

# THE HOME JOURNAL.

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## The Home Journal.

BY W. J. SLATTER.

Our paper is issued this week on Thursday morning, at which time it will continue to make its appearance every week. Advertisements, to insure insertion, must be handed in by Tuesday morning, at farthest, as we put the paper to press on Wednesday.

### OPPOSITION TO YOUNG MEN.

Everybody knows how common it is for old and middle-aged men to try to keep young men from rising in the world by sneers at the youthfulness of the aspirants—as even in the case of Walpole, whose taunts against Pitt so signally failed to depress the latter, and served but to “damn their author to everlasting shame.” No young man of talents but has had such enemies to encounter; men who seem to take a fiendish delight and cherish certain malicious pleasure in seeking to depress everything like genius enthusiasm and the buoyant ambitions of the bright or brilliant young man. This arises half from their malice, and as much from utter ignorance of the nature and temperament of genius. When the climber upward has gained a place among his peers, then it is that these miserable flatterers cringe and fawn as basely as they formerly maligned and ridiculed him, and would fain crowd out his old friends and stanch adherents. In his green age and building season, the youth of genius craves and requires sympathy.—It is with him especially, (and in a measure with all men,) an intellectual want, as evident as the coarsest, necessary elements of existence.

He who betrays another's secret because he has quarreled with him was never worthy the sacred name of friend. A breach of kindness on one side will not justify a breach of trust on the other.

The sorrow of the living for the dead, the grief of a bereaved heart, the agony of a soul stricken in its tender affections, is so purely personal, so impossible to be felt and understood by another, and so deep and delicate in its nature, that it evades analysis and shrieks from an attempt at palpable delineation. To those who have been bereft of their chosen ones, there is no expression tender enough, there is no tear sympathetic enough, there is no voice sweet enough, there is no touch skillful enough to save the wounded spirit, to woo the sorrowing soul to peace, or waken to tones of harmony the jangled, broken cords of the heart. No wonder, then, that we love to lay our dead away in the loveliest retreats, in enchanted grounds, and decorate their graves with what ever is most beautiful and appropriate that the earth affords. So universal is this sentiment, this yearning of the stricken heart, that the burial-ground of the savage is revered by him, and respected by his foes who respect nature. Even among the least human portion of the race—the debased New Hollanders—the burial-ground is held sacred and cultivated with assiduous care and unweary affection.—There their dead sleep in unmolested repose, their graves adorned with flowers, and strewn with the ashes of the fragrant willow, while the acacia gently sweeps with her golden hair the pillows of their graves. Affection and reverence for the last resting-place of our beloved dead, whose lowly couch we expect some day to share, are noble and humanizing sentiments and should be nurtured with generous assiduity.

MAN'S HEART.—A man's heart is as sensitive as that of a woman—perhaps more so, because it is not so quickly beating or elastic, and its emotions should be treated with due respect. Young ladies should not tamper with it, any more than men with theirs.

Some of our streets are being “fixed up,” and we are glad to see it. It does not require much labor to keep them in good order, and frequent attention will always be found much the cheapest. “A stitch in time,” you know.

ABOUT GIRLS.—The best thing about a girl is cheerfulness. We don't care how ruddy her cheeks may be, or how velvety her lips, if she wears a scowl even her friends will consider her ill-looking; while the young lady who illumines her countenance with smiles, will be regarded as handsome, though her complexion is coarse enough to grate nutmeg on. As perfumes is to the rose so is good nature to the lovely. Girls, think of this.

What very bad practice is a comet guilty of? Tale-bearing.

### VALENTINE'S DAY.

Next Monday, the 14th of February, will be the day, which from time immemorial, has been held sacred to St. Valentine. In his writings, Shakespeare alludes to this day as the one on which birds begin to mate, and hence we presume, arose the custom of sending tokens of love and respect on every recurrence of the occasion. We have no doubt but that Uncle Sam's mail bags will be considerably burthened by many little missives of love from one sweetheart to another for a week to come, and many a post master will find the letter box, on Monday morning crammed with the aforesaid documents. Some will be ludicrous, yet some we suspect, will be genuine love letters, and kindle a little flame in the pure heart of some fair maiden. If we were in love we should hail the 14th as a very good and appropriate time in which to make known the “tender feelings,” since we know that at any other period our timidity would overawe our passion into concealment like a worm in the bud.

SAD CASUALTY.—A Mr. Reed, machinist in the employ of Messrs. McCallie, Marsh & Co., at their steam Saw Mill, on last Saturday morning was caught in the machinery and instantly killed, and what renders this usually more distressing, is that, Mr. Reed, had a brother killed some ten days before in the railroad smash up near Winchester, whence he had just returned from performing his brother's funeral ceremonies. Mr. Reed leaves a wife and five small children.—*Chattanooga Advertiser.*

'Tis a wretched home indeed that love cannot make attractive, cannot even beautify, to the mind who feels its sway. It may have a leaky roof, and no floor in it; it may have ragged walls through which winter's chilling snow can sift; it may have a smoky chimney, and yet happiness may dwell there if love will, and joy may deeply thrill noble hearts, if love but issues forth an sanctifies the love thus cast in adversity's shadow.

### STANZAS.

BY COL. G. L. ERKHAERT, OF PENN.  
A heart the mountain's hozy brow,  
Through the blue ether seen afar,  
The sun has thrown his latest beams  
In many a shining golden bar.  
The swallows twitter near the eaves;  
While from your maple's topmost limb,  
In notes of full and grateful praise,  
The robin pours his vesper hymn.  
From off the meadow's blooming breast  
A thousand sweetest odors rise,  
And on the sighing breeze are borne  
Like ev'ning incense to the skies.  
The streamlets, in a muffled strain,  
Are singing down the quiet dells;  
And all the trees in silence stand  
To hear the music of their bells.  
Along Ohio's placid stream  
I hear St. Mary's vesper bell,  
While cloistered nuns with measured tone  
Are slowly chanting, “All is well.”  
“Ah! all is well with you,” I cry,  
“For your dear heart's knock naught of care,  
Nor little reck what heaps of woe  
The human heart is doomed to bear.”  
Ye little know how ruthless grief,  
From out the heart drives all its mirth,  
And makes it pine for “fairer words,”  
Yet binds it fast to groveling earth.  
But I will bear the cross with hope;  
For surely all the angels tell,  
That those who walk the ‘paths of peace’  
Shall wear a crown, where “all is well.”  
NASHVILLE, TENN. FEAY. 1859.

### KEEP THE MOUTH SHUT DURING COLD WEATHER.

Dr. Hall advises every person who goes into the open air from a warm apartment to keep the mouth shut while walking or riding. He says: “Before you leave the room, bundle up well—gloves, cloak and comforter—shut your mouth before you open the street door, and keep it resolutely closed until you have walked briskly for some ten minutes; then, if you keep on walking, or have reached your home, you may talk as much as you please. By not so doing, many a heart once happy and young now lies in the churchyard, that might have been young and happy still. But how? If you keep your mouth closed and walk rapidly, the air can only reach the lungs by a circuit of the nose and head, and becomes warmed before reaching the lungs, thus causing no derangement; but if you converse, large draughts of cold air rush directly in upon the lungs, chilling the whole frame almost instantly. The brisk walking throws the blood to the surface of the body thus keeping up a vigorous circulation and making a cold impossible, if you do not get into a cold bed too quickly after you get home. Neglect of these precautions brings sickness and premature death to thousands.”

GOOD RULES FOR ALL.—Profane language is abominable. Loud laughing is impolite. Inquisitiveness is offensive. Tattling is mean. Telling lies is contemptible. Slandering is devilish. Ignorance is disgraceful, and laziness shameful. Never be ashamed of honest labor. Pride is a curse—a hateful vice. Never act the hypocrite. Keep good company. Speak the truth at all times. Never be discouraged.

### A WOMAN'S POEM.

You say you love me, and you lay  
Your hand and fortune at my feet;  
I thank you, Sir, with all my heart,  
For love is sweet,  
It is but little to you men,  
To whom the doors of Life stand wide;  
But much, how much, to woman! She  
Has naught beside.  
You make the worlds wherein you move;  
You rule your tastes, or coarse, or fine;  
Dine, hunt, or fish, or waste your gold  
At dice and wine.  
Our world (alas, you make that too!)  
Is narrow—shut in four blank walls:  
Know you, or care, what light is there?  
What shadow falls?  
We read the last new novel out,  
And live in dream-land till it ends;  
We write romantic school-girl notes,  
That bore our friends.  
We learn to trill Italian notes,  
And thrum for hours the tortured keys:  
We think it pleases you, and we  
But live to please!  
We feed our birds, we tend our flowers,  
(Poor indoor things of sickly bloom!)  
Or play the housewife in our gloves,  
And dust the room.  
But some of us have hearts and minds?  
So much the worse for us and you;  
For grant we seek a better life,  
What can we do?  
We can not build and sail your ships,  
Or drive your engines; we are weak,  
And ignorant of tricks of Trade;  
To think and speak,  
Or write some earnest, stammering words,  
Alone is ours, and that you hate;  
So forced within ourselves again,  
We sigh and wait.  
Ah! who can tell the bitter hours,  
The dreary days that women spend?  
Their thoughts unshared, their lives unknown,  
Without a friend!  
Without a friend!  
Without a friend! And what is he,  
Who, like a shadow, day and night,  
Follows the woman he prefers?  
Lives in her sight?  
Her lover, he; a gallant man,  
Devoted to her every whim;  
He vows to die for her, so she  
Must live for him!  
We should be very grateful, Sir,  
That, when you've nothing else to do,  
You waste your idle hours on us:  
So kind of you!  
Profuse in studied compliments,  
Your manners, like your clothes, are  
fine,  
Tho' both, at times, are somewhat strong  
Of smoke and wine!  
What can we hope to know of you?  
Or you of us? We act our parts;  
We love in jest; it is the play  
Of hands, not hearts!  
You grant my better words are true  
Of others, not of you and me;  
Your love is steady as a star;  
But we shall see.  
You say you love me: leave you thought  
How much these little words contain?  
Alas! a world of happiness,  
And worlds of pain!  
You know, or should, your nature now,  
Its needs and passions. Can I be  
What you desire me? Do you find  
Yourself in me?  
You do. But have you thought that I  
May have my ways and fancies, too?  
You love me; well, but have you thought  
If I love you?  
But think again. You know me not:  
I, too, may be a butterfly,  
A costly parlor doll, on show  
For you to buy!  
You trust me wholly? One word more.  
You see me young; they call me fair;  
Think I have a pleasant face,  
And pretty hair!  
But, by-and-by, my face will fade;  
It must with time, it may with care;  
What say you to a wrinkled wife,  
With thin, gray hair?  
You care not, you; in youth, or age,  
Your heart is mine, while life endures.  
Is't so? Then, Arthur, here's my hand,  
My heart is yours.

### MAKE A GOOD START.

A person's success in life, after all, depends very much upon the start which he makes. The first half mile has often told the story of victory or defeat. So life's early morning has often been the truthful harbinger of many a life history. Not always does that dashing course who far outstrips his fellows for the first half of the race, gain the trophies of victory—neither does that favored child of fortune, whose coffers overflow with wealth, whose other hands have earned, always know best how to set about the fulfillment of his mission.  
On the contrary, we far more frequently see those who have been forced to struggle against adverse circumstances, and work their own way through childhood and youth, earn their own bread—get their own education—and lay the foundation for their own fortune, rising, and still rising, until they far eclipse others who have been fairly surfeited with the good things of life. How encouraging then to every young man, is the thought, that energy, self-dependence, and high resolve are the sure touchstones to wealth, to eminence and to fame. Make, then, a good start in life, be courageous, be persevering, and success will be most certainly your abundant reward.—*Chattanooga Advertiser.*

### A PROF. ON A LADDER.

In a flourishing College of well-earned repute, there chanced to be one of those sneaking, prying, inquisitive, meddling sort of personages, who by dint of their extreme conscientiousness and deep piety, managed to get the sage title of Professor, and at the same time gained the ill-will and hatred of the entire collegiate fraternity.  
Now, the Prof.'s ever watchful eye had long been on the alert, to detect and bring into judgment a couple of hale fellows well met, concerning whom he had strong suspicions—for his delicate faculties had detected the flavor of old cognac while in close conversation, and with his ear at the key hole, he had heard the shuffle of cards; he was sure of all of this, but yet lacked the positive proof. It so happened that a painter's ladder had been left poised just below their window, which was in the third story. A very sagacious thought struck the Prof. and he neither slumbered nor slept.  
About midnight when all was still the Prof. went out to take observations—sure enough there was a dim light plainly visible in the faded room. Resolved now on a glorious revelation, he cautiously draws off his boots, and slowly ascends the ladder. He has gotten to the topmost round, and his head is just peering above the open casement. There they are—the culprits, with their Champaigne and cards, having a glorious time over a game of old sledge.  
Quick as thought the light was extinguished, and in a trice four stalwart hands are firmly clinched to the ladder below. “You sneaking, mean, eaves-dropping puppy, what on earth are you about up there, trying to commit burglary at this time of night? your time has come”—and they began to shake the ladder furiously from below. “Oh no, no, you mistake me—I'm Prof. B. don't.”  
“Prof. B! hush your lying mouth, Prof. B. wouldn't be guilty of such a mean low-down trick—can't fool us, you're obliged to go, ladder and all,” and again they shake and sweep the poor culprit through the air. “Oh you will kill me, do let me off, I'll do anything.” “Do anything!—then promise that you'll never be guilty of such a mean, low-down, trick again—and as a pledge, that you'll come in and take a good drink, and a game of whist, and we'll let you off.” The Prof. promised all this and much more, and faithful to his vow, went in and pledged it in a good bumper—after getting him comfortable tight they put him to bed. Prof. was never known to go up a painter's ladder after that.

### THE DESERTED WIFE.

BY JAMES G. PRICIVAL.  
A Gem.—The following, is one of the most touching poems in the English language. It moreover tells the story of many a broken heart:  
He comes not—I have watched the moon go down,  
And yet he comes not. Once it was not so,  
He thinks not how the bitter tears do flow  
The while he holds his riot in the town.  
Yet he will come and chide, and I shall weep,  
And he will wake my infant from its sleep,  
To bleed its feeble waiting with my tears.  
Oh! how I love a mother's watch to keep,  
Over those sleeping eyes; that smile which cheers  
My heart, though sunk in sorrow thick and deep.  
I had a husband once, who loved me—now  
He ever weeps a frown upon his brow;  
As beads his passion on a wanton lip,  
As beads his laugh flowers a poison sip.  
But yet I cannot hate. Of there were hours  
When I could hang forever on his eye,  
And time, who stole with silent witness by,  
Sirewed, as he hurried on, his path with flowers.  
I loved him then—he loved me, too. My heart  
Still finds its fondness kindle if he smile;  
The memory of our loves will ne'er depart;  
And though he often stung me with a dart,  
Venomed and barbed, and wasted upon the vile  
Cares which his babe and mine should share,  
Though he should spurn me I will calmly bear  
His madness, and should sickness come  
And lay  
Its paralyzing hand upon him, then  
I would with kindness all my wrongs repay,  
Until the patient should weep, and say  
How injured and how faithful I had been.  
“Oh why should man's success remove  
The very charms that wake his love?”

### THAT MOUSTACHE.

BY A LADY.  
Oh, barber, spare that young moustache!  
Touch not a single hair,  
Your razor, brush and other trash,  
Must never venture there.  
At last the bud has bursted out,  
By much caressing taught,  
Its frail young tendrils how they sprout,  
Then, barber, touch it not.  
Though well laid out, and wide the field,  
Whence this young moustache shoots,  
This sickly soil no more can yield,  
Oh! then guard well those roots;  
For should thy murderous blade sweep o'er  
That curved lip's snowy mist,  
The tender plants would bloom no more;  
Then, barber, oh! desist.  
Think of the fair young girl whose lip  
Was wont so oft to press  
That budding month, its sweets to sip—  
Oh! think of her distress.  
'Tis unpledged manhood's pride and joy;  
With sighs and tears 'twas brought;  
Let no rude stroke its life destroy—  
Oh! barber, touch it not!

### ADDRESS OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES OF THE UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH, TO THE SOUTHERN DIOCESES.

The Board of Trustees of the University of the South, during its recent meeting at the Bersheba Springs, Tennessee, having reaffirmed with great unanimity the decision made at Montgomery, Alabama, in November, 1857, selecting, as the site of the University, that portion of the Cumberland plateau called Sewanee, and having finally settled the question of location, the undersigned have been appointed a Committee to set forth the reasons which led to that decision, and to furnish the Dioceses interested in this matter the fullest information as to the geographical position and positive advantages of this locality.  
The selection of Sewanee as the site of our projected Institution, was not made, in the first instance, without the matured deliberation. At the meeting held in July, 1857, at the Lookout Mountain, a Committee of Location was appointed, consisting of one Trustee from each Diocese, whose business it was made to examine all the suggested localities and to report to a meeting to be held at Montgomery in November, 1857, with the full understanding that the Board would then and there decide this important question of location. Having examined personally such proposed sites as their other duties would permit, the Committee of location requested Col. WALTER GUYSON, of the Blue Ridge Railroad, to organize a corps of civil engineers, with instructions to examine minutely every locality which might desire to present its claims, and called attention, through a series of questions prepared with great judgment by its Chairman, to the points deemed most important in the settlement of the question. To the meeting held in Montgomery, in November, 1857, this Corps of Engineers reported in full, laying before the Board accurate, because scientific, information upon all the points material to a final judgment in the premises. Gentlemen sent up as delegates from these respective localities were examined minutely as to their healthfulness, their accessibility, climate, water, building materials, and centrality.—Advocates from each locality were heard in detail and were permitted to enter as fully as they pleased into the merits of their favorite sites. When these examinations were ended, such of the Trustees as desired to speak, were heard before the Board. It was then resolved that no locality should be selected which did not receive the vote of two-thirds of each order, the order of Bishops and the order of clerical and lay Trustees. After a long balloting, not unaccompanied by prayer for the Divine guidance, Sewanee was selected as combining more advantages than any locality which had been examined. Under these circumstances it was neither a hasty nor impulsive decision to which the Board came at Montgomery, and subsequent investigation and personal examination have confirmed those who voted for it in the first instance and have removed the objections of some who then voted against it. We feel confident that Sewanee only needs a personal inspection to satisfy most minds that it has been well and judiciously chosen for its purpose.  
The selection of the site for the proposed University must be considered in connection with the objects, which the Southern Dioceses had in view in its establishment. Apart from these, it might not be easy to prove that it was the fittest locality, but in conjunction with them, it will be found to unite more completely than any other, all the requirements of such a scheme. For this is not the feeble ef-

### fort of a single Diocese, but the concentration of the patronage of ten Dioceses extending from the Southern line of Kentucky and Virginia to the Western limits of Texas and Arkansas. Any locality, therefore, which would give anything like general satisfaction, must occupy a central position, inclining as much as possible towards the West, since that is the only direction in which this confederation of Dioceses can ever extend itself.—This limited the Trustees, of course, to a certain range of country, outside of which it would have been a waste of time to have examined and considered any locality. But it was likewise essential that the selection should be made from that portion of the centre of these Dioceses which should offer undoubted healthfulness upon a soil furnishing abundant supplies of freestone water, which should afford easy communication with all parts of the confederation, and which should be surrounded by a farming country providing the necessities of life in any quantity and at a moderate expense. These requirements still further limited the choice of the Trustees, and confined them within an area extending from Atlanta, Georgia, to McMinnville, Tennessee, as its Eastern and Western limits, and from Knoxville to Huntsville, Alabama, as its Northern and Southern limits. Within these boundaries the choice must be made or else there would be dissatisfaction and unsuitability. There was yet another point to be considered, connected with the social life of the South, which demanded attention in the settlement of this question. Our citizens have, for the most part, made the summer months their period of travelling, either for pleasure or business. During these hot months their plantations and even their city homes are deserted and they are scattered all the world over, from our own local Springs to Saratoga, Newport, Paris, Rome and Naples.—At this season it is inconvenient for them to have their sons returned upon their hands. They do not wish to introduce them, at that immature period of life, to the dissipated society of watering places, and when they return, during vacations, from College, they desire to have them at home. For the South, the proper vacation of an University is the winter; that season when our planters and merchants and professional men are surrounded by their families upon their homesteads; when the cheerful Christmas fire is burning on the hearth, and mothers and sisters and servants can receive the returning student to his home, and revive within him that holy domestic feeling which may have decayed amid the scholastic insolation of a College; when he can engage in the sports which make him a true Southern man, hunting, shooting, riding; when he can mingle freely with the slaves who are in the future to be placed under his management and control. That a literary institution may give the student these precious months, it must be placed where the climate will permit him to apply himself during the hot months of summer, where intellectual labor will not be a burden, where cool nights and mornings will restore the energies which have flagged under close application. This condition of things could only be secured upon some lofty table land, which should protrude itself into the centre of the Cotton growing region and be happily surrounded by all the other requirements of a large institution. This consideration, therefore, forced the choice of the Board within still narrower limits. But there was likewise another point to be weighed, the question of social intercourse of the Professors and Students likely to be assembled at such a point. Could we have found within these limits a city of from fifty to one hundred thousand inhabitants, combining with the refinement of large towns the facilities which cities afford for the conduct of life, and offering the University undoubted healthfulness, the Board would probably not have hesitated in selecting that as the best location for the University. But no such city offered itself, and the question was left to be decided between the neighbourhood of a small town or the creation of a social atmosphere of its own around the University. When it was reduced to this alternative there was but little hesitation about the decision, and the Board almost unanimously agreed that it would be preferable to create a society around the University which should receive its tone from the University, and be in a measure dependent upon the University.—To make this a matter of easy performance, some locality must be selected which should combine attractive scenery and

### picturesque variety with a temperate summer climate. If these could be found in conjunction with accessibility, with an abundance of water, with good building materials, and surrounded by a farming country affording in plenty the necessities of life, the Board concluded that it should have met with the locality which its circumstances demanded.

All these things are combined in the location which the Board has chosen at Sewanee. It lies within the limits to which the Board was circumscribed by the primary action of the Bishops at Philadelphia, being neither so far West as McMinnville, nor so South as Huntsville. It stands upon the elevated plateau of the Cumberland Mountain, about 1000 feet above the level of the ocean, possessing a climate equivalent to that of Flat Rock in North Carolina. It is above the level of all intermittent disease, and is abundantly blessed with the purest water flowing from under the sandstone capping of the Cumberland Ridge. It is covered thickly with excellent timber, oak, chestnut, and walnut. It has all over it the very best building stone and can command, by easy approach, the limestones and marbles in which Tennessee abounds. It has coal mines at its very door, opened at great cost by a wealthy company of New York, providing fuel at very reasonable rates. There lies at its foot, connected with it by Railroad, one of the richest farming countries of the West. Nothing is wanting to render it every way suitable to our purpose, and there can be no objections to it except they are from its being a mountain location, or from inaccessibility, or from disease.  
When a lowlander hears of a mountain location, he at once conceives of a lofty peak, covered over with rugged rocks, whose summit is to be reached by a severe and toilsome labor. Was this conception of his correct, he would be right in arguing that it was unwise to place an University in such a position. But the Cumberland plateau does not answer in any particular to this conception. It is not a series of rugged peaks, but a wide table land, topped upon its summit a level area of from two to twenty miles in width, upon which a Railroad is now running for fifteen miles, and might be extended for a hundred; upon which stage roads are made as smooth and easy of grade as any in the middle counties of South Carolina or Georgia; upon which farms, county towns and watering places are located, and which is as well timbered as any part of the country except the heavy river swamps. This plateau is reached by an easy ride of half an hour upon a Railroad built in the most substantial manner and laid with a T rail, which traverses the whole extent of the University lands. In addition to this Railroad, the citizens of Franklin county, which lies at the base of the lands upon which the University is to stand, have guaranteed the building of a Turnpike from some point on the Chattanooga and Nashville Railroad to the site of the University, so that we shall be connected with the lowlands at our base by both Rail and Turnpike, giving the University the fullest scope for the easy procurement of all its supplies. When this summit has been reached, there spreads out before the eye an area with just enough undulation to make it picturesque, covered with large timber, with a rich underbrush of grass, and with springs of freestone water yielding four hundred, five hundred, and in one case one thousand gallons of water per hour. From this summit the visitor is delighted with scenes of unsurpassed beauty, with points of the mountain running in fantastic shapes into the valleys, like promontories into the ocean, with wooded slopes stretching down into the cultivated lands and mingling the wildness of nature with the improvements of man, with fat valleys rich in the bounties of Providence, with an almost boundless horizon spreading away towards the far West. And these views vary at a hundred points of the University lands, for it is the peculiarity of this sandstone formation to break into gorges and to open up new scenery at every turn. The soil too is capable of producing the very best vegetables, specimens of which were submitted to our inspection and which might bear comparison with any in our City markets.  
This Cumberland plateau seems to have been formed by God for the benefit and blessing of the valley of the Mississippi and the cotton growing regions of the Southern States. Forming the Eastern limit of that immense valley, stretching, with this peculiar formation of a sandstone table land, for one hundred miles across the State