

# THE WESTERN DEMOCRAT.

WARING & PRITCHARD, Proprietors.

A FAMILY PAPER—DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, MANUFACTURES, MINING, AND NEWS.

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## WESTERN DEMOCRAT.

EDITED BY R. P. WARING & H. M. PRITCHARD.

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**PARODY ON HOHENLINDEN.**

In seasons when our funds are low,  
Subscribers are provoking slow,  
And new supplies keep up the dow  
Of dimes departing rapidly.  
But we shall see a sadder sight,  
When axes pour in from morn to night,  
Commanding every sixpence bright  
To be forked over speedily.

Our bonds and due bills are arrayed—  
Each seal and signature displayed—  
The holders vow they must be paid,  
With threats of "Law and Chancery."

Then to despair we're almost driven—  
There's precious little use in livin'  
When our last copper's rudely driven  
From hands that held it lovingly.

But larger yet those dues shall grow,  
When interest's added on below,  
Lengthening our chin a foot or so,  
While gazing at them hopelessly.

'Tis so, that scarce have we begun  
To plead for time upon a dun,  
Before there comes some other one  
Demanding payment ferociously.

The prospects darken. On ye brave,  
Who would our very bacon save!  
Waive patron! all your pretense waive  
And pay the Printer cheerfully.

Ah! it would yield us pleasure sweet,  
A few delinquents now to meet,  
Asking from us a clear receipt,  
For papers taken regularly.

**Romance of Real Life—A Strange Scene.**

We were witness yesterday morning to a scene not very common in this part of the world. A whole family consisting of seven persons, father, mother, and five little ones, rather poorly dressed, stopped at the pump corner of Main and Third, to get a drink. They had come along all the way from North Carolina, some a hundred miles, and were on their way to Arkansas.

The wind was blowing cold yesterday, and the little ones with their feet and just from a warmer clime, seemed ill able to bear it, but they murmured not. Some of our charitable citizens gathered around, and in a few moments collected and gave them \$20 in money and some shoes—

Who shall say what hardships they have passed through on their long journey? Who shall tell the weariness of those little feet when night came on—how heavy their bright eyes grew—how soundly they slept till early dawn? The mother carried on her head a bundle and in her arms a babe, not more than six months old; one little boy bravely bore up under a heavy bundle on his head, doubtless changed with one of his companions; a little toddling girl of three or four years, with her red bare feet, moved glibly along, as brave as the bravest. Louisville is doubtless the first great city they ever saw, and the ten thousand objects of interest at every step, could not fail to attract their constant attention, allowing them for a time to forget the weary distance they have come, and the still longer journey before them.

Disciples of a certain school of economy will make a text of this incident, to preach against astronomy for the poorer classes. What right have the poor to bring innocent little creatures into the world to suffer, to starve, or beg, or steal, or die miserable deaths? Is it not better that they should deny themselves than be the cause of wretchedness to one human being? Thus they question. And what shall we say? Is it their fault that misery among the poor—naught but wretchedness? They are human beings—they have hearts—they have souls. Experience blunts their perception of hardships—experience in the cold selfishness of the world drives them into closer bonds of family love. They bear each other's burdens, and cheer each other in misfortune. Talk to that father or mother about giving up one of their little ones; they could not do it—the heart-strings are entwined about the life of the little ones, and the souls of the little ones are dead without the love of father and mother. Say those children should not have been born! Who can tell what mighty intellect may be there? The greatest men the world has ever known sprang from the humbler walks of life—generations yet unborn may have cause to bless the name of that little boy with the bundle on his head, or of that we toddling little girl, with her red feet and scanty garb. But we didn't intend to moralize, and shall say no more.—*Louisville Democrat 20th ult.*

**HELP ONE ANOTHER.**—Sir Walter Scott wrote: "The race of mankind would perish did they cease to aid each other. From the time that the mother binds the child's head, till the moment that some kind consistent wiper the death-damp from the brow of the dying, we cannot exist without mutual help. All, therefore, that need aid, have a right to ask it of their fellow mortals; and no one, who was in his power to grant, can refuse without incurring guilt."

## ORNAMENTAL GROUNDS FOR FARMERS.

It is not so surprising, in this age of utility and economy, that comparatively little attention has hitherto been paid to beautifying the surroundings of country residences with shady lawns and avenues, or tastefully arranged gardens of fruit trees, when we consider that "speed the plough" is practically, and perhaps necessarily, the leading motto of a very large portion of the denizens of rural life. Yet it is apparent—if you exclude the amateurs and suburban residents about our large cities—that, excepting the standard apple orchard, and perchance an occasional grove of flourishing maples and oaks, reserved for the building site, through the forethought of the tasteful owner, the farmers of this country have too much neglected the refining and pleasing accessories to the homestead.

The introduction of so many excellent varieties of fruits, and the rapid increase of nurseries in many of the States, as well as the prodigality of our American forests, of ornamental shade trees and shrubs, must eventually, it would seem, force this branch of rural art upon the attention of every lover of the country. Indeed, a growing interest has been awakened in this respect within a few past years, that certainly promises much for the future—at least with that portion of the land-owners who can, or think they can, afford to let the trees grow.

It should be the aim of the thrifty, before-hand farmer, to render a country life pleasant and attractive by some associations beyond the merely useful. "Encourage the beautiful, the useful encourages itself," is a good maxim; and it is to be hoped many may be induced to act upon this advice, and make a beginning the present year, if not more than the adoption into their dooryards of a few handsome specimens of white-wind, white ash, rock elm, rock maple, or other native trees, from the nearest woodland. The work need not all be done at once; but a few seasons' perseverance thereafter, as leisure or fancy may suggest, will accomplish it.

We trust, as the ability of the rural population improves, and their attention becomes more generally directed to the embellishment of their homes, they will proportionately gratify those tastes which are not wanting, but only dormant, from constant attention to the more practical details of husbandry. A liberal display of accomplishment in this charming department of rural affairs not only surely exerts a genial, homing influence upon the inmates and upon neighbors, but often is an index that gives the first favorable impression to the eye of the passer by, who pauses to admire a tidy farm-house, encircled and skirted with ample lawns, grounds, or well-embowered with interesting trees and vines.

A sufficient area might be enclosed about every farmer's dwelling for the exhibition of a degree of practical taste in landscape gardening; and for those who cannot afford to rear a forest upon their best grounds purely for shade, there are plenty of good substitutes in the rarer fruits not usually grown in the orchard, many of them ornamental and quite appropriate as lawn trees. We would prefer planting near our premises at first a good proportion of trees that combine beauty of form and foliage, with fruits for the family to get a taste of, or some of the improved varieties of nuts for the children to gather and crack during the long winter evenings, instead of setting out forest trees exclusively, or on a large scale. Cherries, apricots, pears, quinces and grapes, as well as some of the finer kinds of shell-barks, Madera nuts, almonds and chestnuts, are in keeping with the dooryard or park, and are planted less frequently than they deserve to be.

Meantime room could be found for a sprinkling of our native oak, elm, maple, pine, hemlock, &c. from the woods, interspersed with an occasional group or arbor of some of the many elegant species of both deciduous and evergreen trees and shrubs cultivated in the nurseries. The horse-chestnut for a dense, deep shade—the mountain ash, conspicuous for its profusion of bright scarlet berries—the larch, for a spire like form and its vivid, silky foliage, and the weeping willow, without a peer for pendant gracefulness, and desirable from its long season of verdure, though not indigenous to our climate—are all of them striking for contrast, and should not be overlooked in localities where they can be readily procured.

Many, doubtless, are discouraged or deterred from planting, either for the grove or orchard, through an impatience to enjoy the fruits of their labor; or, unlike the majority of farm improvements, a lapse of time is required to bring them to well grown maturity; yet in many cases, trees of large size can be selected, and it should be borne in mind that a tree once well established is continually progressing, and that there is a beauty and a source of satisfaction in every stage of its after development, to the eye of the lover of Nature.

L. W. L.  
*Rural New Yorker.*

**HE HAD ONE.**—This scene occurred recently at the Little Miami Railroad Depot, and a youthful passenger going to Columbia, and a youthful vendor of light literature:

Boy—(entering the car with a busy air and nimble tongue)—"Who wants a good book to read cheap? Here's Miss Pardon's last novel—first-class one, too, they are—(to our passenger).—Can't sell you the 'Confessions of a Pretty Woman'?"

Passenger—Not if I have to buy them—they're worth nothing, unless given; and then they're a bore. Pretty woman are a humbug.

Boy—Here's the "Jealous Wife," then; won't you buy that?"

Passenger—Buy a Jealous Wife? I've had one in my sorrow for a long time—never will get another, if I can help it. I'll sell my jealous wife dog cheap. Look here, juvenile bibliophile, this is confidential, very—if you take mine—with the edition was exhausted, I'll give you my cast.

Here the juvenile bibliophile, looking singularly puzzled, walked away, with a surmise that the strange gentleman must be tight.—*Charleston Times.*

**MATRIMONY.**—It is said by a Washington correspondent that the Hon. James Buchanan, Minister to England, is about to lead to the altar the widow of the late James K. Polk.

## A Dandy among Cows.

Adolph Spriggins, of the Fifth Avenue and Water street, prided himself considerably on his acquaintance with the ways of the town, but his knowledge of country matters was limited. Mr. Spriggins having rather often the constable, found himself one summer not in a situation to undertake his usual jaunt to Saratoga or Newport, and he thought himself of an invitation which he had formerly received from his uncle Van Brommel, the hearty old farmer, to pay him a visit, at Pumpkinville. To Pumpkinville Mr. Spriggins repaired with the express resolution of assisting the natives. This, with the aid of his yellow kids, embroidered waistcoats, brilliant neck ties, patent leather, French phrases, and fashionable air, he certainly succeeded in doing. He even made an impression by attractions, on the feelings of Miss Rappleyway, a young lady visitor, who had previously been on amiable terms with Gert Van Brommel, the farmer's eldest son. Gert gulked and swore in private, but fear of his father kept him from publicly showing his resentment. One day, however, an idea occurred to him which he turned to account for getting rid of his rival. Gert invited his cousin to go out with him pigeon shooting, and Adolph, though his taste did not lie much in that way, consented to go as a means of killing time. They set out, accordingly, with arms, ammunition, and provisions for the day, which last were carried by Gert in a small tin pail.—About two miles from the house, they came to a pasture field, bordered by extensive woods. A score of cows—Van Brommel was a noted cattle breeder—were feeding at one side of the pasture.

"See, Dolph," said Gert, "the pigeons are in the woods yonder. Now, if you will just stand awhile on that flat corner of the field so that I shall know where you are, I will go into the woods and drive the pigeons over to you, and you can pop them as they come over. You keep the pail, too, and we'll have a dinner here by-and-by."

Spriggins agreed to these terms, which exactly suited his easy notions of sport, and while Gert plunged into the woods he started for the flat rock which had been pointed out to him.

No sooner had he placed himself upon it than, to his amazement, all the cows in the pasture rushed frantically towards him, lowing loudly, kicking up their heels, pushing one another, and behaving as though they had been suddenly smitten with insanity. Adolph stood paralyzed, expecting to be gored to death, or trampled under foot. But instead of that the cows merely formed a circle round him, stamping, bellowing, shaking their horns, and at him with their great eyes, in an unaccountable manner. He shouted in terror to Gert, but received no answer. He dared not leave the rock, or even fire his gun to attract his cousin's attention, for, at the slightest movement he made, there was a general stir among the cows, a shaking of the formidable array of horns, and an impatient stamp and murmur, as if preparatory to a rush. Spriggins was utterly bewildered. To do him justice, he would very likely have faced a loaded pistol at ten paces without flinching. But this novel danger was of such a strange and frightful character, that he was totally unnerved. He stood motionless, waiting for his cousin or somebody else to rescue him; and the cows, with equal patience, kept up the siege until their wretched prisoner was ready to drop with terror and exhaustion. At last, late in the afternoon, the burly form of old Van Brommel presented itself, to the delighted eyes of Adolph. His uncle came slowly through the field with a tin pail on his arm, and no sooner did the cows get a glimpse of him, than they departed and tore frantically towards his uncle, who shouldered his way through them with the utmost unconcern.

"Goodness gracious, uncle," gasped poor Spriggins, "what's the meaning of this extraordinary conduct of these dreadful animals?"

And he related with considerable agitation the history of his captivity among them. His uncle roared and shook his sides with laughter.

"How! how! how! do tell now! You've been standing on that rock all day, frightened by the cows. Ho! ho! ho! bless your soul, Dolph, the cows are good creatures. They wouldn't hurt a baby. Thought you were coming to sell 'em. How! how! how! Well, now, if that ain't the best joke I've heard on!" And again the stout old farmer laughed until the tears poured down his cheeks.

"Salt them!" exclaimed the mortified Spriggins. "You don't mean to say that you salt your beasts alive?"

"Yes, I do, Dolph," replied his uncle. "Look here, and you'll see."

So saying, he dumped the salt out of his pail in small parcels over the rock. There was a general stamp and bellow, and a simultaneous rush toward the savory condiment, which twenty tongues were soon busily engaged in licking.

"There, Dolph, you know how cows are salted alive, now," said old Van Brommel. "You'd never ha' learned that in Wall street. Ho! ho! ho!"

Spriggins returned to the house much crestfallen. The story of his adventure was soon about, and there was great joking and giggling at the supper table, the fair Rosalia herself not being able to refrain from joining in the fun. The next morning Spriggins discovered that he had urgent business in the city, and he has never since been seen in Pumpkinville, though his cousin Gert cordially invited him to his wedding that fall. Spriggins now is wont to speak of his country life as "a very vulgar," and on one occasion, when the sport of pigeon shooting had been casually alluded to, he went so far as to pronounce it "an atrocious humbug."

The Catholic church on Grove Creek, some two miles south of this village, was burned to the ground on the night of the 27th ult. Although there are several houses in plain sight from one fourth to half a mile distant from the church, the fire was not, as we are informed, discovered until some time during the forenoon of the 28th. At this time all that would burn was consumed. It is supposed to have been done by an incendiary.

*Delhi Iowa Argus.*

"The bosom of America is open to receive, not only the opulent and respectable stranger, but the oppressed and persecuted of all nations and all religions, whom we shall welcome to a participation in all our rights and privileges."  
*(Washington.)*

## The Fun of a Season at Newport Financially Considered.

Newport, September, 1855.

In my last I alluded to the extravagant expenditure in this place during the season. You may ask for some estimate of the whole amount that changes hands in the course of the six weeks that the city is densely crowded, but no means are afforded me to obtain the necessary information, and as my calculation that I could make would have no sound basis it is hardly worth while to deal in guess work. It may, however, prove interesting to know into what channels the money brought here falls, and with these in hand every one can make an estimate of the amount necessary to cover expenses in his particular case, should he decide to visit Newport next season.

We will suppose the parties to be a gentleman and his wife, without servants or children, and disposed to live economically, yet enjoy in a reasonable way the means at their disposal. They arrive at one of the leading hotels the last of July or the first of August, and occupy a room engaged July 1, paying for it from that time at the rate of forty two dollars a week. The trunks are put under the bed, dresses and coats are hung on the vacant spaces on the walls, and a day or two is occupied in storing away all the traps, so as to leave room for one to pass without disturbing Madame's wardrobe too much. A very moderate wash amounts to three dollars more a week, and half that amount to the waiter to insure a fair share of attention at table.

Life at a hotel without amusement or some way of passing the time is unendurable, and anything of the kind at a watering place costs a pretty penny. Bathing is first to be considered. Avoiding the expense of a hack, two seats, up and down, in an omnibus, fifty cents; twenty five cents each for a car, and as much more for the hire of suitable dresses—in all nine dollars a week. Two cots, ticking a dollar each; also a carriage twice a week to ride over the island and visit the most attractive points; at eight dollars each ride, and five dollars for excursions on the water—which last is extremely moderate, and will not admit of fishing. A couple of suppers a week at the "Juniper," for husband, and a carriage on the same nights, for wife to take tea at the cottages, twenty dollars.

And we might add to this by the hour, but here is over a hundred dollars a week, without going into excess; to which must be added, in the run of the season, ten dollars for "shops," any number of tens for shooting galleries, bowling saloons, fishing excursions, an occasional dinner to friends, at Downing's, (well served and well charged,) entrance fee at the club house, (if so fortunate to get admittance at all,) wines, cigars, &c.—to say nothing of the necessary outlay in the way of an outfit suitable for all occasions—so that the expense of a couple for ten weeks, if they would enjoy the amusements offered, and indulged in the luxury of bathing, riding, sailing and eating, may safely be set down at not less than two thousand dollars.

Hundreds spent that amount in less than half that time; and when a man is blessed with a large family, composed in great part of marriageable daughters, the extent to which the trapping is carried is beyond all calculation. To escape the enormous bills thus run up at a hotel "pa' rents a cottage at the moderate rate of one thousand or twelve hundred dollars for the season; engages servants, rents out his own carriage, sends for the butcher and the baker, and having made all his arrangements prepares to enjoy life—a dream from which he is only rescued on learning from his lacker that the drafts already honor'd will absorb one of his finest estates.

Hundreds yearly visit a watering place who can hardly sustain themselves at home, and expend the little that they have in one brief Summer, to regret ever after their foolish extravagance; others, who never pay their bills at home, frequently give the hotels much trouble, and those not over conscientious, slip away the first opportunity, without so much as asking the amount of their indebtedness. This all results from a vain desire to imitate those who, having wealth at command, live in an extravagant and reckless manner, doing themselves and others much injury, and often bringing about the most serious results.

True enjoyment at a watering place should consist in throwing off alike the care and restraints of a city life. The mind and the body thus relaxed, recover their wonted strength, fitting the man to enter with greater zeal and renewed energies upon the duties of life. But as it is, the city is literally brought to the country. We have the same etiquette, the same routine of fashionable follies, the same rigid laws of society, and the whole lightened by a greater dissipation; greater extravagance, and a series of absurdities that would not be admissible at home. The enjoyment is not real, but artificial; bathing is not resorted to for health, but because it is fashionable; others ride, and so we ride; and the same arbitrary laws govern all our movements till the time comes for us to leave.

The gayer portion, like the swallows that sail Summer share with them the piazzas at the hotels, take their flight in a body, leaving the island to those who know how to appreciate the privilege of passing the season here. When all are gone the beach-her is struck. With the hotels it is not always on the side of profit, for their expenses are always very heavy, and the seasons are sometimes short; but with nearly all the others who supply the wants of the thousands who come here, the gain is sufficient to satisfy a reasonable mind.

AQUIDNECK.

## Selecting Seeds.

This is peculiarly the time of seed gathering, and much depends upon the care and skill exercised. I may be laid down as a general rule, that the earliest and best specimens of plants should invariably be chosen to furnish the germs of a future crop.

Corn is the most important production of our country, and the special care should be taken to select seed now for spring planting. After deciding from experience what variety is best adapted to a particular locality, let the next attention be directed to finding the fields or stalks which have ripened first, for a quick growth and early maturity are the most important considerations in a country where, on the average, each bush of the

crop is annually lost by frost. Next to early ripening, look for those stalks which are most prolific in large ears. The ears themselves should be chosen with reference to their being well filled out with kernels at each end. Those ears which are true to the variety should be taken. If the kernels are of mixed colors they are hybrids, and will not produce as well as if pure.

The same principle applies in selecting other seeds. Choose the finest potatoes, squashes, pumpkins, melons, egg plants, beets, carrots, tomatoes, onions, peppers, &c., and the best and earliest beans and peas, and let them be carefully preserved till wanted. Care exercised upon such matters is not only a benefit to the person immediately interested, but is also a public good, by so much as it improves the general quality and fruitfulness of the various productions of the soil.  
*N. Y. Daily Times.*

## How to Keep Harness.

In answer to an inquiry for information as the best mode of cleaning and oiling harness, &c., we re-publish the substance of an article given in the Rural New Yorker:

Observing the good condition and fine appearance of the harness of Ald. Baker, proprietor of the most extensive livery establishment in Rochester, we requested him to impart to us, for publication, the *modus operandi* by which so desirable an object was achieved. In compliance therewith, he stated the course adopted as the best and most economical, after twenty year's experience in a business which required considerable attention to tacking apparatus. His process of oiling and washing harness is substantially as follows:

Take neat's foot oil or ivory or patent black—the latter well pulverized, or to be made so before using. Mix thoroughly, adding the black until the oil is well colored or quite black. In cool weather the oil should be warmed somewhat before mixing. With a sponge apply a light coat of the mixture—only what the leather will readily absorb, unless the harness is very dry, in which case a heavier coating may be necessary. After the harness is dry—which will be in from two hours to half or whole day, depending upon the weather and previous condition of the leather—wash thoroughly with soap suds. In making the suds, use good Castile soap and rain water. Warm water should never be used on harness leather. Apply the suds with a sponge. Rub off with buckskin. This will give your harness a nice glossy surface, and the leather will retain a good color and continue pliable for months. If it becomes solid with mud or sweat, an application of soap and water as above directed (without oiling) will be sufficient to give it a bright appearance.

Two applications of this oil and black mixture a year, (or once every six months) will be sufficient to keep harness, as ordinarily used, in good order. It may be necessary for livery men, and others who use harness constantly, to apply the oil oftener—but in most cases two oilings a year and washing with suds when soiled, will keep a harness in good trim for sight and service. This process will pay a large dividend in extra service and durability—to say nothing of improved appearance.

Ald. B. assures us that the same, or that a very similar application, is just the thing for carriage tops which are made of top leather. The only difference in treatment is, that less oil should be used, or rather a lighter coating applied—and it should be washed off before drying in, top leather being thin and much more permeable than harness. Of course this mixture would not answer for enamelled leather, of which some carriage tops are constructed.

## California Waterfalls.

J. M. Hutchings writes to the Mariposa Gazette a description of the Yosemite Valley and its waterfalls. Mr. Hutchings, Mr. Ayres and Mr. Millard, both of San Francisco, and Mr. Blair, of Coulterville, formed a party to visit the places named. They appear to have started from an Indian village on the Fresno, where they procured two Indian guides. Mr. Hutchings says: "From Mr. Hunt's store, we kept an east of north course, up the divide between the Fresno and Chowchilla valleys; thence descending towards the south Fork of the Merced river, and winding around a very rocky point, we climbed nearly to the ridge of the middle or main fork of the Merced, and descending towards the Yosemite valley, we came upon a high point, clear of trees, from whence we had our first view of this singular and romantic valley; and, as the scene opened in full view before us, we were almost speechless with wondering admiration at its wild and sublime grandeur. 'What!' exclaimed one at length, 'have we come to the end of all things?' 'Can this be the opening of the Seventh Seal?' cries another. 'This far, very far exceeds Niagara,' says a third.

We had been out from Mariposa about four days, and the fatigue of the journey had made us weary and a little peevish; but when our eyes looked upon the almost terrific grandeur of this scene, all was forgotten. 'I never expected to behold so beautiful a sight!' 'This scene alone amply repays me for my travel!' 'I should have lost the most magnificent sight that I ever saw had I not witnessed this!' were exclamations of pleasurable surprise that fell from the lips of all, as we sat down to drink in the varied beauties of this intoxicating and enchanting scene.

On the north side, stands one bold, perpendicular mountain of granite, shaped like an immense tower. Its lofty top is covered with great pines, that by distance become mere shrubs. Our Indian guides called this the "Captain." It measures, from the valley to its summit, about two thousand eight hundred feet.

Just opposite to this, on the south side of the valley, our attention was first attracted by a magnificent waterfall about seven hundred feet in height. It looked like a long, broad leather of silver, that hung depending over a precipice; and, as this leathery fall of leaping spray thus hung, a slight breeze moved it from side to side, and as the last rays of the setting sun were gilding it with rainbow hues, the red would mix with the purple, and the purple with the yellow, and the yellow with the green, and the green with the silvery sheen of its whitened foam, as it danced in space. On rushed the water over its rocky bed, and as it

reached the valley, it threw up a cloud of mist, that made green and flourished the grass and flowers, and shrubs slumbered at the mountain's base—while towering three thousand feet above the valley, stood the rugged and pine covered cliffs that in broken and spiral peaks girdle in the whole.

Passing further up the valley, one is struck with the awful grandeur of the immense mountains on either side—some perpendicular, some a little sloping. One looks like a lighthouse, another like a giant capital of immense dimensions—all are singular, and surmounted by pines.

Now we crossed the river and again ascending the valley, turned a point—before us was a mountain peak, in height—the highest in the world. It rushes over the cliff, and with one bold leap falls one thousand two hundred feet, then a second of over five hundred feet more, then a third of five hundred feet more—the three leaps making two thousand two hundred feet.

Standing upon the opposite side of the valley, and looking at the tall pines below, the great height of these falls can at a glance be comprehended.

About ten miles from the lower end of the valley, there is another fall of not less than fifteen hundred feet. This, with lesser falls and a lake, make the head of the Yosemite Valley, so that this valley is about ten miles in length, and from a half to one mile in width; and although there is good land enough for several farms, it cannot be considered upon the whole as a good farming valley. Speckled trout, grouse and pigeons are quite numerous.

## Senator Douglas.

Through the kindness of a friend, we are enabled to publish this morning the correspondence between the Boston Committee on "Independent Lectures on Slavery," and the Hon. Stephen A. Douglas. The response of the honorable Senator is significant and appropriate.

Boston, Aug. 2, 1855.

Hon. S. A. DOUGLAS—Dear Sir: A series of lectures upon the subject of slavery was initiated and very successfully conducted here during the past winter, as you may have learned from the papers of the day. The audiences were large and intelligent, and the card enclosed will indicate to you the character of the lectures.

During the next season a larger number of gentlemen from the South will be invited to favor us with the views prevalent in their vicinity; thus, in connection with others, presenting during the course every shade of opinion on this question. The respectful attention accorded to Gen. Houston last winter, gives assurance that arguments and opinions from that quarter will be candidly heard and duly appreciated.

You are hereby respectfully invited to deliver one of the lectures of the course on slavery at the Tremont Temple in this city on Thursday evening, February 7th, 1856, or if that time will not suit your engagements, please mention at once what Thursday evening between the middle of November and the middle of March next will best accommodate you.

The amount paid to each lecturer will be one hundred dollars, he bearing his own expenses. Please favor with an immediate answer, and at your earliest convenience thereafter transmit the particular phase of the subject that you will present.

Your obedient servants,  
JOHN M. CLARK, S. G. HOWE,  
JOSEPH STORY, SAMUEL MAY,  
PHILIP SANDFORD, THOMAS RUSSELL,  
JAMES W. STONE, N. B. SHURTLEWELL.

CHICAGO, Sept. 11, 1855.

Gentlemen: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your polite invitation to deliver a lecture on the subject of slavery at the Tremont Temple, in Boston, on the 7th of February next, or at such time during the next winter as my convenience will permit. Regarding slavery as a domestic institution, which derives its existence and support from the local laws of the several States where it prevails, and with which neither the Federal Government nor the citizens or authorities of other States have any right to interfere, except to perform their constitutional obligations in reference to the rendition of fugitives, I have never deemed it my duty, as a citizen of non-slavery State to discuss the supposed advantages or evils, with the view of sustaining or destroying the domestic institutions of sister States, with which, under the Constitution and laws of the land, I have no right to interfere; and for the consequences of which I am in no wise responsible.

You will, therefore, permit me to say, with all due respect, that neither my tastes, nor my public duties, will permit me to accept your polite invitation.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,  
S. A. DOUGLAS.  
Messrs. Dr. James W. Stone, and others, Com'rs.

**DELECTABLE.**—Last night we walked along the street, beneath the summer moon, and as her rays were twined in mine, I loved her rather soon. I held her finger 'twixt my own—I raised 'em to my lips—though I should crazy go when first I kissed their tips. She didn't tell me to hold up, she didn't hold 'em tight—but gave me reign and let me went—and so I did sublime. I poured the burning words of love, out in 2.40 style, I called her angel—terrapin!—she listened with a smile.—Until I was with happiness as crazy as a loon. Oh, count me in for moonlight walks, all in the month of June.

**A FATHER OF MANY CHILDREN.**—A correspondent from Backtown, in this county, informs us that there lived a man in that vicinity, who was the father of forty-one children; 27 by his lawful wife and 14 were sworn to him in one day by other women, all of which he acknowledged to be his; and the 14 illegitimate were conceived in one week. He died before he was 50 years of age. Peace to his ashes.

**A BITTER SATIRE.**—Byron, the poet, drew in the East, writes in one of his letters, as an evidence that the Mohammedans are fast becoming Europeanized: "They are becoming careless of the marriage vow, get drunk, beat their wives, brutalize their children, associate with the infidels, and in fact are getting to be almost like the Christians."