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### The Administration and its Friends.

The Sentinel, one of the Democratic organs at Washington, and whose proprietor is printer to the Senate, comments upon "the change" which has taken place in the views of the Administration in regard to Cuba and our relations with Spain. "To show the process of transformation," it makes extracts from the messages of the President at different periods in the last year, and then proceeds to remark as follows:

"The first message from which we have quoted is bellicose, and requires promptitude of decision on the part of Spain. It speaks of the 'Black Warrior' outrage; 'many other instances of aggression upon our commerce, and insults to the National flag by the Spanish authorities in Cuba.' It declares that the seizure of the Black Warrior presents so clear a case of wrong that it would be reasonable to expect full indemnity therefor as soon as this unjustifiable and offensive conduct shall be made known to Her Catholic Majesty."

"The second message, from which we have quoted, very mildly states that the outrages, aggressions, and insults inflicted upon us by Spain, are still unatoned for."

"The third expresses the pious hope that the present government will be more favorably inclined than the preceding to comply with our just demands."

"Small by degrees and beautifully less." It comes from bloody war down to lamb-like meekness.

Alas, for Gen. Pierce! No longer with trumpet tones doth he call his followers to victory and conquest. From his warlike proceedeth no more the blast that excitieth to deeds of arms and high enterprise; but in its stead there cometh forth the meek and pity-moving voice of the bleeding lamb.

So saith one of the Democratic organs at Washington! And this was the inexorable chiefman—impetuous, unscrupulous, unscrupulous—whose mission it was, according to his chosen organ, the Washington Union, to subjugate the Whigs! He had "conquered a peace for the Whigs." So said his organ. But that was not enough. The further and higher duty lay before him of making them pass under the yoke—and yoke—in token of their unequivocal and absolute submission to his imperial rule! How wonderful the transformation!

*Nashville Banner.*

### Gen. Gadsden.

The Baltimore American says: A dispatch, it is said, has been received at Washington, asserting that the recall of General Gadsden is requested by the Mexican Government, on the ground of his interfering in the internal dissensions of Mexico.

### A stupendous project.

A stupendous project has been started in Australia, viz: A railroad with a double track of seven hundred miles, and a single track of three hundred, to connect with Sydney, Melbourne and Adelaide. The cost is estimated at one hundred millions of dollars. The chief features of the scheme are that it seeks for the protection of the Home Government, on condition that the latter shall guarantee a loan for its construction. The interest to be charged on the general revenue of New-South Wales and Victoria, either in proportion to the length of railway passing through each colony or in some other ratio to the amount of the actual estimated outlay or advantage of each colony.

### Kossuth's Summary.

Kossuth, in a letter from London, by the Baltic, to a gentleman in New York, thus sums up the European news:

1. A small ministerial change here in men, not in policy; England's absolute naivety of inherent weakness; England's aristocracy decaying; fast; the British empire drifted towards a revolution scarcely to be prevented any more.
2. Bonaparte drifted from folly to folly and to fall.
3. No patching up of peace possible, though every body be bent on it.
4. The theatre of war soon to be transferred to the interior of Europe, and the contest generalized.

### Commerce Perry.

The Rhode Island House of Representatives has adopted a resolution authorizing the Governor to present to Com. Perry a service of plate, suitably inscribed, as a testimonial of the high appreciation by his native State of the great and important service he has rendered to the cause of civilization and commerce in opening of the ports of Japan.

### A quarry of green and purple slate.

A quarry of green and purple slate has been opened in Albemarle county, Va. It is said that several Welsh quarriers give it as their decided belief that this slate is the purest they have ever seen in America, and only equalled by the slate obtained from the old quarry in the North Wales.

### Austria.

It is said, has forbidden the publication of the bill respecting the impenetrable conception in Lombardy, and has even prohibited the priests from preaching upon it.

### JOHN RANDOLPH'S GRAVE.

On a bright and beautiful morning in May, we mounted our horses to visit Roanoke, the seat of the late John Randolph. The weather was charming, our horses in fine life, and ourselves in good humor with every thing and every body. Under such circumstances, the ride of fourteen miles, the distance from Charlotte C. H. to Roanoke, was vastly agreeable. The country through which you pass, from Charlotte C. H. to Roanoke, is not very interesting—inferior in all respects, as I was informed, to other parts of the county. After a ride of two or three hours, we entered a forest of tall oaks, and were told that we were on Mr. Randolph's estate. Shortly the houses that were occupied by the great and eccentric genius, appeared through the intervening trees, built up in the midst of the woods. Not a stump to be seen, not a bush grubbed up; all standing as if the foot of man had never trodden there.

Mr. Randolph would not suffer the primitive aspect of things to be disturbed in the least. Not a tree, or branch or switch was allowed to be cut. During his absence in Europe, a limb of an oak projecting towards a window of one of the houses, grew so near that old Essex, fearing the window would be broken, cut the limb off. On Mr. Randolph's return he at once discovered the mutilation, old Essex was called up, and the reason demanded for cutting off the limb. The old negro told his master he feared the window would be broken. Then, said Mr. Randolph, why did you not save the house?

We were met by John, the celebrated body servant of Mr. Randolph, and were treated with as much calm dignity and politeness as I should have expected from the most polished gentleman. He accompanied us through, and explained everything that attracted attention, about the summer and winter houses, and related to us many things connected with his late master, of a most interesting character. The summer and winter houses stand immediately opposite, and were used by Mr. Randolph as his demurensions indicate. The winter house is a rude unpainted log structure; the roof that shelters the front, supported by unbarbed posts. The interior has a confined, roughly finished appearance. The summer house is built of better materials, well finished and painted. The plan of the summer house, though singular, is in good taste, and decidedly convenient and agreeable. Instead of windows, on three sides of each room there are doors opening very wide, affording a plentiful circulation of air, and an unobstructed view of all around. Unfortunately, at the time of our visit, the houses were denuded of their furniture, a circumstance of much regret to us.

At my request, John directed us to his master's grave, at the foot of a lofty pine just a few steps in the rear of the summer house. The place was selected by Mr. Randolph twenty years before his death; and by his direction his head was laid to the east instead of the west, the usual position. I suppose the position was preferred by Mr. Randolph, because it was the Indian mode of sepulchral posture, his descent from Pocahontas, the Indian princess, being one of the things he much boasted of. A rude unadorned mass of white rock, found by Mr. Randolph, on a distant part of his estate, many years before his death, and used by him at the desire of one of his houses as a washstand marks the head of the grave. A rude mass of brown stone, selected by Mr. Randolph, and used as a step-stone to mount his horse, marks the foot of the grave. These rocks were procured and kept for the purpose to which they are now appropriated; and particular directions given to John on the subject.

I can never forget my emotions while standing over the unadorned grave of the gifted and eccentric Randolph. The tall, unbroken forest by which I was surrounded, the silence and gloom that remained undisturbed amidst the deserted place, the thought of the brilliant mind that once animated the remains then moldering beneath the sod upon which I was standing—the vanity of earth's promises, and hopes, and distinctions, impressed my heart and mind with a degree of solemnity and interest I was unwilling to dissipate.

Beautiful!—It cannot be that earth is man's abiding place. It cannot be that one life is cast up by the ocean of eternity to float upon its waves and sink into nothingness. Else why is it that the glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts are forever wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and clouds come over with a beauty that is not of earth, and pass off to leave us to muse on their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars who hold festival around the midnight throne are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And finally why is it that the bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in Alpine torrents? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where rainbows never fade, where the stars will beam before us like a brighter sun, and where the things that pass before us like shadows will stay in our possession forever.

### POETICAL.

#### THE DYING BOY.

My mother dear,—and a sickly boy,  
His pale face glowing with sudden joy,  
His face fanned back, from a brow too fair,  
The clanking locks of his raven hair,  
And his dark eye gleam'd, with as clear a light,  
As eye's sweet star when it shines most bright.

My mother dear,—it is spring-time now,  
I feel its fresh breath on my burning brow—  
I see the meadows in light green clad—  
O mother, my heart feels strangely glad,  
And soon, perhaps, on you gently lean  
I shall join my comrades in health and glad.

#### FROM THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

#### "FADED AND GONE."

I left a spot of beauty, when lovely Spring  
With soft breezes wafted sweet perfume  
And scenes of joyousness, when merry songsters  
Chanted their anthems in the forest halls,  
And laughing streams  
Guided by with murmuring melody, when  
Flowers of every hue decked the ground,  
I came again—the breeze had sunk to rest  
And his dust in his forest home,  
The songsters had sought the shadiest retreat,  
And the flowers of Spring were—"Faded and gone."

#### FROM THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

#### LIFE.

It is summer time. The earth is dressed  
In emerald robes and the gentle breeze  
Makes pleasant music amid the green  
Leaves. Wild birds carol forth the songs  
In sweet melody and the brook ripples by,  
Kissing the thousand flowers that deck its  
mossy banks. Amid this scene of beauty  
sports a fair child, so fragile and so beautiful  
that she seems like one of those pale  
treasures of Spring which he grasps with  
such eager hand. The zephyrs toy gently  
with his silken curls. Ever and anon his  
clear sisterly laugh rings out as he gazes  
at his image in the sparkling waters, or  
gathers the shining blossoms. All is life  
and beauty, but the scene fades from view.

#### DEATH.

All is changed now! Sweet summer  
has gone, fled like a bright dream too  
beautiful to last. The earth is decked in  
all the brilliant dyes of autumn, and the  
flowers of summer have faded on the hill-  
side and all around are marks of the dy-  
ing year. But let us look into the dark-  
ened room. A few straggling sunbeams  
have found their way through the closed  
shutters and rest sadly amid the locks of  
a fair child now lying in the calm sleep  
of death. Flowers are in his hand, but  
they lie drooping on his pillow. Thus it  
is with life! The dark shadow of death  
ever loyers around all that is beautiful.

### A SISTER'S LOVE.

What is more pure, more holy, and  
more sacred, than the tie of affection that  
binds together the mutual hearts of a brother  
and sister—the beautiful compact of  
sentiment, strengthened by years of in-  
nocent companionship, and perfumed by  
the incense of unnumbered joys spread  
along the high pathway of bounding  
youth? Unlike the base love that lights  
its torch at the shrine of passion, and dies  
when the idol of its worship is disrobed  
of its charms, and loses its power to cap-  
tivate the sensuality which it had stimu-  
lated and enthralled—this sentiment  
knows no change, but lives through every  
vicissitude and grows brighter amid  
the gloom and darkness of adversity. A  
sister's love! How disinterested, how  
hallowed, how unselfish—how free from  
exaction and the hope of requital for kind  
offices and gentle ministrations! Its out-  
pourings have the sweetness of flowers,  
the low voiced music that breathes and  
swells in liquid cadences from the Edin-  
burgh harp, when its strings vibrate to the  
soft stirrings of the summer breeze. It  
welcomes with caresses the wanderer  
back to his home and kindred, it ministers  
at the couch of sickness, it smooths  
the feverish and clammy brow of the sufferer,  
when the body is racked with pain  
and stricken with disease, lies prostrate  
and powerless, and bends, in trembling  
anguish, over the bed of death, to catch  
the last sigh of the expiring one blending  
with a silent prayer that the spirit just break-  
ing from its tenement of clay may be accepted  
of God in Heaven.

A Sister's Love! Who can tell the  
thoughts that cluster around the word—Sis-  
ter! Deep and undying is her love!—  
How ready is she to forgive the errors, to  
excuse the follies of a brother! She never  
deserts him. And when the bitter voice  
of reproach is poured in his ears she is  
ever eager to hush its harsh tones, and  
turn his attention away from his painful  
notes. But let him move in a flowery  
path, and she hangs clusters of smiles  
about all his steps. In watching his fa-  
vored career, and listening to his exu-  
berant, she feels the purest satisfaction.—  
The cold grave cannot crush her affection  
for him. It outlives her tears and sighs.  
And hence, she often wanders to the spot  
where he reposes, with the fragrant rose  
bush and the creeping honeysuckle, and  
plants them on his clay tomb. And who  
will dare affirm that her love perishes  
when she fades away from earth? May it  
not live far off in the glorious spirit  
land—and live on, increasing in fervor  
and intensity, during the endless ages  
of eternity? Is it not only passions and emotions  
which cannot flourish in heaven?

From the Boston Olive Branch.

NO HOPE.

His voice falters: His lip quivers. Never  
has he spoken those words before, and  
they seem absolutely terrible. He is a  
young physician, and this is the first case  
in which he has been unsuccessful. He  
felt from the beginning, that the beauti-  
ful babe would die, but yet, there might  
be room for hope. The blue eyes of the  
mother, brightened as he entered, and  
her whole manner seemed to say, "he  
can save my child." There was a strange  
earnestness in the deep lines of the father,  
as he wrung his hand, murmuring,  
"my fortune if you give him relief."

#### BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

The following is from an advance sheet  
of a religious gift book, of superior merit  
called the "Lily wreath," by A. B. Child,  
M. D.

The great, immortal blessings of beauty  
that make angels radiant are made up  
of life's sorrows and woes. Let the  
waves of communion carry the soul to the  
ocean of thought. "What we deem trifles  
here, too small for the heart's attention,  
if rightly performed, will stud the soul  
with seraph graces, that radiate through  
heaven's bowers. Earth's fiction gives  
p-dish, it makes the spirit brilliant. The  
skillful boatman call not wholly for the  
calm; the tide that doats in contra, nerves  
the muscles to energy; thus the current  
of life's water—floating against us, reflects  
on our efforts the greater magnitude of  
labor that brought us homeward. Meet  
well in life's pilgrimage all opposing tides;  
they may float around thee, but thy bark  
will sail firmly on to its haven.

The soul of man is God's temple. The  
heart is his holy altar. His divine wis-  
dom should dwell within the temple with  
all the truth which we can gather into  
the internal store-house. Around the  
sacred temple, the heart, there should  
no but beauteous forms of light come  
knocking. 'Tis there we commune with  
him, the great fountain of light. Trifle  
not with this sanctuary of God; make it,  
O, make it a temple where he may dwell.  
Let the dome be reared far on high, and  
still keep the entrance to this temple free  
and open, that every passing form of beauty  
may come in and worship. Let the  
gateway be lowly, that the feeble forms  
may enter, though covering perhaps a  
mighty spirit within. By that, I mean,  
humble truths, which are mighty with  
God. O, keep the great dome open to  
heaven's light. Let it come in pure and  
untainted. Place naught between thee  
and thy God. Keep the holy altar of the  
heart ever pure, that at all seasons, and  
at all times, it may stand ready to invite  
each passing beauty to its feast of holiness.

Bring within thy temple the gifts of  
love, truth and harmony. Bid them tarry  
ever. Thy beautiful Giver has placed  
within thy reach, truths immortal, ever-  
adorn, and bliss thy sanctuary, this house  
of God, O, consecrate it to His eternal  
love; let it ever be His abode, and from  
this temple thou wilt never wish to stray.

#### FROM THE RICHMOND MIRROR.

#### "TIS HOME WHERE THE HEART IS."

This beautiful sentiment of the poet  
finds its response in every one's experience.  
The child of affection—nurtured in ten-  
derness, reared in kindly fosterage—turns  
with the deepest regrets from the home  
of his childhood. Wherever he may live,  
in remote or in neighboring conn-  
tries, he finds there is something left be-

### THE LANCASTER GUN.

Our readers have no doubt noticed in  
the letters from the Crimea, accounts of  
the Lancaster gun, which has proved to be  
a most effective weapon against the  
walls of Sevastopol, although it has not  
been altogether a safe gun for those who  
handled it, two or three of them having  
burst. The Montreal Gazette gives the  
following description of this gun and of  
the principle of its operation:

"It is a well known fact that it is im-  
possible to cast balls or bullets for im-  
pact in such a way that one side will not  
be heavier than the other, and it is al-  
so well known that this circumstance de-  
fects the projectile from its right line.—  
The Lancaster gun professes to have ac-  
complished this by means of an elliptical  
bore, out of which it is to be thrown an  
elliptical projectile—either shot or shell.  
The gun is large because it is a long  
range that its great precision of aim tells  
best over the common gun, and its ap-  
pearance is that of an ordinary large can-  
non, except that the mouth, instead of  
being circular, is elongated like an egg—  
having one axis longer than the other.—  
We will suppose that the mouth is the  
largest up and down—that is, that the  
longer axis is vertical, so that the flat-  
tened ball fitting it would stand on its edge;  
but the bore winds gradually from the  
mouth to the breech of the gun, so that  
when the ball is driven home to the pro-  
per position, when the gun is loaded, it  
will be horizontally—that is, at right an-  
gles to the longer axis of the mouth of  
the gun, and on its side. When the gun  
is fired the ball must make one revolution  
for every four lengths of the gun, and  
thereby counterbalances any imperfec-  
tions in its shape which would other-  
wise deflect it. Several of these guns  
have burst. This, is, perhaps, attribut-  
able to the fact that they are used at very  
long ranges, and were probably over-  
loaded."

#### BIG TREES IN CALIFORNIA.

They have been frequently spoken of,  
and we find still more about them in the  
California prints. The Placer Times  
mentions a spruce pine log, twenty-six  
feet long, which turned out 4000 feet  
clear stuff, without knot or wind-shanks.  
The tree made 13,000 feet clear lumber.  
The trees of other species are much larger—  
for instance, the redwood—some of  
which will turn out upwards of 100,000  
feet. One such tree will build two houses,  
each two stories high, and fifty feet  
square furnishing all the square timber,  
planks, shingles, &c. The following ac-  
count of big trees seem almost incredi-  
ble:—One of the trees is named the "Fath-  
er pine." This is dead and fallen to the  
earth. Its dimensions are as follows:  
length 400 feet; circumference, 110 feet.  
The trunk of this tree is hollow, which  
has been turned for a distance of 250 feet.  
There is a little pond of water in the cen-  
tre of this cavity four feet in depth. The  
tree, 250 feet from the stump, is no less  
than 12 feet in diameter. The cluster  
called the "Three Sisters," taken together  
are 92 feet in circumference, and 300 feet  
in height. The centre is bare of branches  
for 200 feet above the ground. The  
"Mother Tree" is 914 feet in circumfer-  
ence, and 325 high. The "Mother and  
Son" are 92 feet in circumference, and  
300 feet in height, united at the base.—  
The "Twin Sister," 100 feet in circumfer-  
ence, and 300 feet in height. The "Pion-  
ner's Cabin" is a remarkable curiosity.—  
This tree has been partially burned; the  
result of the scorching is the dividing of  
the trunk into several compartments,  
which are known as the "parlor, bed-room  
and kitchen." The hollow which is 200  
feet in circumference, and 325 in height.  
The "Old Bachelor," 81 feet in circumfer-  
ence, and 297 feet in height. The "Old  
Man," 76 feet in circumference, and 275  
feet in height.—Uncle Tom's Cabin,  
94 feet in circumference, and 300 feet in  
height. "Pride of the forest," 87 feet in  
circumference, and 300 feet in height.—  
"Two Friends," 85 feet in circumference,  
and 300 feet in height. These trees are  
all embraced in an area not exceeding  
one-half mile in extent.

#### FROM A LETTER OF JUDGE O'NEILL.

We learn from a letter of Judge O'  
Neill, published in the Temperance Ban-  
ner, that P. M. W. P., P. S. White, would  
commence his lectures on the 16th inst.  
at Augusta, Ga., following the line of tra-  
vel thence to Rome, devoting six weeks  
to the work.

### Fanny Fern Daguerrotyped.

She is full forty, in Fanny. Sports curls like a  
girl of seventeen. They are asburn—po-  
etically so. Has a keen flashing eye.—  
Nose between Grecian and Roman, rather  
thin and rather good looking. Checks  
with a good deal—quite too much—col-  
oring. Comes of roUGE. Bad taste, but  
no business of ours. Lips well turned,  
and indicative of firmness rather than of  
—sugar. Chin handsomely chiseled.—  
Whole countenance betokens a woman of  
spirit and high nature generally. Form  
fine. Chest a model. Not surprised.—  
Carriage graceful and stately. Rather  
tall, and emphatically genteel. Pretty  
foot. Ankle to match. Hand small.—  
Likes to show it, ribbons, lace, millinery  
&c., generally. Talks rapidly. Is witty  
and brilliant—cutting and lashing. Proud  
as Lucifer. Fond of fun. Hates most of  
her relations. Treats her father and Nat  
almost brutally. Has three or four pretty  
girls as ever wore curls. Is proud of them  
and justly. Is heartless. Is a flirt. Lives  
in Clover. Is worth \$20,000. Got by  
pen and ink. When passing the street  
takes eight, eyes out of ten; on the whole,  
wonderful woman is Fanny.—Boston  
Dispatch.

#### The Day after twenty rogues had escaped from jail out west, an editor had composed an article on the morals of the place. "Not a prisoner within the walls of the jail."

#### The Car in his Sledge.

Let us stand on one side, for the Emperor's sledge is coming; he is dressed in a gray military cloak and feather, helmet ornamented with gold, precisely similar to that of any officer. He has a fine face; his fair complexion and the general cast of his features show his German descent, but there is something peculiarly disagreeable about his eyes. His noble figure amply fills the sledge which drives at a rapid pace past us. His majesty looks older than a few months ago; his hair is grayer and his shoulder rounder, yet he is a fine man still. He acknowledges the low bows of his people by a military salute, and leaves behind him as he advances many open mouths and wide staring eyes among the sheep skin gentry, who perhaps have just come into St. Petersburg with the "Winter-loads," and can scarcely gaze their fill at the Caar, who in their ignorance, they imagine a kind of God upon the earth. Look! the Emperor is giving a military salute to some ladies in a blue carriage, with two Cossacks in scarlet behind him, as he advances many open mouths and wide staring eyes among the sheep skin gentry, who perhaps have just come into St. Petersburg with the "Winter-loads," and can scarcely gaze their fill at the Caar, who in their ignorance, they imagine a kind of God upon the earth. Look! the Emperor is giving a military salute to some ladies in a blue carriage, with two Cossacks in scarlet behind him, as he advances many open mouths and wide staring eyes among the sheep skin gentry, who perhaps have just come into St. Petersburg with the "Winter-loads," and can scarcely gaze their fill at the Caar, who in their ignorance, they imagine a kind of God upon the earth.

#### Surgical Operation.

We were present at an operation performed by Professor Dugas, in the Medical College of Georgia, a few days since, in which he used a new Anæsthetic agent or rather one that is comparatively new, as it has not been much used. The operation was that of extirpating a large tumor on the back, weighing about ten pounds. The Professor, before operating, surrounded the base of the tumor with the freezing mixture for about four or five minutes which so obtunded the sensibility of the parts that the operation was performed with comparatively little pain. We learn that the Professor has been making experiments for some time, and has reason to be pleased with the results—whether it is to supersede chloroform is yet to be determined.—Augusta Sentinel.

#### Printing at Sea.

Commodore Perry took out with him to Japan a printing press and types, with which the articles of compact between the United States and the kingdom of Len Chen were printed, on board one of the vessels of the squadron. The National Intelligencer has seen a specimen of the work, which, it says, "in point of elegance and correctness, would have done credit to any press on terra firma."

#### The Supreme Court of Texas.

The Supreme Court of Texas has laid it down as a rule, that, in all criminal cases, when it shall appear that ardent spirits are used by the jury, regardless of quantity, the verdict will be set aside.

#### A bill is before the Senate of Delaware.

A bill is before the Senate of Delaware to prohibit the banks of that State from being concerned in any paper or security of any description whatever, where by the amount of profit to said bank, to arise from said transaction, shall exceed the rate of one per cent. for sixty days. A violation of the law is to work a forfeiture of the charter, and render the directors liable to answer for a misdemeanor, to be punished by fine and imprisonment.