telegraph says:—

On Saturday night last, at a circle composed of men of intelligence and standing in the community, manifestations were made of a character calculated to knock the pins from under the most inveterate sceptic. The table, after the party had been sitting around it for some time, was interrogated as to whether any spirits were present, and it answered that there were, and that one of them would play upon a musical instrument if it was desired. It was then asked if it would play on a piano, violin, flute, and so on through the whole catalogue of musical instruments, but it would play on none of them. It was then requested to spell out the name of the instrument. The table thereupon rapped out, "Jawiah Harp," the instrument upon which the ancient Jews were wont to play, and forthwith, a most beautiful air was commenced, said by some to be of celestial sweetness. It was clear, soft and distinct, and lasted about a minute, when it seemed to die gently away.

All parties were more or less startled at the development, and conjecture and speculation was at once on tiptoe, but as yet the affair is enveloped in impenetrable mystery. Some shake their heads and maintain that it is all a hoax; others attribute it to a supernatural agency, whilst a still larger class ascribe it to some strange and incomprehensible law of our mental and moral nature. For our part we have no opinion to give, although we were present by invitation.—*Cumberland Allegany, March 11.*

Humorous.

A CASE.

Miss Fitznancy, elderly maiden, charged Mr. Cleavey the gay young man who was accustomed to carry home her marketing, with having forcibly kissed her in the entry of her own house.—Mr. Cleavey although proud of his personal appearance, was short—very short—considering his whiskers; his height even in French boots, reach only to four feet eleven inches. Miss Fitznancy on the contrary, being fond of extremes ran up a foot higher—and stayed there; being of remarkably right deportment. She swore the abbreviated, yet amorous butcher kissed her! by assault—and hauled him up for it. Butcher—with some expression of disgust, more emphatic than necessary, denied the charge. Butcher was fat—lady wasn't—Cleavey had antipathy to what he ignorantly termed "scrappy" women, and vowed he hadn't kissed her, and couldn't.—*Monkey couldn't hire him to.*

Being cross-examined, lawyer inquires of the lady the circumstances—when, where, how, &c. Lady replies with great particularity:—On Monday morning—ten o'clock—in the entry—resisted all she could, but he persevered and triumphed! Lawyer asked—"Did not he stand on anything but the floor?"

LOOK ON THE PICTURE.

For some days past a well-dressed and well-appearing gentleman has been observed lingering about the police office—whose face was covered with an anxiety which he could not conceal, and whose peculiar watchfulness has attracted the attention of many. On Monday, his secret was solved—how, we will show. The gentleman is a resident of St. Louis—is wealthy, and looks like a genuine, whole-souled man. In August last his wife suddenly decamped, taking with her their two children—a girl of fourteen and a boy of six years. He has spent the whole of his time from that period to the present in search for the truants—and during the time traced her into Canada. Arriving there, he learned that she had come to this city, where he also came. Here he found that she had been engaged by one of our citizens as a servant, but had left in a few days after, taking with her a shawl or blanket belonging to the family.—This fact had been communicated to the police, who were on the lookout for her. Searching about for some more definite clue to the faithless partner of his bosom, the husband found his daughter in a dance house on the Points, where she had been hired *bit by her mother*, as a pimp or bait—and at the time her father found her, she was receiving the caresses of a miserable being, from whom almost any woman would shrink as from corruption! Of course she was at once removed, and placed in safe keeping. From her he also learned that his wife had been traveling on a canal-boat as a common cyprian, having the boy with her.

On Monday, while the poor husband was walking through the streets in conversation with an officer, he espied the false one with the child. She did not notice him, but he pointed her out to the officer, and she was summarily arrested, taken before Justice Vanderpool and committed to jail for larceny, where she now is. The husband with his children returned yesterday to what was their home, but what will now be a place of desolation and sorrow.

What a record! Would it were the unnatural growth of fiction—but that cannot be. Every word we have written is as true as holy writ. Unwilling as we are to believe that any woman, and especially a wife and mother, could degrade herself and the fruit of her own body, we cannot escape the sorrowful truth. The angels fell; and those who are "a little lower" may also fall. Let those who need the lesson this little story contains, take it to their hearts and improve by its mournful teaching.—*Buffalo Express.*

How to ENJOY A KISS.—The editor of the Wilmington (Del.) Herald, who appears to know all about the matter, thus discourses about kissing: Of course you must be taller than the lady you intend to kiss. Take her right hand in yours, and draw her gently to you.—Pass your left arm over her right shoulder, diagonally across her back under her left arm, and press her to your bosom. At the same time she will throw her head back, and you have nothing to do but lean a little forward and press your lips to hers, and the thing is done. Don't make a noise over it, as if you were firing percussion caps, or trying the water corks of a steam engine, nor pounce down upon it like a hungry hawk upon an innocent dove, but gently fold the damsel in your arms, without degrading the economy of her tiptoe or ruffle and by a sweet pressure upon her mouth revel in the sweet blissfulness of your situation, without smacking your lips on it as you would over a roast duck.

Mr. George W. Kendall, the able editor of the New Orleans Picayune, is on his way to Europe with the intention of locating for a time at Constantinople and watching from thence the course of the war.

A few days since Mrs. Crump a poor widow, of 76 years of age was murdered at her residence on Fish Creek, in Wetzel county. It is reported that a negro man was the assassin, and that he has been arrested and put in jail.

Our Planet.—The annual journey of the earth around the sun is 567,019,780 miles. It travels with the velocity of nineteen miles in a second of time.

(Lafayette Ind.) Courier.

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