

Highland Messenger.

LIFE IS ONLY TO BE VALUED AS IT IS USEFULLY EMPLOYED.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

FILIAL PIETY.

BY CHARLES MANLY, ESQ.

"You will never know, till the bitterness of ingratitude shall teach you, the extent of your duties towards your parents, nor learn the depth of the abiding, unchanging affection which they bear towards you. Neither loss of character, nor abandoned life, nor even black ingratitude itself can eradicate this feeling from the parent's bosom. What beautiful illustrations of this truth are furnished in the Holy Scriptures!—That volume, which, in the language of the greatest philosopher and jurist that ever lived, contains 'more true sublimity, more exquisite beauty, more pure morality, more important history, and finer strains both of poetry and eloquence, than can be collected from all other books, in whatever age or language they may have been composed.'"

"Let us pause and contemplate its sublime pages, in the history of one of the Jewish princes. He was a tall and comely youth, we are told, and his father loved him exceedingly. Heir to the throne of Israel, reared in the lap of luxury and ease, all the wishes of his heart were indulged with acerbity by his Royal Father, and his aberrations covered by the mantle of affection. When urged by the fearful spirit of malice and revenge, he became the murderer of his brother, and is compelled to flee his country, the offended majesty of the laws, is made to yield to the demands of parental tenderness, and the wandering exile is brought back and restored to his father's confidence and protection. Sullied by the corruptions of his own court, and stimulated by wicked counselors and corrupt associates, this atrocious youth advances from one degree of enormity to another, till, by the blandishments of Bateery and the seductive wiles of intrigue, he corrupts the faith of his father's subjects, and plots a deep and dark conspiracy to rob him of his throne and kingdom. Impatient of the tardy development of his reason and rebellion, fired with the lust of noting unchecked in the voluptuousness of the palace, he approves the horrid counsel of a confederate, and raises his pericardial arm to imbue it in his father's blood. A King, the greatest monarch of the earth, venerable for his years and victories, sated in his character, both for piety and prophecy, renowned for prowess and revered for wisdom, is reduced to the condition of a fugitive—to a sudden and extreme necessity of flying for his life from the presence of his own son! With a heavy heart, and a covered head, and a weeping eye, and bare feet DAVID, we are told went away from Jerusalem; driven by the insurrection of his own son from his house and from his throne. Yet when the victorious hosts of Israel were issuing from their gates to rescue their great leader from such imminent peril, and to blast the machinations of this ruthless bandit, the illustrious Patriarch remembers that he is his son—"

Regarding him with unbroken affection, and glorifying for his crimes as the wayward vagaries of youth, he charges his captives that "they deal gently with the young man for his sake." And when arrested in his traitorous warfare by the vengeance of the Almighty, and suddenly overwhelmed in awful destruction, this incestuous murderer and parricide is found suspended between the heavens and the earth, in token of his being an unfit inhabitant of either; and when the intelligence of his death is announced, instead of exulting in his own prowess and in his restoration to his estates and crown, the father is only overwhelmed with still deeper affliction in his bereavement of a child. Forgetting the wrongs and insults that had been heaped upon him, and with grief, in the plenitude of a heart bursting with the pangs of parental anguish he exclaims, in the resistless eloquence of love:

"Oh my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom, would to God I had died for thee! Oh Absalom, my son, my son!"

"The PEOPLE'S MEDICINE OPERATES."—The Madisonian of the 10th says that Mr. Van Buren has written a laudatory letter to his fellow-citizens of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., expressing "profound regret" for the division among his political friends; "great anxiety" on account of said dissensions in his native State, and that it is "not without reason" that he has found himself "deprived of the approving voices of thousands of the friends of his youth, and the associates of my maturer years—of many who were veterans in the political field when I entered it." There is no doubt that Mr. Van Buren begins to feel that remorse which comes too late; his letter quite affected us. But it is all his own fault. If he had taken our advice in 1827, green as it was, he might have escaped the "pain" and "regret" he now expresses. But he chose the friends of Blair and Kendall, and lost the councils of his youth as a consequence.—Augusta Chronicle.

THE EMPRESS OF FRANCE.

BY L. R. PERKINS.
She is the working of whose destiny
The man of blood and victory obtained
His more than knightly height.
The Computer.

When a few centuries shall have thrown their shadows upon the strange fortunes of Napoleon, and given to every thing about him the tinge of romance, the story of his first wife will seem to the student rather a fable than a fact; he will look upon her as we look upon Mary of Scotland, but with a deeper interest, for she, far more truly than her lord, was from first to last 'the child of destiny.'

Told, while yet unmarried, that she would be a wife, a widow, and then Queen of France, the entire fulfillment of the first part of the prophecy, gave her courage to believe in the last part also, when under sentence of death. When her bed was taken from under her because she was to die the next morning, she told her weeping friends that it was not so, that she would sit on the throne, on the ruins of which Robespierre stood triumphant; and when asked in mockery to choose her maids of honor, since she was to be Queen, she did choose them, and they were her maids of honor when half of Europe looked upon her. On that night which was to have been her last upon earth, Robespierre fell! Had he fallen a few days earlier, her husband would have lived, and had he fell one day later, Josephine herself would have been among the ten thousand victims whose names we have never heard. But he fell that night, and her destiny was accomplished.

She married Napoleon, and through her and her husband, he was appointed to the army in Italy. Step by step they rose, till at last the crown rested upon her head.—The second part of the prophecy was proved true; and she began to look forward to that loss of power and rank which had also been foretold, and which was to close the strange drama of her life. And he that had wedded the child of destiny grew every day more strong and grasping. In vain did Josephine attempt to rule his ambition and chasten his arms. He was an emperor; he wished to find an empire; and by slow degrees he made himself familiar with the thought of putting her away.

When the campaign of 1809 was at an end, hardened and narrowed, the General came back to his wife. His former kindness was gone; his playfulness was checked; he consulted her but seldom, and seldom stole upon her private hours with that familiar love that made her heart leap. She saw her hour drew nigh.

It was on the evening of the 20th November the Court was at Paris in honor of the King of Saxony. Josephine sat at the window, looking down upon the river, and musing upon the dark fate before her, when she heard Napoleon's step at the door. She sprang to open it, using her usual exclamation, 'mon ami!' He embraced her so affectionately, that for the instant all her fears and woes seemed vain. She led him to a chair, and placing herself at his feet, and looking up into his face, smiled through her tears.

"You are unhappy, Josephine," said the emperor.
"Not with you, sire."
"Bah!" said he quickly, "why call me sire? These shows of state steal all true joys from me."
"Then why seek them?" answered Josephine.

"The emperor made no reply. 'You are now the first of men,' she continued; 'why not quit war, turn ambition out of your councils, bend your thoughts on the good of France and live at home among those who love you?'

"Josephine," said he, turning his head from her, "it is not I, it is France who demands it."
"Are you sure of that my lord?" said his wife; "have you probed your heart to the bottom? Is it not ambition which prompts you to seek reasons for repudiating me? For think not, Napoleon, I misunderstand you; are you sure it is the love of France?"

Every word that she spoke, touched him to the quick; and rising hastily, he replied, 'madam, I have my reasons; good evening.'
"Stay, sire, said she, taking hold of his arm, 'we must not part in anger. I submit cheerfully. It is not my nature to oppose your will; I love you too deeply. Nor shall I cease to love you, Napoleon, because I am to leave your throne and your side. If still you go on victorious, I shall rejoice with you. If reverse comes, I will lay down my life to comfort you. I will pray for you morning and night, and in the hope that sometimes you will think of me.'"

Hardened as he was, Napoleon had loved his wife dearly and long; and her submission to his unshaken love moved even him, and for a moment his affection struggled with ambition. He turned to embrace her again. But in that moment her face and form were changed. Her eyes were lit with fire like that of insanity, and her whole person seemed inspired. He felt himself in the presence of a superior being. She led him to the window and threw it open. A thin mist hung over the Seine and the gardens of the palace, all around was silent. Among the stars before them, there was one far brighter than the rest; she pointed to it.

"Bonaparte," she said, "that star is mine, to that, and not to yours, was promised an empire. Through me and my destinies you have risen; part from me, and you fall.

The spirit of her that saw me rise to royalty, even now tells me that your fate hangs on mine. Believe me or not, if we henceforth walk asunder, you will leave no empire behind you, and will die yourself in shame and sorrow, with a broken spirit.'

He turned away, sick at heart, and over-awed by the words of one whose destiny had been so far accomplished. Ten days were passed away in resolves and counter resolves; and then the link that bound him to fortune was broken. Josephine was divorced, and as he said himself at St. Helena, from that hour his fall began.

Josephine was divorced, but her love did not cease; in her retirement she joyed in all his successes, and prayed that he might be saved from the fruits of his wild ambition. When his son was born, she only regretted that she was not near him in his happiness; and when he went a prisoner to Elba, she begged that she might share his prison and relieve his woes. Every article that he had used at her residence remained as he had left it; she would not let a chair be moved. The book in which he had been last reading there, with the last page doubled over, and the pen which he had last used by it, with the ink dried on the point. When her death drew nigh, she wished to sell her jewels to send the fallen emperor money; and her will was submitted to his discretion. She died before his return from Elba; but her last thoughts were of him and of France, and her last words expressed a hope and a belief that she "had never caused a single tear to flow."

She was buried in the village church of Ruel, and her body was followed to the grave not only by princes and generals, but by two thousand poor whose hearts had been made glad by her bounty.

Her marble monument only bears this inscription:

"EUGENE AND JOSEPHINE TO JOSEPHINE."
What a fund for future writers in her character and fate, and what a lesson to all of us, whether in prosperity or adversity.

THE PRESS.

The Press has long been lauded as the "Palladium of Civil and Religious Liberty." The influence which it exerts upon the public mind is deep and wide-spread. Now, if human responsibility is increased in proportion to the extent of one's influence, surely those who have the control of the press should be regarded as amenable to society in no common degree. The benefits which have accrued to society from the art of printing have been great indeed, but it is much to be feared that the licentiousness of the press in our day, is doing incalculable evil. There are some periodicals which have little or no respect for the holiest things, and are so guilty of gross corruption of the public morals, as to excite the just indignation of a virtuous community.—The number of such, however, is very small. There are others which are the organs of religious or political parties, and have been originated only to serve some particular interest. So long as these are employed in an honorable and respectful discussion of doctrines or principles, they may subserv the cause of truth. But when they are perverted to purposes of personal slander, or used without a proper respect for those against whom they are directed, they cannot fail to do mischief. Many of the periodical Journals of our country are the vehicles of vile abuse against the characters of public men. Some of them from day to day teem with denunciations against the candidates for the highest offices in our government, and a stranger to the licentiousness of the press among us, would form a singular opinion of our national character, were he to base his estimate upon the journalized character of our most distinguished citizens.

It is often too the case, that these very men who are thus abusive of the characters of public men, are themselves the next thing to nobody; perhaps destitute of talent or reputation, strutting about in their editorial habiliments, as though the destiny of the empire hung upon their nod. It is such men as these who degrade the noble profession to which they belong, and excite in the public mind a disgust and contempt for the press. We care not to what party in religion or politics they may be attached, they are an honor to none, an incubus to any.

Again. To too great an extent has our periodical literature been corrupted, by the introduction of jests, and anecdotes, and all manner of empty nonsense, to the exclusion of matter of greater importance. The periodicals of our country should give us instruction as well as entertainment. They should elevate and refine the public taste, and guard with sleepless vigilance the public morals. The man, who, holding the important station of a public journalist, is content to cater to a taste he has aided in perverting, and fills his columns with trash conveying no lessons of practical utility, is no better than a school-master who should compromise the duties of an instructor to play the part of a buffoon; and when he should be fitting his pupils for the important parts they are called to act in future life, should be qualifying them only to be idle-house companions.

It is high time we should wake up to the correction of these growing evils, and keep the press free from corruption. It is one of Freedom's priceless jewels, when exerting its influence for the glory of God, and the good of man. But when perverted, prostituted, bribed, it is like the fallen Lucifer.—S. C. Advocate.

THE JEWS.

The present physical, moral and social condition of the Jews must be a miracle.—We can come to no other conclusion. Had they continued from the commencement of the Christian era down to the present hour, in some such national state in which we find the Chinese, walled off from the rest of the human family, and by their selfishness on a national scale, and their repulsion of alien elements, resisting every assault from without in shape of hostile invasion, and from an overpowering national pride, forbidding the introduction of new and foreign customs, we should not see so much mystery interwoven with their existence. But this is not their state; far from it. They are peeled, and scattered, and crumbled into fragments; but like broken globules of quick-silver, instinct with a cohesive power, ever claiming affinity, and ever ready to amalgamate. Geography, arms, genius, politics and foreign help, do not explain their existence; time and climate, and customs, equally fail to unravel it. None of these are or can be the springs of their perpetuity. They have lived under the regime of every dynasty; they have shared the protection of just laws, the proscription of cruel ones, and witnessed the rise and progress of both; they have used every tongue, and lived in every latitude.—The snows of Lapland have chilled, and the suns of Africa have scorched them. They have drunk of the Tiber, the Thames, the Jordan, the Mississippi. In every country, and in every degree of latitude and longitude, we find a Jew. It is not so with any other race. Empires the most illustrious have fallen, and buried the men that constructed them; but the Jew has lived among the ruins, a living monument of indestructibility. Persecution has unsheathed the sword and lighted the fagot.—Papal superstition and Moslem barbarism have smote them with unsparring ferocity, penal rescripts and deep prejudices have visited on them most unrighteous chastisement, and notwithstanding all, they survive. Robert Montgomery, in his *Messiah*, thus expresses the relative position of the Jews:

"Empires have sunk and kingdoms passed away, but still, apart, sublime in misery stands The wreck of Israel. Christ hath come and bid. And miracles and ages round the cross A holy splendor of undying truth Preserve; but yet their mingling spirit looks For that morning Sun which prophets hail'd. And when I view him in the garb of wo, A wandering outcast by the world disown'd, The haggard, lost, and long oppress'd Jew, 'His blood be on us' through my spirit rolls In fearful echo from a nation's lips. Remember Zion! still for thee awaits A future teeming with triumphal sounds And shape of glory."

Like their own bush on Mount Horeb, Israel has continued in the flames, but unconsumed. They are the aristocracy of Scripture, rest of their coronets—princes in degradation—A Babylonian, a Theban, a Spartan, an Athenian, a Roman, are names known in history only; their shadows alone haunt the world and flicker on its tablets. A Jew walks every street, dwells in every capital, traverses every exchange, and relieves the monotony of the nations of the earth. The race has inherited the heir-loom of immortality, incapable of extinction or amalgamation. Like stream-lets from a common head, and composed of waters of a peculiar nature they have flowed along every stream, without blending with it, receiving its color or its flavor, and traversed the surface of the Globe, and the lapse of many centuries, peculiar, distinct, alone. The Jewish race, at this day, is perhaps the most striking seal of the Sacred Oracles.—There is no possibility of accounting for their perpetual isolation, their depressed but distinct being, on any grounds save those revealed in the records of truth. Their aggregate and individual character is as remarkable as their circumstances. Meanness the most abject, and pride the most overbearing—the degradation of helots, and yet a conscious and manifested sense of the dignity of a royal priesthood—crouching, cozening, squeezing, grasping, on the exchange, in the shop in the world, with nothing too low for them to do, or too dirty, if profitable, for them to pick up; and notwithstanding in the synagogues, looking back along many thousand years to an ancestry, beside which that of our peers and princes is but of yesterday; regarding justly, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob as their great progenitors, and pressing forward, on the wings of faith and hope and promise, to a long-expected day when they, now kings and princes in disguise, shall become so indeed by a manifestation the most glorious, in a dispensation the most sublime. The people are a perpetual miracle—a living echo of Heaven's holy tones prolonged from generation to generation.

DREADFUL ACCIDENT.—Dr. David Palmer, while lecturing on chemistry at Pittsfield, Mass., on Monday week, accidentally inhaled some concentrated sulphuric acid, through a defect in his apparatus. He was rendered unable to breathe through his mouth or nose, but by an incision into the windpipe, his life had been preserved down to the last days.

Ninety-six thousand muskets have been manufactured at the national armory, at Springfield, Mass., within the past seven years and are now stored there against the time that Uncle Sam shall have occasion to use them against his enemies.

A man in Boston the other day, by the name of Notion, named his youngest son and heir, Boston, and the little wretch is now a Boston Notion for life. Was't that a curious notion?

STORY OF REAL LIFE.

The New York Sun relates the following:—

A physician of respectability, who formerly resided in this city, died a few years since, leaving an only daughter, who was at that time about fourteen years of age. All our citizens engaged in business, have felt the effects of the reaction produced by the mad spirit of speculation in which all our enterprises were pursued; but upon him more particularly fell its heaviest weight. His whole fortune was at stake, and the calamity swept away almost every vestige of his former competency.

The mother of the young lady had died some years previous, and, by the decease of her father, she was herself in a large city without a cent, and almost without a friend. The young lady received from strangers all the sympathy which such a case would call forth, but few or none allowed their feelings to interfere with their interests; she was consequently obliged to resort to one of the many ways which this city affords to females to obtain a scanty subsistence. She at first procured work from a tailoring establishment, but being unused to applying to any occupation, she could scarcely earn enough to support nature.

After a short time, a lady who had observed the difficulties under which she struggled, proposed to her that she should reside with her and perform the domestic duties of the house. Conscious of her inexperience and of the many dangers to which her situation exposed her, she consented, and has continued to fulfill the duties of a domestic until the present moment.

A few months since, news arrived from England that the subject of our story had become heir to twenty-five thousand pounds sterling, by the decease of a distant relative. Heretofore she had been entirely ignorant of the possibility of such an event, and contrary to the effect which such an unexpected good fortune generally produces, she received the news of the change in her affairs with such moderation, that no effort was made on her part to claim aught of possession of her property. A reverend gentleman, well known as the pastor of one of our most respectable churches in the central portion of the city, and who had noticed the young lady, came to the knowledge of the fact, and, at her suggestion, immediately engaged passage in a steamship, and is at present actively engaged in proving his protegee's claim, and making the necessary arrangements to place her fortune entirely within her control. The young lady is about the age of 18, possessed of some considerable personal attractions, which are visible despite of her humble occupation, and with an education calculated to endure her to her acquaintances, she bids fair to yet occupy a station which will afford her mind an opportunity to reflect its virtues to a greater extent than in her late humble circumstances she could have anticipated.

I won't be a Nun; or, the Nautical adventures of a young Lady.—A singularly Romantic affair has just been brought to our notice, namely, that of a female sailor having arrived here some days ago in the ship Buccaphalus. We understand that she is a very comely interesting girl of eighteen, the daughter of a British officer, and related to an English nobleman, who having the misfortune to lose her mother at an early age, was placed in an English convent, with the view ultimately of taking the veil. Whilst a boarder in this place, she, for the sake of her health, visited occasionally some friends in the neighborhood, where in the house of one, she first met the object of her attachment, now an officer in one of the native regiments. Subsequently she was consigned to a convent in Dublin to the end that she should take the veil.—Here she remained some months; but resisting every argument to induce her to do so, privation, suffering, and cruel treatment at the hands of the lady superior were her lot; she fell sick, and was conveyed to an hospital, whence, through the connivance of a young English lady, an inmate of the convent, who supplied her with the means, she made her escape in the disguise of a boy, and formed the romantic resolution of coming out to Bombay, in search of the young officer above mentioned. We are told it would occupy a volume were we to recount all her wanderings, and the sufferings and privations of the poor young creature in her endeavors to get on board a ship bound for Bombay. This at last she accomplished. A few days after the ship sailed, "the strange boy," on being questioned by the captain whence he came, proved to be a young lady; a cabin was humanely allotted to her at once, and she was treated exactly as a lady passenger.

"Truth is stranger than fiction," and here is romance in real life that decidedly elucidates the saying of the poet.—We understand that this young lady's history has excited considerable interest and admiration among the society of Bombay.—Probably the whole ample page of fiction could not present an instance of greater determination and constancy than is exemplified by this case.—Bombay Times.

An old fellow who was saddled with an ill-natured rib, being visited by his pastor, the latter assured him that he could not be a good christian unless he took up his daily cross; wherewith he caught up his wife and began lugging her about the room.—N. Y. Sunday Morning Atlas.

BRITISH TORY OPINIONS OF VAN BUREN.

As the Administration press has recently been very busy quoting the opinions of anonymous foreign correspondents in respect to the party contests now waging in this country, and continual and reiterated changes are rung upon the old, stale and senseless themes of "British influence" and "British gold."—Under those circumstances, it may not be unbecoming to quote some of the opinions of British Tories of the tendencies of the policy of the party, and that our readers may see what thorough bred monarchists think of the character and acts of our democratic President. We commend the following article from a high toned British Tory paper to our readers:

From the London St. James Chronicle.

"The people of England may learn a lesson of Republicanism from its most brilliant specimen, the Government of the United States. It has proved a splendid failure. Van Buren, who has learned many useful tactics in this country, will bring the democrats round to a rational system of Monarchical obedience.—Democracy is the best and most powerful lever in the world, if pressed judiciously. Monarchies have been upset by it; but many more have been established by it. Van Buren is said to be a non-talented man, but he knows human nature; he knows his countrymen, too, and has laid the finest train that ever was conceived. He has prevailed upon the popular old President to set an example of absolutism and independence, which perhaps no other man in that country would have attempted. He will ultimately, mildly and cautiously but having the support of the democracy, he will undoubtedly succeed in bringing the whole Union under the sway of a few enlarged and cultivated minds which are the source of stability and order in every country. The people cannot govern themselves any more than a public school can govern itself without the superintendance of a master. It must be merely an increase round of clamor and contention.—We have now more hope for America than we ever had since her Declaration of Independence. Mr. Van Buren has succeeded in running down a national bank, which was the most formidable obstacle of Executive control, and has collected the reins of a good team of State institutions, which will draw well together and bear him upwards like the steeds of Pegasus.—The Republic of the United States, like that of Venice, will become an oligarchy; but it will be, unless we are mistaken, a more enduring one. It will not, like Venice, become a splendid ruin of palaces; for it has arterial springs of commercial prosperity which nothing can paralyze, and which do not depend upon the diseased stomachs of Europe for a healthful action.—For fifty years or more, it will be a clever oligarchy, and then the people will wisely and cheerfully consent to its becoming a limited monarchy. Van Buren, we believe, has a son or two, and he will probably establish a sound and useful dynasty for that great continent."

Although we do not agree with the above writer in his opinion of the case in which this change could be effected by Mr. Van Buren, however much he might desire it, we have no doubt that the tastes for royalty which this writer thinks he sees in the actions and measures of the administration, may have caused him to think that "the wish might prove the father of the attempt." The writer is evidently, from what he has observed of the policy of the present incumbent led to hope that monarchy may be the result of our experiment in free government. The following extract from another English Tory paper, the "Montreal Herald," shows the light in which the enemies of free institutions view the Sub-treasury and standing Army bills—it shows that the Whigs fear, but which the foreign aristocrat hopes, may prove powerful instruments for the overthrow of our institutions:

From the Montreal Herald.

"The People of the United States may wince as much as they please, but it is not to be cavilled at, nor doubted, that their destiny is now in the hands of the individual to whom this article alludes.

To the possession of the sword, President Van Buren has now, by the independent Sub-treasury law, added that of the purse, and if any further disclosures of his intentions are required, look for one moment at his recommendation to the last Congress, of a standing army of two hundred thousand men!—Having one-half of this disposable force in constant service, commanded by officers of his own creating, and himself commander-in-chief; possessed, too, of a civil body-guard numbering forty thousand office-holders, and aided by the monied power, Van Buren may laugh at his opponents, and the result who can doubt!

"A judicious distribution of such a force in what are called the Whig States, will enable the President either by votes to control the elections at the polls, or to enforce obedience.

"Our Republican neighbors, therefore, may as well prepare for the change, should Van Buren be elected for the second time." "Thanks to an over-riding Providence, our destiny is not yet in the hands of the individual referred to—and we can assure the Montreal man that he will never live to see the consummation he so ardently desires the destruction of our Republic and the establishment of a monarchy on our soil. It is too freshly and deeply imbedded with the blood of freemen to take kindly the root of