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RUTH.

A day of scarcity had come. Elimelech could no longer support himself and family in the land of his birth. He quits his native country, and with his wife and two sons becomes a sojourner in a strange land. The place they left was Bethlehem Judah, the one they come to Moab. Shortly after their arrival at their new abode, the husband and father died, leaving Naomi alone with her two sons, Mahlon and Chilion. The sons took to themselves wives of the land of Moab, Ophar and Ruth. They dwelt together about ten years, when both the sons husbands died leaving poor Naomi to weep in solitude, such as but few can ever feel. She was far from fatherland—the companion of her youth gone, and the objects of her care and affection lost. In sorrow she turns her eyes again toward the land whence she had brought the idols of her heart, and determines to return to the home of her childhood days. She kissed her daughters-in-law, and bade them return each to the house of their mother. Ophar did so, but Ruth "clave unto her," and said, "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following thee, for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me, and more also, if I should be parted from thee. These words of the Moabitess evince a tenderness of affection that has hardly a parallel in human history. It was the affection of a noble-hearted woman that was deep-toned, fervent, and abiding. It was the out-breathing of a soul—the flushings of the heart. It was not the flush of passion, but the pure water of a living fountain. Naomi was the mother of her long cherished, but now lost beloved. He was taken away, and there was nothing left of him but what was imaged in the countenance of the mother. She therefore, loved to look upon that countenance, and she "clave unto her." She felt, too, that she had been one with the son, so, in a certain sense she was alone with the mother. Nor was this all, they met with similar losses. God had removed from both the objects of their tenderest affection. The husband of each was in the grave. Sympathy, therefore, bound their hearts closely together. They had also long been intimate friends; their attachment had grown with the advance of years. They could not part; the stroke would be too heavy. Nay, the tender-hearted and affectionate Ruth could not allow a mother to return with none to cheer her drooping heart. She had come "bearing her sheaves" with her, and must she become as a desert, with no refreshing oasis to look upon, with no green spot to meet her vision as she should go down to the tomb? No, this must not be; the filial spirit of the Moabitess could not brook the thought. True it would be a sacrifice—home must be left, kindred never be seen again, and all the pleasant associations connected therewith, be broken up; but, the sacrifice should be made.—Ophar might remain, but Ruth should go. The home of Naomi should be the home of Ruth; Naomi's friends should be Ruth's friends; Naomi's God her God, Naomi's grave her grave.

WAKULLA SPRING IN FLORIDA.

After many months of weary wandering, writes a correspondent of the Providence Journal, my friend and I found ourselves, on a pleasant morning in March, in the little capital of Florida. While we were enjoying our coffee with a number of gentlemen, one of them asked, "Have you been to Wakulla?" We were obliged to confess that we had never heard of such a place. With a look of astonishment, he proceeded to recount its wonders. We listened as incredulously as you, dear readers, are about to listen to my description. We resolved to visit the spot; and presuming, with all due respect for your extensive geographical knowledge, that you know no more of them than we did, I make no apology for giving you an account of our visit to the wonderful fountain. Our road, which presented the usual variety of sand and stumps, lay through an almost unbroken pine forest. We saw scarcely a brook or a spring on the road, to warn us of our approach to the great fountain Wakulla. At length, after driving some miles, we reached a beautiful grove. Taking a narrow path, we passed through some dense underwood; and suddenly we were standing on the edge of a basin of water. It is almost circular. As we approached the centre, I noticed the jagged, grayish limestone cliff beneath which the water flows. The basin was of immense depth. The boat moved slowly on. We hung trembling over the edge of a sunken precipice, unfathomable abyss. From its gorge came pouring forth with immense velocity a living river. Our little boat, floating on an element as transparent as air above, seemed hovering midway between two worlds. Pushing on just beyond its mouth, I dropped a ten cent piece into the water, which is there one hundred and ninety feet deep, and saw it clearly shining on the bottom. This seems indeed incredible. The water must possess a magnetic power, for if such a piece of money were lying at the foot of a lower one hundred and ninety feet in height, it could not be seen so plainly from the summit. We now moved on towards the south side of the basin, and suddenly we perceived the water, the fishes that were darting hither and thither, the long flexible roots, and the wide-bladed, luxuriant grasses upon the bottom, all arrayed in the most brilliant prismatic hues. The gentle swell, occasioned by the motion of one's skill, gave to the whole an undulating motion. Death-like stillness reigned around. All seemed magical and unreal. The boyish dreams which I used to read, after reading the Arabian Nights' Entertainment, were actualized. A more fairy scene I can hardly conceive. The Indian name for this spring is wonderfully significant. Wakulla means the "Mystery." It is said that the Spanish discoverers of this fountain plunged into it with almost frantic joy. They supposed they had found the long sought "Fons Juventutis," or Fountain of Youth, which should rejuvenate them after exhausting marches and battles. Mysterious.—Human bones, enough to make four skeletons, were found in a cave, partially walled up, on the mountain near Charleston, Kanawba county, a few days ago.

VISIT TO THE SERAGLIO PALACE.

To visit the mosques and the Seraglio Palace a firman or permit must be had from the government, and that is to be paid for roundly. An officer or two must attend with his sword and staff, and they must be fed well. Then at every mosque and other sacred place you visit there are servants to be fed, and if a party get through the days' excursion for forty dollars they do very well. Mr. Brown, the Dragoman of the United States Legation, kindly procured for us a firman and sent a cavasce to lead us. The government sent another, so that we were well provided with an escort. Several ladies joined our party, and added largely to the pleasure of that delightful and interesting day. Where the Golden Horn sets up from the Bosphorus the old city of Byzantium stood, and Mohammed II. selected this unrivaled site for his Palace, and laid out the grounds and prepared a residence that had no equal in the Eastern world. Armed sentinels admitted us by the great pavilion, which is called the Porte—a gate—and from this the Ottoman Empire takes its name. Fifty men are the usual guard at this door. We are at once in the midst of a vast courtyard, (the whole palace grounds are three miles in circuit,) and passing across it, we were conducted into the palace. A flight of stairs brought us to the audience chamber, a wide apartment, carpeted and surrounded with a rich divan. The throne-room was furnished with chairs and sofas, showing a conformity to Western customs. Another and another chamber, and we entered the Sultan's bath—luxuriously fitted up, but without some of the conveniences for comfort which poorer people enjoy. A brass bar across a door we were passing told us, or at least the guides informed us, that this was the entrance to the harem. No profane foot may cross that threshold. No man but the Sultan is allowed to enter the Turk's apartments for his wives. But a long gallery opening near was now entered, hung on one side with engravings, chiefly of Napoleon's battles; and on the other side a row of windows looked out on the court. This is the hall in which the hundred and fifty wives of the Sultan are daily assembled for the amusement of their common lord. Here each one of them may exert her art to win his favor; and it is said that he drops his handkerchief at the feet of the one who has been most successful. Through this hall we were led along to the private armory of the Sultan, and while admiring the pistols, swords, dirks, yatagans, cimeters, Sabres, etc., of elegant workmanship, adorned with gold and precious stones, my attention was called to an adjoining apartment, the Sultan's bed chamber. Two janizaries with bayoneted guns stood before the open door, and permitted me to look in, but not enter. It was reported among the company in the other room that gentlemen were not allowed to go in; and the ladies presiding on their privilege, hastened to step in, but the crowd of guards brought them to sudden halt on the threshold. We could see the magnificent court and its gold and crimson damask carpet, and the sumptuous furniture of the chamber, where the most unsexed man in the Turkish empire has often sought in vain for sleep, that comes unbidden to him who earns it with the sweat of his brow, and does not wear a crown. In the gardens of the palace, and near the water's edge, are many beautiful but small cottages, which from time to time have been erected at the desire of one or another of the Sultan's favorite wives.—Fitted up according to the taste of each fair inmate, we could see in the low windows that open on the walks that they were elegant and very oriental. The Sultan has the range of them all, as cages in which his pet birds are confined. And then we gathered some flowers, for in the last of December the roses were in full bloom in the open air, and every thing was fresh and green as May. Underneath the palace was the kitchen, and fires going as if an army were to be fed from the great ranges and furnaces on which the dinner was even now cooking. Some of the pastry was served to us, and proved to be excellent, though we did eat it in the kitchen. Von Hammer says that there are nine several kitchens, and that forty thousand oxen are yearly killed here and cooked, 200 sheep daily, 100 lambs or goats, and 850 fowls. But the Sultan does not reside in the Seraglio; he is at one of his many palaces along the Bosphorus, and the cooking now in process was merely for the retainers of the palace. His future residence will be in the marble palace on the Bosphorus. A thousand horses stand in the royal stables, which we passed on our way out, and the harness and trappings, covered with jewelry, are displayed in a room over the stalls. It required an hour to look through the armory, containing one of the richest and finest collections of helmets, greaves, breast plates in forms of stars, gims of strange patterns in use before locks were invented, and implements of war now obsolete, but terribly effective in their day, and very curious now. The stacks of arms all ready for use were fast diminishing by the daily demand for the war; and probably some of the poor fellows that came on the steamer with me were by this time equipped with this armory and marching to the field. In a gallery was a collection of the famous swords of successive Sultans, from the splendid Damascus blade of Mohammed II. Here too, are the keys of all the cities of Turkey, mounted with gold, and deposited

CHILDHOOD.

"We talk of Adam and Eve as having been, before the fall, in a very happy condition," says the Albany Register, "but one thing they missed they were never children! Adam never played marbles. He never played 'hooky.' He never drove a tandem of boys with a string.—He never skated on a pond, or played 'ball,' or rode down hill on a hand-sled. And Eve—she never made a play-house; she never took tea with another little girl, from the tearful set out with the tea things. She never rolled a hoop, or jumped the rope, or piced a baby-quit, or dressed a doll. They never played 'blind-man-buff,' or 'pussy wants a corner,' or 'hurry-hurry,' or any of the games with which childhood disports itself." Adam and Eve are not the only individuals of the human race, who have known no childhood. How many children of the vicious and poor pass through the charming season of a youth, without tasting any of its sweets! How their little hearts, and all their budding joys and affections, are withered by the breath of harshness and want, and their features become pinched and care-worn! Such a one is the little boy who comes to our office, seeking to earn a penny by doing errands. His face is sad to look upon. It has none of the buoyancy of youth—it is care-worn, anxious and hollow-eyed. He sneaks low and humbly—he has none of the spirit of Young America. It has been crushed out of him by want and cruelty. He does not look as if he ever played in his life, or knew what play is. His smile is wan and ghastly, and his step slow, and dragging. His father, he says, is in jail, for getting drunk and fighting with his mother; she sends him out to earn money for her support. Young as he is, he has the care of a family on his slender shoulders,—he knows no childhood. Portland Transcript.

THRILLING INCIDENT.

I passed up the natural avenue and came upon the green. My feelings were very poetical as I walked towards the village church. I entered. A popular preacher was holding forth, and the little meeting house was much crowded. Several persons were standing up, and I soon discovered that I must retain my perpendicular position, as every seat was crowded. I however, passed up the aisle until I gained a position where I could have a fair view of the faces of nearly all present. Many of the congregation looked curiously at me, for I was a stranger to them all. In a few moments, however, the attention of every person appeared to be absorbed in the ambassador of grace, and I also began to take an interest in the discourse. The speaker was fluent, and many of his flights were even sublime. The music of the woods and the fragrance of the heath seemed to respond to his eloquence. Then it was no great strength of the imagination to fancy that the white banded creatures around me, with their pointing lips and artless innocence, were beings of a higher sphere. As my feelings were thus divided between the beauties and blessings of the two worlds, and wrapt in a sort of poetical devotion, I detected some glances at me of an animated character. I need not describe the sensations experienced by a youth when the eyes of a beautiful woman rest for a length of time upon his countenance, and when he imagines himself to be an object of interest to her. I returned her glances with interest, and threw all the tenderness into my eyes which the scene, my meditations, and the preacher's discourse had inspired in my heart, doubting not the fair damsel possessed kindred feelings with myself—that we were drinking together at the fountain of inspiration. How could it be otherwise! She had been born and nurtured amidst these wild and romantic scenes, and was made up of romance, of poetry, and tenderness; and then I thought of woman's love—her devotion—her truth. I only prayed that I might meet with her where we might enjoy a sweet interchange of sentiment. Her glances continued. Several times our eyes met. My heart ached with rapture. At length the benediction was pronounced. I lingered about the premises until I saw the dark-eyed damsel set out for home, alone and on foot.—Oh! that the customs of society would permit; for we are surely one in soul.—Cruel formality! that throws up a barrier between hearts made for each other.—Yet I followed her. She looked behind, and I thought she evinced some emotion at recognizing me as a stranger of the day. I then quickened my pace and she actually slackened hers as if to let me come up with her. "Noble creature!" thought I; "her artless and warm heart is superior to the bonds of custom!" I reached within a stone's throw of her. She suddenly halted, and turned her face towards me. My heart swelled to bursting. I reached the spot where she stood. She began to speak, and I took off my hat, as if doing reverence to an angel. "Are you a pedlar?" "No, my dear girl, that is not my occupation." "Well, I don't know," continued she, not very bashfully, and eyeing me very sternly. "I thought when I saw you in the meeting-house, that you looked like the pedlar who passed off a pewter half-dollar on me about three weeks ago, and so I was determined to keep an eye on you. Brother John has got home now and says if he catches the fellow he'll wring his neck for him; and I ain't sure but you're the good-for-nothing rascal after all!" "Reader, did you ever take a shower-bath?" It is absolutely cruel to inflict upon the reader such a disappointment as is experienced in reading this short story. But after all, it is only too true to nature. The passionate youth who expects to find every beautiful girl an angel, is doomed to frequent disappointment. 'Tis true, but pity it is, 'tis true.

REMEDY FOR SCALDS AND BURNS.

In the "American Medical Gazette" for March, Dr. Reese thus earnestly reiterates his advice to apply flour to scalds and burns: "We still see reported, almost daily, an appalling number of deaths by burns and scalds, not one of which, we take upon ourselves to say, need prove fatal, or would do so if a few pounds of wheat flour could be promptly applied to the wounds made by fire, and repeated until the inflammatory stage had passed. We have never known a fatal case of scalding or burning in which this practice has been pursued, during more than thirty years experience, and having treated hundreds in both public and private practice. We have known the most extensive burns by falling into caldrons of boiling oil, and even molten copper, and yet the patients were rescued by this simple and cheap remedy, which, from its infallible success, should supplant all the fashionable nostrums, whether oil, cotton, lead water, ice, turpentine, or pain-extractors, every one of which has been tried a thousand times with fatal result, and the victims have died in excruciating agony, when a few handfuls of flour would have calmed them to sleep and rescued them from pain and death. Humanity should prompt the profession to publish and republish the facts on this subject, which are established by the authority of standard medical works on both sides of the Atlantic. Flour is the remedy, and the only one, in severe cases of scalding and burning, casualties which so often destroy life. Let us keep it before the people, while the explosion of steam boilers and burning fluid lamps are so rife all over our country."

TOP BOOTS FOR LADIES.

A gossiping lady correspondent of the Home Journal, furnishes the following item of intelligence in the last issue of that paper. "Boots with turn over tops, are resolved on for street wear by the ladies—the turn overs to be yellow kid, scolloped or fringed, the boots patent leather, so I hear. Your broaching the inflammable subject of ladies' expenses has probably brought this about, for the sidewalk sweeping is quite our most expensive amusement, and short dresses would reduce Stewart's marble palace two stories at least. As our heels are to be made visible I shall send you a photograph of mine at the very first unveiling, for I suppose there will be so much curiosity to know what they look like that the daguerotypist will now take both ends of us. We were talking of it yesterday when Docter—was in, and he said that nothing showed blood like a thin heel sloping under as it is proved that your race had not carried burthens. The negro foot had a shelf behind, and the heel was enlbed, from being crushed out with a weight for ages. Heel-gomomy is going to be in: resting, I foresee."

TAR.

"And what can you tell me about tar," says one. "Well, we can only say that it is a very useful article on every farm, and every body should be supplied with the very best kind." "Now, there it is again—don't I know that rich pine tar is the best kind; and don't I know that tar can be made of nothing else?" "Stop! stop! my good neighbor, we wish to tell you how to make it." "Thunder and lightning! Don't every body in the Piney-woods know how to put up a tar-kiln?" It may be that every body knows this, but as all persons may not know how to make Cotton-seed-tar, we propose to say a few words upon this particular kind of tar. "Cotton-seed-tar! Well, well! that beats me out. This book-farming with its jintrack and new notions is going to be the ruin of the whole country." "Cotton-seed-tar is the best kind for three reasons: 1st, Because it is thinner and will not pitch upon the axle of wagon or cart. 2d, Because more of it can be made from the same quantity of rich pine. 3d, Because it consists of a large portion of oil, which lessens friction and causes the wagon or cart to run lighter. It is made by preparing the bed of the kiln in the usual way, and then laying down the lightwood inclined downwards towards the vent hole—then cover the pine six inches thick with cotton seed, and then cover with a little straw and about two inches of earth. When the kiln is burnt, all the oil in the Cotton-seed will be in the tar-barrel and you will have the best kind of tar." "I don't believe it, blast if I do. Good-bye, Sir." "Good-bye, Swellhead."

THE SLAVE AND THE SERPENT.

The little story below makes a part of an article on Snakes, in Harper's Magazine, for the current month: "An affecting story is told of a European family residing in St. Domingo, in which an only child was sacrificed by a snake, through the arts of a petted slave. The negro was a favorite with his master's household, but in spite of this became involved in one of those deep conspiracies that characterized the early history of the West Indian Islands. In the dead hour of night, the slaves from the adjoining plantations met in the forest to concert their insurrectionary plans, and expose and punish any of their members who had shown any reluctance to carry out their designs for the destruction of the whites. The slave we have alluded to was suspected by his confederates of undue affection for his young mistress, and it was whispered that in a general rising he would make an effort to save the innocent child from massacre. This supposed humanity on the part of the slave was pronounced treason in its worst form; and the suspected conspirator on pain of death to himself, was ordered, before the next meeting, to destroy his young mistress, as a proof that he was not a traitor in heart. The negro—the confidential servant of his master and the inmate of the household—accomplished his purpose without attracting to himself the least suspicion. Hunting up the nest of a pair of deadly snakes, every where to be found in tropical climates, with those arts peculiar to all semi-savage minds he entered them into the garden and familiarized them with the vicinity of the house. His plans being perfected, he announced to his master and mistress that he had reason to believe that there was a deadly reptile lodged in the vicinity. A large reward was offered for its destruction, and in two or three days the negro brought the female to the house, laid it upon the front steps, and received the congratulations of the family for his faithful devotion. The moment he was unobserved, he dragged the dead carcass of the snake into the house, thrust it through the lattice-work that divided the sleeping chambers from the parlors, and then, opening the door of the sleeping room, trailed the venomous body across the empty couch of his young mistress, and concluded by depositing it in a coil under the sheets in the very centre of the bed. All this being done, he next enveloped the body of the snake in some broad leaves, laid it about his person, and unobserved escaped into the open air. At midnight, when every door was opened and every lattice turned up to admit the refreshing breeze denied during the day—when all were wrapped in profound slumber, the surviving snake was crawling for its last meal. Gradually it approached the dwelling, for it was on the trail, climbing up the door-steps, glanced inquiringly about, as fresh evidences of his success seemed to dawn upon it, and then it stealthily entered the parlor: straight across the floor it moved, penetrated the lattice, and mounted the couch. The trail was now warm, and he led the snake under the clothes; the innocent occupant of the couch brushed the intruder aside, and in another instant the deadly fangs of the frustrated and angry serpent were buried deeply in her bosom. The victim sighed heavily, for the deep sleep of a tropical climate was upon her, and she slumbered on, to waken no more

ORANGE SUPERIOR COURT.

The Spring term of this Court was held last week, his Honor Judge Dix presiding. There was no case of general interest on the civil docket. The State docket occupied two days. We notice the following cases as the most important: The case of the State vs. Wm. K. Forester, charged with committing a rape upon Vashti Procter, a girl only eight years of age, was continued by consent. It was deemed proper that the girl should be instructed as to the nature of an oath. In case of the State vs. James F. Cate, charged with killing his wife, the grand jury returned "Not a true bill." Joseph Willett, indicted on several counts—for trading with slaves, receiving stolen goods, and petit larceny,—was suspended, and he has an opportunity of giving "leg bail." The case of the State vs. Francis Gulliber, for assault and battery on the Sheriff of the county, afforded some amusement. Gulliber is a raw Irishman, against whom the Sheriff proceeded for peddling without a license.—We learn that he professed to know nothing of licenses except for marrying, and he did not want to get married; to know nothing of Sheriffs, but knew a young man in the "old country," nine feet high, who was called Sheriff. He submitted, and was sentenced to pay a fine of sixpence and the costs.—Hillsboro Recorder. Fire and Death.—We learn that on Wednesday night of last week, the dwelling house of Mrs. Margaret Woods, on Little River, about seven miles north-east of this place, was consumed by fire, and she was burned up in it. A jury of inquest was summoned, and after investigation, they concluded that the evidence before them was sufficient to authorize the commitment of Presley Hiley, on suspicion of having killed Mrs. Woods and set fire to the house. He was bound over to answer at the Term of the Superior Court then in session, but the Court had adjourned when he was brought to town. A further investigation was to take place on Monday of this week.—Hillsboro Recorder. Wild Cats.—It appears from the papers, that a new secret political association has been organized in the State of Ohio in opposition to the Know Nothings. The members are called "Wild Cats;" but they style themselves the Democratic Council of Ohio. Their head-quarters have been established at Cincinnati. Power is given to the "Grand Council" to establish "all signs, grips, pass-words, obligations, qualifications for membership," &c., and to form and establish subordinate councils in the State of Ohio and throughout the U. States. "Is that the tune the old cow died of?" asked an Englishman, nettled at the industry with which a New Englander whistled Yankee Doodle. "No replied Jonathan, that's ar's the tune the old Bull died of."

STARVATION AMONG THE CATTLE.

The Abingdon Democrat has lately received accounts from several counties, which represent that there is a very considerable mortality amongst the cattle. Several gentlemen in Russell county have lost fifty or fifty head; while others have preserved the lives of their stock by feeding peculiar kinds of trees; the twigs and branches of which the cattle feed on. CALM DISPAIR.—An Indian hung himself at Ottonagon, Lake Superior, the past winter. He was attacked with the small pox, when he drove the other Indians from his camp, took his faithful dog and hung to the limb of a tree, and suspended himself from another.

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