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BY GEORGE HOWARD,

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Letters addressed to the Editor must be post paid, or they may not be attended to.

Miscellaneous.

From the Raleigh Register.

To the Nymph of Shocco Spring.

Gentle Naiad of the stream,
Whose healing waters cure
All the ills that lovers dream,
Or invalids endure.

How could'st thou a stranger wound
By Cupid's cruel art?
Seeking thee, new health he found,
But lost his faithful heart.

Syren, whose magic shell
To sweetest music used,
Lured his lips to taste thy well,
With deepest love infused.

Let him drink thy well again
To cool his burning ill;
Or renew thy witching strain,
With gifted power to kill.

Had he never drank thy wave,
He ne'er had sigh'd in grief;
Had'st thou never means to save,
He ne'er had sought relief.

Graceful nymph of Shocco's Spring,
Whose love alone can heal
Hearts, whom Cupid's arrows bring,
To court the pain they feel.

Deign to soothe the stranger's woe,
Whose heart thy love has riv'n:
Warm as fire or cold as snow
Thy Spring is still his heav'n.

THE SHOCCO SPRINGS.

We take pleasure in referring our readers to an interesting article from a foreign pen, in our paper this morning, descriptive of the Shocco Springs. This charming Watering place, is, as it has been for several years, heretofore, under the management of Mrs. Ann Johnson, an accomplished lady, as well as most popular and obliging hostess. *A Ball* will be given at these Springs, on the 15th and 16th of August, which will, as usual, be distinguished by the presence of much of the beauty and worth of our sister State, as well as by the provision on the part of Mrs. J., of every luxury and accommodation, which can add to the pleasure and comfort of her guests.—*Petersburg Con.*

From the Raleigh Register.

Messrs. Editors: I send you a letter from a European stranger, who visited our State last summer. My motives for making it public are the natural simplicity and truth of the writer, the justice which he does to our country, and above all, the love I bear to my native Carolina. If you can insert it in your columns, you will gratify one of your subscribers.

D. C.

My dear friend: There are spots on the earth favored by nature or embellished by art, which, like the green islands of the ocean, or the fairy bowers of the desert, enchant the sight and delight the heart; whose recollection is dear to the memory, and whose image rises on the mind in connection with a thousand pleasing ideas. To spots like these we return with pleasure after absence, speak of them with rapture, and become prejudiced in their favor, till we overlook their blemishes with partiality, even as a devoted lover would the blemishes and failings of his beloved mistress. You have often remarked this circumstance to me in our rambles, when returning on our steps we revisited some sweet landscape or some interesting place endeared to our affections by incidental causes. You have felt the force of your remark, and indeed, who has not experienced the influence of domestic attachments? Who has ever ceased to love his natal spot, or forgotten the place where he first met his "lady love?"

——"Tu tityre, lentus in umbra,
Formosam resonare doces Amaryllida silvas."

But this is a feeling specifically different from the one to which I now allude—that mixture of pleasure, admiration and love, which we conceive for the select and exquisite specimens of nature's bounty, where her gifts are showered with a profuse hand, and which the devotees of elegance and fashion select with the nice discrimination of refined taste for the scene of their easy retirement. Idolized by the lovers of repose, they become the resorts of wealth, and the asylums of *ennui*. Plenty and luxury dwell around them—there the voice of intelligence is heard with improvement, and the sweet sounds of music are echoed through the halls of dance and revelry. In my fancy I would call them the garden plots of earth, the jewels of nature, where the riches of scenery mingle with the charms of sentiment and poetry; where indulgence fawns on the wish of reason and tempered joys overflow the buoyant heart.

I arrived yesterday at one of these *oases* of the desert at Shocco Springs. It was one of those delightful evenings so frequent in this sunny clime, and so rarely enjoyed in our own, after the glowing heats of the warm day had been soothed by the refreshing coolness of the dewy night; when, wearied by a long ride and the sameness of the wooded prospects which the repeated gaze renders monotonous to the sight-seeking traveller, I ascended a little hill on which my driver assured me that I might rest in comfort and ease. The hum of busy enjoyment broke on my ear through the pauses of merry music, harmonizing with the measured beat of the dancer's step, publishing the ball with loud and friendly voice. Numberless lights illuminated the small but pretty grove; the stars shone in resplendent majesty above; the sparkling fireflies flitted with imitative fires, like winged stars amid the verdant foliage beneath, and gleams of warm light streamed from the windows of the Hotel and the Cabins which encircle the lawn, heightened in beauty by the borrowed tints of the surrounding verdure, or painted with the varied hues of Autumn's red and orange liveries, softened by the mild atmosphere of a southern sky.

On alighting, I was ushered into the Hall, presented to the manager, and introduced with politeness to the company. Here I found what I had so frequently experienced, that the name and manners of a gentleman were the best passports that a visitor could have. Mingling in the gay assemblage, I passed a happy night with beauty, intelligence and wit, fancying myself at the Athens of the Southern States, freed from all the shackles of ceremony and the bondage of rank, evils which never mar the pleasures of a genteel stranger at Shocco. Would that our English society had more of freedom or less of *hauteur!* But I will not tire you with details of things familiar to your eye and ear. My enjoyments for the night were closed with sleep; and I arose in the morning, calm and vigorous to explore the beauties and healing qualities of this noted Spring. In front of the building extends an amphitheatre of oaks and other trees, clad like daughters of the sun,

"In robes of velvet, green, or gold,
or ruby red."

A winding path leads, with a gentle slope along the side of a hill to the right, through a neat and shady grove, to the "fountain of Hebe." I descended, hastily passing on my way groups of convalescents, ladies and gallants, eagerly seeking health, love or pleasure, and all apparently blessed with lively spirits and cheering hopes. At the bottom flows a small brook through the thick shade of dark o'ershading trees,

"In cupo fondo umbrose."

The source of health issues from the foot of the hill to join its waters with the brook, as if it sought to hide its unassuming worth beneath the larger current of a bolder stream. But merit cannot be concealed in America Science has discovered its value, and the chymist has analyzed its virtues. It was found by Dr. Mitchell of Philadelphia, to contain Muriate of Magnesia, Sulphate of Magnesia, Carbonate and Sulphate of Lime, Carbonic acid and Oxygen Gas. It is a happy corroborative of the enfeebled system, and its celebrity will increase. Perhaps some future poet may address the Naiad of the stream in the language of Horace,

"Fies nobilium tu quoque fontium."

The "Spring-house," which your classic mind would perhaps denominate the temple of Esculapius, not for its ornaments, but for its utility, is a very plain building with seats,

——— "beneath the shade
"For talking age or whispering lovers made."

You must not expect in a country, yet in its infancy, as the Americans themselves say, to meet with the gigantic columns of antiquity, or the finished graces of elegant workmanship. The waters of Shocco require none of these embellishments—they sufficiently recommend themselves by their intrinsic virtues. A copious draught taken on first coming, occasions a temporary exhiliration of spirits sometimes accompanied with slight giddiness. They are actively diuretic, mildly aperient, diaphoretic and tonic. Hence, it will be evident to you, that these waters are eminently adapted to all those chronic affections which so often follow as the sequel of acute diseases in southern climates and especially those of a bilious character. In secondary diseases of any organs, originating in the sympathies of the alimentary canal, they effect the most happy changes. It would be easy for me to trace its history from the "mud suck" of the deer (for so were called the spots to which these animals resorted to lick the ground impregnated with salt) which first attracted the hunter's notice, and pursue it to its present improved state; but it would not interest you so much as the length of my stay which the agreeable society, neat accommodations and pleasing attentions of Shocco are likely to prolong.

There are ways and things, which influence the conduct tho' we cannot describe them by words. There are links and bonds in the associations of the mind which attach us to places, as well as persons, and whenever I shall quit this spell-binding spot, where fashionables loiter with pleasure, and invalids linger in ease, I shall do it with regret; but with resolution, like Rinaldo when he abandoned the Palace of Armida. And should I ever be doomed to be a member of the sickly club, I would not desire more amusing entertainments, better attendance, and kinder comforts than I have witnessed here. In short, Shocco would make a delightful summer lounge for our dandies, in which respectable corps I never expect you to enrol your constant friend, &c.

Attempted Riot at Charleston.—An attempt was made on Saturday at Charleston, S. C. to get up a mob against the Banks. Early in the morning the walls of the streets were placarded with inflammatory handbills, calling upon the citizens to meet at the City Hall at 8 P. M. to call on the banks to afford relief for the *distress* which these institutions were declared to have caused. The mechanics also were particularly solicited to come forward. There were no responsible names to the call. The citizens however resolved to go in mass and overwhelm these agrarian movements. It appeared that Theophilus Fisk, a Universalist preacher and political demagogue, was the prime mover of the affair. At the theatre in Queen-street on the 4th, he made a popular and eloquent harangue against the Banks. His call to the citizens was "to devise suitable means for relieving the community from the ponderous evils, which are crushing them to the earth," and earnestly invited all to attend "who are opposed to the present worthless, irredeemable paper currency, which is producing such disastrous effects upon the prosperity of the country, its blighting, withering and paralysing influence upon individual industry and the public morals;" and the watch words or war cry which his demagoguism suggested were, "The Bankers have spoken—let us now hear the voice of the people. Let the mechanics show the world that they have rights, and dare maintain them."

The Mayor, at the universal cry of the meeting, accepted the chair. Amidst much confusion and cries of "Turn him out," Fisk was permitted to go on. After him came Henry J. Harby, a worthy mechanic, who, in a very spirited speech, demanded by what authority the name of the mechanics had been used, and vindicated them from the calumny that they had sanctioned this movement. Mr. Jas. Marsh, another mechanic, followed on the same side. The Hon. Alfred Huger made a cutting speech. Mr. J. L. Pettigrue made also a few pungent remarks, and the meeting quietly adjourned.

N. Y. Star.

Specie Payments.—We learn from an article in the New Orleans Bee of the 18th inst. that the Louisiana State Bank will in a short time resume specie payments of all its engagements as formerly.

The Canal Bank has also commenced the partial redemption of its paper, and now pays in full its notes of 5, 10, and $50, and 33 1-3 per cent. on those of higher denomination.

The payment of specie by these two institutions, in addition to the Citizens' and Consolidated Banks, which have never suspended, the Bee thinks will have a tendency to make gold and silver more abundant for the common uses of the community.

Norfolk Herald.

Steamboat sunk.—A steamboat called the Nick Biddle was snagged and sunk in the Mississippi, about 50 miles above Vicksburg, on the 15th inst. Ten of the deck passengers are known to have been drowned by the accident, and probably more.—*ib.*

☞The "Petersburg Intelligencer," passed yesterday, from the hands of Robert Birchett, Jr. Esq. into the possession of E. V. Sparhawk, Esq., well known as a talented reporter of Legislative and Congressional debates, and as a sprightly and agreeable writer. We heartily congratulate our late cotemporary on his fortunate escape from a vexatious and ill requited vocation, and tender our best wishes to his successor in the chair editorial, for a prosperous career over a thornless path.

Petersburg Con.

☞The Danville, Roanoke and Junction Railroad has suspended operations from want of funds. The apprehension is entertained, that it will not again be resumed—much dissatisfaction existing among the stockholders on account of some provisions of the last Legislature. We are not apprised of the particulars.—*ib.*

☞Col. R. M. Johnson, the Vice President of the United States, has addressed a note to Daniel Bradford, Esq., the editor of the Kentucky Gazette, in which he formally denies being in favor of the re-establishment of a National Bank, as had been asserted by some of the Kentucky opposition papers.—*ib.*

New Hampshire.—The Legislature of this State adjourned on the 8th inst. after a session of thirty-two days.

A resolution was introduced into the Legislature instructing the Senators, and requesting the Representatives in Congress to oppose a National Bank in all shapes and under all circumstances, which passed the House by a vote of 136 to 60, and the Senate by a unanimous vote.

Newark Adv.

☞The "Serpent-tongued Infant," which we published the other day, is declared by the postmaster in that town, to whom we wrote, to be a "miserable hoax."

Northampton Cour.

Mississippi.—Since the terrible depreciation of Cotton, the Mississippi planters are becoming wheat growers. As early as June 17th, several fine crops of the staff of life was already gathered in Holmes county. This year, it is believed, the State will feed herself. The crop of cotton also being thus diminished, its value will rise. The cotton product of that State, for this year, is computed at 150 millions pounds, or 14 millions of dollars.

N. Y. Star.

☞Jedediah Burchard, the instituter of "Sixty-day prayer-meetings," has commenced operations at Poughkeepsie. The P. Journal pronounces him an artful, hypocritical, itinerant vagabond. He asks what to do to rid the town of him.—*ib.*

Dreadful effects of Lightning... The house of Walter Hawley, three miles west of Ridgefield church, Conn., was struck by lightning the night of the 11th inst. Mr. Hawley, his son and grand child were instantly killed while in bed. Mrs. Hawley called to her husband and son, and having no answer, went to their beds and found them, to her horror, dead. She herself was the next day delivered of a child. The house was not injured.—*ib.*

Murder.—A horrid murder was committed at Butler's tavern, six miles east of Columbus, Ohio, the night of July 14th. The Columbus Register says: At the supper table of Mr. Butler were a couple of travellers, one quite an aged man the other perhaps thirty-five, who had stopped intending to remain all night. While they were eating, a third person arrived, and took a glass of spirits at the bar After supper he began a conversation with the elder traveller, by asking him where he was from.—On receiving in reply, "from France," he told him he was a liar and an impostor, and that he was an escaped convict from the Philadelphia penitentiary. He continued such abuse, till the old man complained to the landlord and had him turned out of the house. He in a few moments knocked at the door and asked for his cane, which was given him, and as was thought he went away. About 9 o'clock, the younger of the two travellers stepped out for a moment, and the voice of the fellow who had been ejected was heard in altercation with him. What passed is not known, but the former was heard to say, "you are no gentleman, or you wouldn't insult an old man in that manner." They were at this time not far apart; and in a moment the landlord saw the blade of a dirk-knife gleam in the moonlight, and heard the traveller who had stepped out, exclaim that he was a "murdered man." The ruffian instantly escaped. The wounded man staggered towards the door, and fell across the sill. He was carried in and placed upon a pallet, but almost immediately expired.

Search was at once made for the murderer; but he was not apprehended till about sunrise this morning, when he was taken not far from the house by a couple of young men, one a son of Mr. Butler, who had been on the look out by Alum creek bridge all night. He was brought to this city, and committed for trial in September next by Justice Wood.

The above are all the particulars that transpired at the magistrate's. The ruffian gave his name as Abraham Winner, and said he was a chair maker by trade, and from Philadelphia. He inflicted two stabs with his knife, one in the breast and the other in the abdomen, either of which would have proved fatal. He refused to give any reason for committing the deed, & appeared quite unconcerned about the matter.

Gazette.

☞J. W. Taylor has been tried in the county of Monmouth, N. J. for the horrible crimes of murdering his mother and a lodger in the house, and then setting fire to the house to conceal the murders, and acquitted, on the ever-ready and too available plea of insanity.

N. Y. Star.

Revolutionary symptoms in Canada.—Large and tumultuous meetings have been recently held in Lower Canada, "to protest against the atrocious measures of coercion which Lord John Russell and the British aristocracy are preparing for this *Democratic Colony*, and to take measures for the defence of the rights and liberties of the people now on the point of being annihilated." They are headed by a man of talent and intrepidity, named Papineau, who has heretofore figured in the dissentions of the Colony, and is looked up to as the O'Connell of that region.

The Governor General of Canada (Earl Gossford) has fulminated his proclamation against such meetings; but they nevertheless continued to be held.

If Canada throws off the British yoke, (whereat we should not at all be surprised,) we may expect that she will ask for admission into the American Union. The North will rejoice at an opportunity of keeping up the "balance of power" by offsetting Texas with Canada

Lynchburg Virginian.

Important.—The clergy live by our sins, the doctors by our diseases, and lawyers by our follies. What do printers live on? echo answers—what? Why, you goose, they live on politics and wind.