

# MOUNTAIN BANNER.

Vol. 1.]

RUTHERFORDTON, N. C., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1848.

[No. 16.]

## MOUNTAIN BANNER.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

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T. A. HAYDEN & F. I. WILSON, Editors.

TERMS—Two dollars per annum payable within three months after subscribing—Two dollars and fifty cents within six months and Three dollars at the end of the year.

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## POETRY

### TO META.

But a few weary days have past,  
Dear Meta, since I saw thee last,  
And now between us mountains rise  
In beauty blending with the skies,  
But as they vainly would divide,  
Or bar me, Meta, from thy side,  
As sweeping o'er their azure line  
My spirit seeks to blend with thine.

I knew thee not—thy name nor race—  
I only saw that blooming face,  
And thought how pleasant it would be  
To spend my future days with thee.  
We met: and words may not express  
That moment's troubled happiness;  
'Twas passing sweet—aye, e'en to pain,  
But shall we never meet again?

The mountain in its misty shroud,  
The shadow of the sailing cloud,  
The sunshine and the transient show'r,  
That beautify the passing hour,  
With rainbows where they blend together,  
And then the blue translucent weather,  
Are visions which have been to thee  
Familiar from thy infancy,  
And still into thy soul descending  
Their beauties with its growth keep blending.

But where roars the tempest swelling,  
My dark-eyed love, has been thy dwelling,  
And to the clouds and shadows flying  
Thou'st felt thy spirit's depths replying,  
And slumbering heard the sounding streams  
In music mingling with thy dreams,  
And these have o'er thy aspect pass'd  
And on thy own thy spirit cast,  
And all that would'nt round coloring given  
With which romance has robed its heaven;  
Still something of the Southern sun  
Does thro' thy milder nature run—  
That warmth of feeling which on those  
Born in his province he bestows.

Oh! worthy of a younger heart—  
All pure and guileless as thou art,  
How could I deem thy love for me  
More than a passing phantasy?  
The moonlight on the morning sky,  
Thrice beautiful, but soon to die,  
A beauty never meant to stay,  
A glory hast'ning to decay,  
It comes, it blooms—then fades away  
And dies into the golden day,  
And of its presence leaves no trace  
On the sweet sunshine of heaven's face,  
And is as if it had not been;  
So with thy mem'ry will it be,  
And not a trace remain of me.

### The Lady's Defense.

"Cold as marble!" is it well  
Thus my truthful heart to blame,  
Though its pulses rose and fell  
Calmly when I heard your name?

Though my hand unanswering lay  
In your trembling, fond embrace,  
And I coldly turned away  
From the pleading of your face.

Though my eyelids did not fall,  
When you whispered soft and low,  
And no maiden shame did call  
To my brow the sudden glow.

Though my accents faltered not,  
Answering back your wildest prayer,  
And you deemed that I forgot  
What had won you such despair.

Yet my heart, that passed the hour  
Of your wooing all unstirred,  
Trembles like a summer flower,  
'Neath another's lightest word;

And my coward accents fail  
To another's voice replying,  
While my eyes their softness veil  
From another's glances flying.

Say not, then, my heart is cold,  
That it bows to one alone,  
For its inner leaves enfold  
Love unynder as your own.

And the vow my lips have spoken,  
Cannot perish for your sake,  
It will live unchanged, unbroken,  
Till my heart itself shall break.

### A Lazy Man.

There is a man down East who is so lazy  
That he is said to weed his garden in a  
rocking-chair—rocking forward to take  
hold of the weed, and backward to uproot.

## THE DEAD SEA EXPEDITION.

The September number of the Southern Literary Messenger contains an article from Lieut. M. F. Maury, on the Dead Sea Expedition. The Richmond Republican furnishes the following synopsis of it—

Lieut. Maury gives a history of this expedition, brief but lucid, and which will increase the anxiety of the public to see the report of Lieut. Lynch, who has made a successful survey, and who, we are glad to learn, is expected soon to return to this country.

We learn from Lieut. Maury's article that this expedition was planned by Lieut. Lynch, and authorized by Secretary Mason, both Virginians. In the spring of 1847, Lieut. Lynch first addressed the Secretary on the subject, recommending the Dead Sea, and its entire coast; stating that the expense would be trifling, as our ships frequently touched at Acre in Syria, forty miles from Lake Tiberias or Sea of Galilee, from which the river Jordan runs and debouches into the first named sea; that the frame of a boat with crew and provisions could be transported on camels from Acre to Tiberias, and there put together again. Only one traveler, Mr. Costigan, had ever circumnavigated the Dead Sea; and he had died at the termination of his voyage, without leaving any journal or notes behind. It is contended also, that, independent of the eager curiosity of all Christendom in regard to this mysterious lake, this expedition was of value to the interests of navigation.

The Secretary of the Navy received favorably the proposition of Lieut. Lynch, and an opportunity soon occurred by which it could be conveniently carried into effect. It was necessary to send a store ship to the Mediterranean Squadron, and as, after her arrival, she would have no employment for months, the Secretary determined to send Lieutenant Lynch and his party in her, so that, after meeting the wants of the Squadron, she could proceed up the Levant, and land Lt. Lynch and his companions.

This was done. The store ship "Supply," was provided with two metallic boats, one of copper, the other of iron—the former named "Fanny Mason," and the latter "Fanny Skinner."

Their troubles began, and in their march to Lake Tiberias their boats had to be transported over the most formidable mountain gorges and heights, and to be lowered down precipices with ropes.—But these difficulties were surmounted with true sailor skill and perseverance, and on the 8th of April the two Fannies, each with the American ensign flying, were afloat upon the beautiful blue waters of the Sea of Galilee. "Emblematic of its Master, it alone, of all things around them, remained the same. Just as the Apostles saw it when our Saviour said to it, 'Peace be still,' this little band of rovers now beheld it."

The navigation of the Jordan was found to be most difficult and dangerous, from its frequent and fearful rapids. Lt. Lynch solves the secret of the depression between Lake Tiberias and the Dead Sea, by the tortuous course of the Jordan, which, in a distance of sixty miles, winds through a course of two hundred miles. Within this distance Lieut. Lynch and his party plunged down no less than twenty-seven threatening rapids, besides many others of less descent. The difference of level between the two seas is over a thousand feet.

The water of the Jordan was sweet to within a few hundred yards of its mouth. The waters of the sea were devoid of smell, but bitter, salt and nauseous. Upon entering it, the boats were encountered by a gale, and 'it seemed as if the bows, so dense was the water, were encountering the sledge hammer of the Titans, instead of the opposing waves of an angry sea.'

The party proceeded daily with their explorations, making topographical sketches as they went, until they reached the Southern extremity of the sea, where the most wonderful sight that they had yet seen awaited them.

In passing the mountain of Uzdom, (Sodom,) we unexpectedly and much to our astonishment, says Lt. Lynch, 'saw a large rounded, turret-shaped column, facing towards S. E., which proved to be of solid rock salt, capped with carbonate of lime; one mass of crystallization.—Mr. Dale took a sketch of it, and Dr. Anderson and I landed with much difficulty and procured specimens from it.'

The party circumnavigated the lake, returned to their place of departure, and brought back their boats in as complete order as they received them at New York. They were all in fine health. This is a specimen of the skill, system and discipline of the American Navy. No nation in the world has such a service. The time is coming, when it will give proofs of that fact palpable to the most dull of understanding.

Thanks to the good management of Lieut. Lynch, the whole cost of this scientific exploration of the Dead Sea was but seven hundred dollars.

From the letters of Lieut. Lynch, quoted by Lieut. Maury, we translate the following interesting facts elicited by the exploration:

'The bottom of the Northern half of this sea is almost a *entire plain*. Its meridional lines at short distance from the shore scarce vary its depth. The deepest soundings, four or, 188 fathoms, (128 feet.) Near the shore the bottom is generally an incrustation of salt, but the intermediate is soft mud with many rectangular crystals—mostly cubes—of pure salt. At one time Stollwager's lead brought up nothing but crystals.

'The Southern half of the sea is as shallow as the Northern one is deep, and for about one-fourth of its entire length depth does not exceed 3 fathoms, (18 ft.) Its Southern bed presented no crystals, but the spots were lined with incrustations. In the space of an hour, our footprints were coated with crystallization.

'The opposite shores of the peninsula and the west coast present evident marks of disruption.

'There are unquestionably birds and insects upon the shores, and ducks are sometimes upon the sea, for we have seen them—but cannot detect any living thing within it, although the salt streams flowing into it contain salt fish. I feel sure that the results of this survey will fully sustain the scriptural accounts of the cities of the plain.'

He thus speaks of the Jordan:

'The Jordan, although rapid and impetuous, is graceful in its windings, and fringed with luxuriance, while its waters are sweet, clear, cool and refreshing.'

After the survey of the sea, the party proceeded to determine the height of mountains on its shores, and to run a level thence via Jerusalem to the Mediterranean. They found the summit of the West bank of the Dead Sea more than a thousand feet above its surface, and very nearly on a level with the Mediterranean.

'It is a singular fact,' says Lieut. Maury, 'that the distance from the top to the bottom of the Dead Sea, should measure the heights of its banks, the elevation of the Mediterranean, and the difference of level between the bottom of the two seas, and that the depth of the Dead Sea should be also an exact multiple of the height of Jerusalem above it.'

Another not less singular fact, in the opinion of the Dead Sea forms two submerged plains, an elevated and a depressed one. The first, its southern part, of slimy mud covered by a shallow bay; the last, its northern and larger portion, of mud and incrustations and rectangular crystals of salt—at a great depth with a narrow ravine running through it, corresponding with the bed of the river Jordan at one extremity and the Wady 'el Jebel,' or a wady within a wady at the other.'

'The slimy ooze,' says Lieut. Maury, 'on that plain at the bottom of the Dead Sea will not fail to remind the sacred historian of the 'slime pits' in the vale where joined in battle 'four kings with five.'

Lieut. Lynch's report will be eagerly awaited by the public. We wish the gallant and accomplished officer a speedy and safe return.

## From the New York Spirit of the Times.

### A RICH BURLSQUE.

#### GOWDIE, OR THE KING'S POT.

BY JAMES R. P. GEEMES.

It was near midnight, towards the close of the afternoon, on a sultry morning in December, 19—, previous to the revolution of the last war, when the burning moon was just setting in the Eastern sky, casting a brilliant shadow upon the gorgeous clouds which entirely obscured the firmament, and the unclouded sun was sending down its noonday beams with an intensity of heat far exceeding the temperature of the frigid zone, that the sweet songsters of the deep had retired to their daily rest, and were now filling the empyrean with their silent and redolent music, and the carolling of the farmers herds upon the fertile and moss-covered lake fell upon the eyes with a soothing energy, like the shrieking of heavy thunder thro' the deep mountain gorges of the western prairies. The calm and tempestuous breezes rippled the glassy sky, as they swept across the bosom of the plain and bent the umbrageous rocks that reared their smiling heads upon the summit of each meandering hill-side. Myriads of stars shed their pale moonbeams upon the balmy atmosphere, and the hum of distant birds spread their spicy fragrance through the tall groves of low whortle-berry bushes, which here and there might be seen dotting the mountain side, upon whose level face reposed the tired and tender oaks of a thousand centuries' growth, which had, during their yet infantile existence, given food to the flocks of speckled trout which filled the air with the shadows of song. Above the summit of the valley, stately ships manoeuvred, and evolved their dazzling perumes, and greeted the wanderer with a roud of well filled baskets, verging on the sublime.

Lovely indeed was the sound of such a spectacle to the feet of the weary traveler, for three feline monsters of the deep were

just gathering together for their evening meal, and separating, ere the sun was risen, for the sports of the chase, and all things betokened a response too deep for utterance. While they were thus gazing at the sound which had just alighted over the charm, the clouds broke away, and an awful storm, which had been ranging for several weeks afterwards, drove them from their shelter into the gigantic vicissitudes of every-day life. The streets were lined with multitudes of people, and the utter desolation of the crowded thoroughfares of every thing like a human being, and the death-like stillness which agitated the noisy crowds in the market-places, showed that it was no ordinary occasion which had dispersed together so large a mass of people, but that it was an every day occurrence, which often happened twice in a century.

In the ensuing autumn, about two years previous to the above-mentioned merry catastrophe, two pedestrians might have been seen riding upon horse-back, in a three-wheeled carriage, up the brow of a precipice under the side of a forest, which had begun to take root, and engaged in eating their evening dinner by the road side in the arms of Morphems. The eldest of the three gentlemen was a young lady, of about fifty-three, and about two years younger than the other man, which latter gentleman was, from the manner in which she addressed him, evidently her only and youngest daughter. She was elegantly attired in a female riding habit, which consisted of a coarse blouse frock, highly ornamented with brass buttons made of cows' horns, (which material was unknown at the time we speak of) which almost concealed her person from view, and plainly disclosed to the delighted gaze of the other traveler, a face of exquisite model, variegated with blushes of verdant paleness. The remainder of her dress consisted of two pairs of pantaloons, neatly buttoned round the tops of her ears, and elegantly attached by a golden strap of unwoven silk to the axletree of the middle aged gentleman's horse.

The third individual last mentioned was an old gentleman of about twenty-two, whose venerable features disclosed the livid hue of a Siberian negro. His bald head was profusely covered with long silver locks of a sandy jet, and which he had evidently lost during a severe attack of some sea-sickness, caught from the next door neighbor, who resided several blocks from him, in the country.—His bright gray eyes were of an emerald hue, and resembled, in their color, the azure of the ruby. He was also richly attired in the same manner as the other lady, being clothed in a worn out frock coat, which was secured by straps under his boots. His feet were bare, and, save his gloves, he had no garments to shield him from the balmy atmosphere. He had lost both arms just above his collar bone, and was constrained to wear crutches. This, added to his total blindness, rendered him an object of general admiration.

As we do not intend to introduce the above-mentioned personages into our story, we shall abstain from any description of their personal appearance or dress, and pass on to the fourth person of the trio, whose jet white locks were combed straight down in a profusion of massive glossy curls upon the back part of his forehead, and hung in rich festoons upon the overhanging boughs of a water-lily which stood upon the marble steps of a small hen coop about a mile distant, in which were a number of persons engaged in religious exercises. His aquiline nose was of the Grecian mould, extending far back towards his horse's head, and fastened to his side by a cord of silk, made from the fibres of cast-steel. This person was not present, having been detained at home several weeks before by a sudden attack of bilious cholera, which had proved fatal, and from which he had not recovered till a month after the events now being described, and he was then so bed-ridden that he was unable to walk, except on horseback, and never alone, except when attended by several servants who never went out with him.

Being endowed with superhuman courage and strength by this sudden attack of the Saracens, he dashed aside his horse, and seizing the wagons by their hind legs, he leaped across the narrow ravine, which lay spread out before him as far as the eye could reach, and endeavored to reach the side he started from, being prevented from so doing by the immense precipice which rose before him, he fell the whole distance and sank quite exhausted upon the couch which stood just outside the door. His feelings can be better described than imagined, when his mother, who was three years of age, and who had been absent for sixty-eight months on a whaling voyage on the Rocky Mountains, was seen feeding the sheep from a horse trough, with sbratesches and milk.—Struck deaf with astonishment, the squadron threw down their legs, and victoriously fled.

They then leaped upon the boat without saddle or bridle, and sculled across the everglade as fast as their sails could carry them. Finding escape useless, the horse took off his hat and retired, and the

female who had been killed, seeing she had sustained no injury, offered to give her note of hand for the balance. "Ah! alas! oh!" exclaimed the mute, "I am so mighty impotent, that my res—"  
[TO BE CONTINUED IN A FORMER NO.]

## Fashionable Music.

What's that? It's music. Well, that's artificial too, it's scientific, they say it's done by rule. Jist look at that gal at the piano: first comes a little German thunder, good airth and seas, what a crash! it seems as if she'd bang the instrument all to pieces. I guess she's vex'd at some body, and is a peggin' it into the piano out of spite. Now comes singin': see what faces she makes; how she stretches her mouth open, like a barn door, and turns up the white of her eyes like a duck.

is that gal; she feels good all over; her soul is a goin' out along with that music. Oh, it's divine, and she's an angel, aint she? Yes I guess she is, and when I'm an angel, I will fall in love with her; but as I'm a man, at least what's left of me, I'd jist as soon fall in love with one that was a leetle jist a leetle more of a woman, and a leetle jist a leetle, less of an angel. But hallo! what under the sun is she about? Why, her voice is goin' down her own throat, to gain strength, and here it comes out as deep-toned as a man's, while that dandy feller along side of her, is singin' what they call falsetto. They've actually changed voices! The gal sings like a man, and that screamer like a woman. This is science; this is taste; this is fashion; but hang me if it's natur.—Sam Slick.

## Newly Invented Machine.

CHEAP FOR CASH.—Lately invented and now completely ready for use, a most elegant, elastic and curious machine for President making. This grand machine is placed on a platform that is so large as apparently to have no limits, and with a flooring, so ingeniously wrought, that no living man can comprehend the materials, shapes, colors, or adaptations of its different parts. It somewhat favors Mosaic work, but then it beats that all hollow. \$5 much for the platform. The machine itself may be jistly regarded as one of the wonders of the world. It has sundry wheels inside—some verticle, some longitudinal, and others of every possible diameter, with which to work these wheels. When a President is to be made, all you have to do, is to seize upon some nondescript, throw him into this machine, and then hitch on to the handles, about half a dozen office holders, the same number of Editors, and one dozen red hot, rantankerous, fire eating, politicians, and tell them to shut their eyes, and pull away with all their might. And out drops this nondescript, covered all over in loving light with the words democratic, democratic.—We the people, we the people. And his face will be as fair as the moon, and ten thousand times more changeable. And as to his life—he will have more lives than a cat. In short he will be a living, moving, animated Kaleidoscope. The full capacity of this machine is not yet known—it is progressive in its operations—and it is confidently believed that if it be necessary, it can with ease chew up the Constitution, and spit it out, in decorative ribbons, and grind into a "circumstance" Cuba, the whole of Mexico, Yucatan and other countries "too tedious to mention."

Whether it can stand salt water or not, will be known after November next, as there is a prospect of its being plunged into salt river about that time. This machine can be seen at the great central Democratic patent office in Washington City, and small models of it will be exhibited at most of the Cass and Butler clubs throughout the country.

We would give further particulars but are prevented by 'the noise and confusion which pervade.'

Our brethern of the Press will please copy.  
Wilmington, Sept. 12—33-1t.—Commercial Review.

Hanging.—A Scotch parson in his prayer said, "Laird bless the great council, the parliament, and grant they may hang together."

A country fellow standing by, replied: "Yes, yes, with all my heart, and the sooner the better—and I'm sure it's the prayer of all good people."

"But, friends," said the parson "I do not mean as the fellow does; but pray that they may all hang together in accord and concord."

"No matter what cord," replied the other, "so 'tis but a strong one!"

"Do you remember," writes a friend, 'the two boys who were going through a church-yard, one of them with a gun?—They heard something in one of the trees, when the young sportsman fired, and down came a whacking big owl.' 'Oh! Billy,' said the other, 'what have you did? You've gone and shot a cherubim! The carving of a 'heavenly dove,' unknown to ornithology, had probably suggested the comparison.

Truth is a hardy plant; and when once firmly rooted, it covers the ground so that error can scarce find root.