

EDUCATION

We submit a few of our nature by a neglect of the advantages of education. For, it is true that we were created intelligent...

It is not that man is so dull as to fail to perceive what is in this within his reach, and which is of all prizes the greatest? Alas! for the truth involved in the ignorance and misery...

Another Revolutionary Soldier. Mr. Editor—I am requested to announce through the columns of your paper the death of Jonathan McPeters who was a private in the revolutionary war. He was born on 14th day of January, A. D. 1759, and died on the 16th ult., aged ninety years.

A Happy Village. I heard a friend describe the village of — in the following terms: "There is not a single tumbler or drunkard among this people; no lousy loungers about bars and store doors; not a single feud or heart-burning between any two families, and no religious controversy or unkindly feeling between denominations."

Ego Sum Feminina, Etc. A new day seems to be ushering in upon us, and who knows ere its sun may set, but that the "Messenger" may become a Father, Guardian, or Spectator, graced by the sayings and discussions of such minds as Steele's, Addison's, Johnson's, Dryden's and Pope's, mixed with the quaint sayings of Thomas Aquinas, and the imaginary subtleties of a Millar!

Intellectual worth is a mighty colossus, reared by industry and perseverance, a monument befitting man's capable superiority over the brute beneath, and standing out high to the gaze of the world, an object of surprise and admiration.

Errata.—In article No. 1, enormous, in the 11th line of the first paragraph, should be anomalous; desirable, in the first line of the second paragraph, should be desirable; a criterion, in the sixth line of the fourth paragraph, should be a criteria; and resulted five lines below, should be results.

Back Woods, March 30, 1846. Dear Mr. Editor.—The folks over in these diggins think a heap of good poetry.—When "Edward" began writin in your paper they was all so dreadfully tickled that they like to run right stark natural mad.—Old folks that hadent bin known to laugh for fifteen years, jist roared. The young folks would make gatheries jist on purpose to read and sing the poetry, and laugh together.

For the Highland Messenger. Ego Sum Feminina, Etc. A new day seems to be ushering in upon us, and who knows ere its sun may set, but that the "Messenger" may become a Father, Guardian, or Spectator, graced by the sayings and discussions of such minds as Steele's, Addison's, Johnson's, Dryden's and Pope's, mixed with the quaint sayings of Thomas Aquinas, and the imaginary subtleties of a Millar!

Whigs Must not Slumber.—The Whigs must be all alive and stirring in the opening contest in this State. They deceive themselves, if they think they are to gain by the division in the ranks of the enemy. Unless they are vigilant and active, they will lose by it.

A Fair Hit.—Mr. Pennington, of Virginia, in the course of his speech on the Oregon question, gave a very effective poke at the beneficiaries of the Secretary of State, with a side hit at the feeble condition of a still higher functionary.

Good.—A Democrat from Wake county, in this place a day or two ago, described his intention to vote for Egan. A gentleman asked him, being he was in a friendly mood, if he couldn't get Simpson in a friendly way. "Oh no," he replied, "Simpson is like a mad dog; place his head in any direction and he'll go to blazes."—Epitaphical Observations.

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