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THE COUNTRY DOLLAR.

A WEEKLY PAPER: DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, MORALITY, AND FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

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FOR THE COUNTRY DOLLAR

THE UBIQUITY OF THE AMERICAN PESS.

The fact that every village throughout the United States, containing a few hundred people, can boast of a Newspaper of its own, has had the effect of developing a vast deal of native talent, of which our country may well be proud; besides another portion, perhaps quite as large, of which she may not be proud. Literature, in the embodiment, has grown into a fat monster, very much like that we are told of in classic fable, as having infected the swamps of Lerna: Clip off one of its heads, and two more instantly dart from the bleeding trunk. Whether there be a Herculeus in the womb of the Future, to slay this "sarpint," is not for us to determine. We give it, as our private opinion, that killing is not a necessary cure in the present case.

Andrew Jackson Davis, the Poughkeepsie Seer, in his quaint book on Creation, tells us of a grand cycle in the history of the world, long, long before the Human Period, when chaotic gases steaming up, through rocky rifts, from the volcanic centre of the globe, formed themselves into huge and horrible monsters, that lived and moved in a craggy wilderness, whose cliff-piled caverns never echoed the sweet voice of birds. As the solemn progress of Time went on in silence, these uncouth out-births of the Animal Kingdom become smaller by degrees and more compact and nimble, while their ungainly excrescences dwindle down into proportions of graceful symmetry. As it was in the dim epoch painted by this visionary, so we venture to hope it may be with our monster of American Newspaper literature. The warming sunlight of universal education is fast shedding a revivifying splendor in every mountain-glen and valley—on every prairie and broad, green country-side. The mighty dead, whose thoughts have been immortalized in classic volumes, are speaking now to earnest minds in cottages, where dwell the sons of toil, as well as those who live in the pillared halls of marble. It does not require the gift of prophecy to predict the effect of this in another quarter of a century. Our intellectual dainties will then be more flavored with Attic salt. Ignorance, and the ghost of murdered English, will not then strive so hard for mastery—for a milder power will have baptized the brains of our legion of *scribblers*.

But there is a mist, whose drowsy curtains hang around our literature, that the genial beams of education may not dispel. We speak of a tendency on the part of young writers to plagiarize—we say *young* writers, for those who are afflicted with this propensity never get to be old writers, though they live to be gray-haired octogenarian.

There is in use a deal of second-hand verbiage it would "do us glad" to sweep into the muddy waves of Lethe. It is an egregious error this, into which the unpractised fall, of repeating the good things of others, forgetful that when we say what has been already often said, we are saying nothing ourselves, but simply playing echo. There are verbal felicities that become anti-musical by repetition. The sunny and fanciful genius does not require the worn-out holiday attire of other minds wherewithal to clothe its own beautiful creations; nor do men of earnest thought need other than natural language to persuade and convince.

To the young aspirant for literary honors, could we summon courage to give advice where it is least likely to be received, we would say, it is better to abandon your unwise pursuit, unless there is a power that compels you to write, not for fame, or any desirable reward. If you are so wedded to authorship as to love it enough, because of the intrinsic pleasure it yields to endure uncomplainingly the mortification of a beggarly life, then it is better you should keep your course, for you are plainly destined to triumph * *

* if you don't starve sometime previous. If write you must by strong necessity, then you are able to produce thoughts of your own in your own style. There never was—never will be—a true, bold thinker, without a mode of expression peculiarly his own. The very freshness of thought imparts a corresponding freshness of utterance. Language is, after all, nothing but the mantle of the soul; and like the garment of the Nazarite, it grows with the wearer. True, it may be patched with garbled shreds from the robes of others, until it resembles the mosaic pavement of a Turkish mosque; but such filchhings are ever visible to the dullest eye.

Would you develope that truest trait of genius, or style, emphatically your own? Then learn to think for yourself. Go forth beneath the unfathomable sky, when the stars glitter intensely; and those watchers of eternity, from their far-off watch-towers, will speak loving words to your soul. Go commune with that sacred soul in the still arcades of the forest sanctuary, and among the flower-altars of the open field; and each leaflet fluttering in the bland summer-breeze will whisper truths—the dewy chalice of every wild-flower bear to thy soul the sacrament of inspiration.

For the writer who is such without nature's patent of royalty, there is indeed but little encouragement at best. A few words of praise—a votive lay, whose every note is false—a fading garland woven around aching temples;—these may be bought with gold, if the buyer be so lucky as to have gold.

For the anointed of heaven-born genius there is a brighter lot. The hire of his labor can never be paid in the coin of this world, were the niggardly world ever so liberal. He shuts up his strong yearnings within his own breast, and is deeply, beautifully humble in the faith that he is a prophet of good to others. In that is his boon of gladness; nor does he deem it a mean reward. Nerved by this enduring trust to brave the bitter blasts of poverty, and the venom-bite of the mud-worm he disdains; he toils assiduously in sickness, in health, in the cheerful noon of life, and in the awful shadow of the grave. He scatters sheet after sheet from beneath his fingers, and keeps his painful vigils night after night, until the taper flickers in the socket—and life is ended.

And others read his pages when he is gone, and grow earnest too, because he was earnest. The farmer comes from his plough at evening, and gathering his little boy in his arms, together they turn the leaves until the spirit of the departed grows mighty in the breasts of the living. The farmer dies—calmly as the virtuous ever die—but his blessing remains with his son, whose soul burns with the thoughts of the author until his voice is heard in manhood, and others grow better because he lives.

Thus it is that the weary laborer is gratified, and the world is brightened, because the man of genius was true to his high impulses.

But this article has unconsciously grown too long by several paragraphs, and we have incontinently strayed from the road on which we started.

ALPHA.

CLEARFIELD, March, 1850.

HUNGARY—CLOSE OF THE WAR.

The New York *Tribune* translates the following account of the last events of the Hungarian war from a statement of Kossuth, published in London, and translated from the Hungarian language into German:

"An aristocratic coterie was formed in the camp, secretly conducted by Gorgey. The plan began to be known to the Government. This was the true state of things after the victories of Izsassegh, Waitzen and Sazlo. At that time Kossuth considered Hungary strong enough to conquer the Russians, or at least to protract the war until an honorable peace could be secured to Hungary by the intervention of European diplomacy. Gorgey only knew how to gain a victory, but not to make use of it. The siege of Comorn might have been a second battle of Marengo, if Gorgey had followed up the enemy with the Gaspar corps, which he permitted to be entirely idle. The General was then so popular, that Kossuth hesitated to remove him from the supreme command; meantime he named him for Minister of War, and transferred the command to Damjairich. But Gorgey delayed his departure from the camp, by all manner of pretences, until the approach of the Russians.—On the arrival of the first Russian corps the idea of treating with them was spread abroad by the friends of Gorgey.

The Russian intervention found Hungary fully equipped, and stronger to meet the Austrian Russian army than it had been against Austria alone. An army of 141,000 troops of the line, fortresses in the best condition and well provisioned, new battalions to reinforce the regiments, a reserved force of 19 regiments of cavalry all complete, manufactures of arms and powder in full activity, innumerable hospitals—these were the resources of Hungary. With those there were 140,000 Russians, 80,000 Austrians, and 40,000 Jellachich's men to be conquered. It was a plan to beat the hostile corps one after another. Kossuth agreed with Gorgey to let the Russians enter without giving them battle, to beat the Austrians and march to Vienna. In case of defeat, the war must be transferred to Gallacia, and if there was any loss on this side, an incursion was to be made through Steyermar into Italy, returning with the Italians and Hungarians who served in Radetzky's army into Austria. This plan was approved by Gorgey, but completely frustrated by him in the execution. The government displaced him, but he organized a military revolution, which compelled him to disobey the government. Gorgey now threw off the mask. "At this moment," says Kossuth, "I stood alone, deserted, powerless. Nothing was left to me but the choice between banishment and death. As a patriot, a christian, and a father of a family, I chose the former. I thought it might be possible by diplomatic intervention to secure to my country some degree of independent life for the future. I saw the power in England most suited for this diplomatic aid."

GEN. GORGEY has resumed the study of Chemistry, in Syria.

The Cause of Early Decay in American Women.

BY DR. H. DIXON.

Woman's power to please, and the dread of her disapprobation, holds our sex in such absolute subjection, that the menior is too often merged into the lover, and even whilst fascinated by her presence, and trying to silence our hearts for our dereliction, her fragile form is bending under those unchangeable and inexorable laws to whose teachings we have failed to direct her, and the grave receives at once the object of our love, and the evidence of our neglect of a duty, more sacred than any other enjoined upon us by the Creator. Yes;—Man should be the teacher of woman; he enjoys the privilege to guide her steps aright; his is the strong arm and the judging head; hers it is to illuminate the path with the sunlight of her smile, to gladden his ear with the music of her voice and to cheer him with the blest and refining influence of her presence.

We do not believe it was the design of the Creator to invest her with the sterner attributes of a Newton or La Place, a Washington or a Shakspeare. It is glory enough for her to have nourished the philosopher with her blood, to have planted the seeds of virtue in his heart, and led his steps to an age when he becomes her protector and the fulfiller of his destiny. In thus expressing ourselves, shall we be told by some miscalled reformers, that we degrade the position of women? Who was the mother of the philosophers, heroes and poets who have shed lustre upon past ages? They neither discovered the laws of motion of a universe; upheld expiring liberty, nor impressed the living page with the inmost emotions of the soul, they fulfilled their destiny: let us not forget ours.

If it were not for the present wretched state of their moral and physical education, and the too early development of their passions, or that miserable spirit that presides over the hearts and money bags of too many of our species, our children might start on the race of life with far better prospects of reaching its natural termination: marriage would not be contracted before the age of reason, with that absolute selfishness that now governs them. Scrofula would not mate with scrofula, insuring consumption to a line of diseased offspring. Insanity would not seek the altar as a certain introduction to the madhouse. Gout would not bequath his aching toes and crutches to a line of cripples.

These things have been called by worthy people, "the mysterious dispensation of Providence." But the nineteenth century, with her tables of statistics, and her flood of physiological light, will no longer permit us to soothe our consciences with such a delightful plaster for sins against light and knowledge. The sins of the parent are indeed visited on the third generation of them that know the right and still the wrong pursue. Is there no remedy for so great an evil?

So far as it concerns their original organic strength or life-force, males and females are brought into the world with equal chances of life, whatever the condition of health may be in the parents.—Both sexes, however, have, in our opinion, better chances of surviving, if the mother be healthy, even if the father be feeble; for the development of the body depending upon the blood of the mother exclusively, health is more likely to exist at its birth, if the supply of the material be pure and plenty. The chances continue to be equal, so far as our observation goes, during the period of early infancy, or to be accurate, before they can run. After this boys enjoy by far the best chances of acquiring health until adult life, when casualties and disipation, and subsequently the cares and anxieties attendant upon the support of a family, increase the mortality among males. It is probably for this reason that the number of male births exceed the female ones about four per cent.

If it be true, then, that the chances of health for the two sexes are equal at the outset, we must show some very decided and indisputable causes for the difference observable at puberty, or what we have yet to say, will serve but to show our own folly in making assertions we cannot substantiate. Let us look a little after their early training. We will take for example a sister and brother; the girl of eight years, the boy of six.

We give the girl two years start of the boy, to make her condition equal to his at the outset. Both have endured the torture of bandaging, pinning and tight dressing at birth; both have been rocked, jounced upon the knee, pap'd, laudunum'd peragoric'd, castor oil'd, and suffocated with a blanket over the head, sweltered with a cap and feather bed, roastrd at a fire of anthracite and poisoned by the foul air of an unventilated chamber. We give the girl enough to start, to make up for the benefit the boy has derived from chasing the cat, and an occasional tumble in the hall or yard, and the torture she has endured from her sampler, and being compelled to "sit up straight" and not be a "hoyden."

Our little couple start for school with such a minimus of lungs as the unnatural life they have led will allow, and a stomach that is yet fresh enough to endure bad bread, plum cakes, candies and diseased milk. The reader will remember that nature is beneficent, and will endure much abuse before she succumbs. Well—they are off for school;—observe how circumspectly my little miss walks; soon she chides her brother for being "rude." He nothing daunted, starts full tilt after a stray dog or pig; and though he often tumbles in the mud, and his clothes get spoiled, the result is soon visible in increase of lungs and ruddy cheeks. He cannot run without increased dimensions and power of lungs: he cannot have large lungs without good digestion; he will feed well and thrive apace.

They are now at school, seated on a bench without a back, and often with their legs hanging down, so that the poor backbone has no earthly support. Thus sits the wretched child with book in hand, from nine till twelve or one o'clock, and sometimes three. The boy with the aid of sticking a pin now and then in his next neighbor, and occasionally falling asleep and tumbling from his bench from pure nervous exhaustion, to the great relief of his half-stagnent blood-vessels and torpid nerves, endures it till another merciful pig or dog chase makes him feel that he is alive.

But our unfortunate little miss is in a distressed condition. She is charged to walk "straight home," where she is allowed to select her dinner from those articles that afford the nutrition, such as pastry, cake, rich puddings and apples.—This, by the way, is her second meal of the same character, having taken one either at breakfast or lunch. Indeed, she requires no better food; for she has had no exercise to consume the azote of the meat she ought to eat. Remember, that her muscles move her limbs, and are composed chiefly of azote; and it is the red meat or muscle of beef or mutton that she would eat if she had any appetite for it; the fact is, the child has fever, and loathes meat.

After dinner, she either sits down to her sampler, or the piano, and in all probabilitp finishes the day with tea and preserves. She is then posted off to a feather bed in an unventilated room, with the door shut for fear the little darling will take cold. A Nott's stove or furnace keeps the upper chambers from 85 dg. to 100 dg., and the feather bed and the blankets, retaining all the heat of the body, swelter the wretched little creature till morning. What wonder that she gets spinal curvature, if not actual deposits of tubercles in the body of her vertebræ or lungs? All this we have explained at length in the article on Consumption. We have there shown, that although strongly predisposed to that form of scrofula, consumption, as well as spinal disease, can often be overcome by exercise, air and a strong meat diet; and though a child be actually free of scrofula, that it may be produced by such a barbarous and wretched mode of life as we have painted above; one that we grieve to say is extremely common in this city. Boys often escape these evils by parental neglect—and a precious boon for them it is; but the poor girls are deprived of nature's only method of keeping the pale-faced monster at bay.

Now, if this picture be denied, take you two children of common parents, at a common country school, two miles from home, and if they have sufficient clothing, and good food, even though the benches have no backs, and the schoool house be overheated and little better than a pig-pen, tell me, if at twelve years of age the girl cannot often wrestle with her brother, and ask no favors of him.

As the period of puberty approaches, the constant deprivation of her natural wants of good air, plain nutritrous food, and plenty of unrestrained exercise, becomes more apparent in its results; she is exceedingly awkard; her face is pale and her eyelids swollen; the tight dresses, those accursed woman-killers, cripple the play of the heart and lungs, and do not allow the blood to circulate freely in the extremities in short, she is literally a bread and butter girl, with a distressing consciousness of being all hands and feet.—But now commences another and more serious difficulty, she is to enter upon a new and wonderful phase of her existance.—If she have been permitted to share the sports of her brothers, and to enjoy the comforts of a happy home and intellectual parents, her cheek may be invested with the blushes of modesty, and her eyes assume the language of love unconsciously to herself; nature's great end is attained with so little disturbance of the nervous and circulating functions, that a few weeks produce an astonishing change in her appearance. But yesterday, she was a child, pleased with a puppet or a doll; now she is a woman, prepared to sympathise and to love.

Suppose, on the other hand, she be the unfortunate child of uneducated and vulgar parents, whose absurd ideas of gentility and education have dragged or driven her through early infancy, in the manner we have endeavored to set forth. The period for the great change arrives, and the poor creature knowing nothing but the fact that her child is more wretched than before, sends for her physician. He, perhaps, almost equally ignorant with herself, or what is still worse, being a miserable time server, sees the admirable facilities for "making a bill"—and straightway commences a scene of deception and ignorance, that if it do not result in the death of his unfortunate patient, leaves her a miserable creature, with spinal curvature or consumption.

The truth is, nature has been utterly foiled in the proper attainment of her greatest end, by crippling her only method of producing the life force. Air, food, and exercise of proper quality and quantity, and unrestrained song, laughter and sport; these are her means, and these she must have, or healthful puberty can never be established. If she finally break through all this cordon of ignorance, and attempt to invest her child with the crowning glory of womanhood—if the rose at last blooms faintly on her cheek, it is but to often the precurser of hysteria, and instead of being the delight of the social circle, she becomes a constant source of anxiety and misery to those who surround her. In short, she becomes "nervous," and that is an epitome of horrors often worse than death itself.

So far we have spoken of the more palpable evils of her every day existence, whose direct effect on her body is so apparant, that they are beginning to attract the notice of the thinking world. How shall we approach the subject of her intellectual being? What can we say of her mental education as conducted in this city?

It sickens the heart to contemplate the education of female children in this city. Should nature even triumph over all the evils we have enumerated, no sooner has the poor girl attained the age of puberty, than her mind and nervous system are placed upon the rack of novel reading and sentimental love stories. There is just enough of truth in most of these mawkish productions to excite the passions and distract the attention of the young girl from the love of nature and her teachings and all rational ideas of real life, and to cause her to dispise the (to her) common-place parents, whose every hour may be occupied with considerations for her welfare.

Much has been done to injure the morals of our young girls by the publication of the overstrained and impure productions of the infamous school of modern French novelists.

Dickens and Bremer, Sedgwick and Child, may counteract, in some degree, the effect of the writings of such moral lepers but when mothers praise such productions in presence of their children, there is but too much reason to suppose they will be read by the curious girl, and their full effect produced.

It is the premature excitement that we dread: the licentious characters presented in all the glowing tints of depraved imagination, cannot fail injuriously to affect the youthful organism. The forces of the young heart and vascular system, are thus prematurely goaded into spherm al action by the stimulus of imagination. A morbid centre is thus created in the system, whose pernicious action is manifest in the diversified forms of hysteria; and nothing less than the total wreck of the youthful body often follows this infernal hot bed of the passions—this altar of sacrafice for the young.

City of the Salt Lake.

We find in the *St. Louis Union* of the 23d ult., some interesting facts in relation to the Mormon settlement at Salt Lake, furnished by John Montanye, who has just returned from California, having gone out by the overland route. The party, on their way out, reached Salt Lake City on the 16th of Juy last. At that time there were seven thousand inhabitants in the city, and including the residents of the city and surrounding country, it was estimated there were seventeen thousand Mormons in the valley. The city, which is five miles from the mountains and twenty miles from the great Salt Lake, can only be approached from this side through a narrow cannon, and is left by the departing emigrant on the side beyond through a similar passage. A beautiful stream of pure water from the mountains, which enters the city through one of these cannons, is so disposed of as to keep a small constant current of bright, cool water passing down either side of each street. The city is a handsome one, and is beautifully laid out. As no rain falls in the valley for six months during each year, the farmers necessarily resort to irrigation to assist vegetation. Salt Lake is a beautiful sheet of water, and from its center rises a large Island, which towers up to a great hight, forming a lofty mountain. From this mountain gush some of the finest fresh water springs in the world. The island is the shepherd,s home. There the Mormons have vast herds of fine cattle, which are tended by regular shepherds.

The water of the lake is so strongly impregnated with salt, that it lightly buoys objects upon its surface, and man finds it impossible to sink. It is much resorted to for bathing purposes. During each autumn it casts upon its shores vast quantities of saline matter, and in the succeeding summer the sun's bright rays evaporate the water retained in the deposit, and leave a bank of the purest and whitest salt in the world. This may be shoveled up by the ton. Just beyond the limits of the present site of the Salt Lake City, the Mormons had, until recently, many acres of ground enclosed within the walls of a strong fort, but all fear of molestation from either whites or Indians, having subsided, they are raising the walls and using their materials in the construction of dwellings.

About eighty rods from the city there is a spring, sixty feet in diameter, with a temperature above blood heat, which is much resorted to by all classes, as a bathing place. Two miles beyond this spring is another, which flows with a sufficient boldness to turn a mill, and boils like a cauldren, so extremely hot that it will scald the flesh if brought in contact with it. The weather is delightful in the valley, and so mild in the winter that the cattle, which are suffered to run at large in the canobreaks, are fat and fine in the spring, and yet the range of mountains five miles distant from the city have perpetual snow upon their summits. There are three rivers traversing the valley, and all terminate in Salt Lake.

FAMILY CIRCLE.

In Coles county, Tennessee, there lived a man named Isaac Dodson, and his wife, who were firm believers in Father Miller, and not doubting for a moment the correctness of their prophet's calculations, they set about making active preparations for the eventful day that was to exterminate the existence of all sublimary things. After having "set their house in order," the following conversation took place.

Husband—My dear wife, I believe I have made every preparation for to-morrow. I have forgiven all my enemies, and prayed for the forgiveness of all my sins, and I feel perfectly calm and resigned.

Wife—Well, husband, I believe I am ready for the sound of the trumpet.

Husband—I'm rejoiced to hear it; but my dear wife, I have no doubt, that there are many domestic secrets which we have kept hidden from each other, which had they been known at the time of their occurrence, might have produced unpleasant feelings; but as we have but one more day to live, let us unbosom ourselves freely to each other.

Wife—Well, husband you are right, there are some little things that I have never told you and which I intended should remain between me and my God; but as we have but one day more left, I reckon its right to make a clean breast to each other. I'm ready—you begin husband.

Husband—No dear, you begin.

Wife—No, husband, you begin.

Husband—No! You know my love, Paul says husbands have the right to command their wives. It is your duty as a christian woman, to obey your husband and the father of your children, so begin love.

Wife—In the sight of God, I reckon it's right; so I'll tell you my dear husband, our eldest son William is not your child.

Husband—Great God! Mary, I never dreamed of your being untrue to me. Is that so?

Wife—(in tears)—yes, God forgive me, it is true. I know that I did very wrong, and am sorry for it, but in an evil hour I fell, and there is no help for it now.

Husband—William not mine!—In the name of God, whose child is he?

Wife—He's Mr. Graham's, the constable, the Lord be near your poor wife.

Husband—So William ain't my child. Go on.

Wife—Well, our daughter Mary, named after me, ain't yours neither.

Husband—*Salvation!* Tell on Mary; who's Mary's father?

Wife—Mr. Grinder, the man that built the meetin' house and went to the lower country.

Husband—[resignedly—Well, as there is but one day more, I'll bear it, so go on, if you have any thing else.

Wife—Well, there is our youngest—

Husband—I 'spose Jemmy ain't mine?

Wife—No, dear husband, Jemmy that we both love so well, ain't your'n neither.

Husband—Merciful Lord! Is that so? In the name of goodness, whose is he?

Wife—He is the one eyed shoemaker's that lives at the forks of the road.

Husband—Well, my God! Gabriel blow your horn! *I want to go now!*

The Gaines Case.—A telegraph despatch from New Orleans, states that on the 21st, the decision in the great Gaines case was announced. The Court have decided against Mrs. Gaines on nearly every point, dismissing her bill. The decision was given by Judge McCaleb, of the District Court, Judge McKinly withdrawing.

A late English paper says: "It is a remarkable and scientific fact, that all the later improvements in cotton weaving machinery have come from the United States."