

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

T. W. WHITE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. V.

JANUARY, 1839.

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T. W. WHITE, PRINTER, OPPOSITE THE BELL TAVERN.

1839.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM—THOMAS W. WHITE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. V.

RICHMOND, JANUARY, 1839.

NO. I.

To our Friends and Subscribers.

We commence the fifth volume of the *Messenger* with renewed thanks to our subscribers and contributors, and to the public generally, including the corps editorial, for their generous support and indulgence for the last four years. It will be remembered, that at the beginning of our work, it was strictly an experiment of doubtful results. In the south, especially, no such publication had been able to maintain itself against the usual discouragements which attend literary adventure; and our writers of genius had either wasted their powers in uncongenial pursuits, or sought an opportunity of displaying them in distant states, where taste and talent were more amply rewarded. We flatter ourselves we have had some humble share in awakening a more laudable spirit on the south side of the Potomac. Many young men, we have reason to think, have been induced to essay their strength in literary composition, who might otherwise have shrunk from the trial. Our pages have been frequently enriched by the chaste and beautiful productions of woman's mind; and even veterans, who for years had reposed on their laurels, have been tempted once more to gird on their armor, and re-enter the lists of intellectual strife. Thus far we have had much to lighten the cares and toils of our journey, and we still feel every inducement to persevere. It would be uncandid, however, not to acknowledge, that notwithstanding the undoubted success and approbation which the *Messenger* has received, it ought to be considered as still an *experiment*, and liable to all those vicissitudes which beset similar establishments. We are aware that in this country at least, the empire of literature, like that of law and politics, is subject to constant and sometimes violent fluctuations; and we have no right to hope for an exemption from the common lot. We may be said to have made four annual voyages with success, and yet may even encounter shipwreck in the fifth, unless favored with prosperous gales and sustained by an effective equipment. Competitors are rising in every direction to contend with us for a share of public patronage; and it would be folly to close our eyes to the fact, that whilst competition, to a certain degree, is rather useful than otherwise, beyond that point it is too often a death struggle, in which the least powerful must yield. There are other dangers which the literary press especially, is doomed to encounter—in the fastidiousness, variety, and mutability of the public taste. Whilst some of our readers are content with plain

nutritious food, others require a larger infusion of spice. Some become wearied by long and grave articles—whilst othersome (as Hawkeye expresses it,) are not satisfied with the brief and sportive sallies which occasionally embellish our pages. In not a few instances, a portion of our *constituents* have held us responsible for all the sentiments contained in all the articles of our correspondents; a rule so unreasonable in itself, that we would not be bound even to argue the question with the malcontents. There is also another class of our subscribers which we confess occasions us much perplexity. We allude to those who continue to lend us their names and even cheer us with their smiles—but yet are unhappily forgetful of the *terms of publication*. Most gladly would we pay the paper-maker and compositor with these grateful proofs of encouragement, if that kind of currency would answer in this world of reality as well as romance. The fair fabric of liberty itself cannot exist without taxation; and the labors of the good and the pious would soon perish, if unsupported by that powerful *metallic* spring, which puts all human machinery into motion.

We hope we shall not be considered as making these remarks in a querulous spirit, nor from motives of an exclusively personal character. Individually, we acknowledge the great interest we feel in the establishment of something like a home literature, but it would be a great mistake to suppose that with the present patronage of the *Messenger*, (though very considerable,) its pecuniary benefits would constitute the prominent inducement to continue it. In that point of view, a connexion either with the mercantile or political press, would unquestionably yield a clearer net profit. There are circumstances, however, which peculiarly forbid, at the present crisis, the slightest relaxation of effort on our part to secure the stability and permanency of this work. Utterly indisposed as we are, and entirely impolitic as it would be, to mingle in political strife, there are some questions touching our national existence and union which occasionally force themselves upon our pages, in spite of ourselves. On these questions there is no division of party, no difference of opinion, in a large portion of this great confederacy—and we may, with truth add, that the most virtuous and enlightened of the whole nation concur in the propriety of arresting that fanatical spirit which threatens to involve us in the horrors of servile war, and the miseries of disunion. It is the duty, we humbly conceive, of the southern people especially, to sustain every barrier which can be

VOL. V.—1

NOTES OF A TOUR

FROM VIRGINIA TO TENNESSEE, IN THE MONTHS
OF JULY AND AUGUST, 1839.

By Rev. H. Ruffner, DD., President of Washington College, Va.

CHAPTER I.

From Lexington to Kanawha.

After ten months' confinement to the sedentary duties of a college, who would not be disposed to roam for healthful exercise and for change of scene? Curiosity prompted me on this occasion, to direct my course towards Tennessee; partly because I had heard a good report of it, and partly because having never crossed the 37th parallel of latitude, I was desirous to dip, so far as might be safe in the hot month of July, into the fiery regions of the south.

My design in these hasty notes, is simply to record such things relative to this tour, as may afford some information or amusement to the reader. Of personal incident and adventure, I shall have little to relate: descriptive sketches of scenery, and general observations on the countries visited, and on their inhabitants, will occupy the chief part of these notes.

Business led me first to Kanawha, where I would be on the high way, by stages and steamboats, to West Tennessee.

The route from Lexington, by Covington and Lewisburg to Charleston in Kanawha, presents many objects worthy of a traveller's attention. Few routes in the United States pass through so much fine mountain scenery. Lexington itself is the centre of a panorama of farms and woodlands, of vallies, hills and mountains, rarely equalled in beauty, variety and magnificence. The scene appears to great advantage from the college observatory.

An excellent turnpike-road leads from this pleasant village to Covington, on Jackson's river, where it meets the old state turnpike, that conducts the traveller by Kanawha to the border of Kentucky, at the mouth of Sandy river.

On leaving Lexington, the traveller going westward first crosses the gentle swell of the Brushy hills; and passing near the southern buttresses, that prop the huge mass of the House mountain, he comes, at the distance of twelve miles from Lexington, to the western boundary of the great valley, at the foot of the North mountain. Here he begins an ascent of nearly four miles along the mountain side. Not far from the top, he comes to a remarkable turn in the road, where the direction had to be reversed at a rocky and precipitous part of the mountain, and the road to be supported by high and massive walls. At this point, the traveller's eye is irresistibly attracted by the sublime prospect of the valley and adjacent mountains. Eastwardly, the view is bounded by the many-topped barrier of the Blue Ridge, at the distance of some fifteen miles. The interjacent country is diversified with cultivated vales and slopes, woody hills and rugged mountains, of every shape and size—green dells, where streamlets water the meadows, round-topped hills and long ridges, and nearest and greatest of all, the gigantic bulk of the House mountain, which stands apart in the valley, and raises its double top, like Parnassus, in superb grandeur over the hills of the country below.

Turning to a little gap in the North mountain, the road then passes to the western side, and descends to the valley of the Cowpasture river; and thence crosses some hills to the valley of Jackson's river at the Clifton forge. Here the traveller is struck with another kind of scene. He passes through the gap of a high mountain, which has been cloven through, and barely affords a passage to the river between rifted rocks, still jutting out almost over the passenger's head, and displaying to his uplifted eye the interior formation of the mountain. Cut an onion in two from the root to the stem; lay one of the halves on a table, and again cut it crosswise; the arched form of its coats will show how the curved layers of hard sandstone constitute this mountain, rent in twain by some convulsion of nature, to afford a passage to the waters from above.

This rupture of mountains, to give passage to the rivers from the main Alleghany to the adjacent vallies, and from the great valley to the sea, is a common and a remarkable feature in the geography of this country. The chief ridges of the Appalachian chain run in parallel lines; the waters which collect in the intermediate vallies, seem to have burst their way through the opposing ridges; but the effect is too great to be accounted for by the pressure and attrition of water. An upheaving by subterraneous force, probably first cracked these mighty barriers of solid rock; then the rush and the tear of pent-up floods, and the gradual wear of many centuries, would finish these sublime gaps, through which all the rivers of the Alleghany region have found a passage to the sea.

At Covington, the road leaves the river, and enters the Alleghany mountain beyond Callahan's. Nothing remarkable occurs in this part of the route, except it be, that a high precipice of limestone at Callahan's is filled with sea shells. This is no rare phenomenon; but one is struck with the circumstance, that a deep mass of sea shells should be found so near the very *backbone* of the great Alleghany mountains. But I have found shell-rocks also on the high ridges near the White Sulphur Springs, just on the other side of the same backbone of the Alleghany. Time was, therefore, when old ocean slept long and deep on the high bed of these mountains. So say the geologists, and so it must be: yet it seems strange to us, new comers into the world, that it should be so: and some of us are so certain that the world must always have been what we find it to be, that we won't believe the shells, even when we see them with our own eyes.

I shall pass by the springs without comment. They have had note and comment enough, of late years, from visitors and tourists. The traveller reaches Lewisburg by one day's journey in the stage from Lexington. I should have had a very pleasant day's ride, but for the company, most of the way, of a pair of blackguards. I have perhaps never in all my *staging* suffered so much from this sort of annoyance. Their souls seemed to be a slough of nastiness, which came belching forth whenever they opened their mouths. They soon had all the talk to themselves; for, who could mingle his purer thoughts with such a current of oaths and ribaldry? And who that regarded his own feelings or the sanctity of religion, would cast pearls before such swine? Yet these fellows were going to the springs, forsooth! And talked of having been regular visitors at all the fashion-

able watering places! I discovered a solution of the enigma: they were gamblers; and where the carcass is, there will the buzzards be gathered together. These birds of prey are said to have special accommodations assigned them at some of the springs, where they may securely pluck and fatten on the silly fowls who suffer themselves to be decoyed into their holes—or hells, as they are usually called. Report speaks truly of this fact, I fear: for I have seen evident signs of it myself. I have unexpectedly dropped this note on the springs. But let it stand; it may be useful.

Lewisburg is a thriving village; and it thrives from three causes: it is near the principal springs; it is on the great central road to the west; and it is the seat of many courts of law. With such three-fold feeding, any village would grow fat. It is situated on a deposit of limestone between the Alleghany and the Sewel mountains. The basin in which the town is built, was once filled by a lake. When found by the white settlers, it was an open savannah, surrounded by woods, and the border line of trees was perfectly horizontal, following the same level as it curved irregularly about the hills on every side. Certain strong remains of aquatic animals, yet found in the soil, give additional evidence that the savannah was once the bed of a lake. But whence came the water? And whither did it go? The answers are ready. At the northern extremity of the town is a large cavity or sinkhole, about one hundred yards long; at one end issues a spring which formerly supplied the lake; at the other end is a hole into which the water falls and disappears; the opening of this hole drained the lake; the closing of it (a very possible thing) would cause the lake to fill again and immerse the town.

About five miles west of Lewisburg, a creek turns a large mill on one side of the road, then flows under a bridge, and within two hundred yards strikes the base of a mountain, where it falls into a cavern, and pursues a subterranean course for several miles to the bank of the Greenbrier, where it rushes forth from the mountain into the river. A few miles west of this, the road crosses successively two narrow vales of limestone, full of deep sinkholes or depressions in the surface. A creek is known to flow under each of them. One of the creeks is appropriately called Sinking creek. This sub-Alleghany deposit of limestone, is therefore a very cavernous region.

About two miles west of Lewisburg, a spring issues at the head of a ravine, and flowing about half a mile, falls into an open-mouthed cavern. It first pitches down in a cascade, about twelve feet perpendicularly, upon a flat rock several feet wide; over which it tumbles again, and so from rock to rock, till it reaches an unknown depth. Long ago I heard in Greenbrier a story of a pig, which suffered an awful fate in this cavern. The poor swine, by reason of some false step, while rooting about the mouth of the cavern, fell in, and made a lodgment on the platform of rock upon which the water first falls. There he kept his station with due care, until by chance he was discovered, and an attempt was made, by means of a rope, to noose and hoist him up again to his native light and liberty. But not understanding what his friends meant by tossing their cord about him, he started aside, and lackaday! fell down the next descent beyond the reach of assist-

ance: nor could he stop any more; but went tumbling from rock to rock, with the falling water; and as he fell from stage to stage, he sent up to the ears of his astonished assistants the rumbling echo of his sounding body, mingled with his shrill squeals of despair; till all gradually died away in the distance; and the disappointed men with the rope, turned their steps homewards; consoled, however, with the reflection, that they were not themselves tumbling down, down, down, that gloomy abyss, from which neither pig nor man could ever return.

Westward of the valley of Sinkholes, the road soon enters a different sort of country, called the Meadows, at the base of the Sewel mountains. These meadows consist of flat sandy marshes, overgrown with shrubbery and grass, among hills topped with sandstone (as all the hills of this country are,) and a brown shale which imparts its color to the soil. The vegetation of these moist grounds is somewhat peculiar. In the summer they are adorned with a profusion of wild flowers, chiefly on shrubs; among which the swamp rose, the shrubby St. John's wort, (*Hypericum*), the St. Peter's wort (*Ascyrum*), and the beautiful wild honeysuckle (*Azalea*), are conspicuous. When the native shrubbery is removed, fine crops of grass are produced, among which some wild annual plants spring up, and exhibit a variety of bloom to entertain the traveller and to excite the curiosity of the botanist. As I do not pretend to much science in these notes, I shall pass by this flowery region, with the single additional remark, that the sluggish streams which meander through it, creep into the Gauly river, among the Sewel mountains, which the road begins to ascend immediately beyond the Meadows.

The name of Sewel has been given to an irregular mass of mountains between the Meadow river and New river. A mountainous tract of the same general character, but under different names, extends beyond these limits, in a direction parallel to the Alleghany in some places of about equal height, and constituting the western limit of the sub-Alleghany region of limestone. From Sewel mountain westward, to the Ohio, the rocks are all sandstone, of the sort called secondary. Here the coal region begins.

The country of Sewel is so high, that winter may be said to rule about half the year. On the old road, which crosses New river at Bowyer's ferry, I have seen the mountain top exhibit all the deadness of winter; while half way down, the bursting buds and early flowers showed the first opening of spring; and on the water side below, the full grown leaves of the maple gave signs of approaching summer. Yet all these changes of climate occurred within a ride of three hours.

At Bowyer's ferry, a moderate current at an accessible point of the river, gives almost the only opportunity of crossing for the space of thirty miles, from the mouth of the Gauly upwards. The rest of the way, the narrow channel is choked with fragments of rock, and the current is all foam and fury.

The turnpike road does not cross at Bowyer's ferry, but pursues a more northerly route, from "mountain top to mountain top," till it takes a long declivity, which brings the traveller down to a sort of inter-vale, between the mountains of Sewel and Gauly, where it strikes the border of the chasm through which the river dashes.

Then it winds along one side of the awful breach made by the river—or, as I should say, for the river by some mightier power,—in the Gauly mountain.

Here are scenes of wild romantic sublimity, unsurpassed in the United States:—in their kind probably unequalled. After passing through a lane between fields, you find yourself suddenly in a gorge between high mountains; but the mountain on your left separated from you by a gulph, whose bottom you cannot see distinctly; but if you listen, the roar of invisible waters strikes the ear from below. Presently you may catch glimpses of deep precipices and foaming waves at their feet. You soon reach a place by the road side, where a path leads out to a projecting brow of the precipice, called the Hawk's Nest. Follow this path some fifty yards, and suddenly the chasm opens to the depth of nearly one thousand feet beneath the crag upon which you stand. Take courage and proceed to the farthest verge, where by stooping forward, you can look perpendicularly down. You may grasp the limb of a sapling, if your head grow dizzy, as it will probably do. Under your feet you see a sloping mass of rocky fragments between the precipice and the river. If not too much awe-struck to think at all, you think that you could throw yourself into the river, so narrow apparently is the ledge below. The height of your position seems not to be so great, as it is reported to be: the opposite cliff beyond the river, seems to be just at hand: you will cast a stone against its mighty wall. You draw back and make the attempt, but behold! your stone drops far short into the foaming waters. Your growing estimate of height and distance is further enlarged, when you observe that the trees at the base of the cliff seem to have dwindled to saplings, so many times must their length be repeated, to reach the top of the rocks.

Now turn your face up the stream. Oh, what a chasm! For miles along each side, you see a straight unbroken wall of rock, like that on which you stand; tall mountains slope out above the cliffs; shelving beds of broken rock slope down from their base; and between them all the mingled white and azure-green of the river, which must be large to rush with so heavy a sound, and to break itself over its rocky bed into such foaming billows. Now turn about, and look down stream. Here the view is suddenly arrested, within a mile, by stupendous precipices, interposing and seeming to close the chasm and to ingulph the river. If disappointed at first by this limitation of the prospect, the imagination is soon roused to conceptions not less romantically sublime than before. You look at the great mountains, which tower before you in this direction to a greater height, and with a more confused magnificence, than on the other side; and you think how deeply imbedded, and how closely confined, this wild and lonely river must be; working, as it does, its angular and rugged way through these deeply rifted rocks, which nothing less than almighty power could rear at first, and then break asunder, to let the troubled waters pass down to the far distant ocean.

Returning to your vehicle, you now wind your way along the mountain side; once in a while turning down into a ravine through which a streamlet flows, and then ascending again to the mountain side over the river; where, if riding in a coach upon the outer side,

you seem to be suspended over the tremendous gulph, and you find yourself instinctively drawing back, lest you "topple down headlong."

Six or seven miles from the "Hawk's Nest," you reach Manser's farm in a nook of highland, half enclosed by a bend of the river. Here, where the road begins to descend to the river, the scenery changes. You look down into an open valley, and are surprised to see a broad sheet of water spread out before you like a lake, enclosed by the same high mountains and perpendicular cliffs. On coming down near the river, you see the waters issue from the narrow chasm, and pour along between broad ledges of solid rock; until freed from confinement, they gently lave the feet of mountains five or six hundred yards apart. The road takes the sandy margin of the water, under the tall cliffs which now rise in broken columns over the traveller's head. Between these columns streamlets flow out of the mountain, and fall, in murmuring cascades, into basins by the road side; where overhanging cliffs and embowering trees invite the traveller to refresh himself with the cool shade and the pure juice of the rock. The summer heats sometimes dry up these falling springs; but still "the shadow of the great rock," and the vine-covered trees, would, if found in Arabia, be of themselves a paradise in "a weary land."

Midway of this broad water, between banks adorned with the elm, the maple and the holly, comes in the Gauly river, one hundred yards wide, and the united rivers form the Great Kanawha. From the Gauly down to the great falls, the lake-like river becomes shallower and ripply; the channel is diversified with islets and huge naked rocks standing out of the water. The largest of these is nearly opposite to the mouth of the Gauly, just above which, in the angle of the rivers, is a tall projecting cliff that overlooks all this river scene. With that taste for *diabolism* which characterizes a certain class of our people, especially the rude *pioneers* of the wilderness, the cliff has been called "The Devil's Pulpit," the huge rock in the river, "The Clerk's Desk," and the whole of this mountain-bound water scene is of course "The Devil's Church!" I allude to this diabolical nomenclature merely to remonstrate against it, and to urge upon all men of taste and of sense to purge this sublime and beautiful work of God of the disgusting associations which vulgar minds would attach to it. This propensity to defile grand and beautiful objects with satanical and other vile names, has been carried far enough in our country.

I will give an example of the effect which one of these names once produced on my mind. I was riding through Kentucky on a fine April morning, when I came to a clear stream, that ran cheerily along over a gravelly bed, between banks adorned with fine trees, and flowers that perfumed the breeze. So sweet and lovely was the scene, that I began to feel quite poetical, as I forded the limpid current, while the birds gaily carolled to the rising sun, and the air was filled with fragrance from the dew-bespangled flowers. Oh (thought I) how delightfully could a poet sit here on these turfey banks, and draw inspiration from this scene of rural beauty! Just then I met a citizen on horseback. "Pray, sir," said I, "what is the name of this beautiful river?" He smiled at my enthusiasm as he answered, "*Bullskin*." "*Bullskin*?" muttered I, with an empha-

sis which indicated the explosion of all my poetic enthusiasm, "who in the world could ever make poetry on the clear waters and flowery banks of the *Bullskin*? I wonder how even the birds can sing by a river with such a name!"—But a truce to this digression on the miserable fashion of our geographical nomenclature. Some mighty satirist ought to ring its absurdities and cacophonous vulgarities through newspapers and magazines, till something is done to reform it, or at least to check its progress on the frontiers.

Two miles below the Gauly bridge, the traveller arrives at the Great Falls of the Kanawha. Here a ledge of sandstone runs diagonally across the river, dipping gently under the current above, but terminating abruptly, like a wall about twenty-five feet high, on the lower side. The fall at low water is confined to a gap worn into the form of a horse-shoe, near the opposite shore from the road. To see it advantageously, one must walk two or three hundred yards over the bare surface of the ledge, and take his station on some projecting point by the gap. Here he may see and hear the heavy current, a few rods above him, tumbling and thundering over the rock, casting up a cloud of vapor, and making the atmosphere, and seemingly the solid rock, quake with its massive fall. This is certainly not to be compared with the incomparable Niagara; yet I hesitate not to pronounce it a sublime and fit conclusion to the wild, romantic and magnificent views along this extraordinary chasm in the mountains.

Below the falls the river flows with a rapid current through a narrow valley between high mountains: but after some miles the valley becomes wider; rich low grounds begin to appear; the river becomes broader and gentler, and the mountains assume a less lofty and rugged aspect. Twenty-four miles below the falls, where the bottoms are wide enough to admit of large farms, the salt works begin and extend down to the neighborhood of Charleston, a distance of eleven miles. The furnaces send up columns of smoke and vapor, which, about the village of Saltborough, where the furnaces are most numerous, darken the atmosphere over head, and give the valley a gloomy appearance. But when the traveller observes the dense and active movements of industry, the numerous boats on the river, the thick array of salt barrels on the shore, the rail-road cars passing between the coal-beds in the hills and the furnaces on the river bank, together with the sound and bustle of mechanics and laborers on every side, he is pleasantly affected with the signs of a thriving and productive manufacture.

The discovery of this great deposit of salt is an important event in the history of the west. In earlier times the difficulty of procuring salt was a serious evil to the settlers. At a few places in Ohio and Kentucky a brackish water was boiled down to a very impure salt, at a cost to the purchaser of eight or ten cents a pound. Foreign salt could be got only at an enormous price, on account of the long rugged ways over the mountains, and the difficulty of navigating the Mississippi, before the introduction of steamboats.

When the first settlers came to the valley of the Kanawha, buffalo, elk and deer resorted in great numbers to a lick at the margin of the river, near the mouth of Campbell's creek. Here, on sinking gums or hollow trunks of the sycamore into the sand, a weak brine

was obtained and occasionally small quantities of salt were made.

In the year 1795, Joseph Ruffner, of Massanatten in Shenandoah, purchased the fine bottom in which Charleston stands, and the tract containing the salt-lick. Here he settled with his large family, and died in 1802. Shortly after his death, his two eldest sons, David and Joseph, commenced a series of experiments about the lick, with the view of obtaining better salt-water. After much labor and expense, they got a gum sunk by the river side to the surface of the rock, which underlies the river and low grounds; but the salt-water was not improved. Too persevering to desist while any thing remained to be tried, they determined to bore into the rock, with the sort of chisel used in blasting. On boring down about thirty feet, they discovered that there was strong brine at the bottom of the hole; but how to get it out unmixed with the fresh water above, was now the difficulty. After infinite trouble, in an enterprise where every thing was to be invented, they finally got a tight head, like that of a cask, fixed at the lower end of the gum, and through an aperture in this head, a tube tightly inserted into the hole of the rock, so as to leave only the brine from below a free passage into the gum, from which it might be raised by a pump. The brine rose to the level of the river, and the manufacture of salt was begun. This was in 1803. In the same manner, wells were afterwards sunk on the neighboring lands along the river, and salt water obtained, until the works reached their present extent. The wells have from time to time been bored deeper; some of them now reach the depth of five hundred feet. The brine was found to be, in general, stronger as it was drawn from a greater depth.

The western country soon felt the benefit of this discovery. In a few years, the price of salt fell from four dollars the bushel of fifty pounds, to twenty-five cents! There is no reason to doubt, that the progress of western population and improvement, has been materially aided by this providential supply of a necessary article.

The annual produce of the works is now about two millions of bushels, and could easily be doubled or tripled according to the demand.

Wood was for ten or twelve years the only fuel used; and so great was the consumption, that all the country near the river for twenty miles, was stripped of its fine forests. The manufacture was beginning to languish for want of fuel. Divine Providence had deposited inexhaustible beds of coal in the mountains parallel with the salt-wells, and within a few rods of many of them; but the manufacturers knew not how to use this fuel, though several attempts had been made. Col. David Ruffner, one of the original discoverers of the water, at length applied his mind to the subject, and invented a construction of furnaces which succeeded perfectly, and which has, like his method of obtaining the water, been universally adopted.

An important improvement, originally from England, but somewhat modified, has been introduced at these works by Mr. George Patrick from New York. This is the application of steam in the crystallization of salt. The steam is generated in the boiler, which reduces the brine to the requisite strength, and is

conducted by pipes through cisterns filled with the strong brine. The uniform heat imparted by the steam, produces beautiful and pure crystals of salt, which may be made coarser or finer by a little variation of the process.

DORCAS LINDSAY :

OR, THE BACHELOR'S WRITING DESK.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BACHELOR'S DEATH BED."

Oh sex, sex, sex !

Young.

The wounded dove, when dying, feels the smart ;
Closing her wings, conceals the cruel dart :
So, love abandoned flies from every eye ;
Conceals its woes, in solitude to die.

Irring.

"His breath became harder and harder—his groans less and less audible; when suddenly raising himself, he grasped my hand with a dying effort,—said faintly—'You will—find—all—explained—in—that—.' I followed with my eyes the motion of his hand, as he pointed to a small writing desk, and when I turned them on him again, he was dead!"—[*The Bachelor's Death Bed.*

The gallant ship dashed on through the billows, as proudly as if she were the pursuer, instead of the pursued. The aching hearts with which she was freighted were receiving the inspirations of hope, on the wings of the freshening breeze. But as the heavens began to frown and the storm to gather, the siren rode swiftly away on the rushing blast, and the leaden veil of despair shut out the sunlight of her presence.

The pirate ship, that, for a time, seemed waxing dimmer in the distance, now came flying, swift as a judgment, through the boiling waves. Her crew were noted as the bloodiest of their craft. Their hearts were not softer than the red-mouthed cannon that spoke death to their victims, and as the cannon to the match so were they true to the voice of their leader. Had their thirst for blood been insatiable as the cravings of the horse-leech, it would never have wanted gratification while he was its caterer. His name was their watch-word, and whenever it rose above the din of carnage,

"Hope with'ring fled, and mercy sighed farewell !"

But the present conflict was not to be surrendered without a struggle. The tall Indianman, for the sake of the loved and lovely who crowded her decks, would gladly have avoided it; but since come it must, she was ready both for the onset and the issue. She had been manned and equipped with special reference to the pirates who at that time swarmed the seas, and moreover left her port in convoy of one of the first ships of the line. But adverse winds had separated them; and now she was to encounter, alone and unaided, the most daring of the ocean scourges. However, the discipline to which her men had been subjected; the desperate

ardor that inflamed both crew and passengers; and more than all the holiness of their cause, armed them not only with the panoply of might, but of right.

"Oh God !" exclaimed a lovely girl, as she clung to the manly form of a youth, and shuddered at the warlike implements with which he was girded—"it is not for myself, for I am alone in the world; but you! that you should die."

"Say not alone, dearest," replied the youth. "If God has taken to himself your father and mother, he has left one who will be father and mother to you. But there is no time now—come with me to the cabin—although my doubts are not quite so gloomy as your's, yet heaven only knows what may happen; but if I die, the last word on my lips shall be your name, and if I live, my first aspirations shall be those of gratitude for your safety—come."

"Tyler Ethelwaite," said the maiden, and the fire of her eyes dried up the torrent of her tears while she spoke—"Tyler Ethelwaite! you know not Dorcas Adelmarr! She has not plighted you her love in the season of mental anguish, to forsake you in the hour when only the body is in danger. It is true that for a moment she felt a woman's weakness—but it is over! where you are, there will she be; and if you are to die, and the last word on your lips is to be her name, it shall be breathed forth to her, ere she dies with you; and if you are to be spared, she will be by your side, to pour out her soul in thankfulness for your safety, while your praises are going up in gratitude for her's."

"Dorcas,—deeply as I love you—this is madness! What will you, what can you do, amid the rain of bullets that will soon be pouring in upon us? What if a chance shot should take away the better half of my life, by depriving you of your's?"

"Is it Tyler Ethelwaite, that dignifies the devotion of a fond, trusting heart by coupling it, even in thought, with the ravings of a maniac? If such be his estimate of true love, it is indeed madness to feel it for him."

"No, Dorcas; you wrong me. Imagine if you can my sensations at the thought of your exposure to the tender mercies of a band of ruffians!—of the signal danger you must incur even in the event of our success, and the awful fate that must await you in case of our defeat and my death: and then ask yourself, if I love you less, when for my sake and for your own, I insist upon your retiring to a place of comparative safety."

"It will matter little to Dorcas Adelmarr, what may await her in the event of which you speak. Her cold clay will be insensible to insult when her spirit has accompanied your's to God who gave it. The men of blood, who even now are upon us, if victorious, will be too much occupied in their orgies over the living to feel any concern for the dead."

A shot from the pirate interrupted the remonstrance of Tyler, who reluctantly obeyed the command that summoned all to the guns. The pen even of a master could convey but a poor idea of the horrors of the conflict, and we are glad that it falls not within our range to attempt them. Suffice it to say that victory was perched now on the mast of one vessel and now on that of the other. The band of pirates had evidently no previous idea of the force they were about to encounter, but the contest once opened, they maintained it with vigor, and at length succeeded in boarding. Now

* This story, though properly a sequel to "The Bachelor's Death-Bed," is in itself complete. The Bachelor's own manuscript would have been forwarded to us; but being difficult to decypher, the author was compelled to catch here and there a hint, and fill up the burden of the story himself.—[*Editor Mess.*]

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

T. W. WHITE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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FEBRUARY, 1839.

NO. II.

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RICHMOND, FEBRUARY, 1839.

No. 12

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE ILL HEALTH OF AMERICAN WOMEN.

By Harvey Lindaly, M. D., of Washington, D. C.

The remark has often been made by Europeans, who have visited this country,—and the melancholy truth has been confirmed by Americans who have travelled on the eastern continent,—that American women suffer much more from ill-health than those of other countries. My attention has for some time past been particularly directed to this subject, and I am convinced that the remark is undoubtedly true to an alarming extent, and that it is the duty of the medical profession to examine into its causes, and if possible to suggest and urge upon the public the appropriate remedies.

Not only is the average health of our country women much less robust than that enjoyed by corresponding classes in Europe, and particularly in Great Britain, but it is much more infirm than that of the other sex in our country:—I mean, after making due allowance for those diseases and afflictions peculiar to their situation and duties in society.

With respect to their inferiority in point of vigor, strength and robustness, to the women of England, as well as of the continent, I believe there is not one dissenting voice among those who have enjoyed the most ample opportunities for comparison, and whose attention has been attracted to the subject. The European has a much more florid and healthful complexion—a much more vigorous person—and is capable of enduring much more fatigue and exposure, and of performing much harder labor. The slender, and delicate, and fragile form—the pale, sallow and waxen complexion—which are so common among us, are comparatively seldom seen abroad. The feats of pedestrianism which are almost daily performed in England, even by ladies of rank and fortune, would appear almost incredible to our feeble and sedentary country women.*

That the females of our country are likewise much greater sufferers from ill health than our sex, is a fact, which the daily observation of medical men has abundant opportunity of confirming—and the class of diseases, from which they suffer most, are precisely those which we would suppose would be produced by the peculiar causes operating upon them. They are, derangements of the digestive and nervous apparatus. Every physician of much experience must have been

* As an illustration of this remark, it is mentioned by a recent traveller, in his letters from England, that while staying for a few days at the house of a friend in the interior of the country, it was proposed one morning that the family, including the ladies, should make a call on another friend, who lived about five miles distant. They accordingly started on foot, without any remark being made as to the mode of locomotion, as if it were an ordinary occurrence, and on their way home, were so little fatigued as to be desirous of making a digression of some two or three miles, in order to exhibit some picturesque view, which they thought might be interesting to their guest, as a stranger. Such a pedestrian excursion by an American woman, would be an event to be talked of for life!

struck with the fearful extent and obstinate nature of these affections—always difficult to remedy and frequently even to alleviate—and they seem confined almost exclusively to females and men of sedentary habits. They are always productive of great and protracted suffering.

It is important, if the existence of these premises be admitted, to ascertain the causes which operate to produce them. There are, no doubt, some circumstances beyond our control, which may tend to render the health of our country women inferior to that of females in Europe; but even if this be granted, there seems to be no reason why it should not be as good (with the qualifications before mentioned) as that of our sex. The deleterious effects of our changeable climate, is the only irremediable difficulty. It is a general impression that the climate of our country is less favorable to robust health than that of Europe: that it is more variable—being subject to greater and more sudden vicissitudes of temperature—and that this fact alone is sufficient to account for much of the ill-health that exists among us. This is perhaps partially true, although I am persuaded, at the same time, that a great deal more is attributed to the influence of climate than its importance deserves. It is said that not only are our summers hotter and our winters colder than in corresponding latitudes in the old world, but that the range of the thermometer within short periods is vastly greater here than there: and that these sudden and violent changes are productive of disease in all its Protean forms. Something must undoubtedly be yielded to this cause; but still I am persuaded that its influence both by foreigners and ourselves has been vastly overrated. It is probably true of Great Britain, which, on account of her insular situation, enjoys a much more equable climate than the rest of Europe. The extremes of winter and summer are not so great as with us, and the changes are much less within any given period. The mercury seldom rises above 80° of Fahrenheit in the shade in summer, whereas here it almost always rises to 90°, and occasionally to 100°.* This, and the corresponding mildness of winter, present a striking contrast to our temperature; but this difference is much less obvious on the continent, where, although the cold may not be as intense in winter, or the heat as oppressive in summer, as with us, yet the variations of temperature are quite as sudden and as great. I do not recollect ever to have seen a greater change than forty degrees recorded as taking place within twenty-four hours, in this country—while I have the authority of a distinguished

* At Penzance, in the south-west of England, for several years in succession the mercury has not risen above 76° in the shade. The mean temperature too of our summer months, is much higher than that of England; and, of the winter months, proportionably lower. The mean temperature of the winter months in New York and Philadelphia is from 28° to 32°, while that of London, for the same season, is about 40°. The mean temperature of the summer months, in the former places, varies from 72° to 76°, but in London reaches only 62°.

Beneath the sod,
Or if, perchance, within the earth's cold breast
A refuge be denied me, I shall rest :
Forgive me God !

The bugle's blast !
He comes, to rivet now the fatal chain—
One look upon the blue sky—once, again !
It is my last !

Mother ! a spell
Will come around thee with my sadd'ning name,
When thou shalt hear I died to save my fame.
Mother ! *farewell !*

The tyrant came ; his proud and lofty step
Brought in its sound no terror to her heart.
He came, and gazed : she lay upon the floor
As if she spurn'd in death the gilded couch.
The breeze had wander'd thro' the splendid bars
That kept her in that gorgeous prison-house,
As if in pity to her loneliness,
And swept with low sweet moans among the flowers
That climb'd along the walls, from marble vase
And costly ornament, and from her brow
It lifted up the shining locks of gold ;
Her hand still grasp'd the bright and glittering steel,
Stain'd with the life-blood oozing from her heart,
As drop by drop it still stole slowly forth,
Thro' the small fingers, yet so tightly clasp'd
Upon her bosom ; but upon her face
There was no trace of agony—or grief.
He came to claim his victim—death was there !
He had not deem'd before, that woman's heart
Could nerve her hand for death ! He did not know
That honor was more dear to her than life.
She was a Greek—she could not be the slave,
The play-thing of a Turkish tyrant's will !

Clark's Mills, O., February, 1839.

EGERIA.

NOTES OF A TOUR

FROM VIRGINIA TO TENNESSEE, IN THE MONTHS
OF JULY AND AUGUST, 1838.

By Rev. H. Ruffner, D.D., President of Washington College, Va.

CHAPTER II.

From Kanawha to Louisville.

Just below the salt works, the traveller enters the most beautiful part of the Kanawha valley. The mountains sink to hills, and a wide tract of rich, level bottom opens to the eye, all highly improved and cultivated. The town of Charleston, stands in this bottom, a short distance above the mouth of Elk river, as the white settlers, with their usual lack of taste, called a large tributary of the Kanawha. The Indians called it Tiskilwah, a name which ought to be restored.

This Charleston (and who can tell the number of Charlestons ?) is a handsome growing village of about 1200 inhabitants : but it would have enjoyed its beautiful situation much more, if the river bank, instead of being covered with houses, had been left adorned with

its native trees, whose lofty tops would not have obstructed the view of a fine water scene below the town. But the same miserable improvidence and destitution of taste, characterises nearly all our new settlements in America. No sooner does a settler get into a forest with his axe, than he begins to lay about him without forethought or discrimination ; his only thought seeming to be to fell and destroy the ancient denizens of the forest to the utmost possible extent. Thus they have stript the banks of the western rivers of their ornament and their safeguard, against the wear and tear of the floods. After depriving themselves of the finest shade trees in the world, they build their houses and their villages in the open field ; and when they feel the scorching rays of the sun, they begin to plant young trees for shade ! They often carry this sylvan tyranny to such a wasteful excess, that in a few years they have made a scarcity of good building timber in the country, and have reduced to ashes and dust a valuable treasure, which nature had been 300 years in preparing for them. The same blind hostility against forest trees, has exposed our roads in summer to the full blazo of the sun, and greatly aggravated the discomfort and fatigue of travelling. If this nakedness of the roads makes them less muddy in winter and spring, the advantage is lost during the seasons when most men travel. But in fact a few trees by the way side, sufficient to mitigate the burning sunshine, would not sensibly affect the state of the roads. The practise is, however, to destroy every tree where fields approach the road, unless perchance here and there, one in some nook or neglected corner.

From the salt works, or Charleston, the traveller has, during most of the year, the option of going by steamboat or by stage to Guyandotte. But the Kanawha was becoming too low for any but the smallest boats to navigate : so I took the route by stage ; but while the river is navigable, the coach is superseded by a small steamboat, from a point twelve miles above Charleston to Coalsmouth, twelve miles below. This affords to passengers a pleasant change in their mode of travelling, and gives them a full view of the river scenery which is various and pleasant. Above Charleston no shoals occur for twelve miles, and the river is deep and still ; but below, it spreads to a greater width, and the channel is obstructed by gravel bars and islands for four or five miles, when the current again becomes gentle and deep.

Coal river, twelve miles below Elk, is a considerable stream. Near its mouth, it falls, within a few miles, over two ledges of rock, in all above twenty feet perpendicular, affording valuable sites for manufactories. A company from New York had contracted for the purchase of the lower falls, in order to erect extensive works. The sudden death of the late proprietor Col. Thompson, and the recent commercial distress, seem to have suspended the enterprise.

Mounting the coach again, we were driven off from the river, up a long but gradual ascent, into Teaze's valley, between the Kanawha and Guyandotte rivers.

This valley, though remote from the long vallies between the parallel ridges of the Alleghany, nevertheless conforms to them, lying in the same direction, and being crossed by streams of water as they are.

Descending by the valley of Mud river, we reached the Guyandotte at the poor village of Barbourville,

seat of justice for Cabell county. Here we diverged from the state turnpike, which goes directly to the mouth of Sandy, and descending the Guyandotte by a branch turnpike, seven miles, we reached the Ohio in the evening, two days' journey by stage from Lewisburg. The whole distance is nearly 150 miles: from Charleston, not quite fifty.

The village of Guyandotte, at the mouth of the river whose name it bears, is situated at a point where a stranger from the east is struck with a fine view of the Ohio, descending through its broad rich valley with a gentle current. From the Guyandotte to the Sandy, a wide bottom on the Virginia side is distinguished for its pleasantness and fertility. To an agriculturalist it offers great advantages, and will probably become, ere long, one of the best cultivated and most densely peopled tracts on the Ohio.

We had to wait twenty hours at Guyandotte, before we got a boat descending the river. A packet runs twice a week between Cincinnati and Guyandotte; but it had gone the morning before our arrival. It is rarely necessary, however, to wait more than four or five hours for a boat on the Ohio, except when navigation becomes difficult from the low state of the water. I had resolved to be very prudent in my choice of boats, after the late fatal explosions. But twenty hours of hot weather in a dull place, made our whole company glad to embrace the first opportunity of pursuing our way; so without asking any questions, we made signals to the first boat that approached. She proved to be the *Avalanche*, a boat of moderate speed and tolerable accommodations. She took us safely to Cincinnati, in about eighteen hours.

When one first stands on the lofty bank of the Ohio, and takes a view of the stream, he is ready to exclaim, "Oh, how beautiful!" When he embarks, and is wafted along in mid-channel, his admiration is increased: a broad placid current, winds gracefully between high banks, where the soil throws up a luxuriant vegetation: sometimes wide low grounds spread out on both sides, backed in the distance by woody hills; then the serpentine channel cuts the base of the hills on the one side—presently again on the other side: rivers come in with open mouths—brooks steal in through narrow umbrageous ravines—fields and farm houses, villages and towns, alternate with forest scenery, and exhibit the recent achievements of industry. When summer droughts have shrunk the volume of water, the stream is often bordered with a shelving margin of gravel, in which a great variety of beautiful pebbles is found; occasionally a broad bar will turn the channel into a sluice by the shore, or an islet will throw its beachy head and woody top between the regular banks of the stream.

But with all these beauties, the Ohio will not long interest the voyager. In one hour he will have seen a specimen of the whole. The mind becomes wearied with the constant recurrence of similar forms and appearances: the same serpentine curves of the channel, the same banks, the same low grounds, the same hills. Some variations occur, it is true; but they are not sufficient to keep up a lively curiosity. In respect to scenery, therefore, the Ohio is not comparable to the Hudson from New York to Albany. But how few rivers can present such various scenes as the Hudson!

Compared with ordinary rivers, the Ohio will nevertheless justify the French appellation of "*La Belle Rivière*."

These general remarks on the Ohio, will serve for the whole distance of my voyage on the river. The towns above Cincinnati deserve little notice for size or beauty. Portsmouth, at the mouth of the Sciota, has become a flourishing town since the Ohio canal was brought to its termination there.

Maysville is a flourishing place, at the foot of a hill, where travellers from above to Lexington in Kentucky, disembark and go sixty miles by stage, over an excellent McAdamized road. Forty miles above Cincinnati, we passed Augusta, the seat of a college. Pleasant hills appear behind the town; which, however, is distinguished by nothing so much as the fiery redness of its brick walls. British travellers ridicule our fondness for red brick; and they have reason, for it is really painful to the eyes to walk the streets of our towns in a cloudless summer day. I would specially warn bearded voyagers not to look steadfastly at the "*flamman-tia mœnia*" of Augusta, lest the fiery glare should "blast their eyeballs."

Six or seven miles above Cincinnati, the Little Miami comes in through an extensive plain. Just below is a straggling village called (like some dozens of others) Columbia. Then high hills advance to the Ohio shore; their tops are finely wooded, except at intervals, where handsome houses, whose sites are evidently selected to command fine prospects, indicate the vicinity of a place where wealth and refinement have made considerable progress. As we followed the bend of the river, a thickening row of houses along the base of the hills, and presently steamboats on the stocks, and the smoke of large manufactories, showed that we were by the outskirts of the city. Winding with the stream still more to the left, we observed that the hills suddenly receded from the shore, and presented the upper end of the city to full view, with steamboats closely arrayed along the shore, and among them, lodged at the base of the great steam-mill, was the wreck of the unfortunate Moselle. When I thought of the mangled limbs and bodies of 200 men, women and children, so lately mangled and scattered in all directions, through the reckless ambition of her captain, I could have execrated his memory, if I had not heard that his head was blown off his shoulders by the first column of steam that shot from the exploding boiler. So let his awful fate excite some pity, as his rash and foolish presumption should excite indignation; and both should be a warning to steamboat captains, to beware how they expose the lives of those who entrust themselves to their care, by a criminal vanity, that will hazard every thing for a display of speed.

The landing place has a fine appearance. It is an open space about 500 feet along the shore, extending 300 feet back, and surrounded on three sides by handsome buildings. Wharves or quays would not be adapted to a port, where the water rises and falls often thirty or forty feet, and sometimes more. To make the landing convenient at all stages of the river, the bank has been cut down to a regular slope, on which drays and carriages may move in every direction, and against which, steamboats may lie at either high or low water. The surface is consolidated by a strong pavement.

Landing amidst a crowd of steamboats, we ascended the slope and entered Main street, which runs back at right angles to the river. This street, and others near it, are as well built, and have as much the sound and bustle of commerce, as the streets of our chief seaports on the Atlantic. Cincinnati is in fact one of the handsomest towns in the United States. Much taste is exhibited in the style of building. Eyes that blink at flaming red walls in the sunshine, are here relieved by the frequent occurrence of white, and of the softer colors. The public buildings are numerous, and mostly handsome, if not elegant. Among the churches, the Episcopal attracts notice by its purely Gothic style, and the second Presbyterian by its large Doric portico and high steeple. Twelve city school houses as large as churches,—all built alike,—are distributed equally among the inhabitants. A fantastic sort of structure called the Bazar, owes its erection to the notorious Mrs. Trollope; who, failing in her speculative enterprise here, betook herself to writing on the "Domestic Manners of the Americans," to raise the wind. In this new line of adventure her success has been astonishing. Mrs. Trollope is now among the popular writers of the day; she has only to take a trip and make a book, to be regularly reviewed, and to profit by the coarse and sometimes dishonest effusions of her pen! I call her a dishonest writer, because I am sure that some statements of what she pretended to have seen in America, are false. But enough of this John Bull woman.

Cincinnati is beautifully situated, with the Ohio river in front, and a semi-circular range of hills in the rear. A narrow strip of low bottom lies next to the river; then a second bank elevates the ground about fifty feet more. Between this second bank and the hills is a level plain. Below the town, Mill creek empties into the Ohio, after flowing through a rich valley from the interior country. Below Mill creek, the hills advance again to the river bank. Beyond the Ohio, other hills in Kentucky rise behind the towns of Newport and Covington, except where they are parted by the valley of the Licking river. From Dayton and Hamilton on the Great Miami, a canal is brought by the valley of Mill creek into the higher part of the city, and passing upwards, is made to discharge its waters, by a series of locks, first into Deer creek at the head of town, and then into the Ohio. Here the water, which first feeds the canal, is made to turn a succession of mills, before it is finally discharged.

The town buildings now extend on Main street quite to the base of the hills, a distance of nearly a mile and a half; two or three roads lead up the hills at several points. On arriving at the top, among the handsome houses which crown it, you have a delightful view of the city, the Ohio and its valley for ten miles, Newport and Covington on the Kentucky shore, and the wide sweep of hills which bound the prospect on every side. You are struck with the moving scene on the river, and in the streets; steamboats shooting along with their trains of smoke; drays, market waggons, coaches, rushing by one another, between lines of foot passengers. Twenty steeples draw your attention to the public buildings; their sizes, forms and uses. After looking at particular objects too tedious to mention, you sweep your eye over the magnificent whole of the

city and towns that lie before you, and feel your heart swell with wonder, to think that all this scene of architectural elegance, of a thronging and busy population, and of accumulated wealth, has been created within the last thirty years. Forty years ago, this was still a station for troops to guard the frontier against the incursion of savages. A village had then grown about the fort. In 1814, when I first saw the place, the village had grown to a town of 500 houses. The rush of its after growth was then just beginning. On a subsequent visit, three years later, rafts of boards and shingles from the Alleghany river, and of timber from all the upper country, lined the shore for five miles; lumber yards on the shore were filled a fathom deep; on every street piles of brick and mortar obstructed the way, and walls were rising as fast as busy masons could rear them; while the sound of the plane and hammer, in buildings more advanced, was mingled with the click of trowels. I was told of surprising feats in building—such as this: that a builder contracted to begin and finish a three story brick house in thirty days, and that on the thirtieth day he delivered the keys to the owner! So much can human industry effect by division of labor; and thus it was that Cincinnati sprang up, in one third of a century, from a village in the woods, to a rich and beautiful city of 40,000 inhabitants: not like the walls of Thebes, by the sound of a lyre, but by a less melodious concert of carts, hammers, trowels, and the frequent cry from above of "mortar!" and by the same energetic industry of a free people, did the state of Ohio grow up, in the same short period, from a few small villages to a thriving population of more than a million.

Cincinnati is still increasing, but more slowly than heretofore. It must depend for its future growth chiefly on its manufactures, of which it has a greater amount now than any city in the west, except Pittsburg. Steam machinery and boats are made here largely. As a commercial emporium, this city is less advantageously situated than Louisville and St. Louis. It has a very rich back country on the two Miamis; but on the Kentucky side, the country near the river is but partially rich, and there is less convenient access to the rich interior from Cincinnati, than from Maysville and Louisville.

I must not leave this city without noticing its literary institutions,—the Cincinnati college—the Roman Catholic college—the two medical schools,—and the Lane seminary on the hills, where candidates for the Presbyterian ministry pursue their theological studies. All these institutions are sustained by a respectable number of students, and are sufficient to show that the higher branches of learning are cultivated in this new city.

One thing more, and I will close my notes on Cincinnati. German emigrants have been pouring into this place, mostly in the capacity of common laborers, till they amount to thousands—I was told 8000! By superior economy and industry they have ousted many of the Irish laborers, and threaten to supplant the ordinary sort of them altogether. They are more sober and orderly in their habits, and the city is benefited by the change. The Catholic population of the city is made up almost entirely of these foreign emigrants. The protestant Irish are generally better educated, and make better citizens, than the Catholic; though some of them are very worthy characters.

From Cincinnati I went to Louisville in the mail packet, General Pike, which made the voyage in about thirteen hours. The scenery on the river varied little from that above. Most of the villages present themselves perched on the high, naked and crumbling banks, amidst fields, out of which, and about which, the fine forest trees have been diligently destroyed.

The nakedness of the banks is exposing them to be undermined by the current, and the waves thrown up by the steamboats. The soil is of a loose sandy description, and is underlaid by a deep bed of sand and gravel. When the river is sufficiently high to cover the shelving bars of gravel at its margin, the current comes in contact with the steep part of the bank, and washing out the sand underneath, causes frequent slides and falls of the soil from above; the lighter materials are swept away by the current, while the heavier gravel is washed down to the shelving beach, which is thereby enlarged from year to year. This effect is much hastened by the steamboats, which cast out on either side an oblique line of billows that roll and break against the shore. When the dash of these waves is carried against the friable soil of the banks, the effect is more destructive than that of the current. The only remedy—and that should be promptly applied—seems to be, to plant willows and other trees of quick growth and tenacious roots, and to fortify their position with a layer of stones.

The most thriving town between Cincinnati and Louisville, is Madison, on the Indiana shore. Near this is the South Hanover college and theological school. The institution was founded some years ago on the manual labor scheme. The cheapness of education here, as well as the merit of the instructors, soon attracted a large number of students. The manual labor department was here as elsewhere attended with much difficulty, and has failed to yield all the advantages that were anticipated. Still it is deemed so far beneficial, as to be worthy of continuance; but it is now left to the option of the students whether they will labor or not. Two or three years ago, a destructive tornado passed over the place and almost ruined the college buildings.

The only instance of gambling which I saw on my whole tour, occurred on the General Pike, shortly after we left Cincinnati. A party at a card table played a few games for money. But another card party, among whom no bets occurred, excited my attention. The boat was scarcely under way, before an elderly lady, large and fair to look upon, came into the gentlemen's cabin, and looked about as if she wanted somebody or something. She addressed several gentlemen; and soon, she and three of them sat down to cards. They shuffled, and cut, and dealt out, and played away; till some of the gentlemen showed signs of weariness: but not so the lady; she held them to it more than two hours, until the party was broken up, by the setting out of the dinner table. No sooner was the cloth removed, after dinner, than the same elderly good looking lady came forth again, looking round and round, till she gathered up the party for another *set to*. They shuffled, and cut, and dealt out, and played away, till late in the afternoon, when two of the gentlemen fell back in their chairs, and yawned, and finally got up. When the lady saw this backing out, she turned to the

third gentleman by her side, and detained him with some questions on the subject of card playing, and a proposal to show him certain mysterious manœuvres with cards, which he admitted himself to be ignorant of. She seized the pack, shuffled, divided, dealt out, lectured, explained; shuffled, dealt out, lectured explained, in continuation—putting her finger first on one card, then on another, as she commented thereupon:—whereof I understood nothing; but whereat I was amused, nevertheless, when I observed the indefatigable earnestness of the lady, and the listless patience of her auditor. When the supper table was set, the lecture ended. No sooner was the table cleared, than forth came the self-same lady once more, and the self-same operations of the forenoon and the afternoon, were repeated and reiterated and gone over, times innumerable—the shuffle—the deal—the cut—the turning up the trump—the playing out, &c. Now it so happened, that the lady sat at the card table with her back almost touching my berth; and being of considerable dimensions, she debarred me of access to my place of repose. When I became very sleepy about ten o'clock, I politely requested the company to allow me space to enter my dormitory. They promptly complied,—the lady rose and pushed the table forward a little, and drawing her chair after it, she turned about, and finding by inspection that I could pass and drop my curtain, she sat down and resumed the game. I crept in, and dropping my curtain close to her back, doffed my garments and lay down; but the rustling of cards within three feet of my ears, and the frequent pronunciation of the words, “ace—queen—knave—trump—trick”—and other terms of the card playing vocabulary, kept me awake for some time. Finally these sounds had a lulling effect—dreamy thoughts stole upon me—thoughts of card playing ladies—“an old age of cards,” as Pope has it—till I fell asleep with this sort of reflection: “Well, Mrs. D. (for I had heard her name,) if I were a Drake I should not choose you for my *duck*.”

Our boat landed about eleven o'clock at night, and lay till morning. When I got out and looked about, I found on the bank, the city of Louisville, and along the shore the greatest sight of steamboats that I ever beheld. They lay as thickly as they could crowd, with their noses to the land, for the space of half a mile, many of them vessels of large burden, giving evidence at once, that here was the greatest commercial mart on the Ohio.

The river is here of great breadth—more than half a mile at the falls, and somewhat less for some miles above and below. The falls, or rather rapids, are made by a ledge of rock, swelling up in the channel, but most on the Kentucky side, so as to force the current towards the Indiana shore, where it runs with violence, when the river is low, down a sluice about a mile long; but when the river is much swollen, it spreads over the whole space between the banks, and affords a safe passage to boats over the rapids. At other times the canal on the Louisville side must be used.

Louisville is neither so large nor so handsome a city as Cincinnati, nor has it such pleasant scenery about it. Several streets next to the river are compactly and handsomely built; but there are as yet few public

buildings of any note. They are erecting an edifice, however, which, in point of magnificence and solidity, will exceed any thing of the kind on the western side of the Alleghany. They call it the court house, but it will give ample room and verge enough to accommodate the legislature also, and I heard it suggested that its dimensions were made so large with this view. Nor does there seem to be any sufficient reason why the seat of government should not be located in Louisville, which stands indeed on one side of the state, but midway between the extremities. Steamboats and railways will make this great commercial depôt the chief point of convergence, and afford easy intercourse with all parts of the state. This building is of a fine grey sandstone from the Kentucky river, and presents a front of more than 200 feet.

The country about Louisville is an extensive plain of dark rich soil. The town was formerly unhealthy, from the pestiferous effluvia of ponds and marshes in the vicinity. Those nearest the town have been drained, and Louisville is now *almost* as healthy as the towns of the upper Ohio. But the situation will never permit it to be a *very healthy* place in the autumnal season. The city now contains 25,000 inhabitants, and it is growing with such rapidity, as to threaten Cincinnati with rivalry in population, as it now rivals that "queen of the west" in trade.

On the Indiana side, are the towns of Jeffersonville, above the falls, and New Albany, below. The latter is a thriving place, pleasantly situated near the only hills apparent from Louisville, over which it has some natural advantages, but which it can never rival for want of an equal start. Capital and population have fixed on Louisville as their seat—having made their location, they will keep it. Experience proves that a city once become populous and wealthy, will in the ordinary course of events triumph over natural disadvantages; and by means of capital and industry, maintain its superiority over neighboring towns more favorably situated. Where natural advantages are very great, they may nevertheless, in the end, attract capital and population from their ancient seats.

WINTER.

Now Winter, from the chilling east,
Converts each dew-drop to a gem;
Pendant on ev'ry spray they rest,
Like jewels on a diadem.

How bright each crystal drop appears,
Touch'd by the sparkling sunbeams sheen;
But when the moon her crescent rears,
Then is display'd a lovelier scene.

Glitt'ring beneath her gentle beam,
That fairy frostwork brings the thought
Of palaces, which poets dream
The genii of the east have wrought.

For never but in fairy land,
Whose fleeting pageants cheat the sight
Dissolving by a magic wand,
Was aught so transient, or so bright.

Upon the forest's rugged boughs
The stainless snow-wreaths lightly rest,
Like plumes upon a warrior's brows,
Or beauty on her lover's breast.

No longer now in verdure drest,
Earth seems a dead and lifeless thing;
The snow-storm comes, a funeral guest,
Its shroud upon that corpse to fling.

The howling blast, that shakes the grove,
Its requiem chaunts in accents deep:
But soon shall Spring's warm touch remove
The torpor of that deathlike sleep.

Thus, when our vital warmth expires
Beneath the chilling grasp of death,
Religious hope relumes its fires,
And renovates our fleeting breath.

Through fields all bleak and trackless now,
The shiv'ring flocks their way explore,
With hunger pinch'd, and bleach'd with snow,
While their mute looks our aid implore.

Silent the birds to covert fly,
Save Winter's harbinger, whose form
Soars gaily through a freezing sky,
And sports amidst the threatening storm.

While thus in icy fetters bound,
Torpid and mute, all nature lies,
In human dwellings still is found
A spot, which Winter's power defies.

There, gather'd round the cheerful hearth,
While books the languid hours beguile,
Or converse prompts to harmless mirth,
The social homebred virtues smile.

D.

THE COPY-BOOK—NO. V.

THE NEW WORLD.

It is not yet three centuries and a half since Columbus

"first unfurled
An eastern banner o'er a western world."

All those objects, therefore, whose interest is owing to their antiquity, are wanting in America. Time has consecrated nothing here by her venerable hand. Fancy here finds no grey ruins of crumbling palaces and deserted cities—no feudal battlement or tower, no marble temple, nor monkish cloister.

Here is no Athens with learned porch, or philosophic grove—where

"The warrior's weapon and the sophist's stole
Are sought in vain, and o'er each mouldering tower,
Dim with the mist of ages, grey flits the shade of power,"

nor any of those ancient scenes where poetry inhales her inspiration and loves to

"Strike the deep sorrows of her lyre."

Lucy Joseph Mary Cambridge Mass

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

T. W. WHITE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. V.

MARCH, 1839.

NO. III.

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RICHMOND, MARCH, 1839.

No. III.

FRAGMENTS OF A JOURNAL.

BY A VIRGINIAN LADY.

Early on the brightest morning we had seen for many, many days, we mounted our horses to cross the Brunig on our way to Lucerne, in the hope of meeting that evening with our fellow-travellers, who had pursued the more direct course from Berne. The air was fresh and pure, and the heavens without the slightest cloud. An involuntary sigh accompanied an expression of regret that we had not been favored with this splendid day for our excursion to Lauterbrunnen; but we consoled ourselves with the hope of obtaining an indemnification for our disappointment, by reaching the Righi while it remained clear. The weather in these wild regions is so uncertain, that we felt particularly anxious to reach this celebrated mountain, before another change should deprive us of the view from its summit.

"You cannot reach the Righi to-day," said one of our guides, while remarking the effect of the first rays of the rising sun upon the mountains and valleys below us, from the summit of the Brunig. "What a pity!" he added—"we have had so few such days as this during the summer!"

The remark increased our anxiety to proceed; but with the decided tone which those who happen to be "dressed in a little brief authority" are wont to assume, the guides told us we spoke of impossibilities, and we continued to walk our horses over the mountain, and to remark its beauties, which, though not extraordinary, are very pleasing. As we approached its summit, we were informed by our loquacious conductors that we were passing the line between Berne and Unterwalden. They continued to amuse us with their comparison of the respective merits of the two cantons, in which their opinions were exactly opposed, (one being a protestant and the other a catholic,) during the descent, where we found the road, though rugged and narrow, redeemed from its savage wildness by passing through a superb forest of beech trees, which sprung from the clefts of enormous masses of rocks, thickly covered with moss. We enjoyed this refreshing shade until we reached the auberge in the valley below. Here we stopped for a short time to procure a little *char à banc*, to carry us through the valley of Sarnem. This lovely spot, though perhaps less known to travellers than any other part of Switzerland, offers every charm that nature and fine cultivation can afford. Its verdant fields are rendered yet more fertile by the quiet little lake of Lungern, which occupies but a small portion of the valley, and whose dimpled surface was laughing in the light of the bright morning sun. Its placid beauties contrasted well with the Brunig we had just descended, shutting out on that side every object but the snowy and dazzling peaks of the mountains of the Oberland which peered above it. We paused for an instant at a turn in the road, to take a last view of this singular and beautiful feature, and then rapidly continued our route.

Our frolicsome coachman seemed inclined to favor our design of travelling quickly, for he seemed to be perfectly inspired by the fresh air and bright sun. He began first to whistle, and then to sing in a sort of bass voice, not unlike that of the cows he had doubtless been in the habit of attending before being exalted to his present station; accompanying each cadence with a motion of the head, well calculated to produce the impression that he had learned this gesture from the same noble source. From time to time he gave a shrewd glance from the corner of his eye to see how the jest was relished, when finding we were almost as merry as himself, he began a sort of wild chant peculiar to the mountains, and descended from his seat at every little hill, more for the pleasure of dancing to his music, than the charity of resting his horses. As we proceeded, his spirits rose higher and higher. He barked at the dogs, squeaked at the pigs, *baaed* at the goats, squinted at the girls, bowed with mock reverence to all the old men until his head touched the horses tails, and saluted all the old women with a peal of laughter. It is impossible to conceive any thing so ridiculous; especially when contrasted with the grave demeanor of a respectable old domestic we had brought with us from Berne, and who seated by his side on the coach box, or rather the front seat of the char, was quite scandalized at the attention he attracted, and the astonishment of all these various inhabitants of the valley, who remained rooted to the spot where they had been saluted by our Jehu, staring after him in mute wonder. It was impossible not to laugh—and we did laugh, as the French say, "*aux larmes*." His merriment was, however, interrupted by the appearance of a fine old church, of grand and imposing appearance; and as we passed through the lofty portico, supported by double rows of columns of fine black marble, we observed that he crossed himself with an expression of deep devotion. Our tour of observation was soon finished, and we departed quietly, without disturbing the devotions of the pretty peasant girls, who with uncovered heads, (probably left so for the innocent pleasure of showing to the best advantage their bright locks, secured by large silver bodkins ornamented with sparkling stones of different colors,) were kneeling near the altar. We soon accomplished the remainder of our journey to Alpnach, a little village on the banks of the lake of the same name, which properly is a part of the lake of Lucerne, or the four forest cantons.

Having arrived at this place so much sooner than we anticipated, we again indulged the hope of reaching the Righi before sunset, and lost no time in procuring a boat to continue our route. The promise of additional reward procured us additional oarsmen, and our frail bark was soon flying over the blue waters of the lake. We had heard so much of the beauty of the lake of Lucerne, that this part of it entirely disappointed our expectations: on every side we saw nothing but high and barren mountains, and the scenery is entirely too rugged to be pleasing. But on emerging suddenly from

Live on, and bask like the child of a day dream ;
 Feed on the rays and the smiles of the sun ;
 Pout forth thy lips to the kiss of the May beam ;
 Smile on—for sweet is the course thou shalt run.

Nursling of Heaven! though thou perish to-morrow,
 Heed not the short span of life that's assigned thee ;
 Thou livest in beauty—thou know'st not of sorrow—
 When thou diest thou leavest thine odors behind thee.

H. M. S.

NOTES OF A TOUR

FROM VIRGINIA TO TENNESSEE, IN THE MONTHS
 OF JULY AND AUGUST, 1838.

By Rev. H. Ruffner, D.D., President of Washington College, Va.

CHAPTER III.

From Louisville to West Tennessee.

The Galt house in Louisville furnishes the traveller with excellent accommodations, administered too with a promptitude in the servants and a kindness of manner in the landlord, that make one's abode there doubly agreeable. Southern gentlemen on their way, up and down, often tarry some days in the Galt house for their pleasure alone. In a shop on the opposite side of the street, I drank of the "Blue Lick water;" brought from the Blue Licks in the upper part of the state. It is sulphureous, but mainly distinguished for a strong mixture of salt, of which the muriate of soda, or common salts, is distinctly *tasteable*. It is reputed to have very salutary effects; but it is certainly not as agreeable to the palate as our sulphur waters in Virginia.

From Louisville, the traveller to Nashville has generally the choice of a conveyance by steamboat or by stage. The low state of the waters now, made the success of a voyage up the Cumberland rather problematical; so I took passage in a stage coach, on the third day after my arrival at Louisville.

Our way down, for twenty miles, lay through the broad level tract on which Louisville stands. The soil is exceedingly rich, but cursed with ponds full of rank and rotting vegetation—the potent nurseries of mosquitoes and fevers. The country is aptly named "The Pond Settlement." We stopped in the midst of it at a whiskey tavern to change horses. Here we saw some of the *pale faces* of the settlement. They told us that the annual visitation of fevers and agues had already begun. When we asked one of them, whether the ponds could not be easily drained, he answered, "yes, very easily; but a good many of the settlers are opposed to draining them." "What!" said I, "opposed to draining these festering ponds! Do they wish to be sick every year?" "It seems so," said the pale face—but he spoke with an indifference of manner, which showed that he felt little concern on the subject. "How use doth breed a habit in a man!" These people have grown so accustomed to ponds, mosquitoes and fevers, that they take them quietly, as things in the due course of nature.

The next stage brought us to the bank of the Ohio

at the mouth of Salt river, which, though gentle as a lamb where it meets with the superior Ohio, is said to be as violent as a brawling bully at a distance from its mouth, and consequently to require a navigator with strong arms and a stout heart to stem its current. This has furnished the Kentucky bruisers with a striking figure of speech: when they would terrify an adversary with a lively apprehension of rough usage, they threaten to "row him up Salt river." We descended the steep muddy banks to a boat, and were rowed *not up* Salt river, but *over* it—an operation that would have been pleasant enough, had not the festering ooze of the banks saluted our nostrils with a compound of villainous smells, drawn forth steaming hot by the cloudless sun of July. After this nasal treat, I was not surprised to hear that the hamlet on the southern bank, where we dined, is a sickly place. In fact, no place on the Ohio, below Louisville, can be called positively healthy; though some situations are comparatively so. All will become less sickly, when the lands shall be drained and cleared of the overshadowing forests. Were the settlers to spare the valuable trees, and destroy the others, and to cut ditches through their low wet lands, they might generally enjoy the blessing of health, while they reaped the exuberant harvests of their teeming soil.

Below Salt river, we soon began to ascend the hills which here border the Ohio; and after mounting some five or six hundred feet, above our former level, we found ourselves in a broken limestone country of indifferent soil, which became more sandy as we advanced into the less broken parts of the interior; while the trees dwindled to a new growth of saplings, or if not this, an elder generation of black-jacks—till, what with the yellowish white sand and the scattered dwarfish trees, and the peculiar character of the annual plants growing among them, the country assumed the genuine aspect of *The Barrens*, as the early settlers descriptively named this wide region. But the soil, unlike most men, performs more than it promises; flourishing fields of corn surprise the traveller with its vigorous growth and healthy green, on a soil which in its natural state would seem to be scarcely worth cultivation.

As we advanced, the ravines made by streams flowing into the Ohio on our right, gradually disappeared; and the country spread out into a great plain, somewhat variegated by hills and vales; but again showing only some hills at a distance, with slight undulations near the road, without streams of water, but with frequent ponds of dirty water—an ugly sight to one accustomed to vallies and clear brooks. For the space of more than one hundred miles across the country we met with only two brooks. We crossed the Green and Barren rivers, which seemed to be fed by subterraneous streams; for the flat region of ponds about them, leaves the rain water no choice but to go up into the clouds again, or to sink down into the earth. The country is full of caverns and sinkholes. In some of the latter, as before remarked of Greenbrier, streams of water issue at one side and flow into a cavern at the other; seeming to have made for themselves these holes, through which they could take a peep at the upper world as they pursued their under-ground way. Where a natural breach occurred in the limestone, and left only earth above these streams, the loose matter would gradually fall in and be carried away.

Near Bowling Green, the road passes directly over a mill in a cavern, out of which a stream flows and then enters another cavern a few yards distant. In this country, too, is one of the largest caverns in the world, if reports be true, as I heard them on the way: it is said to have been explored nine miles, and yet no end discovered! But it appears not to be remarkable for any thing but its vast extent.

We arrived at Elizabethtown to supper, the first day; but we were not permitted to take lodging there. We had to go on, and to sleep in the coach as we best could. Happily there were but three of us, one to a seat. Mine was the fore seat, broad but short; whereupon I spread the breadth of my back, with a fellow-traveller's portmanteau under my head, and my lower members doubled and erected to a perpendicular, with the knees up. Thus I slept, and the better, after a hot day, for being fanned with the night breezes. About once an hour, I had to rise and unfold my cramped limbs; which being presently restored to their wonted animation, I folded them up again to their perpendicular attitude, and was soon rocked and fanned away to the silent realms of Morpheus. I note this incident of my journey, that I may commend this mode of sleeping to stage passengers, who can have a whole seat for their bed. It is far preferable to the more common custom of going to bed in a tavern at eleven o'clock, and of being called up at one—just as a body begins to enjoy a sound sleep after a fatiguing day.

But, N. B. (that is, *noty beny*, as I have seen it written,) If you measure six feet or more in length, choose rather the middle seat for your bed; as my next neighbor, who was very long, found the length of that seat an advantage. At first indeed, he tried the doubling process as I did, but the seat being narrow and round backed, and open on both sides, he was frequently jolted off; until he put his head upon the coach window on the one side, and his feet through the opposite one: thus he could maintain his position, without being cramped. He only complained a little of the hardness of the wood used in making the coach-frame: but the interposition of a cloak made it somewhat softer.

The second night we reached Bowling Green, in the midland region of the Barrens. The soil rather improved in appearance, but owing, I suspect, to its thinness upon the surface of the rock, the crops in many places, were of inferior quality. Dry hot weather soon exhausts the moisture of these thin layers of soil, especially where the rock lies in horizontal strata, as it does in this country. Vegetables are then precluded from striking deep root, as they may in the crevices of inclined or broken strata.

The horizontal stratification of the rocks in this country, was most strikingly apparent in a range of hills on the right, which seemed to constitute the western boundary of the Barrens. As the road gradually approached them, I was struck with the regular formation of a hill, which swelled out on the side of the adjoining ridge, in the perfect shape of a half cone; the base curving round in a semicircle more than half a mile in extent, in the manner of a natural wall of limestone; then after a gradual slope of soil, a second wall of rock with a smaller curve; then another slope of ground contracted the hill; and so in succession, a wall and a slope, like a terraced garden, till the lessening

semicircles terminated in a small round top, higher than the ridge out of which this regular half cone projected. The hill had been cleared of trees, except such as grew about the walls. It made an appearance at once beautiful and grand. Should some wealthy proprietor, one hundred years hence, build his mansion on the top, he might by some additional planting and by trimming and cultivating the smooth slopes, convert this hill into the most splendidly elegant residence in the world. Its height I would suppose to be about three hundred feet, and the view from the top must be of great extent.

Bowling Green, is a small but neat village. All the villages which we saw on this route are small; but the country is of late becoming populous.

When the wave of emigration first reached the Barrens, it suddenly stopped before a wide treeless waste of apparently barren soil. When the vicinity of settlements, checked the custom of yearly burning the dried grass of the Barrens, a crop of young trees sprang up, and in ten or twelve years settlements began to be made. The unexpected productiveness of the soil, and the extension of the young forest, caused a rapid succession of new settlements. The whole country is now peopled, though not as densely as it may and will be. But for me this country has no attractions. Without mountains, without valleys, without brooks, without large trees—but a great plain with deep sink holes and shallow basins of dirty pond water, and puny woods of the black-jack pattern—it has no charms for my eyes, nor has it any invisible qualities to make compensation.

On the third day we entered the state of Tennessee, at a point near which the waters of Green river part from those which flow into the Cumberland. The character of the country changed immediately; streams of water flowed through vales, and the soil assumed a reddish cast, except the alluvian of the vallies, which was darker. The color of the soil, I suppose, occasioned the name of Red river to be given to the stream, of which we crossed the head waters. Then ascending a ridge, we dined at the Tyree springs, a small watering place, whose water has a muddy sulphureous taste, but, I suspect, very little medicinal virtue. Here, however, we found forty or fifty visitors, who seemed to be trying to enjoy themselves. We then descended into a valley of limestone with a soil black and rich, but in many places too thinly laid over the rock to be very productive in a dry season. This valley conducted us to the Cumberland, a little above Nashville. We crossed the river on a good bridge at the city, and ascending the bluff to the public square, we were put down at the city hotel.

I may as well here, as elsewhere, notice a certain custom of boarders at public houses—a custom which I observed at almost every place in my tour, but more particularly in Tennessee. It may be thus described in general:

You arrive, a stranger at a public house; you wish to see men and things, so you keep yourself a good deal about the bar-room and door. Near meal-time, you observe the company increase; young men and middle aged men come in; and as the minutes wear away, they become restless, pacing the room near the door that leads to the dining hall, and seeming frequently to listen, as if they watched for tokens of a coming

person or event. If ignorant of this custom, your curiosity is excited to learn the cause of their movements and gestures. Wait a little, and you will see them simultaneously rush through the door, and hurry into the dining room, almost before you hear the dinner bell. You and other strangers begin to follow. Before you have time to enter the dining room, you hear a thundering of chairs, succeeded instantly by a sharp confused clatter of plates, dishes, knives and forks. When you enter the room, you find all the most convenient seats at the table, occupied by a set of men, with heads down and mouths open; and pieces rapidly disappearing from their plates by the quick three-fold operation of a cut—a gape—and a swallow. You may take your seat where you can, and eat as you list—what is it to them? They see you not, their eyes are on their plates—they hear you not, their ears are filled with the music of the knives, forks, and glasses. By the time you are fairly under way with your meal, you again hear the frequent grating of chairs on the floor as they rise and depart.

Now I have but two remarks to make on this custom:

1st. It is *unmannerly*, thus to push in before strangers to the table, to take all the first places, and to snatch all the choice dishes: and, 2nd, It is *bestly*, to rush, seize, gulp down a meal; like a pack of famished hounds. I turn to a more pleasant theme.

Nashville has a commanding situation on a rocky hill, against which the river has run, by means of a horse shoe bend, until it has worn and torn off the point, so as to form a precipitous bluff, perhaps one hundred and fifty feet high. The top is broad and level enough for a large public square containing the court house and market house. Around this and on the sides of the hill, most of the town is built, or rather was built; for the late additions have been made principally on the hill further from the river, where the ground—or rather the rocks—rise still higher and form, half a mile from the square, a lofty round top, where groves of stunted cedars draw a scanty nourishment from crevices in the limestone.

The buildings are generally neat, but not remarkable for size or elegance. Three or four churches, all apparently new, are constructed in a chaste style of architecture, unless we except an unfinished Baptist church, which is deformed, externally, with a superfluity of corrupt Gothic appendages.

The hill which lifts the town to the air, also exposes it to the summer sun, which in a dry hot season like this, makes the bare rocks and walls glow with a heat that issues nightly without being exhausted, and increases daily until rains or long nights bring relief.

I was struck most agreeably with the open benevolent countenances of the people about the streets. None of your care-worn, shy, suspicious-looking faces, so frequent in northern towns. I felt at once that I might freely address any and every man, on any matter that interested me, and be sure of his polite, and even kind attention. Nor did my few days' acquaintance belie these first impressions. They are a sociable, hospitable, orderly and moral population. I never saw more quiet streets, and more uniform good behavior. A population of this character cannot be idle, though I observed less signs of a painful and bustling industry,

than is usual in northern towns. There are no large manufactories, except a rolling-mill.

Here are a number of flourishing schools for both sexes: and in the vicinity is the Nashville University, the chief literary institution of the state. It is, however, as yet, merely a college, with eighty or one hundred students. It was once richly endowed with lands; but the legislature so managed this valuable fund, that the institution has enjoyed but a small portion of what the lands might have yielded. Popular legislatures are often very unfit trustees for seminaries of learning.

Just below the town there is a saline sulphur spring, the water of which is very similar to the Blue Lick water that I drank at Louisville. I found it a very salutary drink in hot weather, and not unpalatable, though persons unaccustomed to mineral waters, would be apt to loathe such a strong compound of salts and sulphureous gas. Warm baths are also made of it, and these are both pleasant and medicinal. The spring was known of old to the French settlers of Louisiana. Their hunters made salt of it: hence it came to be called the French Lick.

In addition to a navigable river, the commerce of Nashville will soon be facilitated by four or five Macadamised roads diverging from it. These are now in a process of construction. The one by which I travelled southwards is finished, eighteen miles, to Franklin, and will soon be extended twenty-three miles further to Columbia.

The aspect of the country on this route is pleasant. Low winding hills, crowned with woods of a dark green foliage, part the valleys of the different rivers and brooks. The borders of the Cumberland are diversified with rich low grounds, and high rocky bluffs. The vale of the Harpeth about Franklin, is of a tamer character, but is broad and very rich. Duck river again, on which Columbia stands, exhibits, on a smaller scale, the bold scenery of the Cumberland. This town, like Nashville, is built on a rocky hill; and so is Shelbyville, thirty-eight miles eastwardly, also on Duck river.

All the towns of West Tennessee are laid out after the same model: a public square in the centre containing the court house, and streets crossing at right angles. Nashville, the oldest and largest, seems to have been the prototype.

From Shelbyville I directed my course towards McMinnville, in the Barrens, north-east, about forty miles. Here the Cumberland mountains are in full view, not more than five miles off. This is a village of four hundred inhabitants. Hence to Sparta, in a line somewhat more northward, the distance is twenty-six miles. This village, about as large as McMinnville, is also in the Barrens, and within two miles of the mountain, where the road by the Crab Orchard passes over to East Tennessee.

Having thus indicated my route, I will now make some general observations on West Tennessee. Of the "Western District," between the Tennessee and Mississippi rivers, I saw nothing, and have therefore little to say. It is represented to be a plain, with small differences of level; the higher parts are generally dry and in part healthy; the lower, flat, marshy, subject to general inundation in wet seasons, and of course infested with mosquitoes and fevers. The soil is mostly rich,

and human industry may do much to alleviate the natural evils of the country.

Middle Tennessee, between the river and the Cumberland mountains, is crossed, north and south, by a belt of rich dark loamy soil, on a deposit of recent limestone, full of shells, beginning in the valley of the Cumberland, and extending into Alabama. This belt is about forty miles, more or less, in width, and the richest line of it is marked by the position of Nashville, Franklin, Columbia, and Pulaski. Westward of this tract, the sand-stone appears, where the descending waters have cut deep ravines in their course to the Tennessee. Here the country is comparatively rugged and poor. On the eastern side, the soil gradually becomes more sandy and less dark, but continues to be for the most part rich and productive, till you approach the Barrens, which is a plateau of level country, elevated about four hundred feet above the rich country below. Here a bed of gravel and sand covers the limestone, except where the waters have washed out vales and exposed it again. The high flat surface of this table land is too poor for cultivation. These Barrens may extend some twenty miles from the base of the Cumberland mountains.

The rich lands are not generally of first rate productiveness. The staple crop is maize; and fifty bushels to the acre is above the average product. Wheat does tolerably well; but twenty bushels to the acre are esteemed a good crop. Cotton often fails, and must be abandoned. Grass does not flourish well in so dry a soil, where meadows cannot be watered. The country is not well watered; the streams do not purrl with twinkling surface over beds of gravel: they are evaporated by the scorching sun of July, and the farmers (as one of them told me) have to go sometimes twenty miles to mill.

I do not like the climate. The country slopes north-westwardly from the mountains; it is exposed, therefore to the unmitigated blasts of the coldest wintry winds: then in the summer time, the tropical winds of the gulph, meeting and struggling with the northern current on the parched expanse of the great prairie, is turned upon this country with its hot breath; or falling short, leaves the inhabitants becalmed under a burning sun, to snuff the hot steam of their limestone rocks. Hence the climate is often, in winter, as cold as New England, and in summer, as warm as the West Indies. The spring season is exceedingly variable; one while opening the buds with genial heat, then suddenly destroying the embryo fruit and tender plants with a wintry blast from the northwest. These are faults of climate, common to the middle and southern states; but I suspect, that the position of west Tennessee gives them here a sensible aggravation. The suspicion is confirmed by the fact, that while the spring naturally begins two or three weeks earlier than in middle Virginia, the frosts continue to occur to as late a period.

Yet, notwithstanding these objections, he would look in vain, who desired to find a country, where nature has upon the whole, offered much higher rewards to human industry, than in the belt of fine lands under consideration. The esteem in which it is held by its densely settled occupants, is evinced by the high prices of farms, and many other tokens of ease and plenty among the inhabitants. He must feel like a prosperous

farmer, who can be induced to change his location only by the offer of forty or fifty dollars an acre, even where no very expensive improvements have been made; when a steamboat would in a few days, carry him to regions where every acre sold, would purchase him eight or ten acres of the richest virgin soil.

To me, a mountaineer, there is another objection to this fine country as a residence. Though its surface is varied by low hills, not a mountain is to be seen, even in the distant horizon. I would not choose my abode, where the rising and the setting sun shoots his rays along the surface of the plain. I prefer to see him rise over the mountain top, and to send down his rays through tall pines upon the dewy herbage of the valley, and in the summer evenings to sit in the shadow of the western mountain, while his golden light steals up the side of another in the east. The advantages of such a locality extend beyond the pleasures of the imagination. Here are the abodes of rosy health; and here the farmer's cattle, range through the herbage of unbought pastures. The rich counties of Tennessee are not very healthy; the finest situations on the rivers are too generally infested with *malaria*, which makes the occupants pay dearly for their advantages. Sallow complexions are common; but still there are many exceptions.

In a moral view, Tennessee exceeded my expectations, although two of her lately enacted laws gave me favorable impressions of what I might expect. These were the law against those fashionable instruments of murder, pistols, daggers, and bowie knives, and the law to prohibit the selling of spirituous liquors by retail.

During a ride of more than four hundred miles, through the most populous parts of the state, with frequent stops and sojourns in the most public places, I saw but one drunken man, (and he was from Virginia, and had been in the army.) I rarely heard profane language; I saw no riotous or disorderly parties; and no quarrelling or fighting, except a sudden affray between two students at a dancing school in Nashville. Even these fiery boys only boxed each other a little, to the great terror of the girls, rather than to their own hurt.

But while the population generally seem to be characterized by mildness, sobriety, and good order, I observed a marked distinction between the inhabitants of the rich lands, and those who live in the Barrens and in the sandy tracts adjacent to them. The former seem to be a compound of Virginians and Kentuckians. The mixture appears to have invigorated the one and mitigated the other, in this climate. A good result. But no sooner had I entered the sandy soils, and especially the Barrens, than I seemed to have discovered a people a century old, not in respect to their individual longevity, but in their ideas and habits. Their "speech bewrayed" their origin; I soon recognized old *Noth-Cahlinur*, in their nasal mushy pronunciation. Among these ancient denizens of the sands, Arkwright's machinery had not invaded the prescriptive rights of the spinning wheel and loom; nor had a windsor chair yet showed his rounded form among the old *split-bottoms*, with low seats and tall perpendicular backs. Here the honest countrywomen still enjoy the summer luxury of bare feet, and make no extravagant use of soap and water. Yet among them all, I saw a manifest spirit

of kindness and good nature. If not as wise as serpents, they are, however, as harmless as doves.

The cause of education is making rapid progress in Tennessee, particularly the education of daughters. To prove this, I will mention a few facts. Besides the numerous schools at Nashville, I found at Franklin, eighteen miles distant, an academy for males, and three seminaries for females, with more than two hundred scholars: at Columbia, twenty-three miles further, a flourishing academy for young men, in the neighborhood, and in the town, two large edifices, nearly finished; the one a college for youth, the other a seminary for young ladies: at Shelbyville, in the next county, besides a male and a female academy in being, they had just filled a subscription of twenty-five thousand dollars for a college. Even at the small town of McMinnville, in the Barrens, they had an academy for each sex. In east Tennessee, there are also many seminaries of various ranks and merits, the chief of which is a college at Knoxville. The legislature has also provided a fund for common schools by means of a new bank, with branches diffused over the state. This banking scheme seems to have been ill devised; but perhaps good as well as evil may result from it.

As to the quality of the education given in all these schools, I can say nothing, except to express a suspicion that it is generally too superficial; but this fault is not confined to Tennessee; and where a good thing is so widely diffused, the effect in the aggregate must be highly beneficial. Superficial education will also lead to a more thorough system.

Yet Tennessee contains a numerous population, especially in the sandy and barren regions, who are very ignorant, and who, as might be expected, are opposed to the patronage of literary institutions by the state. The mental condition of this class may be illustrated by two anecdotes. I breakfasted one morning at the tavern of a late senator of Tennessee, when his son, a youth of eighteen, was setting out to join his school-fellows in turning the master out of doors, until he should treat them to a barrel of cider! I was also told of a case, a few years ago, on the Cumberland. The boys tied their teacher to a board and ducked him in the river, till he promised to treat!

SONNET.

Think not, oh gentle lady, that I grieve

That we should ever in this world have met,

For of the past Fate never can bereave,

And Memory culls unfaded roses yet

From the sweet garden where affection grew.

Time never can restore our Eden hours,

Nor the lost happiness of love renew;

For me a sword waves o'er those happy bowers,
And a stern angel beckons me away;

Yet where, deserted and alone, I stray,

On the rough paths of life, afar from thee,

Some fragrant airs come wafted from the skies,

Some pleasant glimpses of that land I see,

Which to my trusting heart appeared a paradise!

New York, February 22.

HERMION.

A MOTHER'S EVENING THOUGHTS.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

O homefelt joys,—so dear and sweet,

My clear, wood fire beside,—

My baby creeping at my feet,

Who oft with glance of pride,

Looks back, elate, and pleas'd to show

How fast his tiny limbs can go.

And closely seated by my side,

My little daughter fair,—

Whose doll upon her knee doth ride,

Essays a matron's care,—

While many a lesson, half severe,

With kisses mix'd, must dolly hear.

There lie my volumes clos'd and still,—

Those chosen friends of old,—

My pen, regardless of my will,

Lurks in its bronzed hold,—

High joys they gave,—but not so dear,

As those that gild my fireside here.

Where harp and viol carol sweet,

'Mid youth's unfolding hours,

And gladness wings the dancer's feet

That seem to tread on flowers,

I've shar'd the cup,—it sparkled clear,—

'Twas foam,—the precious draught is here.

I've trod the lofty halls,—where dwell

The noblest of our land,—

And met,—tho' humble was my cell,—

Warm smile, and greeting hand,—

Yet she doth feel a thrill more blest,

Who lulls her infant on her breast.

Strong words of praise,—such words as gird

To high ambition's deed,

The impulse of my mind have stirr'd,—

Though still unearn'd, their meed,—

But what of these?—they fleet away,

Like mist, before affection's ray.

Tho' many a priceless gem of bliss,

Hath made my pathway fair,—

Yet have I known no joy like this,

A mother's nursing care,

To mark, when stars of midnight shine,

My infant's bright eye fix'd on mine.

Might woman win earth's richest rose,—

Yet miss that wild-flower zest,

Which by the lowliest cradle grows,

'Twere but a loss at best;—

Pass on, O world, in all thy pride,

I've made my choice,—and here abide.

Even she, who shines with beauty's ray,—

By fashion's throng carest,—

If from that pomp she turn away,

And build her shelter'd nest,—

And hoard the jewels of the heart,

Like Mary finds the "better part."

Hartford, March, 1839.

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NO. IV.

THE TRANSFIGURED:

A TALE FROM THE GERMAN.

The following tale is translated for the *Southern Literary Messenger*, by a lady of Pennsylvania, from the German of Tschokke, published a few years since. The chief design of the author seems to have been to illustrate the German philosophy of *Animal Magnetism*; in the course of which he endeavors to explain some curious, not to say mystical, metaphysical speculations. The learned may find something in them for reflection, while the lovers of romance will be better pleased with a very ingenious story, diversified with several interesting characters and exciting incidents, drawn with great power and rich coloring. The whole is thoroughly German, both in its beauties and defects. As the subject of *Animal Magnetism*, engages, at this time, a good deal of attention, and has enlisted in its behalf some of our men of science, the publication of this exposition of its theories and mysteries may be peculiarly acceptable.—*Ed. So. Lit. Mess.*

The charm, elegance and retirement of the villa, the hospitality of our rich host, Ambrosio Faustino, and the grace of his most lovely wife, contributed not a little to the healing of our wounds, received in the battle of Molito, (we were four German officers,) but still more the pleasing discovery, that both the generous Faustino and his beautiful wife were of German descent. He was formerly called Faust, and was, by a singular chain of circumstances, induced to settle in Italy and to change his name. The delight of being able, far from our native land, to exchange German words, made us mutually confidential.

I had the liberty of passing my morning hours in Faustino's library. There I found in magnificent rows the choicest works, and also some volumes of Italian manuscripts, written by Faustino. They were memoirs of his own life, mingled with observations on painting and sculpture. I asked the favor of being permitted to read them, which Faustino was not only good enough to grant, but also drew out one of the volumes and pointed out what I should read.

"Read it," said he, "and believe me, however incredible it may appear, it is true. Even to myself, it seems at times a deception of the imagination, though I have experienced it all."

He also imparted to me many smaller circumstances. But this is sufficient for an introduction. Here follows the fragment from Faustino's or rather Faust's memoirs.

ADVENTURE IN VENZONI.

On the twelfth of September, 1771, I crossed the stream Tagliamento at Spilemberg. I approached with firm steps the German confines, which I had not seen for many years. My soul was full of an indescribable melancholy, and it seemed as if an invisible power drew me back. It constantly cried to me, return. In fact, twice did I stop on the wretched road, looked towards Italy, and wished to return again to Venice! But then, when I asked myself, "what argues it? to live! for

what?" I again proceeded onwards, towards the dark mountains, which rose before me in clouds and rain.

I had but little money in my pocket, scarcely sufficient to reach Vienna, unless I begged on the way, or should sell either my watch, linen or better clothes, which I carried in a knapsack. The finest years of my youth I had passed in Italy, in order to improve myself in painting and sculpture. At last I advanced sufficiently in my art to discover, in my twenty-seventh year, that I should never accomplish anything really great. It is true my Roman friends had often had the kindness to encourage me. Many of my pieces had occasionally sold well. Nevertheless this gave me but little comfort. I could not but despise creations which gave me no satisfaction. I experienced the painful feeling, that I was and should remain too weak to call into life with pencil or chisel the living conceptions within me. This threw me into despair—I wished not for money—I longed only for the power of art; I cursed my lost years and returned to Germany. At that time I still had friends there: I longed for a solitude, where I could forget myself. I would become a village schoolmaster, or engage in any humble employment, in order to punish my bold ambition, which had attempted to rival Raphael and Angelo.

The rainy weather had already continued several days and increased my uncomfortable feelings. The thought frequently awoke in me, if I *could* but die! A fresh shower drew me aside from the road, under a tree. There I long sat upon a rock, looking back with deep melancholy upon the destroyed plans and hopes of my life. I saw myself, solitary, amidst wild mountains. The cold rain fell in streams. Not far from me a swollen torrent roared through the rocks. What will become of me? sighed I. I looked at the torrent, to see whether it were deep enough to drown me if I threw myself in. I was vexed that I had not already made an end of my sufferings at Tagliamento. Suddenly an unspeakable anguish and the pangs of death seized me. I shuddered at my resolutions and wishes. I sprang up and ran on in the rain, as if I would escape from myself. It was already evening and becoming late.

I came to a single large house not far from Venzoni. The increasing darkness, continued rain, and my own fatigue, induced me to stop at this building, which exhibited the friendly and inviting sign of accommodation for travellers. As I passed the threshold of the door, a violent shuddering and the same mortal agony seized me, that I had experienced whilst sitting on the rock in the wood. I remained at the door to take breath, but quickly recovered myself. I felt lighter than I had for some days, when in the warm public room I again felt the breath of man. Without doubt it had been merely an attack of bodily weakness.

They welcomed me, and I cheerfully threw my knapsack on the table. I was shown a small room where I could change my wet clothes. Whilst undressing, I

In the starry noon of its brilliant night,
When the world was hushed in sleep—
I dreamed of the shipwrecked gems that lie
On the floor of the soundless deep.

And I gathered the shells that buried were
In the heart of its silver sands,
And tossed them back on the running wave,
To be caught by viewless hands.

There are sister-spirits that dwell in the sea,
Of the spirits that dwell in the air;
And they never visit our Northern clime,
Where the coast is bleak and bare:

But around the shores of the Indian isles
They revel and sing alone—
Though I saw them not, I heard by night
Their low, mysterious tone.

Elysian isle! I may never view
Thy birds and roses more,
Nor meet the kiss of thy loving breeze
As it seeks thy jewelled shore,—

Yet thou art treasured in my heart
As in thine own deep sea;
And, in all my dreams of the spirits' home,
Dear isle, I picture thee!

NOTES OF A TOUR

FROM VIRGINIA TO TENNESSEE, IN THE MONTHS
OF JULY AND AUGUST, 1839.

By Rev. H. Ruffner, D.D., President of Washington College.

CHAPTER IV.

From West Tennessee, by the eastern route to Virginia.

From Sparta I crossed the Cumberland mountains by the main road from Nashville to Knoxville. These mountains part from the more eastern ridges of the Alleghanies, between Virginia and Kentucky, where they divide the waters of the Tennessee from those of the Kentucky and Cumberland rivers. They run by a straight course through the state of Tennessee, on the southern border of which they are broken by a chasm, affording the great Tennessee just room to press its contracted waters through, with a swift but unbroken current. The mountains extend into Alabama, till they gradually sink into the lowlands near the gulf.

The Alleghany mountains generally, are cut into sharp ridges and spurs, with narrow vales between them, or else broad vallies of limestone separating the chief parallel ridges. The Cumberland mountain, is of a different character: it is a single ridge with two broad plateaus or tables of land on the western side. In the preceding chapter, I described the Barrens of Tennessee, as a broad level space of sandy country, about four hundred feet above the rich limestone district of Middle Tennessee. This is the first plateau of the Cumberlandlands. You no sooner reach this upper level from below, than you see what is called the mountain, rise before you in a long straight line, broken at intervals by

ravines which discharge the mountain streams. This line of mountain is in fact the great bank of the second plateau, elevated about one thousand feet above the former. In ascending to its top from Sparta, I observed that the horizontal limestone lay six hundred feet or thereabouts in depth above the lower plateau; then eighty or one hundred feet of sandstone—then as much limestone again; but finally all was sandstone to the top. This being attained, the road passes over a plain as broad as the Barrens below,—that is, about fifteen or twenty miles. The surface is cut at intervals by ravines, but no sharp ridges occur. The road crosses the plateau diagonally, and the whole distance across, from Sparta to the eastern base, is about forty miles. The soil on the top is very poor, too poor to nourish stout forests, such as clothe the mountains of Virginia. Yet some families endeavor to extract a living from these dry sands. Chalybeate springs and a pure atmosphere, attract some visitors from the lower country in the hot season. I found a house, at the distance of nine miles from Sparta, that was filled with boarders, who drank the water of a fine chalybeate, spouting from the rocks in a ravine shaded with evergreens. It is only in a few ravines that I saw the Rhododendron, the Kalmia, the Hemlock, (*Pinus Canadensis*,) and other evergreens, so common in our mountains.

After travelling a few miles further over this plateau, I began to see the eastern ridge of the mountain stretch along the horizon. It rises about five hundred feet above the plateau, running in a single straight line parallel with the western bank of the plateau, and broken at intervals of some miles with gaps. The road leads to one of these gaps, and passes through with scarcely an ascent, at a large farm called the Crab-Orchard. The soil improves in the neighborhood of the ridge; the sandstone ceases, and limestone appears again, seeming to constitute the body of the ridge. But this is not the recent shell-limestone of West Tennessee; it is the old blue limestone, in shapeless masses, so common in the valley of Virginia; and it shows that here, as well as elsewhere, the mountains are older than the plains.

Immediately on passing through the gap, the road begins to descend into the great valley of East Tennessee. The descent is much less than the total ascent on the opposite side, because this great valley is a much higher country than the low lands of the west.

To my sorrow I missed the sight of a remarkable curiosity, in descending the mountain; because I did not hear of its existence, until I had left it far behind. Near Nance's tavern, on the mountain side, a brook falls in a single cascade, to the depth of at least three hundred feet, into a narrow gloomy ravine. The bottom is said to be a wild romantic place, overshadowed with precipices and trees, where the visitor's sense of loneliness is increased to awe, and almost to terror, by the perpetual dash of the torrent, that seems to fall from the skies into this dusky glen. The scene inspires that sort of horror, which freezes the veins in reading stories of robbers, caves and deeds of blood, in solitary places. Such a deed was actually committed here, two or three years ago. A traveller known to have on his person a large sum of money, stopped at the tavern, and out of curiosity, clambered down the rocks by himself, into this wild chasm. Not returning to the

house, he was sought for, and his body found with the marks of murder on it, but no money. He lies buried, where he so mysteriously lost his life; and now the visitor, who descends to see this romantic water-fall, must stand by the grave of the unfortunate stranger, who "sleeps alone."

From the mountain to Knoxville, the road passes through a country of little interest to a traveller. There are vales of limestone land, more or less fertile, and watered by springs: the hills are dry and gravelly, and covered with oaks, sometimes goodly timber; but too often, especially about the Clinch river, miserable scrubs of the black jack pattern. The Clinch is a pleasant sort of river, one hundred yards wide, with some fertile low grounds. At Kingston, I looked for a fine water scene, at the junction of the Clinch with the great Tennessee; but I was disappointed: the junction, more than a mile below the village, is hidden from view by the dry gravelly hills of black jacks—the very image of tame poverty.

Through the one street of the village, the road strikes off into the dry gravelly hills of black jacks, avoiding both rivers, and threading the intermediate country. The season was hot and dry; I was weary of the sandy plateaus of the mountain, and fatigued with travelling from Nashville on horseback; I longed for interesting scenery; I looked from the tops of the dry hills for a sight of the great Tennessee—but I saw nought except other dry gravelly hills of black jacks; from other hill tops, I looked again—and I saw—ditto, ditto. I was in a state of mind to be easily disgusted; and disgusted I was. Disgust leaves as durable impressions as pleasure. I have, and through all my days I shall retain, in my imagination, vividly pictured, the perfect image of *dry gravelly hills covered with black jacks*.

Farther up the country towards Knoxville, the hills were less tame and barren, the lands between them more spacious and fertile. A few miles below Knoxville, I was at length gratified with a sight of the Holstein, the chief branch of the Tennessee, but much smaller than the main river below the Clinch. The Holstein has a clear lively current, winding among hills, and bluffs, and low grounds.

On approaching Knoxville, I was struck with the conspicuous appearance of the college, seated on the flattened summit of a round hill below the town. The chief edifice, resembles a church. This occupies the centre of the area; around three sides of which are ranges of low dormitories. The institution is attended by eighty or ninety students. Classical studies are said to be pursued here with more success than the sciences.

I was disappointed in my expectations of Knoxville—I mean its external appearance. I had expected to find in the chief town of East Tennessee, something more than three hundred houses scattered over the hilly ground about two neighboring creeks. Near the upper and larger of these creeks, there is a street which for a hundred yards is almost compactly built. Unfortunately for this, the most populous quarter of the town, the creek is a mill-stream; dams have collected a large mass of stagnant water, and consequently the neighborhood is annually infested with fevers. The yearly visitation had already begun, when I arrived there about the 3d of August. From recent notices in the

papers, the sickness appears to have been unusually severe, owing probably to the extraordinary drought. I found in this instance a confirmation of the remark formerly made, that opposite sides of stagnant waters are not equally affected by the pestilential vapors. The eastern, which is the leeward side of this creek, is more sickly than the western; because the western winds prevail, and blow the miasma, towards the east.

My stay in Knoxville was too short to furnish me with notes on the character and manners of the inhabitants. Information leads me to believe that they are moral, sociable and hospitable, with all the essentials of true politeness, but with less refinement of mind and manners, than may be found in some older towns.

My venerable friend, Judge White, of the United States Senate, advised me to pursue a route to Abingdon in Virginia, less direct, but more pleasant, than the one usually travelled, through the Sequatchy valley. A stranger, he observed, would find more interesting objects on the southern route by Dandridge, Greenville and Jonesborough; and would moreover find the less frequented way, more shaded from the scorching rays of the sun, in such hot dry weather as then prevailed. Disagreeable intelligence from home induced me, desirous as I was to take the most pleasant route, nevertheless to pursue the most direct: so I went to Rogersville by way of Rutledge, in the long narrow vale of Sequatchy. The road enters this vale a few miles above Knoxville, and pursues the middle of it in a straight course for the space of some forty miles. The vale is about two miles, often less, in width. The Chesnut ridge separates it from the valley of the Clinch on the north-western side, and a range of hills less bold and regular from the valley of the Holstein on the opposite side. It maintains strictly the character of an Appalachian valley, in its direction, its almost uniform width, its limestone soil, and its being crossed by streams of water, which here cut the south-eastern hills and flow into the Holstein. It is nearly all under cultivation; the road lies between an almost uninterrupted succession of fields, with scarcely a tree to shelter the traveller from the fierce blaze of the sun, in dog-days. For a while the pleasant features of the scene, and the repose which seemed to reign among the inhabitants of this secluded valley, amused me; but the tedious uniformity of the whole, united with the fatigue of travelling, and the ceaseless glow of the sunshine, made it so wearisome at last, that I almost wished for a mile or two of the dry gravelly hills covered with black jacks. On the second day of my journeying through this quiet length of valley, I saw before me an evident sign of change, in the loftier swell and closer approximation of the mountains ahead; the valley seemed to divide—a narrow portion of it ran up between the high mountains, another turned to the right: this latter was my route, and conducted me again to the valley of the Holstein. The scenery was now both various and pleasant. The road wound up again among the hills, and led me, by ups and downs, and turns of all sorts, among fields, rocks and hills, to Rogersville, two miles from the river.

Near the village I observed among the gray limestones, some rocks of extraordinary color. On breaking

off some fragments, I found them to be a calcareous breccia composed of small crystalline fragments, brown and white. On alighting at the village tavern, I observed that the windows were full of polished specimens of this breccia, exceedingly various and beautiful. Some were white, a little discolored with brownish grains; some black, but dusted with grains of lighter hue; most of them, however, were variously made up of brown and white pieces, round or angular, of different sizes and shades of color; often brilliant, and often displaying an intermixture of shells, and other animal remains, with the native stone. Some of them resembled, a good deal, the variegated marble of which the pillars in the capitol at Washington are made. Inexhaustible quarries of this marble might be opened about Rogersville. Some of it may find a market, by water carriage, down the Tennessee; but it is too remote from the seats of luxury, to be much used for ages to come, beautiful though it be. As yet but one stone cutter finds employment by it; he makes tombstones, and some articles of furniture.

Rogersville is a small village of sixty or seventy dwellings. Its marbles are its only distinction from ordinary villages. From this to Kingsport at the confluence of the north and south branches of the Holstein, the country presents nothing remarkable, except that the mountains in view assumed a bolder and more picturesque appearance. The road traverses an arable country of good limestone land, but hilly, as such lands commonly are. Kingsport is but a poor village; the scenery about it is, however, the finest on the whole of this route through East Tennessee. The ridge that separates the vallies of the Clinch and the Holstein has been in view all the way from Kingston; but it has now risen to grandeur, and puts on quite a dominating aspect. Between the branches of the Holstein another ridge presents itself, and would seem, after running down from Virginia, to terminate here; but on turning your face southward, you observe a high ridge, arising from the rivers at their point of junction, and stretching away quite loftily towards the southwest; showing itself on examination, to be only the last mentioned ridge, continued, after a breach had been made for the south Holstein. From Ross's bridge over the north branch, a very sweet scene presents itself. You see the rivers meet a few hundred yards below, their banks shaded with fine trees; and an island just below the junction, with its thicket of willows and other trees, half hides and half displays the united waters, as they steal away under the shady foliage of the banks. This pretty scene was to me the more refreshing, because I saw it on a calm summer evening, after riding wearily under the beams of a scorching sun.

Near the bridge is the residence of its wealthy proprietor, the Reverend Frederick A. Ross, whom I name here as worthy of commendation for two enterprises, which, if imitated by the East Tennesseans, will greatly improve the condition of their remote valley. He has erected on the North Holstein a cotton mill with one thousand spindles. What is probably of more importance, he has planted thirty acres of the Chinese mulberry, to which the soil and climate of East Tennessee are well adapted; and so flourishing are the young trees, that by next year they will feed worms enough to make at least a thousand pounds of silk.

Being now on the borders of Virginia, which I entered by way of Blountville, I will stop to make some observations on the country of East Tennessee.

On my return from the west, I would fain have passed through Cherokee on the southern border of East Tennessee, and the borders of the adjacent states. This last remnant of the once great territory of the Cherokees, embraces the south-western extreme of the Appalachian mountains. All reports agree in representing it as a beautiful country of hills and vallies: the hills sometimes gravelly and rather poor, but clothed with vegetation: the vallies rich and watered by perennial springs. The climate is the most temperate in the United States, and the whole region highly salubrious. Here the peach, the melon, and the grape, acquire their most delicious flavor: maize, yams and all the products of mild climates flourish abundantly. The mulberry could not find a more congenial soil and climate. The high hills and mountains will produce the grains and fruits of the north; the low warm vallies will mature some of the most valuable products of a tropical climate.

No wonder that the Cherokee loved his father-land, when it was so lovely in itself, and was moreover the seat of his tribe and the dwelling place of his fathers, from times beyond the reach of tradition. All that can attach mankind to the earth, attached him to the woody hills, the rich vales and the clear fountains of this beautiful region. No wonder that this, the most civilized of the Indian tribes, clung with fond affection to the delightful home which God had given to them: but the white man coveted, and would have it, because he could take it by force. A fraudulent treaty had been made, and was now, at the time of my journey in the process of execution by military coercion. The Georgians had already cast lots for their portion of the spoil, and threatened bloodshed if it were not immediately surrendered. Troops of soldiers were hunting the Indians, and driving them like cattle to the encampment. Like cattle the Indians submitted, and were peacefully gathered, preparatory to their removal. I was deterred by the confused state of the country, from taking this southern route on my way home.

The valley of East Tennessee, comprehending the space between the Cumberland mountain and the great Unaka or Iron Mountain on the south-east, is from forty to sixty miles wide, and two hundred long. It terminates in the hills of Cherokee, on the southern border between Tennessee and Georgia. It is but a continuation of the great valley of Virginia, spreading to a greater breadth by reason of the many waters which converge and form the Tennessee; thus joining in one, several vallies before separated by continuous mountains. The country is hilly, the atmosphere pure and healthful. There is much good soil, but not much of first rate fertility.

The people are generally moral, sober, and plain in their manners; education is more attended to than in most parts of the south. Several institutions besides the one at Knoxville, have the name of colleges: they are rather academies, where many youth of the country obtain some knowledge of the classics and of several branches of science. The comparative poverty of the inhabitants is apparent to a traveller. Few

handsome houses or other indications of wealth and luxury, present themselves. Though nature bestows the gifts of the earth with sufficient liberality, the productions of art are difficult to obtain, owing to the remoteness of this valley from all the great marts of trade. The navigation of the Tennessee and its upper branches is long and difficult; the roads toward the Atlantic are long and rough. Live stock is therefore the principal export. With this single resource, and a heavy freightage on imports, the farmer may acquire the necessities and some of the comforts which are obtained by exchange; but the elegancies and luxuries are generally beyond his reach. Cotton mills, by aiding domestic industry; and the culture of silk, by furnishing a valuable staple of easy carriage; would improve the circumstances of the people. A rail road to Charleston, and another to the James river canal, with an improved navigation of the rivers, would complete the means, by which East Tennessee might ere long become as prosperous and delightful a valley, as any of the thousand valleys of the Appalachian mountains. At present this is not the country for any one who aims at the rapid accumulation of wealth. The inhabitants seem to be aware of this. Hence there is little of the activity and bustle, the eager enterprise and noisy driving of business, visible in many parts of the United States. Considering the density of the population, it is the most quiet country that I ever saw. This indicates both poverty and contentment. If the people are not rich, still they are evidently not miserable.

A farmer who lives in rural plenty below Knoxville, related to a party of us who lodged at his house, an anecdote that may illustrate the philosophic contentment, which many in this country feel in their quiet abodes. A man who lived in a secluded nook in the mountains, came to his house; and when he saw the farmer's large stock of cattle, and other constituents of rural wealth, he turned to the proprietor and said:—but I should remark that the mountainer habitually uttered his words with a loud droning accent, making pauses to gather breath, and closing every sentence with a long drawn—hah! by way of emphasis. 'Turning to the farmer who was a magistrate, he drew forth this speech. "Why—squire—what in the world do you want with all these cows—hah? And such a parcel of horses—hah? And I see you have two wagons—hah! you can't use so many things—hah! And there you have a barn yard—full of stacks—hah! Too much trouble—squire—hah! Why I hav'n't a quarter as many things as you have—and I have too much—hah! I have three cows—and two horses—and a wagon—hah! I mean to sell one horse—and the wagon—hah! I can make enough to eat and wear, without them—hah! All that's over what one needs—is useless trouble—hah! That's my notion—hah! A'n't I right—squire—hah?" This speech of the droning mountaineer, expresses the philosophy of many in this quiet country—and in other countries too.

I entered Virginia on the evening of a sultry day. I was fatigued with my long travel on the open roads of Tennessee—exhausted with a perpetual sweat of three hot weeks—sore with the effort to keep an umbrella over my head. I had seen clouds pour out showers at a distance, but not one had shed refreshment on my debilitated frame. This afternoon a heavy shower

had fallen before me, and what was extraordinary the road entered a forest; in the evening a delightful coolness was diffused through the atmosphere. As I entered the forest at dusk, that musical tribe of insects, the *cattydids*, began to chirp merrily on the trees. The woods grew darker; the air freshened to a delightful temperature; the notes of my shrill musicians grew shriller and multiplied, till every tree and bush and leaf, seemed to quiver with the sound. Thus was I ushered into the limits of my native state by dark woods, that rang with the sharp strains of a million of joyful *cattydids*.

The next morning on paying my bill, I had palpable evidence that I had crossed the line. Tennessee *shin-plasters* were rejected; Tennessee bank notes were gently declined—but a Virginia bank note, brought me silver dollars in change! During a ride of four hundred and fifty miles from Nashville, I had seen nothing in circulation but Tennessee bank notes, (mixed occasionally with an Alabama note,) down to the denomination of six and a quarter cents; and shin-plasters of all sorts and of all sizes, from a dollar downwards, and manufactured by all sorts of persons, from the wealthy merchant, to the market butcher and the petty shop-keeper. This latter generation sprang into being immediately on the stoppage of specie payments by the banks.

As I proceeded through the well-peopled county of Washington, I recognized, more and more, the distinctive features of the great valley of Virginia; low hills and vales of limestone land, well watered and moderately fertile, with lines of high mountains on either side, and about twenty-five miles asunder. About the heads of the Holstein, the valley becomes more broken into hills and ravines. The poor village of Mount Airy is loftily situated, where the waters of the Holstein and the New River divide. The scenery about here is fine. All this country is very high, with the climate of the lowlands in Pennsylvania.

From Mount Airy, the country descends a little, and the valley about Evansham, in Wythe county, again assumes more the common appearance of the great limestone valley. About New River, the limestone is covered or intermingled with quartz or flint rocks and pebbles, of all hues, from white to black, but the black flint rock especially prevails in ascending from New River to Christiansburg in Montgomery county. Here the soil is less fertile, than it is where the limestone is the sole rock. The high country of Montgomery on the New River, has less of the characteristics of the great valley, than any other part between the Susquehanna and the Tennessee. The features of the country are modified by the change of the great dividing ridge of the eastern and western waters. The line of the Alleghany, ceases here to cast off the waters on both sides, and the line of the Blue Ridge, assumes the swell and magnitude of the great divider of the waters. The New River flows northwardly over the great tableland, formed where the mountains meet, and where the Alleghany yields the ascendancy to its eastern rival.

At Rogersville I saw specimens of granite and other primitive rocks, brought from an exceedingly high mountain in the Iron or Unaka range, that parts from the Blue Ridge near the head of New River, and divides North Carolina from Tennessee. This eminence is

called the Roane mountain, and rises a little south of the Virginia line, at the head of Roane's creek, a branch of the Holstein. A gentleman who had repeatedly ascended it, told me, that in the upper regions of the mountain, the pine, the hemlock and other resinous trees alone flourish; but even they gradually dwindle as the traveller ascends, and finally cease, leaving the flat top bare of all vegetation but grass and strawberries, which ripen here in August. He once went up near the end of April, and found that the vernal sun had not yet thawed the earth more than two inches below the surface. The top is composed of primitive rocks. Pure felspar, is found on this mountain.

There are two points in the great Appalachian mountain, which deserve notice, not only for their superior elevation, but for their effect on the geographical features of the country. Each of them is a central point, from which rivers flow out in all directions. One of these is in Virginia, about the Haystack knob, where the counties of Pocahontas, Randolph and Pendleton meet. A spectator on the top of this knob might see, as he turned his face about, the head springs of the southern branches of the Potomac, the northern branches of the James river, and then of the Greenbrier, the Elk and the Monongahela.

The other point is the great Grandfather mountain, in North Carolina, from which the New River, the South Holstein, the Notachucky, a branch of the Holstein, Yadkin and the Catawba, issue and flow off to their several destinations.

These are doubtless the two highest regions in all our mountains. The vallies, and high table lands about them, produce fine grass, and will some day nourish a pastoral people, who will make their now lonely rocks, echo with the voice of mirth and the notes of the shepherd's pipe.

The head waters of the Roanoke, have cut deep vallies in the border of the high table land of Montgomery. Into one of these vallies, the road descends, and pursues it to the open country about Salem, where the great valley reassumes its usual features. But on proceeding north-eastward, the traveller, sees a mountain rise before him in a direction athwart the valley, which it contracts to the breadth of three or four miles. Passing this, he finds the country open again, to the width of some twelve or fifteen miles. The narrow place just passed, is found to divide the waters of the Roanoke and the James river. Crossing the latter at Buchanan, a place destined to be of commercial importance, the road ascends and passes near the Natural Bridge, to Lexington, where I arrived on the 18th of August.

I will close these hasty notes, with an allusion to the Natural Bridge in Scott county, Virginia. A gentleman of Tennessee, who had been there, described it to me as a *tunnel*, rather than a bridge. A creek flows three or four hundred feet under an arch of limestone, less elevated than our Natural Bridge; the tunnel makes two angles between its extremities, so that both openings can never be seen at once by a spectator under the arch. It is a great curiosity, but differs materially from its namesake in Rockbridge, which for a union of beauty and grandeur, is still, and probably will ever be, in its kind incomparable.

April, 1839.

SISTER AGNES :

OR, THE DOOMED VESTAL OF THE HOTEL DIEU.

The association of native writers, who cater diligently for the intellectual man, and a goodly portion of the congregation of divines, who vigilantly guard the fold, like the wine merchants of Andalusia and Madeira, seem to have carefully observed the peculiar taste of the American people. A youthful and active race, we have not yet attained that maturity which gives polish and refinement to nations older than ourselves, nor have we leisure to seek, amid the beautiful philosophy of more cultivated writers the hidden and delicate manna for which we are not yet prepared. The land of promise is before us, but we still wander in the desert, and though sometimes regardless of the report of our spies, who have gone forth in advance, and returned with abundant evidence of the exquisite beauty of our destined country, our ruder appetites still prevail, and we turn not unfrequently to hunger for the flesh pots of Egypt. We do not find welling up around us the refreshing rivulets which pour forth from a thousand fountains in the hillsides of Judea, and water all the land; but in the parched and arid wilderness through which we wander, we trust for refreshment to those alone, who with a strong arm smite the rock, and unseal the hidden torrent.

Both the wine merchant and the author, to secure a wide circulation to his merchandise, must give a high flavor, a quick relish, a powerful zest, to whatever is intended for American consumption. Hence, although a shrewd and intelligent people, our political, intellectual, and religious condition, is one continuous subjection to quackery and humbug. No matter how insolent the impostor, he speedily collects around him a school of disciples and a multitude of followers; and while Irving and Matthias proclaim their fanatical folly in the North, the enthusiastic Mormon dictates a new law to his catechumens in the West. Improving upon the beautiful principles of government, upon which our sagacious forefathers founded those free institutions which have rendered our unprecedented growth and happiness a wonder to the nations of the earth, we have ceased to consider them a permanent republican settlement, and only regard them as a nursery of future revolutions. The wildest dreams, the most incoherent speculations of modern enthusiasts, are implicitly received as emanations of truth, though their immediate tendency is to sap the foundations of morals and religion. Thus, fatalism and destiny lurk under the popular tenets of phrenology; and materialism, once more erects its head under the auspices of animal magnetism.

We maintain the sacred right of opinion in matters purely political, and crush its indulgence under the iron domination of party; we proclaim freedom of religious observances, and sack and fire a convent, even in sight of the cradle of liberty; we boast of the capability of man for self government—we assert the supremacy of the laws, and yet the most populous cities of the Union are frequently at the mercy of a riotous populace. Each religious sect affects to be founded in piety and love, and yet they revile and persecute each other with all the bitterness of intolerance and fanaticism. Ministers of peace and good will, anointed to bless mankind, have