

Highland Messenger.

LIFE IS ONLY TO BE VALUED AS IT IS USEFULLY EMPLOYED.

VOLUME I.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

FOUR HOURS OF PERIL AND TERROR.

RESCUE FROM THE BRINK OF THE CATARACT.

We have heard of many "awful situations" and "Providential rescues," but never of a situation more truly awful than that which we are about to describe, nor of a rescue in all respects more strikingly Providential.

Mr. Kidd, one of the hands employed in the flouring mill of Avery and Thurber, just above the Middle Falls of the Genesee, in the North part of this city, after dark a few evenings since, took the mill belonging to the mill, and without communicating his design to any one, attempted to cross the river. For the purpose of improving the water power at that point, a dam has been thrown across, a few feet above the middle cataraet, and at low water the current for some distance above the dam is slight. When the water is high, however, a strong current sets over the dam through its whole length, and then none but a person accustomed to manage a boat can push across. The river was very high on the evening in question. To add to the difficulty, Mr. Kidd had but little experience in the use of oars, and when about half across, he lost command of the boat, and found to his horror that he was rapidly drifting with the current, which he could not doubt, would sweep him with his light skiff over the dam.

The dam, as we have remarked, is a few feet above the Middle Falls, the perpendicular descent of which is twenty-five feet. A few rods further down are the Lower Falls, with a perpendicular descent of eighty-four feet. Between the dam and the Middle Falls, as well as between the two cataraets, the current is exceedingly rapid and rough. Once over the dam, therefore, his destruction was sealed, for even should his frail bark survive the plunge over the dam, and the descent of the Middle Falls, and live through the intervening rapids and rocks to the bank of the Lower Falls, it could not, nor could the strongest vessel that ever floated, survive the awful plunge eighty-four feet down that tremendous cataraet.

Mr. Kidd was perfectly acquainted with the locality, and fully aware of the awful peril of his situation. In the darkness of the night, there was no eye save the eye of Him to whom the mid-night is no noon-day, that could see him, and no hand save His that could save him; and a speedy and terrible death seemed inevitable. But that eye did see, and that hand was stretched out to save, and guided his little vessel to a point of the dam somewhat higher than the rest; where, after shooting nearly half way over, it grated and finally stuck fast.

But the terrors of his situation were even now but slightly alleviated. The river had been rising for some days, and he had reason to suppose was still rising. His boat rocked by the current, which was sweeping under and around it, assuring him how evenly balanced it was upon the pivot, how slight an additional force would be sufficient to destroy its equipoise, and how small a rise of water would be sufficient to lift it off.

A wave raised by a gust of wind even, or the gust of wind itself, might throw it from its balance, and consign it and him to the terrible destruction over which they were suspended as by a single hair. Before and behind and around him were the mad waters of the swollen Genesee, plunging by successive leaps among the crags and down the cataraets into the dark, yawning chasm below the Lower Falls, overhung with their cloud of spray, which even then fell upon him, and sending up their stunning and terrific roar, as if spreading the pall and sounding the requiem of their intended victim! How small appeared his chance of escape! But

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast," and its fountains were not constricted in the bosom of him who thus most needed its genial influence, even by the terrors which surrounded him for the four hours during which his final rescue was delayed.

He commenced shouting for help, and though no voice answered him from the shore, and though the roar of the waters almost drowned his own, he continued it, resting at intervals to gather strength to give more energy to his shouts, for about three hours; at the end of which the master miller, taking his rounds outside the mill to see if all was safe, before retiring for the night, heard one of his cries. He supposed that it was from some person on the opposite side of the river, and was at first disposed to disregard it. He heard the voice again, and thinking that it sounded like a voice of distress, determined to cross over, and afford what relief might be in his power.

He ran down for his boat, and finding it gone, and the cries being continued, he returned to the mill and rallied the hands. It was then found that Mr. Kidd was missing, and the truth respecting him was at once

conjectured. On going down to the bank of the river, one of the party after a while discovered a dark spot on the edge of the dam, and no doubt now remained of Mr. Kidd's situation.

To rescue him from it, if possible, was now the object. Some time was spent in trying to construct a raft; but as an attempt to bring him off by a craft so unmanageable would be attended with vastly more danger to those making it, than the chances of deliverance to him, the project was abandoned.

One of the party now volunteered an attempt which his courage made successful. With a long pole in his hands, and with a long rope made fast by one end to his body, which his comrades was to pay out as he advanced, and with which he was to be drawn back if necessary, he bravely ventured into the water. Making his way slowly and cautiously along the inner slope of the dam, he at length reached the boat, still suspended and swimming with its half-doomed passenger, where it was first so providentially moored; and by means of rope, pole and oars, the whole was safely brought ashore, and Mr. Kidd was restored, as it were, to life, after enduring the mental sufferings, the perils and terrors of his awful situation, more painful, if possible, than death itself, for about four hours. Some idea of his intense sufferings during that time may be derived from the fact that he has been ill in consequence of them ever since.

We have not learned the name of the brave and generous man, through whose agency his rescue was accomplished.—*Chester Democrat.*

SATURDAY NIGHT.

How many associations, sweet and hallowed, crowd around that short sentence "Saturday night!" It is indeed but a prelude to more pure, more holy, more heavenly associations, which the tired frame and thankful soul hail with new and renewed joy at each succeeding return. "Tis then the din of busy life ceases;—that care and anxieties are forgotten;—that the worn out frame seeks its needed repose, and the mind its relaxation from the earth and its concerns,—with joy looking for the coming day of rest, so wisely and beneficently set apart for man's peace and happiness by the great Creator.—The tired laborer seeks now his own neat cottage, to which he has been a stranger perhaps the past week, where a loving wife and smiling children meet him with smiles and caresses.—Here he realizes the bliss of hard earned comforts; and at this time, perhaps, more than any other, the happiness of domestic life and its attendant blessings. Released from the distracting cares of the week, the professional man gladly beholds the return of "Saturday night," and as gladly seeks, in the clustering vines nourished by his parental care the reality of those joys which are only his to know at these peculiar seasons and under these congenial circumstances—so faithfully and vividly evidenced by this periodical scene of enjoyment and repose.—The lone widow, too, has toiled on day after day, to support her little charge—how gratefully does she resign her cares at the return of "Saturday night," and thank her God for these kind resting places in the way of life, by which she is encouraged from week to week to hold on her way.

But on whose ear does the sound of "Saturday night" strike more pleasantly than the devoted christian! Here he looks up amid the blessings showered upon him, and thanks God with humble reverence for their continuance. His waiting soul looks forward to that morn, when, sweetly smiling the great Redeemer bursts death's portals, and completes man's redemption.—His willing soul expands at the thought of waiting on God in the sanctuary on the coming day and gladly forgets the narrow bounds of time and its concerns, save spiritual—that he may feast on joys ever new—ever beautiful—ever glorious—ever sufficient to satiate the joy fraught soul that rigidly seeks its aid. It leads him to the Lamb of God for redemption; and rationally points out the way to joys on high—an endless Sabbath—a perpetual rest for the vigilant, the watchful, the faithful.

SOUND ADVICE.—It is the duty of those who would patronize a newspaper, to select for that purpose one which, while it regards scrupulously the laws of morality, is capable of imparting useful instruction or innocent amusement. He should no more tolerate in his domestic circle, an immoral or licentious sheet, than he would a lascivious or vulgar person. Both are alike pestiferous to the moral atmosphere which should pervade every domestic fire-side.—Having made the selection of his paper, he should read with attention, and pay punctuality. We speak experimentally, and with feeling—if he suffers his subscription to go 2 years unpaid, he is an unprofitable patron—if 3 years, his friendship to the printer is cruel.—*Circleville Herald.*

FREE SCHOOLS.—The whole number of scholars educated at the expense of the State in New York, which has a population of 2,482,833, is, according to the late census, 26,868. In Massachusetts, whose population is 737,780, the whole number of scholars educated at the public expense, is 156,309. It should be said, however, in justice to New York, that though her boys and girls are not generally educated at the State's expense, as in Massachusetts, the number of scholars attending her common schools, is 501,918.

(From the National Intelligencer.)
MR. CHAPMAN'S PAINTING OF THE BAPTISM OF POCAHONTAS.

The picture painted by order of Congress, for the Rotunda of the Capitol, by Mr. J. G. Chapman, was yesterday opened to the public view, in the niche designated for the Rotunda. Of these niches, or square compartments, in the wall of the circular hall in the centre of the Capitol, there are eight. Four are occupied by Mr. Trumbull's celebrated national paintings; Mr. Chapman's is the fifth in the series; the remaining three being in the hands of other artists.

The subject of this painting, which we had the pleasure of yesterday examining, is the Baptism of Pocahontas. Of the merit of this painting, we shall express no presumptuous judgment, though it certainly left on our mind a vivid impression of its beauty as a work of art. Our present object is only to give our readers some account of it; and we prefer that given in a pamphlet account of the painting, accompanied by historical monuments, &c., from which we extract the following notice of the subject of the painting:

"The name of Pocahontas has descended to posterity as the great benefactress, the tutelary genius of the first successful colony planted within the limits of the U. States; who when famine raged, or conspiracy menaced it with swift destruction, ever interposed her benign and gentle influence to supply their wants and ward off their dangers. From all that history and tradition have preserved, as well as from the testimonials of the objects of her kindness and protection; from the particulars of her life that have come down to us, and from every authentic memorial now extant she appears to have been, both in mind and person, one of the choicest models the hand of Nature ever formed. With the purest simplicity she united the kindest heart, and to the timidity of a spotless virgin, she joined a sagacity of mind, a firmness of spirit, and an adventurous daring, which, more than once, when the existence of the colony was at stake, prompted her to traverse the midnight forest alone, and brave the indignation of her kindred, to give advice and warning.

Inseparably interwoven as is the name and history of Pocahontas with the very existence of the first permanent Christian community of this great confederation, and clothed as she is with every attribute to call forth our veneration and gratitude, she most undoubtedly deserves the dignity of an historical character. Though a simple Indian maid, her life and actions are closely associated with events which, in their consequences, have assumed a magnitude that fully entitles her to be placed among those who exercised an extensive influence in the destinies of states and the course of human events. She was, therefore, deemed a fit subject for a national picture, painted by order of Congress, to commemorate the history and actions of our ancestors.

But she has another claim, not less venerable and touching, to the remembrance of posterity, and which addresses itself to all Christian people and Christian Churches. She stands foremost in the train of those wandering children of the forest who have at different times—few, indeed, and far between—been snatched from the fangs of a barbarous idolatry, to become lambs in the fold of the divine Shepherd. She therefore appeals to our religious as well as our patriotic sympathies, and is equally associated with the rise and progress of the Christian Church, as with the political destinies of the United States.

It was a memorable sabbath morning, when the sound of the church bells echoed through the silent forests about Jamestown, to gather to its consecrated aisles—the first dedicated to the worship of the living God in British America—the pioneers of civilization and Christianity in the 'new world, to witness the sublime spectacle of this converted heathen girl—Pocahontas, the daughter of Powhatan—the first christian ever of her nation, turning from her idols to God.

"How long and earnestly the 'winning of this one soul,' had been looked to in the colony, and by its friends and promoters in England, the numerous letters and tracts of that day express in items that cannot be mistaken for transient impulse.—They placed their hopes of lasting prosperity in bringing the savage within the influence of the light of the Gospel; and when that pure-minded girl knelt, the first-fruits of Virginia conversion,' at the altar of God, they mingled in pious exultation at the glorious beginning, and the prospect of peace, security, and prosperity, that seemed to dawn upon the colony.

"In obedience to the regulation of the town, the captain of the watch had gone his usual round to shut the ports and place sentinels, and the bell having tolled the last time, had searched all the houses of the town, to command every one, of what quality soever, (the sick and hurt excepted), to repair to church, after which he accompanied all the guards with their arms (himself being last) into the church, and laid the keys before the Governor." The sergeants took their stations, and the Indians gathered about the place of ceremony, as Rolle supported his destined bride to the rude baptismal font, hewn from an oak of her native forest. Nantonnah, her favorite brother, whom Smith calls 'the most manliest, comeliest, boldest spirit he ever saw

in a surluge,' stood nearest to her of her own kindred; an elder sister, with her Indian boy, sat in mute anxious interest and curiosity in front, while her uncle, the sullen, cunning, yet daring Opechankanough, shrunk back, and probably even then brooded over the deep laid plan of massacre which he so fearfully executed years after, when that spotless Indian girl had gone to reap her reward in heaven.

"The book of prayer is closed; for not until after that time was there an established form for the baptism of those of riper years in the service of the Church of England. She bears upon her forehead the record of her vow—she renounces the idols of her nation, has confessed the faith of Christ, and is baptized. The Indian child clings closer to his mother, as the snowy mantle of swan skin, tipped with a gay plume that may be still seen among the thickets, and along the shores about Jamestown, falling from her shoulders, discovers to her own the costume of her adopted people, and an unguarded moment of momentary excitement among the savage spectators is repeated through the congregation as hands fall instinctively on match-lock and sword-hilt. It is the moment of the picture—another, and she is received into the fold of Christ, as pure and beautiful a spirit as ever knelt at his holy sacrament.

"In the execution of the picture the artist has been governed by the best authorities as to facts and details, and has made all the research within his power in England, as well as our own country for information with regard to the subject, and in some points he may have sacrificed the picturesque for the sake of historical truth, to which he has endeavored to adhere.

"To those only familiar with the churches of our own time and country, the interior of that represented in the picture may appear strange. It was adopted from one now in existence, built about the time of that of Jamestown; with such variations as the means and facilities of the colonists would most likely occasion, and the description of an actual resident of Jamestown at that period (William Strachy) suggested. The pine columns, almost as they came from the forest, the freshness of the material throughout, and the attempt of a style connected with their associations in their native land in the construction of their chapel, are peculiarities that naturally suggest themselves, and authentic resources have supplied the rest. 'The green Veluet Chaire with a Velvet Cushion' of the governor, 'with a Cloth spread on a Table before him on which he kneeleth'—the Fort hewen hollow like a Canoa—the pulpit, with its cloth embroidered with the arms of Virginia and initials of King James—the hour-glass, etc., etc.—the martial character of Sir Uthomar Dale, and the regulation of the colony that obliged the colonists to wear their arms even to church—

the courtly etiquette that existed even at Jamestown, at that early day, when the Governor went forth 'attended with his Counsellors, Captaines, and other officers, and a guard of Holberdies, to the number of fiftie, in his Lordship's liverie,' with his standard-bearer and page—the younger sons and cousins of nobility at home that might be there seen, with the sturdy husbandman, the vine dresser, the mechanic, and more energetic adventurer and soldier—the ordinance that degraded the Indian of his weapons before he entered the palisades that surrounded the town—the naked limbs and costume of the savages, are matters of history, which the artist has only followed with the best of his ability; and he only regrets it was not more worthy of the grandeur and beauty of the subject of the picture, as well as of its origin and destination."

THE MIMIC ART.—A man who came from "across the water," related to us last evening the following anecdote. It seems that his father in early youth displayed an uncommon genius for the art of painting and was strenuously opposed in his desire to adopt it as a profession, by the grandfather of our friend. By dint at first of stolen hours of devotion at the shrine of his soul's longing, and finally of open study at the Royal Irish Academy, the subject of our anecdote acquired a degree of perfection in his execution, which enabled him to shape into tangible form, before the eyes of his admiring friends, the dim creations which had filled his fancy's mind before.

Upon an occasion it happened that the family moved their place of residence, and as there was no hat and umbrella stand to be placed in the hall of their new house, the young artist determined to paint one, which he did with remarkable force and accuracy. The old gentleman coming in soon after, and seeing as he thought the hat stand, deliberately took off his head-covering and hung it up, as he supposed on one of the hooks, when as a matter of course the hat fell to the floor. A second and third trial resulted in the same matter. The old gentleman then becoming impatient, exclaimed, "Confound the book, I'll try another." He did so, and was deceived. At this juncture his daughter stepped from the hall into the parlor, and observing the ineffectual efforts which he was making, remarked to him: "Why, father, that's no stand; it is only one of our Mike's tricks." "Confound the fellow," said the old gentleman, "I was always opposed to his painting. Now see what it's coming to."—*N. O. Native American.*

MARYLAND.—The population of this State amounts to 467,367. Of these there are 11,590 above the age of 20, who can neither read nor write.

Articles, Laws, and Orders, Divine, Politic and Martial, for the Colonie of Virginia, &c. &c.

PUNCTUALITY.

Mr. Sutton's family was remarkable for punctuality. Every thing went on as regular as clock work. Every person in the house had his or her regularly appointed duties, and allotted times for performing them. Things were not left to be performed by somebody or other, just as it might happen, if indeed it happened at all; but time and business were regularly portioned out. It often put me in mind of a dissected puzzle; instead of lying in a heap, a parcel of odd-shaped bits of wood, every little bit was just fitted into its own place, and so the whole was complete and beautiful; and, in a higher degree than almost any other family I ever visited. In that family the habit of every day was done in its day, according to the nature of the work required. Our friends were not much in the habit of changing; but whenever a new person was in any way employed in the house, one of the first things was to teach them the habits of punctuality. From among the instructions given in this particular, addressed to myself, or to others in my hearing, I have preserved the following observations and anecdotes, some of them copied from books lent me by Mr. Sutton.

"Method is the very hinge of business, and there is no method without punctuality. Punctuality is very important, because it subserves the peace and good temper of a family. The want of it not only infringes on necessary duty, but sometimes excludes this duty. Punctuality is important, as it gains time. It is like packing things in a box; a good packer will get in twice as much as a bad one. The calmness of mind which it produces is another advantage of punctuality. A disorderly man is always in a hurry; he has no time to speak with you, because he's going elsewhere; and when he gets there, he is too late for his business, or he must hurry away to another before he can finish it. It was a wise maxim of the duke of Newcastle; 'I do one thing at a time.'

"Punctuality gives weight to character.—Such a man has made an appointment; then I know he will keep it; and this generates punctuality in you; for like other virtues, it propagates itself.

The Rev. S. Brewer was distinguished for punctuality. When a youth in college, he was never known to be a minute behind time in attending lectures of the tutors, or the family prayers, at which the young men who boarded in private families were expected to assemble. One morning the students were collected; the clock struck seven, and all rose up for prayer; but the tutor observing that Mr. Brewer was not present paused awhile. Seeing him enter the room, he thus addressed him, "Sir, the clock has struck and we are ready to begin; but as you were absent, we supposed the clock was too fast, and therefore waited."—The clock was actually too fast by some minutes.

The celebrated reformer, Melancthon, when he made an appointment, expected that the minute as well as the hour should be fixed, that the day might not be run out in idle suspense. An idling, dawdling sort of habit, which some people have, which make them too late for every appointment, however trifling it may appear, is often the cause of their ruin; for the habit goes along with them in every thing they do, and moreover, the loss of time and the plague which it causes to others, makes the habit injurious to our friends, neighbors, and dependants, as well as to ourselves.

When a man is in a hurry at the last moment, every thing is confused and wrong. He tears his stockings, breaks his boot-strap, or his shoe-strings, or he gets some string or other in a knot, and all from being in a hurry; and then trifles take up the time just as much as weighty matters; and then his letter is too late for the post, and his absent friend is kept in anxiety and suspense; or the coach has gone without him; or a dinner to which he was invited is spoiled with waiting, or the company is disturbed by his entrance after the rest are seated.

A committee consisting of eight ladies, was appointed to meet at twelve o'clock. Seven of them were punctual, but the eighth came bustling in with many apologies for being a quarter of an hour behind time. "The time had passed away without her being aware of it," she had no idea of its being so late," &c. A quaker lady present said, "Friend, I am not so clear that we should admit this apology. It were matter of regret that thou shouldst have wasted thine own quarter of an hour; but here are seven besides thyself whose time thou has consumed, amounting in the whole to two hours, and seven eighths of it was not thine own property."

WITTY JUDGMENTS OF THE DUKE OF OSSUNA.

The Duke of Ossuna, Viceroy at Naples for the King of Spain, to whom the Neapolitan territory was then subject, acquired great celebrity for the tact and wisdom of the judgments he delivered. This nobleman once, on visiting the galleys one festival day for the purpose of liberating a captive, according to use and wont, found all the prisoners loud in asserting their innocence. One declared that his condemnation was the work of enemies; another asserted that he had been informally and unjustly convicted; a third declared he had been mistaken for another person and so on. All declared themselves guiltless as cradled babes. At last the Duke came to one man, who took a very different tone: "I do not believe, my noble lord," said

he, "that there is a greater rascal in Naples than myself. They were too lenient to me to send me to the galleys." The duke, hearing these words, turned immediately round to the keepers of the galleys, and exclaimed, "Loose this scoundrel's chain, and turn him immediately about his business. If he is allowed to stay, he will certainly corrupt these honest, innocent men here. 'Take him away!' While his orders were being obeyed, he wheeled round to the other captives, and said to them, with the most civil air imaginable, "Gentlemen, I have no doubt you will thank me for ridding you of this pestilent fellow. He might have undermined your innocence."

The duke of Ossuna was somewhat like Haroun Alraschid, a little despotical even in his good doings. Ferronelle, a rich merchant of Naples, whose predominant passion was avarice, chanced to lose an embroidered purse, containing fifty golden ducats, fifty Spanish pistoles, and a ring of the value of a thousand crowns. This loss vexed him grievously, and he caused a proclamation to be made, offering fifty Spanish pistoles to any one who should restore the missing articles. An old woman found the purse and brought it to the owner. Ferronelle, as soon as he saw his property, could not withstand the temptation of trying to avoid payment of part of the reward. In counting the fifty pistoles, he dexterously laid aside thirty, and said to the finder, "I promised fifty pistoles to whoever found the purse. Thirty have been taken out of it already by you; here are the other twenty, and so you are paid." The old woman remonstrated in vain against this treatment, but she would probably have remained content with her twenty pistoles, had not some one advised her to apply for justice to the Duke of Ossuna. The Duke knew the man well, and sent for him. "Is there any likelihood," said he to Ferronelle, "that the old woman, who had the honesty to bring you the purse, would she might have taken all, would be guilty of taking your thirty pistoles? No, no. The truth is, the purse cannot be yours. Your purse had fifty pistoles, this had but twenty.—The purse cannot be yours." The merchant stammered out, "My lord, I know the purse, the ducats, the ring."

"Nonsense," exclaimed the Duke, "do you think there never was a purse, or ducats, or a ring like yours? Here, good woman," continued he, addressing the old woman, "take you the purse and its contents. It cannot be this good gentleman's, since he says he had fifty pistoles." This judgment was enforced. The duke might have been morally certain of the miser's attempt to cheat; but, as has been said, his was a very Haroun Alraschid-like of a decision.

The duke had one day to hear the case of Bertrand de Sols, a proud Spanish gentleman, who was in the habit of walking in the streets with his head elevated like a camelopard's. While thus marching, a porter carrying a heavy load, had run against him, but not without first crying "beware!" which is the ordinary mode of giving warning in such cases. The porter's load consisted of faggots, and one of them fell off in the concussion, and tore the Spaniard's silk mantle. He was mightily enraged, and sought redress from the viceroy. The Duke knew that porter's usually cry "Beware!" and having seen the porter in this case, he learned that he had cried the word, though de Sols avouched the contrary. The Duke advised the porter to declare himself dumb when the cause came for judgment. The porter did so through a friend, and the Duke immediately said to de Sols, "What can I do to this poor fellow? You see he is dumb." Forgetting himself, the enraged Spaniard cried out, "Don't believe the scoundrel, my lord; I myself heard him cry 'beware!'" "Why then did you not beware?" replied the Duke; and he made the mortified Spaniard pay all expenses, and a fine to the poor.—*Chambers' Edinburgh Jour.*

DEATH.—Death is an awful and terrible thing in itself, and David may well prefix that significant word *yea*, to imply the extraordinariness that he could contemplate thus an entrance into the dark valley without fear or trembling. It is the public manifestation of the temper's original victory over man, of his right over flesh and blood, which by sin became his property, so that he has the power of death, and claims as his own the earthly house of this tabernacle in which he causes the worms to riot; and, oh, if the former tenant has not, through faith in Him who has abolished death, obtained life and immortality, he not only waits until the resurrection to grasp him in his fell embrace, and together with his prey sink into an unfathomable abyss of eternal wo. Death is in itself a dreadful object of contemplation. It is called an enemy, and a variety of considerations invest it with awful features.—*Rev. H. J. Owen.*

IMPORTANT INDIAN TREATY.—The Fort Wayne Times states that at the late Indian payment at the Forks of the Wabash, the Indians made a proposition to sell their lands; and that Gen. Milroy, (although not officially authorized by the Government) took the responsibility, while they were in the humor, of treating with them for about 500,000 acres, being the whole of the Miami lands in this State. The lands are worth \$10 per acre, hard as the times are; and there is little doubt that the General Government will confirm the treaty.

"I do not believe, my noble lord," said