

# Highland Messenger.

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

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

[From the Ladies' Repository.]

### Travelling.

BY BISHOP MORRIS.

Your correspondent, a native of the United States, has never visited any foreign lands, and does not desire to do so, as he prefers "the land of the brave and the home of the free;" but he has some experience in travelling in our own beloved country. Of course he writes not for the entertainment of those who have feasted their eyes on the mountain scenery of Italy, surveyed the catcombs and pyramids of Egypt, braved the sirocco of Arabian deserts, or wandered amidst the sacred relics of the Holy Land; but with the hope of benefiting some who have not travelled at all. Americans are a migratory people; the facilities for traveling are increasing; distant points are apparently brought near together; much conversation on the part of those who have been abroad, renders them familiar to all, and a general spirit of passing to and fro is cultivated. Many who have never been distant from the place of their nativity, seem to think they lack but one thing to render them happy, that is, to travel and see the world; and they long to be on the go. Some desire chiefly to behold the distant city with its domes and steeples; some to scale the lofty Alleghanies, those "majestic pyramids of nature;" while others are impatient to explore the new countries of the far-famed west, strangely supposing that the nearer they get toward where the sun goes down, the more paradisaical will be their situation. Now, it is for the special benefit of those infected with this restless spirit of migration, that your correspondent begs leave to submit a few thoughts.

That the American traveller enjoys some pleasure that he cannot command at home, is readily admitted. In mid-winter, it is decidedly grateful to the sense of feeling, to inhale the balmy zephyrs of the south, as they rustle through the boughs of the live oak and the broad green leaves of magnolia, wafting soft notes of melody from nature's musicians—the feathered tribes of every hue. It is no less delightful in summer to be fanned by the cooling breezes of the Green Mountain or White Mountain of the north. Moreover, it satisfies one's curiosity to gaze on the extended prairie of the west; for on entering it for the first time, the surprised traveller, like the inexperienced voyager, is ready to exclaim, "the sea, the sea, the open sea!" and when he reaches the middle of it, and passes some deep ravine, where the distant forests concealed from view, he may carry out the figure by saying, "We are out of sight of land."—It is equally pleasant to others to stand on the shores of our inland seas—the lake—whitened with sails of commerce and bordered with new and flourishing villages. To some it would appear at least novel, to be conveyed perfectly at their ease twenty miles an hour, by a railroad locomotive; while others would regard it as quite desirable to traverse our eastern cities, thronged with moving multitudes of every nation—wander among the shipping of the crowded port, and see "old ocean heave." But all these objects soon lose their novelty, and with it much of their attractive charms, leaving the weary traveller possessed of few pleasures in comparison to his numerous discomforts.

Before commencing a long journey there are the expenses, cares and toil of making preparation. Then comes the pain of parting with family and friends, it may be to see them no more. Should the journey be prosperous and end in a safe return, still it will not be performed without corroding care and sleepless nights, on account of the home interest, especially if the absence be long and the tourist unaccustomed to it. Females particularly, are liable, under such circumstances, to become "home-sick;" and when this disease once gets firmly seated on the heart, it destroys all the pleasure of travelling, engrossing at once both thought and feeling.

The inconveniences and difficulties of extended journeys are not all imaginary. At one time the traveler is oppressed with heat, parched with feverish thirst, and nearly suffocated with clouds of dust; at another time he is stung with cold, impeded by ice, or in peril from the sweeping current of the swollen stream. Again, as soon as he leaves the McAdams road, he will find himself alternately contending with rocky hills and muddy yales, with a little sprinkling of Davy Crockett's railroad, made by laying poles crosswise in the track, to prevent the carriage from being entirely swamped. It is said that riding on these causeways is good exercise for an invalid, especially one of congestive liver, but it is certainly not a pleasant remedy. To these commonplace evils, which discount so largely from the pleasures of travel, must be added exposure to inclement weather. It is extremely unpleasant to grope all night in darkness; exposed to a chilly atmosphere, and the more so if pelted by a continuous storm of rain, sleet or snow; for such wear

and tear upon a passenger's constitution, affects his spirit, and suggests thoughts of a severe illness, where he would be at the mercy of uninterested strangers. But suppose him to escape this, still he is subject to a score of nameless perplexities which must be borne, because they cannot be avoided. Among the trials of his patience are those which arise from delays and disappointed expectation of getting on his journey. A fresher may carry off the ferry or bridge, or he may be journeying where there is none to lose, and find himself at a dead halt till the flood subsides. The coach may break down where it cannot be repaired, or the boat may get aground or break a shaft, and leave him on a bleak sand-bar or desolate shore; to shift for himself. What is still worse, deception will be palmed on him by interested and unprincipled men. Systematic imposition on strangers, is a regular part of the trade of many individuals and companies whose business it is to convey passengers in steamboats and stages. Your correspondent speaks here from a woful experience, and may be indulged in giving one or two examples, commencing with a trip on the Ohio river.

According to printed bills, the boat will leave "this day, at 4 o'clock," and beside the bill, a positive verbal promise is given by the proper officer of punctuality. Deceived by fair speeches, smoking chimneys, and other appearances of preparation, you bring your baggage aboard, and in conformity to the rules of the cabin, enter your name, with the full expectation of presently being under way. Towards dark they blow off steam and ring the bell, as if about to clear; but it proves to be only a maneuver to ascertain whether a sufficient number of passengers can be obtained to make a profitable trip. They fail to appear, the fire is lowered, and you are informed they cannot get ready to leave till to-morrow morning, and if you really get off by to-morrow night, it will be well, unless they are forced out sooner by competition. Now this, to one pressed for time to accomplish the object of his journey, or on his return trip, attracted by the consideration of "Home, home, sweet, sweet home," is sufficient to put the virtue of patience to a severe test.

Again, on leaving this floating prison, you hasten to the stage office, pay the fare, and are pleased to read on the bills, "splendid Troy built coaches, first rate teams, steady drivers, good accommodation, and through in—hours." Congratulating yourself on the happy change, you set off with fine spirit, in a fine new coach, drawn by elegant grays, and manned by a decent looking coachman; but alas, shortly after you are transferred to an old worn out establishment, with ragged cushions, broken door, polluted in appearance, drawn by old ring-bone, splint-leg, club-foot, and wheezer, which ought to have been discharged from the service years ago. The driver degraded by dissipation and crime, is more to be pitied than his team. He stops at every tavern except those which hang out the temperance sign, and when stimulated till he feels his own importance, but can no longer observe the difference between a level plain and steep ascent, loses his temper and curses and beats his jaded team, for the mere love of the cruel sport.

Some relief is afforded the distressed passenger from his unpleasant situation for a few minutes, by arriving at the dinner stand where he expects not only to be provided with a fresh team and sober driver, but also to be refreshed with some of the good accommodation referred to in the bill. However, the stage is behind the time, and what was lost on the last drive must be made up on the next; and before the hungry passenger gets fairly engaged at his dinner, the impatient driver blows his horn as the signal for starting; so that, in the end, the good accommodation turns out to be a very hasty meal, only half finished, on cold scraps and bread about half baked. They who keep stage passengers know that the customer is compelled to stop where the stage does, and to eat such as is set before him, or starve. Now all this would be quite tolerable, if the expense was in keeping with the quality of the dinner and the time allowed for eating it—in a word, if the pay was in proportion to the accommodation, as the manner of a public house kept by an honest lady of whom I heard in the southwest, whose bill of fare was in this laconic style: "Corf bread and homony doings, two bits; flour-bread and chicken fixings, four bits." But not so, generally, at stage houses. Whatever the fare may be, the bill is always up to the high water mark.—But let that pass—we are off again and making some headway.

After dinner is a dull hour of the day, especially to those who have lost rest and sleep, and the passengers are soon dozing; but their pleasures are very short-lived, for before they have half finished their nap, they are aroused by a modest request of the driver to get out, and foot it up a long ascent, or over a layer of black loam too deep for the loaded stage to pass through, and rather soft for comfortable walking. It is not a little provoking, after paying for the privilege of riding, to be constantly afflicted with wet and muddy feet, by being obliged to walk over every difficult piece of road. Still it might be worse, far worse; for sometimes the stage gets wrong side up, and throws the passengers all in a heap; then all whose bones are not fractured, will be expected to take hold with the driver and assist in replacing it, which is not remarkably pleasant, to say the least, especially if

the coach be very muddy. After all these difficulties you may get through, though long after the time appointed, and have at least this consolation left, you are still alive, which, under all the circumstances, is great cause of gratitude.

Exhausted with such scenes of toil, vexation, and exposure, the weary traveller longs for change, such as will afford opportunity of rest and slumber. Well, here is the steam packet to convey him over the lake, or round the coast. This would be delightful only for a few considerations,—such as liability of being wrecked by storm, as in case of the HOME, or destruction by fire, of boat and life, as in case of the LEXINGTON, or by explosion, as in case of the MOSELLE. It is true, we may hope to escape such fearful calamities as these, when voyaging on the deep, but there is one scourge which seldom suffers any to pass unharmed; namely, the sea-sickness, the very thought of which is appalling for weeks after. It is the most deathly feeling which I ever experienced, and I can scarcely conceive how any one could live through it in crossing the main ocean. Under the proscribing influence of this loathsome disorder, the voyager longs for the port of destination, that he may once more stand erect on solid ground, and feel composed. But when he arrives trouble of another sort meets him; before he clears the deck, he is surrounded by a swarm of porters, ravenous as hungry wolves, clamoring and scrambling for his baggage, as if the life of each depended on obtaining a few cents for the service of carrying it to the hotel; and should it once get out of his sight for one minute, he might think himself fortunate if he ever saw or heard of it again.

Some of these difficulties, it is admitted, may be avoided by traveling in a private conveyance, as far as that mode is practicable, which on some accounts is much preferable; but it will require more sacrifice of time, impose on you much more care and fatigue upon the whole, and taking the wear and tear of horses and carriages into the account, will not in any wise reduce the expense.

These are some of the ordinary discomforts of journeying. While suffering them you very soon get clear of hundreds of dollars, perhaps earned by the toil and care of years, and which might be laid out to much better advantage. The time is gone, the money is gone, your wardrobe is exhausted, your business neglected and deranged; and what is gained by this sacrifice? Why, a momentary gratification of curiosity, and the honor of saying you have been abroad, have traveled through more states than one, and have seen a few things which some of your neighbors have not seen. The pleasure or pain, if there be any left after deducting the discomfort, is too dearly bought. It costs more than it comes to.

To perform a journey when business, health, or duty requires it, is certainly well enough; but to me it is matter of wonder that any one should ever travel for pleasure, more especially any one who has any practical knowledge on the subject.

In reference to a Christian, the worst of the story remains to be told. Traveling is unfavorable to religious prosperity. It divides attention and dissipates serious thought—breaks off the regular course of duty, depriving the Christian traveler of the means of grace and the society of his religious friends. Besides, it throws him into taverns, steamboats and stages, crowded chiefly with the careless, fashionable, dissipated, and profane, with whom it is difficult to be associated in any way, except for the purpose of imparting religious instruction, without sustaining spiritual loss. On this subject I can speak with the more confidence, a word of admonition to my Christian friends, having proved by experience the truth of what I say. There is nothing better for the Christian than to be generally at home, "Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord." And now, if any of your readers, who are tired of home, and anxious to make an experiment of the blessedness of packing trunks and band-boxes over mountains, to visit places of fashionable resort, &c., can profit aught by these few hints from one who has journeyed much—not, indeed, for pleasure or profit, but on duty, they are heartily welcome, and the object of this communication will be accomplished.

—W. W. Review.

**The murderer's cell.**  
The editor of the Missouri and Illinois Temperance Herald, in his last paper, gives the following sketch of a visit to Buchanan, who was hanged in St. Louis on the 3d instant:

We were met at the entrance by a good looking man, of some three or four and thirty, attired in the garb and having the deportment of a gentleman. He handed chairs and asked us to be seated. He drew a chair for himself and sat down by our side. As we surveyed his features, and discovered not the least expression of savage malignity, but on the contrary, what we considered the fair index of benevolence and kindness, we could not but exclaim, "Is this the man who on Friday next is to expiate the guilt of murder upon the gallows?" He appeared dejected in view of his awful condition, but communicative.

In answer to our inquiries, he stated that he was thirty years old, was a native of Princeton, New Jersey, where he was brought up. When he was a child, he went to Sunday School for several years, and had faithful teachers. He lived in the family of Judge Bayard, where they worshipped God daily—morning and evening. The ladies of the family would instruct him on Sundays out of the Bible. His mother was a godly woman, is still living an aged and afflicted widow. He has not seen her for nearly three years. He showed us letters he had received from her since he had been imprisoned. The following sentence occurred in one of them: "What, O my son, could have taken possession of you! You were always a good and kind child to me, and never had the bad habit of drinking—I am afraid you have fallen into bad ways since you left Princeton. I have seen so little of you of late years, that it may be your drink. I cannot account for this dreadful business in no other way." She mentioned the fact that a younger son had become insane, since his brother's melancholy fate had been decided.

The prisoner had been brought up to the trade of that making. It injured his health, and he was advised by a physician to engage in some light occupation. "I accordingly," says he, "engaged as a bar-keeper, in Philadelphia. Until this time, nine years ago, when I was twenty-five years old, I hardly knew what liquor was. And for three or four years after I commenced the business, I seldom tasted any liquor. It is about five years since I began to drink a little. It grew upon me, until within the last year or two I have kept stimulated most of the time, though I was never what you may call drunk more than once or twice in my life. I took care not to drink so much of it as to show it. My conscience often checked me while in the business. Until I got in the habit of drinking myself I would never sell liquor to a man when he was intoxicated; and whenever I could get a chance I would go to church; but this was seldom, as my business required my attention at home almost constantly."

In April, 1838, he came to St. Louis with Fisher, the keeper of the "Old Dominion." For some time he was steward at the race grounds, till that was broken up. He then spent several months in Illinois—was head steward for a company carrying on public works in Coles county. Last spring, Fisher wrote to him to return and keep bar for him. He returned on the 15th of June, and kept bar till the 28th of July, the day he murdered Brown. They had been on good terms. He had nothing against Brown, and he did not know that Brown had any thing against him. "It was Sunday. There was more drinking on that day than any other. It was generally our best day. There were six or seven boards, all but one had been drinking, and were so much intoxicated, that when they came to testify they did not know much about it. Brown had two fights—one below and the other above stairs." Prisoner had parted from his antagonist both times. He was not in the habit of carrying pistols, but during the fracas he had picked up the pistols and put them in his pocket, for fear that mischief might be done with them. Brown was angry with Prisoner, drew a knife from his pocket and swore he would kill him; Prisoner instantly drew a pistol and shot him.

"I was intoxicated," said he, "but not drunk; if I hadn't been intoxicated, and engaged in that business, I would never have been here. Since I have been bar-keeper, I have often had serious reflections, and was afraid I should lose my soul. I never attempted to pray, because I knew it would be making a mockery of it, till I could give up selling and drinking. No man can be religious, to be in that business, because he is injuring his fellow men as well as himself. I knew all the time I was about it, that I was injuring my fellow men and making their families miserable. O! I have seen enough of that in my time. I have often had bad feelings when I saw men to whom I sold, going home to their families. But these feelings would soon pass away. From my personal intercourse with liquor sellers I am satisfied they all know that their business does nobody any good, but produces only mischief and misery. Mother often wanted me to leave off my selling liquor, and follow my trade. As I am now to die, I am anxious to do all I can for those I leave behind. And I should like to warn all liquor sellers against the influence of their business, and I hope my example may be a warning to them. I would warn all young men against drinking. From what I have seen and experienced during the last nine years, I am convinced that no man can sip a little

occasionally, without becoming a drunkard. I have seen a great many respectable men begin in this way, and not stop till they had ruined their fortunes and their health, and lost their lives. I have seen a great many families in comfortable circumstances, reduced to poverty and perfect wretchedness by my business, and now I deeply regret that I have in any degree contributed to it. There is no safety any where, but in letting liquor alone entirely. When I lived with Esq. Bayard, I lived happy in those days. O! if I had but attended to the faithful instructions I had received while in that godly family, and in Sabbath School, I might have been a respectable and useful man, and a comfort to my aged mother in her declining years."

The expressions were written down as he uttered them, and read over to him one by one, and he told us they were correct.

### The generous mask.

A TALE IMITATED FROM THE GERMAN.

A beautiful lady of Bordeaux, mourned with the sincerest grief for her husband, who, as she heard by report, had perished by shipwreck. A numerous crowd of suitors, attracted by her youth and charms, only waited the confirmation of this rumor to solicit her hand. She behaved towards them with the utmost decency and propriety; yet, as she wished to make a return for the politeness they showed her, she made a splendid entertainment for them on one of the concluding days of the carnival. While the company were engaged in play, a stranger masked and habited as a genii, sat down to play with the lady. He lost, demanded his revenge, and lost again. This adverse fortune attended him ten or twelve times successively, because he adroitly managed the dice in such a manner, that the chance was continually against him. Other players then wished to try their luck with him, but the experiment did not turn to their advantage. The lady again resumed her place and won an immense sum, which the mask lost with a good humor and gaiety that absolutely astonished the spectators. Some persons observed loud enough to be heard, that this was not playing, but lavishly throwing away one's money; on which, raising his voice, he said he was the demon of riches, which he valued not, except so far as it was in his power to bestow them on that lady; and immediately, to prove the truth of his words, he produced several bags of gold, and others filled with diamonds and different kinds of precious stones; offering to stake them, on a single throw against any thing of the most trivial value, she might please to propose. The lady started and embarrassed by this declaration now refused to play any more; and the company knew not what to think of this extraordinary occurrence, when an old lady present observed that he must certainly be the devil; and that his riches, his appearance, his discourse and his dexterity of play, all sufficiently showed that he was. The stranger over-hearing this, profited by the hint. He assumed the air and style of a magician which could be known only by the lady, spoke several foreign languages, performed many tricks, and concluded by declaring that he had come to demand a certain person in the company, who had given herself to him, and who he protested belonged to him, asserting at the same time that he would take her to himself, and never leave her more, in defiance of every obstacle.

All eyes were now on the lady, who knew not what to think of this adventure; the women trembled, the men smiled, and the genii continued to excite the perplexity and admiration of the company. This extraordinary scene lasted so long, that some grave personages at last arrived who interrogated the demon and were on the point of exorcising him.

The mask, however, turned every thing into ridicule with so much wit, that he had the laughs on his side. At length when he found it was no longer time for railleury, he took off his mask, which immediately on the denouement of his extraordinary entertainment by exciting an exclamation from the mistress of the house. In the generous stranger she recognized her husband; who having been in Spain, had gone from thence to Peru, where he made an immense fortune and returned laden with riches. He had learned on his arrival, that his lady was to give an entertainment and a masquerade ball to some particular friends. An opportunity so favorable to disguise, inspired him with a wish to introduce himself without being known, and he had chosen the most extravagant dress he could meet with. The whole company, which in a great measure, consisted of his relations and friends, congratulated him on his return, and willingly resigned to him his amiable lady whom he had very justly claimed as his own.

**POWER OF ELOQUENCE.**—A striking illustration occurred at Mr. Vanderhoff's last lecture in New York. Mr. V. was reciting a scene in Byron's "Cain," and picturing the frightful remorse the murderer when the dreadful truth of Abel's death flashed upon his mind, and in an agony of soul he summoned around him, his father, mother, and wife and with the thrilling exclamation—"Father! Mother! Ad! Zillah! come hither—Death is in the world!" This passage was given with an energy, of truth so fearful as to send a thrill of horror to the very soul; and one young man, who had been gazing intently, and kindling to a pitch of uncontrollable excitement, as the last clause—"Death is in the world!"—was uttered, fell senseless to the floor!

"Well, John, which do you think was right?" "Why, Master, I think the bald-headed gentleman was wrong?" "Why do you think so John?" "Because, Master, he lost his temper and abused 'other gentlemen.'"—Scott.

### Pure Saxon English.

Preachers ought fearlessly to adopt pure English, and are encouraged to it by the authority and practice of some of the greatest names in literature and divinity. Dean Swift was a man of gigantic though perverted mind. A great critic said that "he never used or derived a foreign word where an English one could be found." You have also the name of the great Dr. South, who was a true Englishman. He declined to use a foreign word, unless compelled to it. Dr. Adam Clarke may be claimed as an advocate of pure language. Dr. Watts, in his poetry and psalms, &c., often uses language as plain as possible. Robert Hall's opinion of plain language is seen from the following conversation reported by Dr. Gregory:

"In one of our interviews with Mr. Hall, I used the word *felicity* three or four times. He asked, 'why do you say *felicity*? Happiness is a better word, more musical, and common English, coming from the Saxon.' 'Not more musical, I think, sir.' 'Yes, more musical, and so are all the words derived from the Saxon generally. Listen, sir: *My heart is smitten and withered like grass. There is pleasure music for you. Listen again, sir: Under the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice. These are cheerful music.*' 'Yes, but rejoice is French.' 'True, but all the rest is Saxon, and rejoice is almost out of tune with the rest. Listen again, sir: *Thou hast delivered mine eyes from tears, my soul from death, and my feet from falling—all Saxon, except delivered. I could think of the word *tear*, sir, till I wept. Then for another noble specimen of the good old Saxon English: *Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever.*'*

Dr. South has himself taught, both by precept and example, the chief peculiarities of that style for which we are pleading, in a discourse on Luke xxi, 15; on the words, "For I will give you a mouth and wisdom which all your adversaries shall not be able to gainsay or resist." In one passage of this sermon, he takes occasion to expose the folly of that loud declamation to which his manly intellect, and taste were so little likely to extend indulgence. In doing this, he introduces some brief specimens of the style which he condemns. Though he mentions no names, and though we might be unable to refer the expressions to any particular author, any one might be sure, from the expressions themselves, that he intended his admonitions for the special benefit of his illustrious contemporary Jeremy Taylor. More bold than courteous, he has been at no pains to invent expressions for the purpose, but has actually selected them out of Taylor's own writings. There is certainly some iracundia in the passage; but it is itself so impressive an example of the style he is recommending, that we cannot refrain from extracting it—"I speak the words of soberness," said St. Paul, "and I preach the gospel not with enticing words of man's wisdom." This was the way of the Apostle's discoursing of things sacred. Nothing here of 'nature's becoming unnatural,' nothing of 'the down of angels' wings,' or the 'beautiful locks of cherubims;' no stretched similitudes introduced with a 'Thus have I seen a cloud rolling in its airy mansion,' and the like. No—these were subtleties above the rise of the apostolic spirit. For the apostles, poor mortals, were content to take lower steps, and to tell the world, in plain terms, that he who believed should be saved, and he who believed not should be damned. And this was the dialect which pierced the conscience, and made the hearers cry out, 'Men and brethren, what shall we do?' It tickled not the ear, but sunk into the heart; and when men came from such sermons, they never commended the preacher for his talking, voice or gesture; for the fitness of such a simile or the quaintness of such a sentence; but they spoke like men conquered with the overpowering force and eloquence of the most convincing truths; much in the words of the two disciples going to Emmaus—"Did not our hearts burn within us while he opened to us the Scriptures?"

"In a word, the apostles' preaching was therefore mighty and successful, because plain, natural and familiar, and by no means above the capacity of their hearers; nothing being more preposterous than for those who were professedly aiming at men's hearts to miss the mark by shooting over their heads."—South's Sermons.

The President's recommendation of a National Fast, every where receives the warmest approbation. A distinguished and zealous clergyman of Baltimore, says the Patriot, hailed the recommendation in the following terms:

"Now do I date and anticipate for our country, returning prosperity! From this day forth, the bitterness of social and national evil is past; for the whole land, in its length and breadth, as well as its most exalted places, bears public testimony to the powers and duties of RELIGION!"

**A MONUMENT TO GEN. HARRISON.**—We notice with much gratification, that the South Carolina Delegation to the National Convention of Young Men in Baltimore, on the Fourth of May last, have proposed through the National Intelligencer, the erection of a Monument to WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON, late President of the United States. Baltimore, Washington and North Bend, are named as the places at one of which the Monument should be built.—*Rail Reg.*