



BERRY & WALLACE.]

"Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy Country's, thy God's, and Truth's."

PUBLISHERS & PROPRIETORS.

VOL. I.

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Choice Poetry.

The Miller's Song.

Hail for the stars that crushes; Hail for the whirling rain; When the old mill shudders in every plank, Like a vessel in the gale. Hail for the blast that driveth The ponderous mill-wheel round, When off the snow-storm showering We hear the mellow sound. Hail for the winds of winter, When it quivers beneath thy bill; In the idleness of summer The miller's song still. In the dull grey night, the long, long night, When the faint light on the earth, A weary man's the miller As he sits on his hearth. Hail for the roaring hurricane That raves the forest tree; And the savage din of tempest Is the miller's melody. All night in the December, The whole world is long. O'er buzz with a roar without Is heard the miller's song. When the bare, bleak moon is lying All white beneath the moon, The north wind roars a thunder-blast To the lonely miller's tune. When the mill-wheels are high as tossing Like a spirit's arm on wind, Like the ark of one beseeching Help from the murky sky— Help from the savage fury Of the wind that flies above— The wind that the blanching millers, The grey old miller's love. Hail for the stout not wester That shatters the pane; The wind is the miller's casual That grinds his golden grain. It may rush o'er distant mountains; It may roar across the hill; It may hurry along the blizzard's foot, But fast it drives the mill. Summer's a weary season; Doll looks the sunny carib; The grey, cold eye of winter, Is the time of the miller's mirth. The miller's no coward, Though he's pale as a frightened maid; His cheek's as the crimson rose In a snowy robe array'd. Of all night long when the piping wind Is whistling loud without, 'Tween the bars of the old mill's window At the stars he looketh out.

A NEW CONFEDERACY.—Three of the Central American States, viz. Nicaragua, San Salvador, and Honduras, have entered into a confederation for the purpose of Foreign Relations, and have established their seat of Government at Leon, formerly the seat of Government of Nicaragua, which is now changed to Managua, situated on the Western shore of Lake Leon. It is believed that Costa Rica and Guatemala will come into the confederation.

Henry Arden, Or, the Result of Honor. BY M. H. LOONEY. (Continued.)

During the week our hero had not seen Mary Henderson; and he could not bear the thought of going away without seeing once more the sweet girl—whom he looked upon as his guardian angel—and thanking her for the disinterested kindness that she had so often manifested towards himself. Emboldened by the circumstances which surrounded him, he penned, in a trembling and almost illegible hand, a hurried note, requesting a private interview, ere he should depart, to see her perhaps no more. In the evening, when the shadows of tree and hill were beginning to lengthen, with a palpitating heart and an agitated step, he sought the quiet and lonely spot designated in his note. The generously acquiescent Mary was already there. She was musing and did not observe the approach of the youth. Her attitude was pensive, and a slight shade of melancholy had chased the beaming sunlight of joy from her lovely countenance. Young Arden was pausing to contemplate for a moment the child-like loveliness of that noble girl. She started—looked up suddenly, and saw him.

"Mary," said the youth, "I was afraid you would think me too presumptuous, and refuse me this opportunity of thanking you for all your past kindness to one so humble and unworthy as myself. But your generous nature will not permit you to refuse a request, even though it were unreasonable."

"Your request," she replied, "was not at all unreasonable. But, if I had known you wished the interview, in order to thank me for any thing I have done, I am not sure I should have come; for what I have done, I deserve no thanks; I have only done what many others ought to have done!"

"Ah, Mary, if all thought and acted as you do, earth would be an Eden, and the hell of many a tortured heart would be changed to heaven!"

"You, indeed, overrate my principles, but when do you leave?"

"To-night, at eight o'clock, in the stage-coach."

"To return when?"

"I do not know. I am going for an indefinite period, and I have not the faintest idea when I shall return. It must be trying to your mother. She thinks there is none in the world like you. Henry, you must never forget her!"

"Miss Henderson, what my fate may be, I know not; but, in the darkest, or in the brightest hour, there are three persons in the world whom I can never forget—those three are my father, my mother, and you!"

(The maiden looked down, and the youth continued.) "Oh, Mary, how often have I walked in the fearful twilight of reason! how often have I tottered on the awful brink of insanity! and, but for you, I might now be howling in its horrible depths! You are beyond the reach of a re-payment from me. Fortune has placed an insuperable barrier between us. I am unworthy of you, or I would, at this moment, throw myself at your feet, and—what am I talking about? Sweet girl, forgive me! May God bless you! Farewell!"

drapery. She looked out, as the lights of the stage-coach shot swiftly by, and a tear gathered in her dark hazel eye, and rolled down her damask cheek. What means this mystery? Why does the courted and admired beauty of fortune turn, restless and melancholy, from the silken rustling of the gaudy curtains that hang in rich profusion around her? Why does the high-born maiden weep at the departure of that poor youth, in his homespun clothes? Time rolled on, and Mary Henderson, as she ripened into the budding charms of the perfect woman, became one of the most universally admired beauties of the village; and her father's house was occasionally thronged with a host of young gentlemen, comprising the wealthy and fashionable of the country. And many a gay beau, with "manners of wax and a heart of stone," essayed to interest the feelings and touch the heart of the rich man's daughter. But the maiden was coy; and many a splendid fellow thought to himself that a woman was sometimes a fool; a sage conclusion, perhaps, but, in this case, it was himself who was the fool.

The truth is, she had more sense than young ladies sometimes have; for she had penetration enough to peer beneath the surface, and to look through their studied graces and tinsel manners, into the cold hearts they concealed; and her own tender heart could brook no contract with such flinty things; and so she spent her time mostly in her own chamber, between her books and her dreams, maturing her intellect on the one hand, and brooding over the fond hope that she might yet find in the world of men the embodied personification of her own ideal. She often asked herself, in the first poetry of other days, she had not felt a sympathy near akin to love for Henry Arden, and her heart fluttered and palpitated at the question, but gave her no intelligible answer. But of him she had not heard for three years; and when she thought that, perhaps, she would see him no more, a vague sadness stole over her countenance, and passed into her heart; for our feelings and our affections will twine about those whose hopes we have entered into, and to whose career we have ministered. She thought that (young as she was) she had detected in young Arden, beneath the rugged garb of poverty and the consequent veil of reserve, a germ that might eventually mature into greatness; and she regretted that she should now lose sight of his prospects and his career.

It was about this time that one of the most widely circulated periodicals of the day was occasionally adorned by a rich effusion of some unknown, but towering mind. The author, under a feigned name, was pouring forth his soul through that medium of the reading world. In every article, there was a pathos of sentiment and a poetry of diction, that charmed and enraptured the reader; and young men and maidens, and old men and matrons, re-echoed the universal inquiry, "Who can the author be?"

Reader, pardon this episode—but it ends the chapter.

CHAPTER VII. It was evening, and the sun had just shed his last ray upon the village spire and the romance of the landscape. The thousand insects of the summer night were taking their places in the pean choir to "hum the dirge of the golden day."

And Mary Henderson sat in her chamber, looking out upon the deepening shadows, as they darkened around her. Her face was paler than of yore, but beautiful as an angel's still.

"Miss Mary," said a servant, opening the door, a gentleman down stairs wants to see you."

"Do you know him?"

"No name; but he is a gentleman, sure."

"Well—show him up."

In a few minutes a stranger stood on the threshold of the young lady's luxurious chamber. She gazed with involuntary admiration upon the classic form before her; and tried to recall the features if ever they had met before. But vainly. Surely, she thought, she had never seen that splendid figure and those dark eyes before. She formally, and almost coldly, invited him to a seat.

"Mary," said he, "have you quite forgotten me?"

and abstracted; and she often caught herself indulging in those melancholy reveries, commonly called "the blues." Her father and mother wondered why the cheek of their daughter was becoming pale and her manners reserved; but she herself could give no satisfactory reason.

One day a stranger in a buggy drove up to the principal hotel in the village. He was young, handsome, and seemed intellectual. There was about him that dignity of manner, which is the only true type of nobility. He refused to enter his name upon the tavern book, and no one knew him. In the evening he rambled out, and, taking a circuitous route, sought the house of the elder Arden.

It was summer, and the old people were sitting in the evening shade, beneath the rude portico that faced their humble dwelling. The stranger approached, and stood before them. The old man invited him to a seat, and the old woman gazed upon his face.

"Henry!" exclaimed the mother. "My son!" exclaimed the father. They were right. It was their own son who stood before them. Deep and eternal must be the changes that will sweep from parent hearts the recognition of their child!

I leave the reader to imagine the joy that pervaded that meeting of the son and the parents. I shall also pass over the multitude of questions that were put and answered. After all other subjects were exhausted, the young man asked what had become of Mary Henderson?

"She is here," answered his mother, "and single yet. She has had many offers of marriage, but none that suited her; it seems. Ah, Henry, the sweet girl has sadly changed! You know she used to be so gay and light-hearted. Now she is grave and melancholy. She scarcely ever goes out into company, and I—that she used to visit so often—have not seen her for weeks. Many think that some fatal disease has seized upon the vitals of her system, which is hurrying her to the tomb!"

Henry's countenance was the mirror of reflecting joy and sadness as he heard these words of his mother;—of joy that Mary, the idol of his dreams, was single yet—of sorrow, that she was so changed, and perhaps dying!

"Mother," said he, "I must return to the hotel. I will come back after supper and pass the night under your roof."

He took his leave, and his parents gazed with a proud delight upon the graceful proportions and manly bearing of the receding form of their son.

CHAPTER VIII. It was evening, and the sun had just shed his last ray upon the village spire and the romance of the landscape. The thousand insects of the summer night were taking their places in the pean choir to "hum the dirge of the golden day."

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"Miss Mary," said a servant, opening the door, a gentleman down stairs wants to see you."

"Do you know him?"

know it."

"I ought to remember," said he, "that I am changed too! Do you remember the boy for whom, five years ago, you took a letter from the Post Office?"

Words could not express her astonishment!

"Is it possible that I see before me Henry Arden?"

"The same. And as we are now acquainted, sit down with me on the sofa, and let us talk over the past."

Without reserve she seated herself by his side, asking naively—"But why have you not let us hear from you?"

"Hear my story, and it will explain. I found my relative a rich man, and an old bachelor. Being infirm and feeble, he desired some one, besides his domestics, to keep him company in his lonely home. On my arrival he furnished me a room at his own house, and I immediately entered upon the duties of my situation as clerk in his store. My employer was as kind and affectionate to me as a father. He seemed to have taken a greater liking to me than I deserved. Soon after my arrival, he one day said to me, 'Henry, do not write anything to any body, except your parents, and request them to keep your whereabouts to themselves.' I thought it an eccentric request, but I felt bound to comply, and did so."

By close application to business, the first year I won the entire confidence of my kind employer; and the second year took the place of head clerk in the establishment. Two years afterward I was admitted into partnership; and entrusted with the entire management of the concern.

During all this time I did not neglect the improvement of my mind, as is so commonly the case with young men who go into business. But late at night I leaned over the life-giving pages of my books. By this time the thoughts that crowded my heart and brain, clamored for vent. I became an author; but I wrote under a feigned name, in order that the social lecture I wished to deliver might have its full effect upon the people of my native village. But I am digressing.

Meanwhile my aged relation grew feebler and feebler, till at length he was prostrated upon a bed of sickness. In a few days I saw that the evening shadows were closing around his existence. I gave up the whole business of the store to the clerks, and night and day I watched by the bedside of him who had ever been a kind father to me. One night he said to me in a feeble voice, 'Henry, I am going.' He tried to speak further, but the death rattle was already in his throat, and the film was gathering over his eyes. I saw by the bearded brow of the physician that soon the fetters would fall from the spirit for ever and ever! I supported his head in my arms, and wiped the death damps from his icy brow. His eyes opened with a glassy stare, he gasped, and quivered, and there was a slight falling of the under jaw. I held in my arms a corpse! At that moment I felt that I had lost a father, and I was overwhelmed with grief.

Next day I attended to the funeral rites, and saw him decently interred. But you cannot imagine my surprise when his will was opened, and declared me sole heir to all his wealth! I would freely have given it all to recall him but for one hour, that I might fall in my knees before him, and thank him for his undeserved kindness to me.

After the death of my benefactor the place possessed no joys for me. And so soon as I could arrange my business, I hastened to see my parents, and the remembered girl who was a friend to me in darker days, that I might once more cast at her feet the humble tribute of my thanks."

(Concluded next Week)

A Strong Case well Put. We invite the special attention of the Banner to the following "first vote notice" of one of its recent declarations, from the St. Louis Times. The questions are unanswerable. The attempt to answer would make the editor sweat, even in January. The effort would be doubly melting in dog days.

Southern Whiggery.—The Nashville Banner, a violent whig organ, says: "No one will deny that one of the distinct enunciations of the Union party, or friends of the compromise, in Tennessee, in Kentucky, in Mississippi, in Georgia, and in Alabama, is that upon the faithful execution of the fugitive slave law depends the continuance of and perpetuity of the Union." If this be the ultimatum of southern Whigs, as we know it to be of southern Democrats, how is the Union to be maintained by the ascendancy of the Whig party? Did not a majority of the northern Whigs vote against the compromise bills? Did not all of them, save only three, vote against this same fugitive slave bill, which Southern Whigs now say must be executed faithfully or the Union shall be dissolved? Can the bill be sustained by the whigs of Massachusetts? Is it not repudiated by the Whigs of Ohio, New York and Pennsylvania? What does the Banner think of the late Whig convention of Pennsylvania, which was equivalent to a declaration that the constitution which guarantees the recovery of fugitive slaves shall not be obeyed?—Nashville American.

BOUNTY LAND WARRANTS.—We learn from the Republic that every effort is making in the Pension Office to dispose of the applications for bounty land, with as little delay as possible. The number of applications under the act of 1850, is now upwards of 150,000, and may reach 200,000. The Republic says: "We are authorized to say that applications for bounty land for services in the war of 1812, which were filed or received in the Pension Office from the third to the seventh day of December, 1850, are now in a course of examination; so also are claims for services in the Florida and other Indian wars which were filed from the thirteenth of November to the sixth of December last—so that claims for services in those several wars are nearly in the same state of forwardness. The applications by the officers in the late war with Mexico are somewhat in arrears in consequence of the misapprehension of a clerk by whom they were registered; but they will be brought up for examination in the course of a few days."

BARNUM THE SECOND.—Jake, where in thunder did you raise, or 'scrape up' that ere striped squirrel with three tails, that you exhibited down South last year, and made so well by it?

"Why, Sam, that was the same identical animal that you caught and gave me, just before I left home."

"Yes, Jake, but you know that ere varment hadn't but one tail."

"Yes, Sam, that's true; but you see, my good fellow, I just built on him some."

Old Gent.—"Waiter?"

Waiter.—"What sir?"

Old Gent.—"Bring me a plate of jolips and a bundle of straw."

Waiter.—"Anything else sir?"

Old Gent.—"Yes, the stable fork, to pick my teeth with."

Exit a white jacket, with a towel hanging over its arm.

Phases of Whiggery. The Whig State Convention of Ohio, a few weeks since, adopted the following resolution: "Resolved, That as the COMPROMISE MEASURES WERE NOT RECOMMENDED BY A WHIG ADMINISTRATION, and were not passed as party measures by Congress, PERFECT TOLERATION OF OPINION RESPECTING THOSE MEASURES SHOULD BE ACCORDED TO WHIGS EVERYWHERE."

That is good whig doctrine in Ohio. The whig party in Tennessee insists that there shall be no toleration on the subject. It does not do here for a man to agree with Gen. Trousdale, to abide by the measures in question. He must go farther, and swear that they were just and proper in all respects—giving the South all she was entitled to—or he is a disunionist! Our Tennessee whigs insist that their brethren in Ohio and Pennsylvania shall enjoy the toleration of opinion claimed by them; but if a southern man, feeling that his rights have been assailed, dares utter a word of remonstrance against the injustice to which he is subjected, while submitting to such injustice for the sake of the Union, he is a disunionist!

Such is the argument of the whigs! Such is the course adopted to reconcile the south, step by step, to the most fanatical measures of northern abolitionism, and to break down those who dare utter one word of remonstrance. It is no comfort to us to reflect that the honest whig masses who are deceived by this course will be as deeply injured by it as their democratic neighbors, who are trying to resist it.—Nashville American.

The Jefferson Gazette, published at Rodney, (Miss.) says:—"The great concern now is, in reference to making good Cotton crops; as to the Corn, most in this neighborhood have despaired of raising a half crop this season; indeed some say, that not much Cotton will be raised, but the majority are sanguine in reference to a fine crop. We have been much pleased to hear some of our neighbors speak of a fine prospect even for a good Corn crop."

ADVERTISING.—Genia, the great batter, in a note to the editor of the New York Courier, inviting him to test his style of hats, holds the following language: "The benefits I have derived from the Press as an advertising medium, it is beyond my power to estimate, and I am well satisfied, from careful observation and experience, that advertising is the mainspring of success in every branch of business."

A letter from London, in the Boston Traveler, says there is a register kept in the Glass Palace, in which all of our countrymen who visit the exhibition are requested to inscribe their names. The Hon. Abbott Lawrence's heads the list. By this register there appear to have been fifteen hundred Americans up to 28th of June to visit the Fair.

Wonderful growth of San Francisco.—Hunt's Merchant's Magazine for May states the almost incredible fact, that the exports from San Francisco are larger from any other city in the United States, not excepting even New York, and that in imports and tonnage it stands amongst the first.

Hog trade of Kentucky.—We have it from good authority, says the Cincinnati Enquirer that an engagement has been made with a Kentucky hog driver to furnish the New York market with 1000 fat hogs every month, taken on alive. The time of their transportation will occupy but a very few days.

Fossil Coal in Texas.—It is stated in the San Antonio Ledger, that immense beds of coal have been found in the mountains near Fredericksburg, in that State, and that a mountain, in which an enormous deposit of coal exists, has been on fire since last winter.