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## FOR THE WATCHMAN. EDUCATION OF WOMAN.

In no particular is man more blinded to his own interest and felicity, than in the education of woman. Why so much indifference has been manifested in former times, and at the present in regard to the cultivation of the female mind, since the happiness of man is so closely allied, and even identified with hers and since, nature has dealt so impartially in the bestowment of the talents of the sexes, is a question, we are not fully able to understand.

This invaluable gift, of God to man, has been a neglected jewel, in point of mental culture. As if nature had bestowed a sufficiency of intellect upon one half of the creation, for the management, happiness and prosperity of the world, the intellect of woman, in many portions, might be said to be treated as a redundancy. (Since the disparity (if there be any) is so very inconsiderable, since woman may be said to wield the Archimedean lever by which the affairs of the world are moved, and since the possession of knowledge would so much enhance the desirableness of her society and add so much to her own advantage and felicity, we can not see why this disproportion of knowledge, between the sexes should be so great. That the influence of woman is great, we presume, will be admitted. It is evident, that she acts an important part in stamping the character and fixing the destiny of every man, either for weal or for woe. Such being the case, what is of more importance, than that her influence should be that of knowledge, wisdom, virtue and truth. Thought, sagacity, discrimination, and reflection are the offspring of a properly cultivated mind. Hence, the more thorough and perfect the education, the more penetrating will be the thought, the more discriminating the judgment and the more wholesome the influence.

We hear it, not unfrequently, urged that knowledge renders woman ostentatious and affected, and that nothing is more disagreeable and offensive, than to see her displaying herself of her natural modesty to make a display of literary attainments.

It is readily admitted, that an ostentatious display of literary attainments, either in males or females, is uncommendable and offensive, and is almost always certain to meet with that severe and scornful rebuke, it so richly deserves. But, must those, who come thus arrayed against female education, be informed that this is the very cause of this in their view, ludicrous monster, and not knowledge?

When we proceed to all affectation and display? Is it not, from a supposition of the possession of some superior quality or attainment? We are not proud of any thing which every person possesses. We should not flatter ourselves that we can overcome this jealous spirit, by withholding knowledge when it is the very cause of action that gives it vitality. Let knowledge be generally diffused and it will, at least, be shorn of its most offensive features. As knowledge becomes more common, pendency will be more rare. In regard to the admiration of the sexes, either the eye must be charmed or the understanding gratified. The latter of these is the boon of literature. But the former, if not the gift of nature, must be sought in the work-shops of art. Hence, that cruel and lamentable servitude to the fashionable fads, in which the females of the present day are bound. All that is majestic and noble in their nature, is often buried beneath the rubbish of art. And sometimes they even imitate themselves upon the altar of the Goddess fashion, to gratify the vanity of dandies who would have them betray them with a kiss.

Would we have our females beautiful, accomplished, pure of spirit, free from hypocrisy, art, and vice? The course is apparent and the end attainable—educate them thoroughly and properly. If much of the time, that is thrown away and squandered, before the mirror to please the eye of fancy, and for the adjustment of toilets, to feed their own and the vanity of others, was spent in bowing devotedly at the shrine of the muse, coquetry would be less common and we would, less frequently be called upon to witness the effects of wounded hopes and bleeding hearts. But may it not be hoped that, the dawn of a brighter day is fast approaching, when woman will no longer labor under the disadvantages of a partial education. Then, we may expect to see her in all her native dignity, amiability, love, and beauty—with nature's symmetry in her form, intelligence beaming from her eye and with wisdom, and knowledge enthroned upon her lofty brow.

## QUIVS.

April 5th, 1855.

## FOR THE WATCHMAN.

Mr. Editor:—I notice in the Banner of the 13th instant, a letter from the pen of Mr. Tate of Waynesville, Haywood county, N. C., as extracted from the Asheville News. In that letter, he goes on to say (after waiving his oath, &c.) that—"It is sufficient for me to say that I am satisfied that the whole scheme" (Know Nothingism) "is a cunning device of unscrupulous politicians, who hope, by cheating and deceiving the people, to get into office." "They expect by secret oaths, to get the control of the votes of American freemen, and thus compel them to vote for men not of their choice, but as the managers of the order may direct." "I therefore advise all honest men to keep out of the concern, and to retain, in their own hands, the right that belongs to every citizen of this Union."

Now in that letter we cannot award Mr. Tate even the merit of originality. He is following the example of Pennsylvania's "honest men," who come out from amongst the Know Nothings, and warned all "honest men" to keep "clear of the concern." The prediction at once was heralded to the world, that Bigler would be defeated by 15000 votes, in consequence of an exposure, made by these conscience-stricken gentlemen. Was such the result? No! he was elected by 40,000 majority! If a man, who is elected into the Know Nothings, is bound by a secret oath so very stringent as to make it obligatory to support a man, or men, not of his own choice but the choice of designing men—Pray how did Mr. Tate get out of the order? How is he freed from that secret oath, so very binding in its nature, if he is at liberty not only to cast off the shackles that "round him cloaked," but to make an exposure too, is not the same privilege granted to every Know Nothing? Has Mr. Tate not been guilty of telling only a part of the truth? Has his conduct not convinced every man, that he had the stipulated privilege of withdrawing if he wished? Most certainly he had, as every member of the order from Maine to Louisiana has. No—the object he clearly seen to deceive the public, and injure the "American party." How does Mr. Wilson, and forty-six other men of Virginia, get clear of their oaths, and come out from the order of Know Nothings? Simply because they have a right to do so, and because the truth is that the order cannot and will not, be made subservient to the wishes of a few political demagogues and office seekers, but that a majority always rules. Too many men have slipped in expecting, like Wilson, to make a political engine of Know Nothingism for self promotion, or the advancement of some darling friend, who, after we say shall have crowned their cunning and intrigues will be rewarded, and on finding that "Sam," with his grizzly glance, so soon detects a bogus from a Simon pure and only smiles upon the frank and open, in one moment's time (after failing in their efforts) they betch forth to the world that they have been deceived into the order, and that it is a malignant land of office seekers, &c. Away with such stuff. The game failed in Pennsylvania, as Bigler's election shows, it is failing in Virginia. "If so men," in the old Dominion know that Mr. Wilson and his friends left the order, because they could not stand it in the nomination of Mr. Fairbank. Has the course taken by them injured the order there? No!—look at the municipal election at Richmond, Lynchburg and Portsmouth—all giving overwhelming majorities for the Know Nothing ticket. I can tell you what it is: the time has arrived when a man, who opposes "Sam's" friends here, had best not run for any office in the gift of the "American freemen." Now recollect that. I had thought that the experience of Americans for the last few years was sufficient to satisfy all of the necessity of a Native American Party. During the war, when four Englishmen could reach our Society from predatory motives, and they were forthwith ordered to establish themselves at a certain distance from the water, there was some little excuse (especially for the ladies) founded on civility, subsequently this has not been availed. Many of our substantial leading citizens, have now to regret having fondled and fostered demagogues, Generals, Captains and not-men, who, as experience has taught, who, in their native country, would scarcely deign to bestow a passing law upon those to whose hospitality they owed their short lived dignity here. Americans are beginning to wake from this delusive dream, and are learning to confer their honors and lavish their attentions upon their own worthy Sons. And the public voice of warning, raised in Haywood, will be away unheeded; while many of such as may be trusted, will continue to use up the support of the order all over this good old State. The doors are not opened to all who knock, and still a few get in, who are "not of us but among us" the order will soon purify itself however, and astonish more men, one of these days, when the votes are counted out than a fox. We are pretty confident that some will apply for admission, against whom the "deceit has gone forth." Ephraim is joined to his idols let him alone.

## ROMANISM AT HOME.

"I do believe" said Mr. McNeely, "that a journey through Austria would go far to cure some of the Popery admirers of our beloved land." We think in like manner that many false notions, among us in regard to the character of Romanism, might be corrected by a truthful exhibit of what it is among its own people, unflinched by Protestant association and undisturbed by the mask, which it always wears in the presence of foes. 'Tis an old saying that a people are never better than their Gods. Tell us what the nation *veritas*, and you will tell us what the nation is.

We think that there is some sense in those views of a heathen philosopher and will therefore begin with some extracts from a popular book of devotions, which we purchased in Monterey, Mexico, in the year 1846. It is a Mexican reprint of a Paris edition of a volume of prayers, thanksgiving, etc., addressed to Joseph, the reputed Father of our Saviour. We can only do justice to this remarkable production by a literal translation of its devotional exercises. Some of these are called prayers, some offerings, others letters of servitude, others again acts of contrition.

## OFFERING.

"Omnipotent God, show your designs to make

my glorious Patron Saint Joseph, Patron of the Church Militant, dispenser of your Divine Gifts, Lord and Head of your Sacred Home; and willed that your only begotten Son should be subject to him; and did give him a very precious seat in Glory, putting him before the Angels and Saints in dignity and Grace: by his (Joseph's) merits, I entreat you to grant me the benefit of Patronage and make me his true slave, in order that I may merit by this means to be in company praising you in Glory, Amen."

The translation verbatim et literatim; the punctuation, arrangement, Capitals—everything that is in the original. We observe in the "offering" that Joseph and not Peter is assured to be the Head of the Church. Spite of the much wanted unity of sentiment in the Church of Rome, Peter is but little esteemed in Mexico, while Joseph is worshipped with the adoration due to God alone. It is but fair to state that we have supplied the word, "Joseph's" between the word his and merits. But the construction of the Spanish plainly makes his merits, his Patronage his true slave and his company refer to Joseph and not to Jesus. The following prayer however will set that question to rest.

## "THIRD PRAYER."

"Most Glorious Patron, Saint Joseph: since the Almighty has constituted you Lord of his House and Head of the Sacred Family, with honorable title the Queen of the Angels addressed you; I entreat you to make me an humble servant of your House, and your happy Slave, regard me as such, so that by your merits and Patronage I may have the grace to be admitted into the habitation, and eternal House of Glory, Amen Our Father and Hail Mary."

There can be no mistake here. The supplicant plainly expects to be admitted into the joys of Heaven, through the merits and intercession of Joseph a frail worm of the dust, like himself.

## "LETTER OF SERVITUDE."

"O Most Holy Joseph, my Father and Master, I, N. N. prostrate at your feet and constitute myself your Slave, as I am that of the Sacred Heart of Mary conceived without original sin in the first moment of her existence, &c."

Some of our Congressmen have fallen into the strange error of supposing that the dogma, recently promulgated by the Holy Synod at Rome, is a novelty in the Catholic Faith. Quite the contrary is the fact. A dispute took place between Franciscans and Dominicans on this point, several hundred years ago. The former were in the ascendant in Mexico and one of the regular *pastors*, *last-days*, is that of the immaculate conception. The Virgin Mary is worshipped also in all parts of the so-called Republic under the name of La Purissima, and La Immaculata Concepcion, that is, Most Pure and the Immaculate Conception. 'Tis not uncommon to see over the door of the Churches and even of the gates leading into the private haciendas, "Let no one enter here, who does not believe in the Immaculate Conception."

McNeely's Works. Vol. I. Page 100.  
The Sacred Family consists of Joseph, Mary and Jesus.

## FOR THE WATCHMAN.

## CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

It is said that the Chinese language, so far as it is written, only consists of a rude system of pictures; of ideas; and the spoken language of about three hundred monosyllables, each consisting of a consonant followed by a vowel; and each of these may be made to stand for about a dozen words, by varying the tone. Some however limit the number of tones, and of things represented by the same word, to five.

Now, though we have nothing precisely like this in our language, yet we have sets of words with the same, or nearly the same consonants, varying only by the vowel sounds, and related in meaning. It may not be easy in all cases to trace this connection, and the matter may appear fanciful to some, but we wish to call attention to the fact. If then we take our vowels, a, e, i, o, u, we may in many cases find sets of consonants, that will form a family of words by changing the vowels. In some cases we shall include different letters of the same verb.

Hand-lead-lind-lound-(bound)-buddle.  
Sap-sipe-(pr. seep) sip-sop-(soup)-sop (soap).  
Clack-(gleck)-cluck-cluck-(Lat. gluck).  
Share-sheers, shear-shire-shere-short-shirt-pr. short.  
Spake-stack-(—)-stick-stock-(steck)-stock.  
Ball-bell-pill-(Lap-lap)-boll, poll-bullet, Pop's-bull-bulla, ball.  
(—)-fly, flea-fly, fit-flow, float-flood, flu-floen.  
Fall, fall-fell, fold-fill-foul-fall.  
(—)-strength-string-strong-strung.  
Crane, crank, crinkle-crenkle-cribble-(—)-crinkle. (Cringle).  
Grag-grasp, grapple-creep-crib, grip-gripe, grope, group. (Grab).  
Crack-creek, crack-crick-crick-(—).  
(—)-boak, peck-pike, pick-poke-(—).  
(—)-Anglo-Sax. drop, to strike-drip-drop-drops.  
Shake-shag-(—)-(—)-(—)-(—).  
Raise-(—)-rise-rose, rouse-(—).  
From Latin *natus* and *naris*, nose.  
Snarl, sneeze-sneel-nose-sneel.  
[sneeze-sneel-nose-sneel.  
[sneeze-sneel-nose, short.  
Stamp-step-(step, Gr.) stop-stoop.  
Sat-set, seat-sit-sod. (Soot).  
\* Persius, Satire I, line 100, calls the letter R, the dog's letter, because they seem to use it when they bark or snarl, to express which the verb *harrio* is used, made up mostly of the sound of that letter, somewhat like our words whir-

l and purr. The students of language often discover beauties, and sentences constructed with great skill, which escape the notice of ordinary readers. Here is a specimen of the happy art, *curiosities felicitas*, of the Roman poet Horace.—He is calling upon Venus the goddess of love to come in haste, attended by her son Cupid; by her three young and beautiful daughters, the Graces, Aglaia, Thalia and Euphrosyne; by Hebe, (Juventas), the goddess of youth, and Mercury, the god of Eloquence. So he arranges all these as nominatives, in a circle around one verb in the centre of the sentence just as they surround the goddess.

*Fervens tecum Paer, et solutis  
Gratias agis, popereque Nymphis  
Et parum comas sine Juventas  
Mercuriaque.*

There is a singularly constructed sentence in the writings of Paul, 2 Cor. iv, 8, 9. In our translation, it reads, "We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed. But a liberal translation, omitting the supplied words in italics, and preserving the form of the original, will read: "On every side, oppressed, but not distressed; perplexed, but not dispirited; persecuted, but not deserted; prostrated, but not destroyed."

The Latin proverb, "premoniti, premoniti," has only one letter different in the two words; translated, "I warned, I warned," almost as nearly alike. The famous despatch of Cesar, "Veni, vidi, vici," I came, I saw, I conquered; by using the old English word, "wot," to know, which is in fact connected with the root from which "vidi" comes, may be expressed almost as tersely in our language, "I went, wot, won." There is a passage in Dr. Shaw's Travels in Barbary, page 187, when speaking of locusts, that surprises anything we have found; "And marching directly afterwards, forwards, directly towards the sea"—they kept their ranks like men of war."

The passage in Gen. i, 3, describing the act of creating light, is quoted by the ancient poet Longinus as a specimen of the sublime. We may represent the words in the original Hebrew by the sounds, "Yhi er, va-chi er." Literally it is not as in the English Bible, "Let there be light and there was light." But the idea is, that when all was disorder, darkness and confusion, God called upon light to come into being, and in the act of calling made it to be; just as Milton has it, "out of darkness called to light;" and according to the idea of Paul, Romans ix, 17, "I called things that be not, so that they be," or as in the given translation, "and they were." And light said, "Light, be! and light was." It corresponds precisely with the original, having the same number of syllables. In Greek there are eleven, and in Latin eight syllables.

In describing the course of the wind in Eccl. i, 4, Solomon says, "Whirling, whirling whirled the wind, and upon his circuits the wind wheels about." The first part of this verse so far as the word "north," probably belongs to the preceding, as in the Greek translation, and relates to the course of the sun.

Another curious kind of sentence, is called Epandous, or interverted parallelism, in which four lines or clauses, the first and fourth being together, and the second and third, Mat. vi, 1.—"Give not that which is holy unto the dogs; 2. neither cast ye your pearls before swine, 3. lest they trample them under their feet, 4. and turn again and rend you."

Here the first and last lines are connected in sense, and also the two middle ones. In Isaiah xl, 31,—

They that wait upon the Lord  
renew their strength;  
[consequently]  
They shall mount up with wings  
as eagles;  
They shall run and not be weary;  
They shall walk and not be faint."

At first view this looks wrong, and as if the sentence was run down; but the proper order of thought is inverted: they shall walk without fatigue, run (literally rush) without exhaustion, and even fly into the air; and not only fly, but fly as the eagle, so noted for its strength of wing, and towering flight, remaining suspended on its broad pinions as long above the clouds.

It is held by some that Job lived as early as the time of Moses, if not before. He says when fear and horror alarmed him, that "the hair of his flesh stood up," and Virgil, the Latin poet has the same expression, *Coma steterunt*, adding also, *et rose haud fuicibus*, and my voice loud to my jaws. But this only shows that men in the same circumstances, will express themselves in the same way.

## FOR THE WATCHMAN.

Mezore, Editors:—The following extracts from the "Table Talk," of one of the most learned writers, and conspicuous political characters of England of the time, is full of meaning, and I think they teach an instructive lesson, and for aught I know will apply to some persons of this town.

Yours, &c. II.  
"I. He that speaks ill of another, commonly before he is aware, makes himself such a gage as he speaks against; for if he had civility or breeding, he would forbear such kind of language.  
2. A gallant man is always ill willed. An example we have in the old Lord of Salisbury, who was a great wise man. Stone had called some lord about court fool; the lord contempt, and had Stone whipped; Stone cried, 'I might have called my lord of Salisbury fool often enough, before he would have had me whipped.'"

3. Speak not ill of a great enemy, but rather give him good words, that he may use you the better, if you chance to fall into his hands. The Spaniard told him, when he was dying; his confessor told him, to work him to repentance, how the devil tormented the wicked that went to hell; the Spaniard replying, called the devil my lord: "I hope my lord the devil is not so cruel." His confessor reproved him. "Excuse me," said the Don, "for calling him so; I know not into what hands I may fall; and if I happen to fall into his, I hope he will use me the better for giving him good words."

## From the North Carolina Times.

## MOUNTAIN SCENERY OF N. CAROLINA. (Continued.)

Far to the south-east, in solitary grandeur rises King's Mountain, the eternal monument of those brave mountaineers who fell there in defence of the liberties of their country and their homes. Its bold capital, unscathed by the frosts of six thousand years, seems to look down, with mingled pity and contempt, upon the pious and crumbling monuments erected by the hands of man. Extending far along in the west is the broken and irregular range of the Iron or Smoky Mountains, appearing like vast clouds of curling smoke in the distance. Stretching along towards the north-east, until lost beyond the range of vision, is the Blue Ridge range, with its dark blue tinge and lofty peaks, much resembling a long line of dark thunder clouds on a summer evening. In fact a view from this elevated spot impresses you with the belief that you are entirely encompassed by a distant circular range of mountains rising high in the horizon and forming an impassable barrier, with one broad intervening valley every where intersected with creeks and rivers, their clear waters shedding a silvery light, all seeming to flow from the base of this magnificent temple of nature, as so many radial arteries. This valley is dotted over with isolated mountains, whose foundations no eye can fathom, but whose circular peaks are seen looming against the sky like the mossy towers of some ancient city. The lofty forest trees beneath appear reduced to the size of garden shrubbery and are adorned in garments of the most delicate purple figure. Trees have delicate white with glowing fancy the charming prospect of sunrise and sunset when seen upon the broad ocean, but this phenomenon is no less beautiful when beheld from this lofty pinnacle than when witnessed on the great plain of waters. The atmosphere all around in the horizon and extending midway up the great Arch, is seen in regular layers of different colors all piled upon each other. The layers under are of the most brilliant purple lines, and then slightly changing in color, until terminating in those of the lightest grey. Stretching down far beyond this is the clear blue sky, forming a deep and broad concave hollow between the two, far down which the eye seems to range, as if viewing the opposite sides of this stratified mass.

Sometimes the gathering storm bursts upon the sides of the mountain, almost at your very feet, while you are in the enjoyment of calm sunshine, quietly looking down, with feelings of untold sublimity, upon the tumultuous war of the elements and the bright flashes of lightning at one time darting in straight lines or curves through the thick clouds, and again spreading out in one broad sheet of living fire to light the frightful scene below.

Here no human breathing can be heard, nor indeed a single living object, seen, except, perhaps, a solitary eagle far above you, wheeling to and fro in his course, still upward as if the messenger from earth to heaven.

While standing here all alone, viewing the tiny farms and scarce visible habitations of man or looking with compass upon the raging elements, all beneath, you feel a proud and defiant spirit within you, bidding you proclaim yourself monarch of the storm, master of the lightning, and lord of the wind; but if, after being driven a half dozen times by your descent to take refuge in some dark cavern—to escape the violence of these elements, you are not cured of this delusion of divinity, you will, at least, after being drenched by the torrent, declared by the glare of lightning, be thoroughly convinced that these ministers of your power are sadly unmanly of the bodily comfort of their omnipotent ruler.

We next come to the wide gliding French Broad River. Approaching this stream, you appear just entering an arbor carefully framed and tended by human hands. The road, comparatively level, runs directly, in many places, along the banks of the river, on both sides of which are high bluffs and rocky cliffs, sometimes gradually sloping and sometimes rising precipitously and even overhanging as if just ready to fall and crush all beneath their ponderous mass. The river, whose waters are clear and sparkling as the morning dew, is seen at one time rushing and bounding with great fury over rocks and falls with loud roarings, and then as if having wearyd itself flowing along with such gentleness, that scarcely a ripple is seen; and again gliding swiftly though motionless over golden and scarlet pebbles, the stillness only broken by the clear notes of the forest songster and the loud rattling of brooks, as, with fearful leaps, they bound from the crazy steps into the river. The bluffs, in places, present an unbroken wall-like front; in others, they are intersected by deep ravines. These are all studied with the giant oak, the evergreen, hemlock and spruce pine, while the ground plot is composed of the ivy, a large shrub, the spotted laurel, the honeysuckle, also a very large shrub of every hue from the lightest straw color to the deepest orange, and almost

every other variety in Flora's collection—all rejoicing in the beauty of their fresh blooms that never drop beneath the parching rays of a burning sun. It is indeed one vast ocean of flowers undulating in the breeze, wafting their sweet fragrance into the atmosphere to perfume and purify. The finest floral gardens of man sink into nothing when compared with this bright spot in Nature's showery.

Cold Mountain and Mount Pisgah stand about twenty miles apart, like two loving brothers, rising far above unnumbered peaks all around, looming high towards the zenith to an elevation of near six thousand feet; and reposing at sunset in tints of the deepest purple. Although Pisgah is not, like that of the East, consecrated by sacred associations of "olden time" and the pen of the inspired writer, yet even when the mighty Captain of God's Host was viewing from his final resting place, the Promised Land, this monument of Nature's creative power was rearing its solitary head far above the dark forests, the silent specter of passing scenes and events that have found no place on the records of history and that are never to be revealed to satisfy the wondering thoughts of succeeding generations.

Nor must Lindville Falls be passed by in silence, wanting only in volume but not in height and beauty to rival the great cataraet of the North. These are literally imbowed in the mountains, far away in the primeval forests as yet untouched by the hand of civilization, since there is not even a path to guide the traveller to the deep gorge where they reign supreme, and their loud roaring, echoed by a thousand hills, are heard at a great distance. The river at this point is one hundred and sixty yards broad, and its waters, after flowing with fearful velocity down the rock cliff, suddenly, as if startled by their own frightful speed, leap at one bound seventy feet into a deep basin below. Here they seem to be hemmed in by an impassable barrier of granite walls, but whirling and tossing about in their maddest fury, they break over this obstacle, and as if ashamed of their former effort, make one still more desperate plunge of one hundred and fifteen feet into an unfathomable pool. Vast spouts of water here dash up into the air tumbling and curling, until lost in mist and broken drops. When these are pierced by the straggling sunbeams, their bright dazzling colors rival the beauty of the rainbow. Standing in great profusion, and as if assembled to witness this surprising feat, are high, fantastic cliffs; and just below the falls, far overtopping all others, is an isolated rock column several hundred feet in height and covered almost to its very summit with thick clusters of wreathing vines and flowers—a giant emblem of Flora's matchless pride and glory. The hills and the plains—the deep gorges and the romantic valleys are adorned with the Catalpa flower.

Never since that golden morn,  
When earliest flowers of time were born  
"Yeath Eden's" cloudless sky,  
Had evening shed its weeping dew,  
Or stars looked down from their homes of blue,  
On one which with it could vie.

Sometimes in the mountain region from the sides of the bluffs, as if to rival the cascades of Iceland; springs are seen spouting forth with a volume of water sufficient for driving machinery. The mountain creeks are always fresh—never parched and dried up by drought; and there are no stagnant pools and sluggish streams, but every drop of water seems inspired with life and moving energy—a fit emblem of industry. Mineral springs are abundant. Even in the warmest days of summer the mornings and evenings are cool and pleasant.

Here the poet may be inspired by a ship from a Persian Spring, an ascent on a Helicon or a Parnassus, or a stroll through a vale of Temples; lovers may wander forth amid flowery fields to seek emblems of devotion—the Naturalist or man of science find ample material for his research and investigation. Here too the man of business, worn down with perplexity, and tall, may awhile unbend his mind, renew his strength, and amuse himself with the varied collection in Nature's grand museum. Here the man of God may feel his soul expand, and swimming through the immensity of space, transported to the very presence and communion of that Being whose truths he proclaims; the miser may dive into the bowels of the mountain in search of earth's hidden treasure; here too the young lady, escorted by the confidant and corrupted angel, plume of a city and strangely impressed with the notion that her very existence is at the mercy of the physician, after breathing the untainted and fragrant air, and drinking the cool pure water of the "Blue Hills" for a few weeks, will find with delight that the numerous draughts of the Doctor and the patent nostrums of the apothecary—bid adieu to dyspepsia and headache with all their train of ghostly phantoms and distracted visions, and throw off the pale of disease, replacing in easy mien, rosy cheeks, and a fine complexion, with thoughts of the driver to hurry past lest it should fall and bury them in ruins, she may soon be seen fairly dancing down the steep sides of the mighty mountain, or passing from cliff to cliff with an easy grace of action that distances fatigue and the mindlessness of the Alpine climber, regardless alike of toil or danger, her whole being changed, animating all around her with bright smiles of wit and sportive rolics of innocent glee, the fit representative of the lovely charms of woman without which life would be one gloomy winter—a dreary Siberia. There are no fancy sketches or delusive dreams of a heated imagination. They have been more than realized by some, and might be, by many.

Kind reader, if you have not fallen from me by the way, one more object and I am done.—From a broad plain some distance, to the West of a neighboring mountain, a deep prismatic ravine gently sloping upward and forming a vista in the side of the mountain, presents itself.—When viewed late in the evening, the sun's rays seem to pass with slight vibratory undulations up this vista, and are so refracted as to render clearly visible the prismatic colors of the solar spectrum. Near where you are standing is the village church with its Ionic columns and lofty spire, which the ingenuity of man has been taxed to beauty; but the charming scene just described seems to mock the feeble skill of man and smile with contempt on his finest and mightiest efforts. Whether this wonderful phenomenon can be seen at all times, I know not; but that it has been witnessed twice and by two, I do know. Poets and orators often use the most extravagant hyperboles, but imagination labors in vain to portray this lovely scene.

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## LIQUOR LAWS.

The rise and progress of laws in various States prohibiting the sale of intoxicating drinks is to be seen in the following abstracts prepared by the New York Herald:

- 1831—Passed by the Legislature of Maine.
- 1832—Passed by the Legislature of Minnesota.
- 1832—Passed by the Legislature of Rhode Island.
- 1832—Passed by the Legislature of Massachusetts.
- 1832—Initiated by the people of Minnesota.
- 1832—Passed by the Legislature of Vermont.
- 1833—Passed by the Legislature of Michigan.
- 1833—Initiated by the people of Vermont.
- 1833—Initiated by the people of Michigan.
- 1833—Its submission to the people pronounced unconstitutional by the Supreme Court in Minnesota.
- 1833—Pronounced unconstitutional by the United States Supreme Court in Rhode Island.
- 1833—Supreme Court equally divided in Michigan.
- 1834—Pronounced unconstitutional in Massachusetts.
- 1834—Passed by the Legislature of New York.
- 1834—Voted by Governor Seymour of New York.
- 1834—Passed by one branch of the Legislature of New Hampshire.
- 1834—Passed by one branch of the Legislature of Maryland.
- 1834—Passed by the Legislature, but the two branches failed to agree in Pennsylvania.
- 1834—Passed by the Legislature of Ohio.
- 1834—Voted for by the people of Wisconsin.
- 1834—Pronounced unconstitutional in Ohio.
- 1834—Passed in a modified form by the Legislature of Rhode Island.
- 1834—Passed by the Legislature of Connecticut.
- 1835—Passed the lower branch of the New Jersey Legislature—defeated by one vote in the Senate.
- 1835—Passed by the Legislature of Wisconsin and vetoed; modified and passed, and again vetoed by Governor Harston.
- 1835—Passed for the second time by the Legislature of New York, and became a law of the State by the signature of Gov. Briggs.

Eight States and one Territory have thus passed prohibitory laws. The question has failed in four States through legislative disagreement. It has been submitted to the people, and retained by them in four other States. It has nowhere been repealed by the legislative action, though it has been four times set aside by the judiciary, and in one instance re-enacted in a modified form.

**A Total Wreck.** On the first of January, 1854, a gentleman doing business in this city was worth, with what he had invested in business, a hundred and ten thousand dollars. At the same time he was blessed with a lovely and intelligent wife, beautiful and friendly children. He was surrounded by friends who esteemed and respected him. His business was lucrative, and promised to continue so. Indeed his position as well as his prospects were seemingly all that he could desire to render his happiness perfect. How complete the wreck which the year closed upon! The first misfortune was the transfer of merchandise to the amount of eighteen thousand dollars to a California dealer, for which not one cent was ever received. The next were two successive robberies; by means of which twenty-five thousand dollars were lost. Soon after this the unfortunate made an investment in real estate to a large amount. The next and crowning misfortune was a trip with his family to Europe. Here he embarked, on their return, with thirty-eight thousand dollars in goods on board the Steamship Arctic, and all shared her fateful fate. To setting up his affairs, his real estate was sold under the hammer at a sacrifice of fifty thousand dollars, making the aggregate loss to his property, during the year, one hundred and eighteen thousand dollars—eight thousand dollars more than his assets. His friends were obliged to make good the deficiency. Was ever destruction more complete? Father, mother, children, and fortune, all gone, swept from the face of the earth, nothing left to show that they ever existed! We doubt whether, among the many wrecks which the past year has witnessed, there has been among them one more calamitous than this. —N. Y. Courier.

## LATER FROM HAVANA.

The steamer Isabel arrived at Charleston yesterday morning at an early hour, with Havana dates of the 10th. The news is unimportant. The correspondent of the Courier states, that our Consul Robertson omitted no effort to save the life of Estrampes. Two other aspirants are to be tried for their lives. One or two have been banished, and seventy others sent to the galleys.

"Have you much fish in your bag?" asked a person of a fisherman who was returning home. "Yes, a good deal," was the fisher's reply.