The North Carolina Whig.

"Be true to God, to your Country, and to your Duty."

VOLUME 8. CHARLOTTE, N. C., OCTOBER 3, 1854. NUMBER 34.

HOLTON & WILLIAMSON, EDITORS.

T. J. HOLTON, PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

The North-Carolina Whig will be afforded to subscribers at TWO DOLLARS in advance, or TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS if payment be delayed for three months, and THREE DOLLARS at the end of the year. No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editors.

Advertisements inserted at One Dollar per square (16 lines or less, this sized type) for the first insertion, and 25 cents for each continuance. Court advertisements and Sheriff's Sales charged 25 per cent. higher; and a deduction of 33⅓ per cent. will be made from the regular prices, for advertisers by the year. Advertisements inserted monthly or quarterly, at $1 per square for each time. Semi-monthly 75 cents per square for each time.

All letters on business must be directed to the Editors. Letters must be post-paid or they will not be attended to.

Payments can be made to either.

Postmasters are authorized to act as agents.

Poetry.

A Song for September.

BY THOMAS W. PARSONS.

Summer strews the woodlands o'er
With many a brilliant color;
The world is brighter than before—
Why should our hearts be duller?
Across the scarlet leaf,
Sad thoughts and smoky weather,
All mist, this glory and this grief
Agree not well together.

This is the parting season—this
The time when friends are pairing;
And lovers now, with many a kiss,
Their long farewells are sighing.
Why is earth so gladly drest?
This pomp that autumn bequeath
A funeral seems, where every guest
A bridal garment wears in.

Each one of us, perchance, may here,
On some blue morn in weather,
Return to view the glory year,
But not with boyish laughter;
We shall then be wrinkled sore,
Our brows with silver hairs,
And thou this glen may'st seek again,
But nevermore a maiden!

Does perhaps foreseen this? Spring
Will touch her teeming bosom,
And bring a few brief months back seeing
The bird, the bloom;
And threads on not know—
Or that adorns them all
Are more sure rather!

Miscellaneous.

From the Star Spangled Banner.

THE LOVE TEST.

BY DI VERNON.

"They call me a coquette," sighed Irene to herself, as she sat alone one evening at the open window of her parlor, looking into the garden below. "They call me a coquette—but ah! could they know how they wrong me, the reproachful epithet would never pass their lips."

"And you are no coquette, then?" said a voice at her ear. "You do not entice us to love you and then coolly dismiss us from your fascinating presence—allowing us to linger to gaze into the depths of your lustrous eyes or listen to the music of your gentle voice. Oh, beautiful Irene!"

She looked calmly at the speaker, who now came forward and seated himself near her. He was a man past the threshold of youth, but noble looking and of dignified bearing.

"I like no one to love me, Conrad, I endure you, as you say—but I cannot love in return your fond regard. And because I will not therefore am I a coquette." And she turned her eyes from his companion.

"Cruel love. All.—indeed, I fear you have a heart that can never even love me. And yet, I have thought, Irene, and my fervent love and impressive manner have not failed to touch your heart," looked searchingly in her face, "I have thought, were I assured that heart to its uttermost hidden spring which is so carefully guarded would be—but where are you going, Irene?" suddenly exclaimed Conrad, as she hastily rose and was leaving the room.

"Don't you see? my squirrel has got out—he is running away—I must catch him," and she bounded out, but Conrad followed her.

"Stay," said he, as he joined her in the garden after she had captured her pet, "I have often seen Bobby loose before." And he marked the blush on his companion's face as she continued, "Surely, he would not stray from so fair a mistress!"

"He is a naughty boy," she replied, caressing his soft fur with her delicate hand, "and yet, he loves me, poor Bob!"

"Pity him, then!" was Conrad's rejoinder.

"You are too severe, my friend," returned Irene, reproachfully. "But do, for mercy, change the subject. Let us talk of something more congenial, more elevating. All other subjects are uninteresting, in your presence, fair lady."

"Then," returned Irene, drawing herself up in air of pride, "leave my presence, that subject displeases me."

"Pardon me, lady," and Conrad became seated still by the side of his companion, who patted her squirrel and sang to him a few sweet tones, snatches of some favorite air—and the little fellow, with bright eyes turned upon the face of his mistress, really seemed to enjoy the music flowing from her rose bud lips. Conrad looked at the picture, and wished HE was a squirrel, folded in the loving embrace of a beautiful mistress.

"No, I don't like it—I won't consent to it, Carlos," said Conrad, in reply to something urged by his most intimate friend.

"I tell you it is an excellent plan. You say you devoutly believe she returns your devotion, but, being a belle, and one who has so long withstood the arrows of the blind archer, that in her pride she will not own her heart to be trembling 'neath his power. Now, I only want your consent—and leave the rest to me."

"I don't like deceit, Carlos. She will despise me for it."

"Really, my excellent friend, I wish you would get rid of some of your sentimental, romantic nonsense. Now, give me permission to—"

"Well, well, well,—good bye, Carlos!" said Conrad, as he left the room with a perplexed smile on his handsome face—and Carlos knew he had it all his own way.

A week passed, and Irene was surprised, and, indeed, seemed somewhat anxious because Conrad had not visited her as usual during that time. She could not account for his absence—and the more she pondered upon the circumstance, the more her heart told her that his presence was necessary to her happiness. She now regretted her constant coldness to one who had been so devoted and so true—and if her inborn pride had not forbade it, she would have written to him to unravel the mystery.

While musing upon the subject one evening, she thought she discerned his step upon the gravel walk approaching the house—but it proved to be that of his friend, Carlos. This young man entered her presence with an air of deep melancholy, which caused Irene both surprise and uneasiness.

"What ails you, Carlos?" she inquired, "are you ill?"

"No, lady."

"Has any misfortune overtaken you?"

"Alas! yes—a great one."

"May I ask what it is?" she continued, more and more interested.

Carlos seemed to hesitate. "Lady, it relates too nearly to yourself for me to—"

"In heaven's name—what can it be?"

"You—that is, Conrad is—I mean, you have—"

"What have I done? Speak, Carlos, I implore you" and her face grew like marble, pale.

As fast as he could utter the words, Carlos said: "My friend is the victim of unrequitted affection—he is now—insane!"

"My God!" screamed Irene, and immediately fainted. When brought to herself, she clasped her hands over her eyes, and sobbed and moaned in very bitterness of spirit.

"Irene," said her companion, in a whisper, "forgive me! but, do you love Conrad?"

"I do, I do! oh, my pride, my sinful pride! What a wreck I have made of one so noble!" and she moaned more bitterly than before.

"Irene," and the low voice trembled, "if he should ever recover, would you continue to love him—would you design to marry him?"

"God knows! would! Oh, Conrad! Conrad!"

She suddenly felt herself clasped to a manly heart—and the same low voice whispered very sweetly and softly—"my own, my own!"

Irene looked up with astonishment—it was Conrad who caressed her. Carlos had disappeared.

KEEP TO COOL.—A correspondent of the Democratic Courier, from Cincinnati, tells a story of a fellow who was found in the gutter drunk, and taken before the Mayor, when the following dialogue took place:

"David," said his honor, as soon as he laid his eyes on Mr. Jones, "are you here again! Didn't you not promise me last week that you would not get drunk again if I would let you off?"

"Keep cool, your honor," replied Dave, with lesser impudence, "keep cool—and that's what I have been trying to do."

"But you are charged with being beastly drunk, and were lying in the gutter."

"Drunk—not guilty. Lying in the gutter—guilty."

"What were you lying in the gutter for if you were not drunk?"

"You see, your honor," replied Dave, with the air of a lawyer, "it was monstrous hot last night—hot as h—l; couldn't sleep—drinked three glasses of lemonade and a gallon and a half of pump water—hot yet—jumped into the river—felt nice—but couldn't sleep—then, your honor, I came out again—drank another gallon of pump water; pumped a gutter full—laid down in it—felt comfortable—went to sleep—dreamed I was rich, riding in a coach and four 'round the north pole—woke up, found myself in the watch-house—trying to keep cool; that's all."

A country editor thus tears to tatters an ancient proverb:

"A ROLLING STONE GATHERS NO MOSS."—Well, what of that? Who wants to be a mossy old stone, away in some damp corner of a pasture, where sunshine and fresh air never come, for the cows to rub themselves against, for snails and bugs to crawl over, and for toads to squat under among the poisonous weeds? It is far better to be a smooth and polished stone, rolling along in the brawling stream of life, wearing off the rough corners, bringing out the firm crystalline structure of the granite or the delicate veins of the agate or chalcedony. It is this perpetual grinding and rubbing in the whirling current that shows what sort of grit a man is made of and what use he is good for. The sand stone and soapstone are ground down to sand and mud, but the firm rock is selected for the towering fortress, and the diamond is cut and polished for the monarch's crown.

The amount of the wealth of Sebastopol is computed to be £20,000,000. The fortifications have cost not less than £7,000,000, and the military and naval stores are of prodigious value.

Communication.

FOR THE N. C. WHIG.

THE MOUNTAINS OF NORTH-CAROLINA.

The Alleghany Mountains extend, in broken continuity, from Maine to Georgia. Numerous undulations are observable in their protracted outline, and greatly tend to beautify their appearance. Within the limits of North Carolina the Alleghanies assume their most lofty elevation, and constitute one of the most charming features of the State.—Few persons, however, are sufficiently impressed with their value or resources, altho' they may be ready to admire their grandeur. With a view of elucidating this subject, to a limited extent, it is herein proposed to notice briefly a few facts connected with their capabilities, beauties and sanatory virtues.

In progressing westwardly from Charlotte the first mountainous development presents itself in Gaston and Lincoln counties. Near the South Carolina line, in Gaston county, stands the conical-shaped King's Mountain, of Revolutionary memory. And here it may be proper to remark, that the battle of "King's Mountain" was *not fought* on its sides or summit, as many suppose, but on one of its southern *spurs*, a few miles distant. This "deed of noble daring"—so glorious in its results to the American arms, has justly received the name it bears in history, by *tacit of eminence*. The mountain's "blue dome" stood proudly in view—a witness of the din of battle, and will remain, in all time to come, an enduring monument of a brilliant victory gained by the sons of Virginia and the Carolinas. In the vicinity of King's stands Crowder's Mountain, with a broader summit, but of nearly similar height. Other small mountains occasionally emerge in Gaston, Lincoln and Catawba counties, but not worthy of particular notice. About 20 miles west of Lincolnton we meet with a more connected range, called the "Laurel Mountains." Here we first find in abundance hemlock (Pinus canadensis), the white pine, (Pinus strobus) and other species peculiar to the mountains. Laurel creek, near to which the road passes, is handsomely decorated along its entire course, with the laurel, and ornamental fringe tree, (Chionanthus.) It is not, however, until we reach the counties of Burke, Yancey, Buncombe, Wilkes, Ashe, &c., that the Mountains are seen in all of their beauty and grandeur.—In this elevated region, embracing 10 or 12 counties, lofty mountains rise in thick succession to the eye of the ravished beholder. At the base of every mountain gracefully meanders some refreshing, sparkling stream, varying in size from the bubbling fountain to the gushing river. Here too may be seen many a glittering cascade adorning some mountain gorge, and tumbling along, in ceaseless activity, a fit emblem of a bustling and noisy world.

The resources of the mountains are but imperfectly known. Their general rugged and barren appearance is calculated to impart an unfavorable opinion of their value and production. It should, however, be borne in mind that the numerous watercourses afford much alluvial or bottom land of great fertility. Corn, rye, oats, potatoes, the grasses, &c., grow in the greatest perfection. The mountain sides and intervening vallies are every where clothed with grass and cattle range over luxuriant pasturage. It is true, a few loads of potatoes, &c., occasionally reach the nearest towns over *miserable* roads, but scarcely a tithe of mountain productions are taken to market for the want of easy and expeditious transportion. Should the contemplated Railroad penetrate this region the peculiar resources of the mountains would then be available. Even our Wilmington, Raleigh and other eastern friends might be enabled to frequently visit the West, and luxuriate over a fine dish of mountain beef-steak and mealy Irish potatoes!

The mountains of Western Carolina abound with numerous indescribable attractions. All who have adjourned for a time in their midst will acknowledge the truth of the assertion. The fine picturesque views—mountains rising upon mountains and gracefully receding in the distance—towering cliffs and frowning precipices are but some of the grand features sublimely portrayed by the finger of Nature. From many of these lofty summits a grand *natural panoramic* view is presented of a little world below and around you, full of magnificence and grandeur. To many of our citizens of the interior and the sea-board these mountain attractions are unknown and consequently unappreciated. But let a Railroad be made through some of Nature's depressions or *gaps* into Tennessee and then this elevated region will be visited by thousands from our own and adjacent States in pursuit of health or of pleasure. The Black Mountain, with an elevation of 6,476 feet, might then be frequently visited by all who are ambitious of ascending the highest point of land east of the Mississippi. The beautiful Roan is also highly attractive. It may be ascended on horseback, and affords one of the finest views in the mountains. Its broad, extended summit is clothed with a rich coat of grass, and produces during the last week of July and first of August the most delicious strawberries!

The vegetation is Canadian—an evidence of great elevation. The air, balmy and refreshing. The Grandfather, Table Rock, Linville, Iron, Bald, and many other mountains have their respective attractions, but a more extended notice of them must be reserved until a future occasion.

The Mountains are also remarkable for their sanatary virtues. During the sultry and oppressive heats of Summer, when lassitude and *incipient disease* are already felt in the system, how grateful to the feelings to retire, for a time, from the cares and turmoils of life, and seek the enjoyment of Nature's genial restoratives. It is then we covet some "cool sequestered vale," or reclining, like Virgil's shepherd bard, beneath the covert of some wide-spread oak, are musing of ice and ice-creams, or perhaps the comforts which encircle the North Pole! For man, be it remembered, is a creature of association, and is governed in his wishes, to a great extent, by his feelings. In the counties of Wilkes, Watauga and Ashe the air is peculiarly *bracing*, and invigorating. Many invalids who visit the mountains with enfeebled constitutions, are enabled, after a short residence in their midst, to climb the more accessible knobs, and perform other feats of exercise they could, by no means, accomplish in the lower counties without great exhaustion and, perhaps, danger. A Railroad communication with this elevated region—this Switzerland of America, would greatly improve the face of the country, develope its resources, and display its numerous charming features. On many a knob, now covered with the laurel or rhododendron, would spring up delightful summer residences, where picturesque scenery would greet the eye on every side, and innocent pleasures, with a balmy atmosphere, would greatly contribute to the enjoyment of a mountain retreat.

C. L. H.

WHAT CAUSES THE GULF STREAM.—Mr. Stanton Shoales, an experienced navigator, gives it as his opinion that the waters of the Gulf stream are nothing more or less than the waters of the river Amazon. This great father of waters is bedded more than 1,000 miles immediately under the equator, and all its tributary streams for many thousand miles are constantly pouring their hot waters into this mighty reservoir of water. As these waters are gathered in under the burning sun of the equator, it is extremely warm; far more so than the Atlantic Ocean waters under the equator. The great body of heated water shoots out into the Atlantic more than a hundred miles, in the face of the eternal trade winds.

The Amazon is sixty miles wide, after being belted in its irresistible course, it curves off to the left and comes off before the strong trade winds till out of their reach. Driven along with great force, it takes its course round the great bay formed between the two continents of North and South America.—Dashing along the northern coast of South America, and passing to the leeward of the West India Islands it leaves the shore of Cuba, and proceeds along the shores of Florida, the capes of Virginia and the south coast of North America, and passing the shores of Newfoundland, ends its mission, among the icebergs which float out of the Northern ocean. Cut off the Gulf Stream, and it would not be many years before the North Atlantic would be filled with icebergs that would be very destructive to navigation. But a wise providence has provided an external reservoir of hot water constantly rushing around over back of the cold Atlantic to its destination, where, after spending its vital warmth among the icebergs it is hurried away by a new supply of native warm water from the great Amazon. Seamen can always tell when in or out of the Gulf Stream by dipping the hand in the water along side.

Undoubtedly this view will be new to some readers, but what I have written is from experience, and was seen while I was roving upon the mighty deep. The Gulf Stream, I repeat, is nothing more or less than the waters of the great Amazon of South America. I have crossed it in many places, and for many years have glided through its warm waters, always pleased to have it astern. The most violent storms, from whatever quarter they may come never change its course or its current, but it continues to move on in that irresistible power which was given to it in the beginning by the Power above.

A NEW WAY TO PAY POSTAGE.—A young gentleman having occasion to write a letter to a friend in the country, sent it to the office by a German lad in his employ. Having no postage stamp, he gave him three cents to pay the postage. Yesterday the gentleman receives a reply to his letter, and in it his friend requested that when he wrote again, if he had no stamps, to send the letter without prepaying, as he had no idea of paying fifteen cents postage on three coppers. The truth was, that the lad, on his way to the office, had slipped the cents in the envelope and dropped it in the box.

THE DEBT OF GREAT BRITAIN.—The London Times states that the present annual charge for interest, &c., on the British national debt is £27,143,711, but that it will be reduced to £24,236,211 between the years 1855 and 1860. The stock known as the 3¼ per cents. will, in a few weeks, be converted into new three per cents., making an annual saving of £470,000. In October, 1859, annuities will expire to the amount of £306,000.

PHILOSOPHY AND CURE OF INTEMPERANCE.

Among the great sources of world-wide misery to the human race, intemperance stands conspicuous. The new effort to eradicate and destroy this great foe of man by what is called "The Maine Law," is yet but an experiment, which is now undergoing a trial in several of the States. The friends of temperance hope much from the strong arm of law to prevent traffic in intoxicating liquors. But it is too early yet to predict with certainty the result. In the meantime, we have presented us from medical sources *a specific for the cure of intemperance*.—The subject is one of such vast importance, and the following article presents it in so strong and clear a light, that we have thought it worthy a place in the *United States Magazine*. It is from the pen of Dr. J. R. Buchannan, of Cincinnati, and published in his *Journal of Man*. Dr. Buchannan considers intemperance strictly a *disease*, produced by stimulation and derangement of a portion of the brain, and he alleges that remedies have been discovered for it in the natural productions of the earth, which are as certain a cure for it as vaccination is for the small-pox. We will let the doctor give his own story, philosophy and all:—

For the present, I would discuss an evil which *devastates the world at all times and seasons*, and which it requires all the world's wisdom and philanthropy to meet, with all the legal power and scientific information which can be brought to bear. Intemperance, the almost universal scourge of humanity, sweeping annually to a dishonored grave thirty thousand of our population, and probably a million of the earth's inhabitants, has never yet been rightly understood and thoroughly treated by the devoted philanthropists who are engaged in arresting its march; and their labors, in consequence, have been productive of but imperfect results, in comparison with what might have been accomplished, had there been a correct understanding of the nature of this disorder, and the philosophy of its cure.

With all due deference for the previous investigations of physiologists, I must express my regret that they have failed to discover and enforce the only great and valuable practical truth which, upon this subject, physiology can contribute to philanthropy—to wit: the proposition that intemperance is strictly a curable disease, and that, by proper medicinal and moral remedies, it may be entirely removed from the earth, if the necessary remedies are applied on a scale sufficiently extensive. I propose, then, to illustrate:

1. The philosophy of intemperance—which explains its production and its cure.
2. The medical cure and prophylaxis.
3. The moral cure and prevention.

The extravagant consumption of alcoholic drinks, which is the leading form of intemperance in our own country, is based upon an appetite, which manifests itself in many other modes, none of which, however, have been so destructive as that of alcohol. Spices, condiments, and aromatics; coffee, tea, tobacco, opium, ether, chloroform, and other narcotics, are the common gratifications of the intemperate appetite. In all of these indulgences, it exhibits the same essential character, and love of pleasant stimulation. The universal presence of this appetite for stimulus, in all countries, and in all ages of the human race, especially in those where man, as a savage, is supposed to be more nearly in a state of nature, proves that the love of stimulus is an inherent appetite, or organic tendency of the human constitution, and not the mere production of artificial custom, imitation, and disease. If, then, there be an inherent natural appetite for stimulation, that appetite must have its organic locality, and its laws of development and decline, which will enable us to regulate its manifestations. That the love of stimulation depends, like the love of food, upon a particular portion of the brain, was one of my earliest discoveries in several cerebral physiology. The organ upon which the appetite for stimulus depends, is located immediately in front of the cavity of the ear, at the posterior margin of the lower jaw, about half an inch below and behind its socket. Immediately anterior to the Love of Stimulus is located the organ of Alimentiveness, or the appetite for food.

The excitement of the organ of Love of Stimulus, in an impressible subject, creates the true drunkard's thirst. In its first degree of excitement there is merely a desire for the lighter kinds of stimulation—for such drinks as cider, wine, and beer; but when the organ is more intensely excited, nothing but the strongest distilled liquors will satisfy its desires. The most delicate females, to whom a spoonful of ardent spirits would be a disagreeable and loathsome dose, have been prompted, when the Love of Stimulus has been excited, to drink pure brandy and whiskey with pleasure, with as much comfort and as little exhilaration as would be experienced by an old toper.

As Alimentiveness produces a depressed condition, which we call hunger, and which is relieved by food, so the Love of Stimulus produces a different form of depression and appetite which is relieved by stimulants. If the organ of Love of Stimulus be largely developed, as we generally find it in the descendants of the intemperate, there is a strong constitutional tendency to intemperance, which may be counteracted, it is true, by heroic self-denial, and a continual struggle, but which few have the fortitude to resist. The victim of this hereditary organization finds himself in depressed melancholy, and craving condition, until his natural appetite is gratified—when he finds himself restored to serenity and content, and, perceiving no evil effects from its indulgence, he is tempted to repeat it, with a strong conviction that he is doing a healthful act, and procuring an innocent pleasure. It is useless to tell such an individual that all alcoholic drinks are essentially poisonous, and that every drop which he takes is an injury to his constitution. He knows, experimentally, that such is not the fact. He knows that within reasonable limits he enjoys the highest health and comfort, while indulging in his usual potations, and that abstinence is immediately followed by depression and debility, which predispose to disease. Hence, when he is summoned by the ultra advocate of temperance, in accordance with an erroneous physiological doctrine, to abandon his usual gratification, his reason revolts at the demand, and instead of sympathizing with the cause of temperance, which has so many earnest claims upon his benevolence, he is driven, by the extravagance of its advocates, into a feeling of coolness, if not absolute hostility to this great and benevolent reform.

We should say to this large class of our countrymen who are addicted to vinous and alcoholic potations, not that they are consuming essential poison, and perpetrating moral or physiological sins in every consumption of their usual beverage, but rather that they are gratifying and cultivating an appetite which, however apparently innocent in its present form, is still an evil, and is ever liable to increase until it becomes destructive to body and soul. If, in its excess, the alcoholic appetite tends to the destruction of all that is noble and manly, even its milder indulgences must be, to some extent, an evil, although less palpable in their effects. Hence, we are justified in warning even the temperate consumer of wines, who never rises to alcoholic exhilaration, against the error of his course. But to what does error consist? Mark the distinction! It is not the vinous indulgence which we should denounce as a physiological sin, but the organic depravity or debility which demands it, and which is perpetuated by indulgence. When a miserable patient, exhausted by hemorrhage and profuse discharges, requires to be sustained from hour to hour by brandy, ammonia, and other potent stimulants, what is the physiological disorder which we are to mourn? Is it the use of brandy and ammonia which prevent him from sinking still further—or is it the prostration and exhaustion which rendered these stimulants necessary? It is evident that in his present condition he cannot live long; but in what manner is he to be relieved? Is it by removing at once the stimulants upon which he depends, or by restoring the healthy action of his constitution, so as to render them unnecessary? Is the debility or the stimulation the evil? The question answers itself. In like manner should we regard all who are addicted to alcoholic stimulation as victims of an organic evil or infirmity which requires to be rectified. So long as the debility exists, and the craving for stimulus is perpetuated, no legislation to annihilate the alcoholic trade, and no amount of virtuous self-denial, that we can reasonably expect, will accomplish what the case requires. It may be, that, if alcoholic drinks were banished from society, the constitution of man, gifted as it is with immense powers of adaptation, would become, in the course of a few generations, a temperate constitution, and that the organ of the love of Stimulus, absolutely starved into atrophy, would gradually cease to be an influential element of the human constitution. But in this tedious process a great deal of moral evil and unhappiness would be produced, and there is a strong probability that other stimulants would be introduced, destructive to health and longevity, and capable of producing a gradual deterioration in the constitutions of mankind.

I hold, therefore, that all the external means for the cure of intemperance which have heretofore been adopted—the moral suasion, the legal coersion, and the immense power of public sentiment and juvenile education—are but superficial and imperfect modes of treating a constitutional disorder;—methods which aim too much at effects, and too little at causes.

Those causes lie in the universal constitution of man—in his natural or inherent tendency to nervous depression, with a consequent desire for a stimulus which shall lift him out of that sphere of misery toward which he naturally gravitates. It is not merely by snatching from the poor victim the devil's nostrum, alcohol, which alleviates his symptoms, but prolongs and aggravates his constitutional disorder, that the cure is to be wrought. The disorder must be cured by revolutionizing the constitution of the patient, and annihilating that craving infirmity which constitutes the essence of the disease. Two all-potent cures have been offered us by the Creator, plainly and palpably indicated in the constitution of man and of nature, and it is marvellous, indeed, that a world so full of learning, so full of benevolence—paying millions to two professions for the cure of body and of soul—has not yet understood and applied the two great remedies—the physiological and the moral cure of intemperance.

In my next, I shall develope the curability of intemperance by medicinal and hygienic means—hoping to satisfy the reader that intemperance may be medically treated, by safe, simple, and wholesome measures, with at least as great certainty of success as we generally experience in the treatment of any disorder of equal permanency, magnitude, and danger.

ALUM SPRINGS IN GREENVILLE.—We were shown specimens of alum rock the other day, by Mr. Wallace B. Ioor, which he brought from his lands on the Saluda river in this District. Mr. Ioor informs us that there is a spring of alum water on the place, which has been restored to by some of the old women in order "to set their dye." At present, the river encroaches on the spring, but can be walled out. The specimens of rock shown us are very strongly impregnated with alum. It will be a great things to have in Greenville an alum spring, which cures all scrofulous diseases. In Virginia, the alum springs are resorted to by hundreds and thousands of persons every season. We hope Mr. Ioor will set to work and make his fortune out of his spring, and at the same time he will be contributing to the prosperity of the District, and the health and comfort of thousands elsewhere in the Southern States.—*Southern Patriot.*

A Watch was lately sent by mail from Pensacola, Fa., to Bangor, Maine, to be repaired and sent back by the same conveyance; and the whole expense was 5 dollars and 60 cents less than the price asked for the same repairs at Pensacola.

COMMERCIAL AFFAIRS OF THE COUNTRY.

The state of the money market in this city is a matter that interests more people, probably, than any other one thing this side of the Atlantic. Whether money will be scarce or plenty, whether the price of provisions will be high or low, seems to be a question that every one thinks of and one, too, that no one can answer. After looking over and examining carefully the subject in all its bearings, we arrive at the conclusion that those who have debts to pay and pecuniary obligations to fulfil will see harder times the coming winter than they have ever seen yet. We do not think that breadstuffs and provisions will be as high as they were last year, nor that working people who have employment will find it as difficult to make the "ends of the week meet" as they did two winters ago.

Our reasons for so thinking are, first: There will be no foreign demand for our pork, beef, or flour, nor will California require anything in the shape of provisions from us. In Europe the crops were never better than they have been this year, and the yield in California of wheat, Indian corn, and potatoes, will enable that State to export breadstuffs. Of our manufactured goods she has also an abundant supply, and will therefore want nothing from us, for which she will give us as she has been doing, millions monthly of her golden treasure. This fact alone will make money scarce in the Atlantic cities. But this is not all. We have been running in debt to Europe for more than two years for dry goods, laces, silks, satins, jewelry and other luxuries and gewgaws, far beyond our means of payment.

As we are dependant on California for gold, and have nothing that California wants to give her for that gold, and as Europe wants nothing of us but gold, it seems to us that we are going to be in pretty tight quarters, and shall most probably be obliged to ask a little extension of our debts.

The drought has not so entirely cut off our crops but that we shall have enough to eat; but how are we going to pay our debts? That is the most troublesome question.—Neither those we owe nor those from whom we have been getting specie want our produce, and what is to be done? Why, those we owe must take our railroad bonds and wait until those from whom we get our specie do want our produce.

It was a great mistake we made when we got over head and ears in debt to Europe. We ought not to have done it. We ought not to have built so many large and expensive stores, nor such magnificent and costly dwellings as we have done. It was all wrong. We have gone ahead too fast. We live too high—our wives and daughters dress too extravagantly, they outvie the princesses and duchesses of Europe, and go ahead of the most aristocratic ladies of England and France. We must come back to the starting point, to the very mark we stood on five years ago. When we get there, we shall be all right again. The retrograde movement has begun, and it is useless to whine and whoa about it. Back we *must* go. But this kind of "Jordan am a hard road to travel."—*N. Y. Day Book.*

THE TRIAD.

The Chinese secret order, called the "Triad," has been so frequently mentioned of late years in our accounts from California and the East, that no doubt many of our readers will be glad to know something of its character. From a recent essay published in a Paris paper, called "La Patrie," it seems that the Chinese name of this order is Sauho-heei, and that the meaning of it is "the Society of the United Three, or of the Triad, that is to say, of heaven, earth and man." There is a distinctive badge to be worn by the members, when they dare do so. It is a blue silk scarf tipped with thread lace, but as they are always opposed to the Tartar government of China, it is rather a dangerous badge to wear. In some provinces, however, they are sufficiently numerous to brave the government and wear it publicly. The Triad, like all the other secret societies of China, constitutes a great political conspiracy against the Tartar dynasty, and they are now the active and vigorous propagators of the insurrection. The number three is the mystic one of the Triad. Their supreme directors are three chiefs, and a Triad member displays the number wherever he can in his actions. Thus he takes his cup of tea with three fingers, bows three times, requires three invitations to be seated, etc. The Triad dates from the usurpation of the foreign emperors, and the Tartar government is more severe towards its members than those of any other society, because of the wider ramifications of the order, and their avowed and unconcealed hatred of the Tartar race. They have their meetings in California, and wherever else Chinese may be found. Their statutes are written upon scrolls of linen, which at the least alarm of danger are sunk in the bottom of deep wells. The details of their organization and working are unknown, but the ceremonies of initiation have been ascertained.

HEAVY LAWSUIT.—We learn from the St. Louis Intelligencer that a suit has been instituted against Mr. Linn, the surveyer of the port at St. Louis, by Belcher & Brother, sugar refiners, for the recovery of duty alleged to have been illegally assessed and collected on "concentrated molasses," imported into the United States by that firm from Cuba. These duties have been paid under protest for two or three years past, and if the principle of the case is settled on this trial, by a verdict in favor of the plaintiffs, it will require the restitution of a large amount of money from the Treasury of the United States.

A WHEAT-GROWING COUNTRY.—It is estimated that the Canadas will raise the present season a surplus of 12,000,000 bushels of wheat, which, of course, will look abroad for a market. By the new reciprocity treaty provincial grain and flour come into our markets free of duty and upon an equal footing with the productions of our own farmers.