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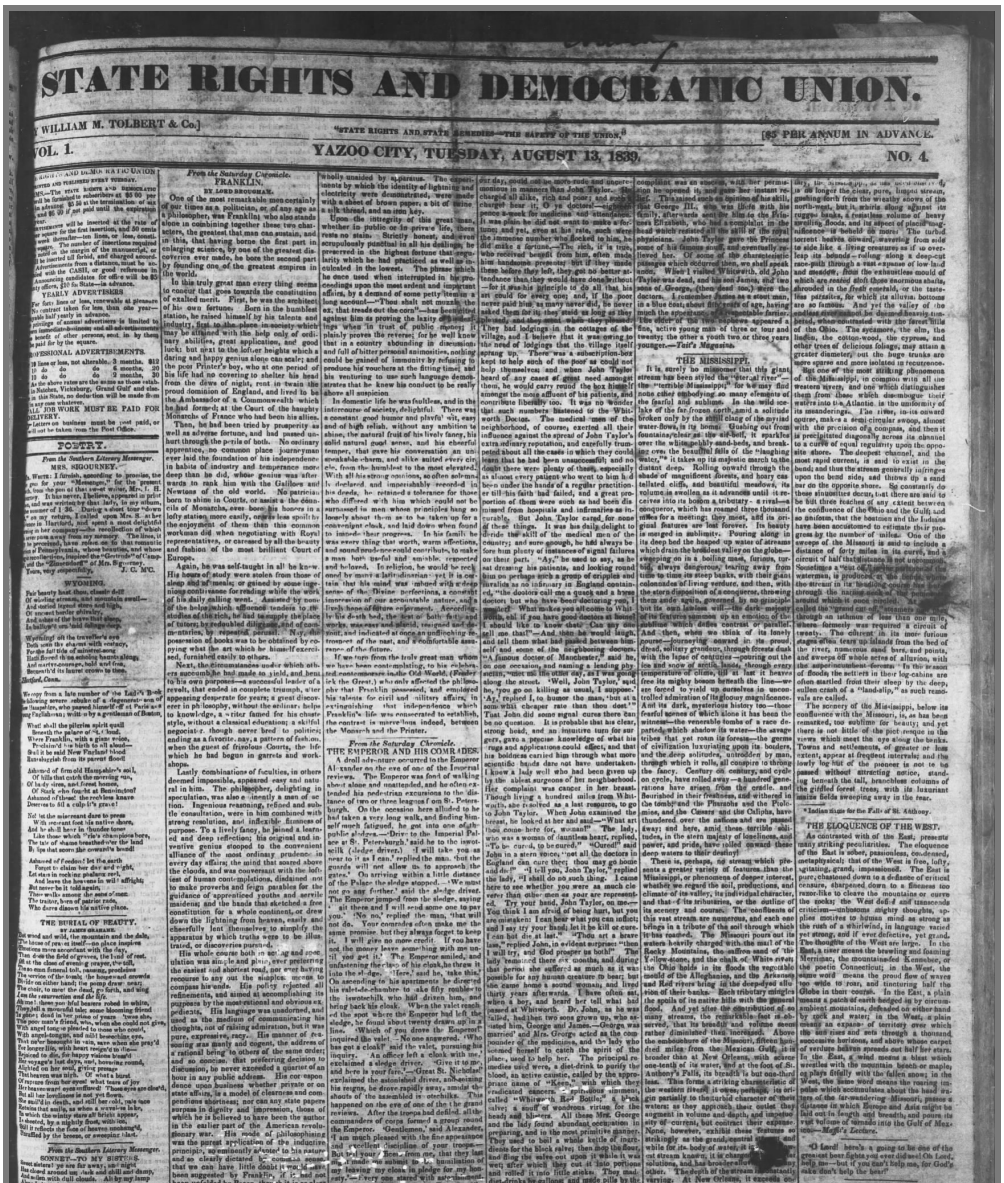

STATE RIGHTS AND DEMOCRATIC UNION.

WILLIAM M. TOLBERT & Co.] "STATE RIGHTS AND STATE SOVEREIGNTY—THE SAFETY OF THE UNION." [$5 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

VOL. 1. YAZOO CITY, TUESDAY, AUGUST 13, 1839. NO. 4.

POETRY.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

A Wreath! I finish, according to promise, the poem for your "Messenger," for the present month. I use the pen of that sweet writer, Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. I believe, however, it is prior to the date of her lately, in my opinion, superior volume of 1 26. During a short time I have been absent on my return, I called upon Mrs. S. at her residence in Hartford, and spent a most delightful hour in her company—the recollection of which I now turn away from my memory. This time, it is permitted, I have relied on for that romantic and fascinating, because beautiful, and whose acquaintance, inspired the "Gertrude of Wyoming," and the "Sketches" of Mrs. Sigourney.

Yours, very respectfully, J. G. MC.

WYOMING.

Fair beauty hunt there, chaste delight
Of sparkling stream, and mountain swell—
And varied forest clothed in light,
Of ancient border gloriory,
And echoes of the battle fray there,
In bullsight's and bold feelings there.

Worshipp'd all the treasures are
That seek the charm with century,
Per-fair fair like of innocence,
Half flowed in the sunshine hearts sibling,
And earth-romance, bold and free,
Beauty'd its lustre crown to thee.

Shelgod, Conn.

We copy from a late number of the Lady's Book the following sweet sonnet of a departed son of Pennsylvania, who passed himself off at Paris as a Frenchman, with—by a gentleman of Boston.

What shall the pilgrim spirit said
Beneath the palace of "L'Isle,
Were Franklin, with a glare wren,
Proclaimed "no birth to all absolute—
Self is he said New England blood
Enn-dowed from its parent flood

Adorned of fromold Hampshire's soil,
Of hills that catch the morning ray,
Of lady-rose, and forest home,
Of birch who fan-fit at Barrowdoof
Adorned of those! the restless brave
Deserves to fill a exile's grave!

Rd to the nicer-rant dare to prose
With nice-rant foot his native shore,
And to all I have in thunder lover
Like those which "fix's champions bore,
The tyr of whose breath'd o'er the land
B. lips that more the coward's bound!

Adorned of freedom! let the earth
Forget to claim her dire and right,
Let rise in rankine gradeur swift,
And leave the bow-ans in will! affright,
But never be it said again,
That, wells among the sons of men,
The yankee, born of patriot pride,
Who drew disown his native place.

THE BURIAL OF BEAUTY.

BY ARTHUR MAYNARD.

Of wood and wild, the mountain and the dale,
The bloom of year, so fair—its place longer
Blooms more accordant with the day,
Then o-on the field of grooves, the land of rest,
All at the close of evening prayer, the toll,
Down more funeral toll, resounds, proclaims
The service of the lonely, the hour-and sweeps
Be-fore on slither land, the pomp drew near,
The train, to near the dead, go forth, and sing
Am the consecration and the life.
Alone! there one half beauty robed in white,
Of pallid cheek, and pale, more blooming friend
Of grief, dead to her pleas of years. Soon she,
The poor man's friend, the rich man's comfort give,
With angel-tongue, pleaded to many who could not
That sister brought in vain, were when she pray'd
For heaven life, with heart resign'd to close
Beloved to die, for heavy visions bound!
Her voyage's last days, earl, bowing round,
Alabred on her soul, grave prompt
That heaven was kind. Of what a blend
Of rapture from her spirit, what tears of joy
Her heaven-sent eyes suffered! Those eyes are closed,
All all her loveliness is not yet born.
The soul is in death, and still her cold, pale face
Retains that smile, as when a seraph-in-law,
In which the winter stars all bright appear,
Of which the winter stars all bright appear,
Still reflects the form of heaven reclining,
Studied by the bosom, or remember that.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

SONNET—TO MY SISTER.

Sweet sister! go not far away, sir—night
Has shared around us, dark and still our dwelling,
And we—we with dull clouds. All by my lamp
Alone I sit, and in its tapering light,
Which is in sympathy with common hours,
While in the mid-night day I've seldom found
A face—with well-known books are scattered round,
Some companions of my wanderings:
And I may not myself, while these are near,
Feel myself lonely, while these are near;
But I have been the source familiar face
Of many voices, as and your glee,
Which the high sanctions, and oft-awhile of me.

C. C. C.

From the Saturday Chronicle.

FRANKLIN.

BY LORD BROUGHAM.

One of the most remarkable men certainly of our times as a politician, or of any age as a philosopher, was Franklin, who also stands alone in combining together these two characters, the greatest that man can sustain, and in this, that having borne the first part in enlarging science, by one of the greatest discoveries ever made, he bore the second part by founding one of the greatest empires in the world.

In this truly great man every thing seems to concur that goes towards the constitution of exalted merit. First, he was the architect of his own fortune. Born in the humblest station, he raised himself by his talents and industry, first to the highest eminency, which may be attained with the help only of ordinary abilities, great application, and good luck; but next to the loftier heights which a daring and happy genius alone can scale; and the poor Printer's boy, who at one period of his life had no covering to shelter his head from the dews of night, rose in turn the proud dominion of England, and lived to be the Ambassador of a Commonwealth which he had formed, at the Court of the haughty Monarchs of France who had been his allies.

Then, he had been tried by prosperity as well as severe fortune, and had passed unhurt through the perils of both. No ordinary temptations, no common place journeymen ever laid the foundation of his independence, in habits of industry and temperance more deep than he did, whose genius was after wards to rank him with the Galileos and Newtons of the old world. No parents born to shine in Courts, or assist at the councils of Monarchs, ever bore his horors in lofty station more easily, or less spoilt by the enjoyment of them than this common workman did when negotiating with Royal representatives, or caressed by all the beauty and fashion of the most brilliant Court of Europe.

Again, he was self-taught in all he knew. His source of study were stolen from those of sleep and of meals; or gained by some ingenious contrivance for reading while the work of his daily calling went. Assisted by none of the helps which efficient tenders to the de-ath bed, the best or both first and works, was rare and slowly, required and de-rived, furnished easily to others.

Next, the circumstances under which others succumb he had made to yield, and bent to his own purposes—a successful leader of a revolt, that ended in complete triumph, after appearing desperate for years; a great discoverer in physics, without the artificer helps to knowledge, a writer famed for his chaste style, without a classical education; a skilful negociator, though never bred to politics; ending as a favorite, nay, a pattern of fash-on, when the guest of fromlow Courts, the life which he had begun in garrets and workshops.

Lastly combinations of faculties, in others deemed impossible, appeared easy and natural in him. The philosopher, delighting in speculation, was also a keenly a man of se-tion. Ingenious reasoning, refined and noble conaultation, were in him combined with strong resolution, and inflexible firmness of purpose. To a lively fancy, he joined a learned and deep reflection; his original and inventive genius stooped to the convenient alliance of the most ordinary prudence: in every day affairs, the mind that soared above the clouds, and was conversant with the loftiest of human contemplations, disdained not to make proverbs and frigm parables for the guidance of appreciated youths and servile maidens; and the hands that sketched a free constitution for a whole continent, or drew down the lightning from heaven, easily and cheerfully lent themselves to simplify the apparatus by which truths were to be illustrated, or experiments tried.

His whole course both in com-ng and prosecution was simple and plain, ever preferring the easiest of shortest road, ever seeking resources to any out the simplest means to compass his ends. His policy rejected all refinements, and aimed at accomplishing its purposes by the most natural and obvious expedients. His language was unadorned, and used as the medium of communicating his thoughts, not of raising admiration, but it was pure, expressive, easy. His manner of reasoning was manly and cogent, the address of a rational being, to others of the same order; and so concise, that preferring decision to discussion, he never exceeded a quarter of an hour in any public address. His cor-rupon dence upon topics even whether private or of state affairs, is a model of clearness and comprehensive shortness; not can any state papers of his country and improvement, those of which he is believed to have been the author in the earlier part of the American revolutionary war. His mode of philosophising was the purest application of the inductive principle, so eminently advan-ced in his native and so clearly dictated by common sense that no one have little doubt it was to it originally suggested by Franklin, if it had not been unfolded by Bacon, that is to a so clear that in this case it would be a-men, expense of in far more simple —ins. But of all this great man's scientific excellencies, the most remarkable is the smallness, the simplicity, the apparent inadequacy of the means which he employed in his experimental researches. His discoveries were made with hardly any apparatus at all or with such simple and ordinary, that you might say he had done it

wholly unaided by apparatus. The experiments by which the identity of lightning and electricity were demonstrated, were made with a sheet of brown paper, a bit of silk thread, and an iron key.

Upon the integrity of this great man, whether in public or in private life, there rests no stain. Strictly honest, and even scrupulously punctilious in all his dealings, he preserved in the highest fortune that ingenuity which he had practiced as well as in-culcated in the lowest. No phrase which he once used when interpreted in his proceedings upon the most ardent and important affairs, by a demand of some petty trifle on a long account.—That shall not mean, the ex, that treads out the corn—but heedless against him as proving the laxity of his principles. When in trust of public money, he plainly proves the reverse; for he well knew that in a country abounding in discussion and full of bitter personal animosities, nothing could be gained of immunity by refusing to produce his vouchers at the fitting time; and his venturing to use such language demonstrates that he knew his conduct to be really above all suspicion

In domestic life he was faultless, and in the intercourse of society, delightful. There was a constant good humor and playful wit, very and of high relish, without any ambition to shine, the natural fruit of his lively fancy, his solid natural good sense, and his cheerful temper, that gave his conversation an irresistible charm, and alike united every circle from the humblest to the most elevated. With all his strong opinions, so often adverse, he disclosed and imperceivably seconded in his deeds, he retained a tolerance for those who differed with him which could not be surpassed by one whose principles hung so loosely about them as to be taken up for a convenient check, and laid down when found to intrude their progress. In his family he was severe thing that worth, warm affections, and sound sense—we could contribute, to make a man both useful and amiable, respected and beloved. In religion, he would be only owned by more a latitudinarian—yet it is certain that his mind was imbued with a deep sense of the Divine perfections, a constant impression of our accountable nature, and a firm belief of our responsibility to the Author of our being. In politics, although full of hope and confidence in the future destinies of his country, and sure enough, he had always before him plenty of instances of equal failures on their part. "Ay," he used to say, as he sat dressing his patients, and looking round him on perhaps with a group of original naturalists as no ordinary in England contained, "this doctors call one a quack and a hum doctors but who have been doctoring you, I should like to know? Can any one tell me that?—And, then, he would laugh, and tell them what had passed between him self and some of the neighboring doctors. "A famous doctor of Manchester," said he, on one occasion, and naming a leading physician, "came up his other day, as I was going along the street. 'Well, John Taylor,' said he, 'you go on killing as usual, I suppose.' 'Ay,' replied I, to humor the man, 'but at a much cheaper rate than then does.' That John did some equal cures there can be no question. It is probable that his clear, strong head, and an intuitive turn for surgery, gave a precise knowledge of what his drugs and applications could effect, and that his boldness carried him through what more scientific heads dare not have undertaken. Though living a hundred miles from Whitehall, she resolved as a last resource, to go to John Taylor. When John examined the breast, he looked at her and said—"What art thou come here for, woman?" The lady, who was a woman of tactless heart, replied, "To be cured, to be-cured." "Cured!" said John in a stern voice, "not all the doctors in England can cure thee; thou may get home and die!" "I tell you, John Taylor," replied the lady, "I shall do no such thing. I came here to see whether you were as much a cure than other men as your are represented. Try your hand, John Taylor, on me—You think I am afraid of being hurt, but you are mistaken: I can bear what you can inflict; and I say try your hand, for it is left or cannot hit dire at last." "Then art a brave woman," said John, in evident surprise—"but I will try, and God prosper us both!" The lady remained there six months, and during that period she suffered as much as it was possible for any human creature to bear; but she came home a sound woman, and lived thirty years afterwards. I have often seen her, when a boy, and heard her tell what she suffered at Whitworth. Dr. John, as he was called, had then two sons grown up, who assisted him, George and James.—George was a quarrier and Mrs. George acted as the compounder of the medicines, and the lady who caused herself to catch the spirit of the place, used to help her. The principal remedies used were, a diet-drink to purify the blood, an active cautic, called by the appropriate name of "Keene," which was made of medicated cancers of poisonous ointment, called "Whitworth's Red Basilic," a drink of a quality of wondrous virtue for the heady and bilious. All these Mrs. George knew and the lady found abundant employment preparing, and in the most primitive manner. If an much pleased with the free spirit and excellent decision of your troops—But hold your Ben—from me, that they have made no mistake in the nomination of my having my claim to pledge for my honesty.—Every one agreed with me—and I assure you, resumed the Emperor, the pledge driver who brought his honor's letter to rest me, because, he said, my comrades have forgot to pay him.—Vivonne's Revolutions of St. Petersburgh.

A Remarkable Character.—Dr. Redcliffe, of free spoken notoriety, who told William III. that he would not have his two dogs for his three kingdoms, or Abernethy of

day, could not be more rude and unceremonious in manners than John Taylor. He charged all alike, rich and poor, and never charged less or more, a bit of snuff or a silk thread, and an iron key.

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husband and maid; and, on training her

complaint was an emetic, with her permission he opened it, and gave her instantaneous relief. The husband of the heroine of his skill was George III., who was likely with his family, after travels and perils to the Princess Elizabeth, who had a complaint in the breast which resisted all the skill of the first physicians. John Taylor gave the Princess some of his famous snuff, and eventually relieved her. Of some of the characteristic passages which occurred then, we shall speak anon. When I visited Whitworth, old John Taylor was dead, and his son James, and two sons of George, (then dead too,) were the doctors. I remember James as a stout man, who is a blue coat, about fifty years of age, having much the appearance of a respectable farmer. The elder of the two sons appeared a fine, active young man of three or four and twenty; the other a youth two or three years younger.—Tait's Magazine.

THE MISSISSIPPI.

It is surely no misnomer that this great stream has been styled the "father of rivers"—the "terrible Mississippi," for he may find none of the sublimities in many elements of the fearful and sublime. In the wild country of the far frozen north, amid a solitude broken only by the still clang of the myriad water-fowls, as it brings flashing out from fountains clear as the air itself, it sparkles over the white pebbly sand-beds, and breaks into the beautiful falls of the "laughing water," it takes up its majestic march to the distant deep. Rolling onward through the shade of magnificent forests, and hoary cedellated cliffs, and beautiful meadows, its volume in size swells, as it advances until it receives into its bosom a tributary scarcely less superior, which has roamed three thousand miles for a meeting; they meet, add its original features are lost forever. Its beauty is merged in sublimity. Pouring along in its deep bed the heaped up water of streams which drain the boundless valley on the plateau sweeping on in a boiling mass, furious, terrible, always dangerous, tearing away from time to time its steep banks, with their gaint colonnades of living verdure, and then, with the stern dignities of a conqueror, throwing them afar upon, governed by no principle but its own lawless will—its dark waters and its fortunes sometimes up an emotion of the sublime which defies control or parallel. And then, when we think of its lonely course, murmuring onward in its great, silvery grandeur, through forests dark with the taper of centuries—pouring out the ice and wave of fifteen hours, through every temperature of clime, till at last it leaves free its mighty bosom beneath the line—we are forced to yield up ourselves in unconcrolled admiration of the glorious magnificence. And its dark, mysterious history too—those fearful scenes of which alone it has been the witness—the venerable tombs of a race departed, which shadow its waters—the savage tribes that yet roam its forests—the germs of civilization luxuriating upon its borders, and the deep solitudes, untrodden by man, through which it rolls, all conspire to enthrall the fancy. Century on century, and cycle on cycle, have rolled away—a hundred generations have arisen from the cradle, and buriahed in their fruitless, and withered in the tombyard of the Pharaohs and the Ptolemies, and the Cæsars and the Caliphs, have thundered, over the nations and are passed away; and here, amid these terrible solitudes, in the stern majesty of loneliness, and power, and pride, have rolled onward these deep waters to their destiny!

There is, perhaps, no stream which presents a greater variety of features than the Mississippi, or phenomena of deeper interest, whether we regard its soil, productions, and climate of its valley; its individual character, and that of the tributaries, or the outline of its scenery and course. The confluents of this vast stream are numerous, and each one brings in a tribute of the soil through which it has coursed. The Missouri pours out its waters heavily charged with the marl of the Rocky Mountains, the sullen sand of the Platte and Kansa, and the rich alluvial deposition of their banks. Each tributary empties of the particles of its native hills with the peculiar flood. And yet after the contribution of so many streams, the remarkable fact is observed, that its breadth and volume are rather diminished than increased. Above the confluence of the Missouri, flowing undivided miles from the Mexican Gulf, it is broader than at New Orleans, with almost one-tenth of its water, and at the foot of St. Anthony's Falls, its breadth is but one-third less. There forms a striking characteristic of the western stream, its open, perhaps, its original and unchecked character of the waters; as they approach, their outlet they augment in volume and depth, and impetus and velocity, but continue their course free. None, however, exhibit these features so strongly as the upper Mississippi, which, while for its body of water, it is the shallowest stream known, it is charged with the largest and most powerful current. The depth of the stream accordingly varying. At New Orleans, it exceeds one hundred feet. In which is three half of one to two miles. The breadth of its valley is from six miles to sixty. The rapidity of its current is from two miles to four. Its commencement is in a mile; and its ordinary depth is from twelve feet to sixty, commencing in March and ending in May, has much for attention.

Falls.—In connection with its third tribu-

tary, the Missouri, as the confluence of it is no longer the clear, pure, limpid stream, flowing forth from the wearthy shores of the north-west, but is, always along against its ragged banks, a restless volume of heavy rippling, floods, and its aspect of placid beauty, is no longer to behold its name. The turbid torrent bears onward, swearing from side to side like a living creatures as if as overleap its bounds—rolling along a deep-red sea-gulf through a vast expanse of low land and swamp, from the exhaustless mould of which are rested with those enormous shafts, shrouded in the fresh emerald, or the tasteless pistachio, for which its alluvial bottoms are so famous. And yet the valley of the Mississippi cannot be denied beauty, in its unsurpassed, when contrasted with the forest hills of the Ohio. The sycamore, the elm, the locust, the cotton-wood, the cypress, and other trees of delicious foliage, may attain a greater diameter; but the huge trunks are more sparse and more isolated in recurrence.

But one of the most striking phenomena of this Mississippi, in common with all the western rivers, and one which distinguishes them from those which discharge itself waters into the Atlantic is the uniformity of its meanderings. The river, in its onward course, makes a semi-circular sweep, almost with the precision of a compass, and then it precipitated diagonally across its channel to a curve of equal regularity upon the opposite shore. The deepest channel, and the most rapid currents, is and to exist in the bend; and thus the stream generally impinges upon the bend side, and throws up a sand bar on the opposite shore. So constantly do these alternations occur, that there are said to be but three reaches of any extent between the confluence of the Ohio and the Gulf, and an isthmus, that the boatmen and the Indians have been accustomed to estimate their progress by the number of miles. One of the sweeps of the Missouri is said to include a distance of forty miles in its curve, and a circuit of half that distance is not unfrequent. Sometimes a "cut off," or other portion of the waterway, is produced, or the force of the stream in its boundings opens for itself through the narrow neck of the land of the bend which it must ascend. But the "cut off" is called in "cut off" of distance, and through an isthmus of less than one mile where formerly was required a circuit of twenty. The channel in its more furious stages often tears up islands from the bed of the river, numerous sand bars and points, and sweeps off whole acres of alluvion, with the superincumbent forests. In the branch of floods the settlers in their log-cabins are often startled from their sleep by the deep, sullen crash of a "landslip," as such transvals are called.

The scenery of the Mississippi, below its confluence with the Missouri, is, as has been remarked, too sublime for beauty, and yet there is not little of the picturesque in the views which meet the eye along the banks. Towns and settlements, of greater or less extent, appear at frequent intervals; and the lovely log hut of the pioneer is not to be passed without attracting notice, standing beneath the tall, branchless columns of the girdled forest trees, with its luxuriant maize fields sweeping away in the rear.

*Indian State for the Falls of St. Anthony.

THE ELOQUENCE OF THE WEST.

As contrasted with of the East, presents many striking peculiarities. The eloquence of the East is sober, passionless, condensed, metaphysical; that of the West is free, lofty, agitating, grand, impassioned. The East is pure, chastened down to a distance of critical censure, sharpened, down to a fineness too keen-like to cleave the mountains or curve the rivers. The West dashes and tramples criticism—unlessons mighty thoughts, splendor excites to human mind as strong as the rush of a whirlwind, in language mixed yet strong, and if ever distinctive, yet grand. The thoughts of the West are larger. In the East, a user means the brawling and foaming of some brook or river, and disdains half the Globe in their course. In the East, a plain means a patch of earth hedged in by stern ambient mountains, defeaded on either hand by rock and water; in the West, a plain means an expanse of territory over which the sun rises and sets through a thousand miles of verdure, and where whose carpet of verdure below spreads out half her stars. In the East, a wood means a place which swarth with the mountain beasts or maple, or plays fitfully with the fallen money in the leaves—but if you don't help me, for God's sake don't help the bear!

Ancient Structures.—Paulding in his Life of Washington, gives the following as the anecdote of the mother of this great man: She was once present and occupied the seat of honor at a ball given by Washington at Fredericksburg, while in the full meridian of his well earned glory, and whispered to a lady near, and to him with perfect simplicity: "Come, George, it's time to go home."

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