Terms of the Watchman.

For Subscription, per year, Two Dollars—payable in advance. But if not paid in advance, Two dollars and fifty cents will be charged.

Advertisements are inserted at $1 for the first, and 25 cts. for each subsequent insertion. Court orders charged 25 per ct. higher than these rates. A liberal deduction to those who advertise by the year.

Letters to the Editors must be post-paid.

ERRORS IN HORSE SHOEING.

In our last number we remarked upon the chief cause of unsoundness in the horse's foot, viz., bad shoeing. We wish to call from Mr. Miles's book a few more practical observations upon the proper treatment of the hoof. But before we go further, we will define more distinctly what we mean by unsoundness in the horse's foot. For some seem to think that if a horse does not limp, his feet must be sound. But in fact, a horse may have a diseased hoof and not limp at all. He may be lame, and not palpably so. A horse limps because one foot alone is unsound and painful. If both are equally painful, when he rests his weight upon them he will endeavor to pass as quickly from one to the other as possible, and gain, with ignorant people, the reputation of a quick stepper. The truth is, that no horse, whose foot is in a state of inflammation to such a degree that he is unwilling to throw upon it the whole of his weight, can be considered sound. When both feet are inflamed he shows it by what is termed pointing. We will transcribe some of Miles's remarks on this topic:—

"The various degrees of 'pointing,'—ranging between the occasional partial withholding of the weight from the heel without advancing the foot, perceptibly only to the most practiced eye, and the habitual thrusting of the whole leg to the front, palpable to every beholder—are so many indications of pain in the foot; the intensity of the pain being marked by the degree of ppointing, and in spite of the determination to consider them as mere variations of a trick, they are unequivocal symptoms of unsound feet. The horse is far too wise an animal ever to inconvenience his whole frame merely to gratify a particular trick, and, I take it, his reason for pointing will be found, upon investigation, to have much more to do with a desire to relieve himself from pain than an inclination to indulge a caprice. The act of pointing calls upon him to withdraw half the support from half of the base on which his body stands, and that, too, at a part where it can least be spared—where the head and neck overhang it, and tend to throw a great increase of weight very unevenly upon the remaining support, thus forcing him to equalize the pressure as soon as he can, by dividing it between the remaining support and the leg of the opposite side behind.

Experience has taught him that this is best effected by adjusting the balance before the removal of the suffering foot from the ground, and we accordingly observe him commencing the process by withdrawing the support of the hind leg, and then, having arranged the balance to his mind, he raised the foot intended to be rested, and, carrying it forward, deposites it at such a distance from the base as shall unite to it perfect exemption from sustaining any of the weight. We can readily imagine that an animal formed to stand upon four legs would find it an irksome business to support himself for any length of time upon two; and so in practice the horse finds it to be; for the muscles soon become weary of their increased work, and he is driven to seek relief from the new pain by a change of position, which again calls forth the old one, and thus the poor beast is doomed to a perpetual alternation of painful sensations. His courage enables him to bear a great deal of pain without flinching, particularly when it increases upon him in the healthy manner that usually marks the course of unsoundness in the feet. There is, however, a point beyond which his endurance cannot be stretched, and the progressive nature of unsoundness is sure in the end to find it out; and although he may contrive, by shortening his step, and striking the ground less forcibly with his feet even for years, still he is at last compelled to yield. Sinking his head and at every step, to remove their weight from the foot at the moment it meets the ground, he declares by signs no longer to be mistaken, that he is decidedly lame; and this, in all probability, is the first intimation which the master receives that anything is the matter with his horse's foot. He then, in his innocent astonishment, begins recalling to his mind the events of the last few days, vainly hoping to find in them the cause of the unlooked-for calamity.

To preserve the hoof in a healthy state, it is not only necessary that the shoe be properly fitted and put on, but that the horse is sufficiently and regularly exercised. Very few horses get proper exercise. When not at work, they are placed in a narrow stall, where they could have no freedom of motion, even if loose; and there they are chained in one position for days. Now nature has attached this condition to the health of every organ of every animal, that its functions be regularly performed. Let any man, either from an injury or other cause, be forced to carry his arm in a sling for a week, and he will observe a most manifest difference between that and its fellow. The muscles will in every sense be a very bad match for the other. The natural process of absorption has been accelerated, while that of restoration has almost ceased, from the want of employment of the muscles. As it is with the man's limb, so it is with the elasticity of the cushion beneath the horse's foot. If we will not allow him the power of expanding and contracting his foot, this cushion will shrink and grow hard; but if allowed the means of doing, it will retain its elasticity and usefulness to a good old age. Look at a horse while grazing in the field. His feet are in a state of almost perpetual movement. Each foot undergoes a regular compression and expansion in turn, according as his weight is thrown upon it and withdrawn. Indeed, nature never intended that a horse should be long still, and when he has the power to move he rarely will remain so. Every thing draws his attention; every sound, every footstep, cause him to move, and consequently exercises the mechanism of the hoof. The sound of the corn at feeding time causes fifty such healthy movements. But how different is the case of most horses. While kept standing in the stables, they are treated worse than a wild beast in a menagerie. Cooped in a stall and chained to a post, he has no power to move. He hears the same sounds; they attract him as much; he pricks up his ears and bends his neck, but he cannot move! he knows that he cannot turn, and therefore does not try to do so, and his hoof is not exercised. And so horses are allowed to remain for days, unless their legs begin to swell.

Now, to keep a horse in health, he must have at least two hours' exercise every day. Men who spare no expense in pampering their horses, and procuring for them every luxury, are most niggard in their allowance of this first of necessaries—regular exercise. They think that half an hour's trotting will suffice to keep their feet in health, and that a horse may be left chained up in a stall for several days without any injury.

But the truth is, regular and long continued walking is absolutely essential to the health and sound condition of his feet. Those who deprive him of it to save themselves a little trouble, are unworthy to own a horse, or to be entrusted with the care of that generous beast. It is impossible to preserve the elastic and nice machinery of the hoof from wasting and decay without it; and the want of it is the cause of far more groggy lameness than overworking.

The life of a horse, as well as his usefulness while alive, is shortened by this absurd and improper confinement in stalls. The natural life of a horse is from 35 to 40 years; while we all know that most horses at twelve or fourteen are absolutely worthless, completely used up, with scarcely a foot to stand upon, as it is said.

To call attention to the inestimable benefit to the horse of freedom of motion in the stable, and to the baneful effects of stalls, is our present object. We urge the adoption in their stead of the loose box. It will be found one of the greatest preservatives of the life and usefulness of the horse which can be pitched upon—worth all the farriery in the universe. Mr. Jas. Turner remarks:—

"I firmly believe that if every valuable horse in this country were forthwith turned into a large box, night and day, besides the continuance at his ordinary work, it would prove the worst event for veterinary surgeons that has ever happened in the horse world; because it would tend more to cut off our supply of groggy lameness and its attendants, than any circumstance or single cause that has ever yet been published, or even named.

To give each horse in a stable a loose box to himself will undoubtedly require more stable room and consequent expense in building than the present method of stalls; but that expense will more than be repaid by the better health and lengthened life of every horse who is blessed with one. Those who have so little true knowledge of their own interests, and so little regard for the comfort of this noble animal as to be deterred by this obstacle, are unfit to own him. As to those who cannot afford the small expense of the required addition to their stables, they should never take upon themselves the care of a horse, unless necessity obliges them.

By taking down the partition between two stalls, walling up the open ends of them, and constructing a door sufficiently wide for the passage of the horse into the enclosure, you may have in the place of every two stalls in your stable a very good box, into which you may turn your horse loose. The best partitions between these boxes is a brick wall, cased with boards, and surmounted by a railing. This partition should not be so high as to prevent observation, for horses are sociable animals, and are fond of company. It should be high enough, however, about the trough, to prevent their watching one another at meals; for this is both unmannerly and injurious to health. Each hopes to get some of his neighbor's prog, and fears that he may get some of his; and so they bolt it down in a way that will produce dyspepsia both in man and beast.

[*Southern Planter.*

A Mexican Lady.—A returned volunteer from Gen. Taylor's Army says:

"I know a lady in Monterey who is 150 years old; she can walk four miles per hour; she has a foot 12½ inches broad; her great toe is six inches longer than the balance of her toes; her height is four feet six inches, and she is four feet six inches round the waist; she has a beard as strong as any man, and wears moustaches. She has been married seven times."

Serious Considerations.—An unmarried lady on the wintry side of fifty, hearing of the marriage of a young lady, her friend, observed with a deep and sentimental sigh,

Well, I suppose it's what we all must come to."

THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

BRUNER & JAMES, *Editors & Proprietors.*

"KEEP A CHECK UPON ALL YOUR RULERS."

DO THIS, AND LIBERTY IS SAFE." *Gen'l. Harrison.*

NEW SERIES, NUMBER 18, OF VOLUME IV.

SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1847.

From the Releigh Register.

EARLY HISTORY OF NORTH CAROLINA, &c.,

MR. GALES:—I have just arisen from a hasty yet gratified perusal of the July number of the Literary Messenger, containg Chapters 26–7, of *Charles Campbell's* "History of the Ancient Colony of Virginia"; and am pleased to see that they comprise a more definite and particular description, of the general occurrences under the old Fundamental Constitutions, than I remember to have seen elsewhere recorded. And in the first place, I may remark, that it is not only a source of regret, but it is indeed, an exceeding reproach to our State reputation, that comparatively, so little is known of the early history of North Carolina. *Martin, Williamson, Bancroft*, and a few others, it is true, have written voluminous works, and aided in an eminent degree to dispel those mists of uncertainty which yet obscure "the ancient dome of our present greatness." A brief article, prepared by the Hon. *D. L. Swain* for the American Almanac for 1838, will be found to contain more minute and accurate information on the subject, than is elsewhere given. Yet nearly every writer on our early condition, seems to have fallen into the error of misnomering our first Executive. In fact all historians, Bancroft and Campbell excepted, have labored under the impression that his name was George Drummond—whereas, these two gentlemen have correctly ascertained it to have been *William*. No stronger evidence is required of the great inaccuracy of our information in regard to our history, than the fact that so very little is known concerning a man, whose career is intimately identified with the State's annals. As then, the circumstances under which he assumed his authority, and the general character of the man, are matters so imperfectly communicated to us, perhaps it may not prove an object entirely devoid of interest, to give you a desultory sketch of

NORTH CAROLINA'S FIRST GOVERNOR.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND was appointed by Sir Wm. Berkely, Governor of the "County of Albemarle, in the Province of Carolina," in the September following the settlement at Durant's Neck (the oldest in the State) which event took place in April, 1663. He was an emigrant to Virginia from Scotland, and judging from the scattering and vague descriptions we have of him, seems even in that dark age, when the usurping disposition of the Stuart family infected even the genial clime of the new world with its fatal sacred germ of an independent spirit. Bancroft remarks of him, that "he was probably a Presbyterian, a man of prudence and sagacity, and deeply imbued with the passion for popular liberty"—and Campbell terms him "a sedate Scotch gentleman, of estimable character." The circumstances under which he entered upon his administration are peculiarly worthy of note. The Constitutions of Shaftesbury and Locke had just been devised; the people, that is the mass, were immersed, completely lost sight of, amid the prerogatives of landed proprietaries and titled nobility; trial by Jury was but a nominal concession, and "popular enfranchisement was made an impossibility." How gloomy then the era—how utterly unpropitious the age to the development of principles such as Drummond entertained! And here, we may consider, that it cannot fail of proving a source of curious wonder, of philosophical study, and of pleasing recreation, to trace a retrospect of the first days of any country. Reflection gratefully springs from the contemplation—man feels his ideas regarding his capacity for self-government enlarged after the analysis and contrast. History, you know has been defined to be philosophy teaching by example; and the definition is a most correct one, for a proper study of the past is the infallible precursor of future melioration. But we are digressing from the thread of our narrative.

Nothing explicit is handed down to us of the acts of Gov. Drummond's authority, and we are consequently compelled to leave a blank of the interval that transpired between his installation as Gov. and the period when we again recognize him, no longer as Governor, but as an active, ardent and enthusiastic participator in Bacon's celebrated rebellion. Secret causes had been long co-operating to produce an explosion which was to burst with terrific and unexpected violence upon the heads of Berkely and his official compeers. The Constitutions had been vehemently rejected by the populace, the onerous taxation imposed upon the people resisted, the arrogance of nobility contemned—matters were approaching a crisis. Drummond was one of the main springs which directed every movement of the insurgent party. Naturally imbued with a loftiness of purpose, he "knew his rights, and knowing dared maintain them." Deeply prejudiced, by contact, with the arrogance of royalty, he was ever ready and anxious to impede the progress of its rising innovations. His actions were not prompted by a cold, sordid, calculating spirit of ultimate personal advantage—rather, by that pure, disinterested, active philanthropy which would sacrifice selfish considerations upon the insulted altar of the common good. He kindled with his own hands the devouring element that was to consume to ashes the home of his joys, that it might not afford shelter and protection to those who were wickedly warring against the fabric of the Commonwealth's weal. Indeed, his whole career forms one of those anomalies in human existence, when every day is fraught with teeming wonders and strange designs. It is "an ower true tale," full of the startling romance of reality, the daring of heroism, and the vicissitude of fortune. And, as there can be no story at the present day calculated to allure the popular sense, unless some fair heroine, of fondness wide as the limitless wave, is a conspicuous character—so in this instance can the prevailing appetite be appeased. The annals of chivalry may be ransacked, and there can be found no display of female pride and independence superior to that which manifested itself in Sarah Drummond, the wife of our first Governor.* Warmly espousing the cause of her husband, she exhibited and unwavering constancy of purpose, and an affectionate regard for her "liege lord," as admirable in herself as it was creditable to her sex. She was emphatically one of those,

> "With devotion as humble as that which brings
> To his idols the Indian's offerings;
> Yet proud as that which the Priestess feels,
> When she nurses the flame at the shrine where she kneels."

In every scene then, to return to our hero, of that violent commotion, he was a zealous actor—in every phase of its agitation he was the genius who "rode on the whirlwind and directed the storm." All are acquainted with the issue of that rebellion. But Gov. Drummond's life was destined to meet with an inglorious termination. After the close of the rebellion he was apprehended and brought before Berkely, who in the irritated language of lacerated pride insultingly bade him welcome to death. The patriot proudly avowed the part he had acted—was tried at 1 o'clock on the 20th May, 1679, and hung at 4 o'clock on the same day. Thus, this brave and extraordinary man breathed his last in mid-air suspended. Shameful and unmerited fate of a wonderful man! The tyrant Berkely was so far like odious Caligula of old, inasmuch as by the virulence of a single sentence he cut off the hopes of a large majority of the Ancient Dominion.†

Such is an epitome of what is known of Gov. Drummond. As will be observed, the sketch is necessarily very imperfect—so contracted is our knowledge of the early history of the Commonwealth. Those who are better versed in our *fasti*, can supply deficiencies—while to those unacquainted altogether with this subject, this incomplete outline may convey somewhat of interest. Yet, though his name is so indistinctly impressed upon the historic page, there remains one memento of him stamped by Nature's hand, which even the slow lapse of time cannot obliterate. There is a beautiful Lake in the Dismal Swamp—beautiful even in contrast with the drear, dark scenery that environs it—which yet boasts his name. It is the same romantic lakelet which forms the theme of one of Tom Moore's most chaste and affecting poems, which we subjoin. The subject of the poem is as follows:—"They tell of a young man who lost his mind on the death of a girl he loved, and who suddenly disappearing from his friends, was never heard of afterwards. As he had frequently said in his ravings, that she was not dead, but gone to the Dismal Swamp, it is supposed he had wandered into that dreary wilderness, and had died of hunger, or been lost in some of its dreadful morasses."

> "They made her a grave too cold and damp
> For a soul so warm and true;
> And she's gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp,
> Where all night long, by a fire-fly lamp,
> She paddles her white canoe.
>
> And her fire-fly lamp I soon shall see,
> And her paddle I soon shall hear;
> Long and loving our life shall be,
> And I'll hide the maid in a cypress tree,
> When the footstep of death is near!
>
> Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds—
> His path was rugged and sore,
> Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,
> Through many a fen where the serpent feeds,
> And man never trod before.
>
> And when on the earth he sank to sleep,
> If slumber his eyelids knew,
> He lay, where the deadly vine doth weep
> Its venomous tear, and nightly steep
> The flesh with blistering dew.
>
> And near him the she-wolf stirred the brake,
> And the copper snake breathed in his ear,
> Till he starting cried, from his dream awake,
> "Oh! when shall I see the dusky Lake,
> And the white canoe of my dear?"
>
> He saw the Lake, and a meteor bright
> Quick over its surface played—
> "Welcome," he said, "my dear one's light!"
> And the dim shore echoed, for many a night,
> The name of the death cold maid!
>
> Till he hollowed a boat of the birchen bark,
> Which carried him off from shore;
> For he followed the meteor spark,
> The wind was high and the clouds were dark
> And the boat returned no more.
>
> But off from the Indian hunter's camp
> This lover and maid so true
> Are seen, at the hour of midnight damp,
> To cross the Lake with a fire-fly lamp,
> And paddle their white canoe!

Immortalized as is this clear Lake by this heart-affecting association, it is doubly so in retaining the honored name of North Carolina's first Governor. A polished mirror—it will ever reflect his fame in rays as bright as the dew-drops that weep on its own crystal bosom; and long after quarto and folio shall have been cankered by the consuming worm, will that still water murmur gentle cadence in echo to the associations of the past.

I cannot close this rambling communication, without again commenting upon our great deficiency and backwardness with regard to our State history. I have lately seen quite a large work on the "Antiquities, &c., of Virginia," by *Henry Howe*, Esq., which abounds in matter of a most interesting nature. Such a treatise on our history would fill a great desideratum in our Libraries. And why can we not have it? Is there a scarcity of material? By no means, for I doubt whether the early condition of any State affords a more abundant fund either of instructive results or entertaining incident. I should think too that no books could be edited now a-days, better adapted for an extensive circulation than those of the description under consideration. If each State in the confederacy had its own history ably and carefully compiled, we venture to assert that a more systematic order of things would exist than at present. For from such studies, the Statist and Political Economist alike derive efficient advantages. The Antiquary too, who delights to revel amid dusty tomes and mouldy records, feasts in silent satiety at such a banquet; and last of all, he who delights to linger in the voluptuous reverie of an excited imagination upon "the shores of old romance," can realize amidst the folds of traditionary lore a gratification more intense and thrilling, because it *is* real. Truth is much stranger than fiction. She needs no ornament—"what she borrows of the pencil is deformity."

S*****

* By a paper in the office of the Secretary of State, it is ascertained that Sarah Drummond resided in James City County, Virginia, in 1679. Farther than this, the knowledge of the writer of this sketch extends not.—Can not some one in the "Old Dominion" trace up the history of this remarkable woman?

† Some adequate estimate may be formed of the general character of the bigoted Berkeley, by a consideration of the following extract from his answer to enquiries from the Committee of the Colonies: "We have 48 Parishes and our Ministers are well paid, and by my consent should be better, if they would pray oftener and preach less. * * * * Yet I thank God, there are no free schools and no printing, and I hope we shall not have these hundred years: for learning has brought disobedience, heresy and sects into the world, and printing has divulged them, and libels against the best Government."

From the Sumter County (Ala.) Whig.

PARIS, June 25, 1847.

FRIEND TROTT:

Thinking it may not be uninteresting to you to hear from one of your countrymen on this side of the Atlantic, I take up the pen to drop you a few lines. I arrived in this ancient City about the 1st of June, by far the pleasantest season of the year for a stranger to visit it, for although many of the nobility have exchanged the din and bustle of the capital for the comparative tranquility of their country establishments yet, at this particular time every thing is beautiful—trees, flowers, plants, as well as the delightful atmosphere that surrounds them, seem to lend an enchantment to the prospect, and to many the French Capital appear more like a Paradize than it really is. When a stranger first visits Paris, he is completely lost in admiration and astonishment. He finds himself in the gardens, palaces, obelisks and statues, and so grand and so imposing—so different from anything that he has hitherto conceived, that he stands leisurly along, completely overwhelmed with the prospect before him. I had read much of the splendor of Paris, but had always looked upon the descriptions with that degree of allowance which it is usual to give to European tourists. I find however that they have not exaggerated in speaking of this City, and that too for the best of reasons, it being impossible for the pen or the pencil to give an adequate conception of the reality.

The foot of the traveller has not left its print upon the soil of any country which is not *here* represented in the various museums, menageries and public gardens. The curiosities of Herculaneum and Pompeii have been disentombed, the temples of Greece and Rome have been pillaged, even the rude monuments of ancient Egypt have been taken from their resting place of ages, and centered here to gratify the ambition of Kings, and to administer to the public taste. The antiquities of the place itself are exceedingly numerous and interesting. Here is shown you a building the foundation of which was coeval with the Christian Era.—There you will find a monument erected by some Roman Emperor, which is all that is left to tell you that he once road in triumph along the streets—somewhere else may be found a temple whose mossy tower has seen a thousand generations pass away, and has been the silent witness of many of those scenes of turbulance and insurrection which darken the pages of European history.

But Paris although an ancient, is also a modern City. Along side of the antique pile of middle ages arises the magnificent dome of the present century. The same view that looks upon the time worn monument dedicated to its earlier Kings, looks also on the triumphal arch erected to gratify the ambition of Napoleon, and this intermingling of the old and the new, each connected with its own historical events, does not fail to have its influence over the mind of the stranger. It is this contrast that overwhelms him, a contrast not only in the things that I have mentioned but in every thing else.—The Prince and the peasant, the begger and the millionaire, ignorance amounting to the greatest superstition, and science with all its light and learning, are here collected within the walls of the City. You will not wonder then, that one is struck with astonishment during the first days of his sojourn in Paris.

At present I am located in the oldest portion of the city, close by the Palace of the Luxembourg. This Palace was formerly one of the residences of Louis 14th and has been in the hands of successive branches of the Royal family until a late period when it was purchased by the Government. The Peers of the realm now hold their sessions in the building, and it is called the Palace of the Chamber of Peers.—The structure is large and magnificent—the picture galleries are very extensive, and contain numerous specimens of painting and statuary executed by the best masters of the past and present age. Attached to this establishment is a splendid garden covering about one hundred acres of ground and filled with statues, fountains, trees and flowers. The principal walks run through deep groves, and are bordered with long lines of lilac and orange trees. The various colleges being located in this quarter of the town, the garden alluded to becomes the favorite retreat for the students, and among the eight thousand students in Paris, at least half of them may be found here every fine afternoon. Their occupations are as various as the costumes which they wear and the countries whence they come. Some are reading their books, some smoking their pipes, some pouring love into the ears of their sweethearts and some "making a great noise generally," in the several sports and games with which they amuse themselves. You will doubtless think that so public a place is a very strange one for a youth to be paying court to his lady-love, but three-fourths of the courting that is done in Paris, is done in the public gardens—nor is it to be wondered at, for what place is so appropriate as that, the deep shade of the grove, the soft murmur of the fountain, and the varied tints of the parterre, lend the magic of their influence towards the developement of the tender passion. You will excuse this digression, but I could not help mentioning it *en passant*. The waters of the several fountains fall into large marble basins, in which fish of various size and colour are sporting about, while here and there a swan with his arching neck and snow white plumage is gracefully floating upon the surface. Every Wednesday evening the King's band composed of about seventy musicians performs in this garden, and then it is literally thronged with visitors. This delightful place of public resort is but one of a dozen, equally magnificent which are scattered about in different parts of the city. These gardens, fountains, monuments, &c., are not erected merely to gratify the ambition or vanity of the existing monarch, but the people call for them—it is the taste of the nation, and this taste *must* be gratified. In this particular the French differ from any of their neighbors. There is no nation in Europe which so much requires the gratification of sense, and it is for this reason that the Frenchman's home is in the public square, where on every side he is surrounded with all that can please his eye and captivate his fancy. Judging from the gay and volatile disposition of the French I should call them happy, at the same time that it is difficult for me to understand how there can be real happiness where the pleasures of domestic life are so entirely disregarded.—The head of an American family will seek and find his happiness in the bosom of his domestic circle. Around his own hearth he gathers his family together, and the household affairs. The gossip of the neighborhood, and the current events of the day are freely discussed. Ideas are interchanged and conversation is sweetened by the tender ties which mutually bind them together, more especially does meeting around the festive board exert its silent but powerful influence over us, and materially contribute to the sum of our enjoyment. But in this respect the French have little of the feeling which leads them to appreciate what we so highly value.—Instead of gathering around him his wife and children in his own house, the Frenchman will take them to the museum, the menagerie, the public garden, never seeming to be satisfied unless he is under continued excitement. Whether these peculiar traits of character are natural to the French, or whether they are the result of education, I cannot tell; at any rate they exist—and the government finds it to its interest to gratify, and even to foster this natural peculiarity. Louis Philippe has wisely turned it to his advantage; it is to this fact, in the opinion of some of the wise ones of the present day that he owes his continued seat on the throne. The beauty of Paris has been greatly enhanced during his reign, no expense has been spared to gratify the public taste and to inspire the populace with the glory of France. But although the King is so lavish of his means for the gratification of the people, there exists no sympathy between him and his subjects. Louis Philippe is a peace King, and his subjects are a war loving people. The brilliant career of Napoleon is still fresh in the memory of the present generation, and in the absence of actual military operations they must have something continually to remind them of the national glory. Their King is full aware of this, and has found himself obliged even at the risk of a revolution, to disentomb the remains of the mighty general, and with all the pagentry that ingenuity could devise, and wealth could contribute to, to depositе them in the capital. There they now lie in the centre of a building which contains three thousand of his old soldiers, who worship the spot where their leader is entombed. In view of the same thing is every column, monument, the triumphal arch made to bear upon its surface inscriptions and bass-reliefs, reminding the passer by of the military conquests of France. Thus blinding the people by affecting to study their interests, and having on his side the peace party which in every nation is always large and respectable, does this intelligent and far sighted monarch compensate his subjects for the liberty they were promised when they placed him on the throne.

I wanted to say something about an interesting discussion that is at present going on to in the Chamber of Deputies, but my sheet draws me to a close, and I must bid you adieu.

Yours, &c., W. H. A.

SOMETHING NEW.

A project is on foot to construct an elevated Railway and Promenade above the omnibuses, in Broadway, New York, John Randall, jr., the engineer who in 1808 and 1820 laid out the city of New York into streets and avenues by direction of the Corporation of that city, has completed a plan and constructed a model for this purpose. The model is made entirely of metal, is more than thirty-one feet long, and has cost over $3000, besides nearly two years of Mr. R.'s time in superintending and planning the work.—On this subject the Railroad Journal remarks:

"The cars are to be propelled by stationary power with an endless rope, and pass above the level of the omnibuses and highest loads, and will not obstruct the present ordinary travel of the street or sidewalks. The cars do not stop to take in or let out passengers—this is done by means of a tender, running upon another track, alongside of the main track. Passengers may walk or be elevated from the pavement up the promenade and railway.

"We intend, in our next number, to give a detailed description of this very elegant and important improvement for Broadway—and now call public attention to the subject, because a heavy expense is being incurred by the citizens for awning posts in Broadway; and any one of these plans of Mr. Randall, if adopted, which we think it will be, will supply that street with elegant iron columns, with capitals and fluted, and placed at regular distances apart, along the curb stones, and which may be used for gas, awning posts, hydrants, ect., as well as to support his elevated railway and promenade, the whole length of Broadway, making together two rows of columns each about three miles in length.

Maj. Downing and the Editor of the Union.—Maj. Downing, recently sent out to Mexico, (as he himself says) by Mr. Polk, as a sort of peacemaker, has written a letter to the Editors of the National Intelligencer, in which he details a conversation he had with the President a few hours before he started for the seat of war. In that conversation the President expressed himself in rather equivocal terms in regard to Mr. Ritchie, and if the Major is to be relied upon, evidently thinks him no better than his tool. Mr. Ritchie has taken the publication of this letter in high dudgeon, and endeavers to reply to it but, he does it with a bad grace. He is afraid to say too much about it lest he be accused of abusing the President; and if he should impeach the Major's veracity, there is no telling what sad consequences might result from it. The time that the Major quelled the disturbance in Gen. Jackson's Kitchen Cabinet would be a tempest in a teapot compared with the dust he would kick up in Washington when he gets back from Mexico. We trust, however, that the friends of both parties will endeavor to prevent any serious difficulty between them.—*Fay. Observer.*