

Highland Messenger.

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

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MISCELLANEOUS.

Female Courage.

A striking trait of courage in a lady, forms the subject of conversation at present in the French metropolis. Madame Aubrey lives in a solitary chateau not far from the town of—. The family consists only of M. Aubrey, his wife, a child about a year old, and one maid servant. In the little town every light is out by 10 o'clock, and of course the most perfect solitude reigns at that hour in their house, which lies off the road and is completely hidden by trees. One night last winter, Madame Aubrey was sitting alone reading. Her husband had left her in the morning to visit a friend some six or eight miles off, and as he expected to bring home a considerable sum of money, he had taken the usual precautions of arming himself with a pair of pistols. At about six o'clock, the lady went up to her room to put the child in bed. Her apartment was a large room on the first floor, filled up on one side by an old-fashioned chimney, and on the other by a deep and spacious alcove, near which stood her infant's cradle. The night was a gloomy one, cold and dark, and every now and then a dash of rain beat against the gothic windows. The trees in the garden bowed to the wind, their branches came sweeping against the casement; in short, it was a night in which the solitude of the mansion was more complete and melancholy than usual. Madame Aubrey sat down on a low chair near the fire, which by its sudden flashes, cast an uncertain light over the apartment, throwing its antique carvings and mouldings by turns into brighter relief or deeper shade. She had her child on her lap, and had just finished preparing it for the cradle. She cast her eyes towards the alcove to see if the cradle was ready to receive its little occupant, whose eyes were already closed. Just then the fire flashed up brightly and threw a strong light on the alcove, by which the lady discovered a pair of feet, cased in heavy nailed shoes, peeping out under the curtain in front of the bed. A thousand thoughts passed through her mind in an instant. Her person hidden there was a thief, perhaps an assassin, that was clear. She had no protection, no aid at hand—Her husband was not to return till eight, at sunset, and it was now only half past six. What was to be done? She did not utter a single cry, nor even start from her seat. The servant girl probably would not have had such presence of mind. The robber probably meant to remain quiet where he was till midnight; and then seize the money her husband was to bring with him.—But if he should find he was discovered, and that there was no one in the house but two women, he would not fail to leave his hiding place, and secure their silence by murdering them. Besides, might not the girl be the robber's accomplice? Several slight causes of suspicion occurred to her at once, and all these reflections passed through her mind in less time than we take to write them. She decided at once what she would do, which was to send the girl out of the room.

"You know that dish my husband likes," said she, without betraying her alarm by the least change in the tone of her voice, "I ought to have remembered to have got it ready for his supper; go down stairs and see about it at once."

"Does madam require my help here as she generally does?"

"No, no, I will attend to every thing myself. I know my husband would be displeased if he was to come home after his ride, in such bad weather, and not find supper ready."

After some delays, which increased in the lady's mind that suspicion, she was forced to conceal the girl left the room. The noise of her steps on the stairs died away gradually, and Madame Aubrey was left alone with her child, with those feet, too, motionless at their post, still peeping out under the curtain. She kept by the fire, with her child on her lap, continuing to caress it, and sang to it almost mechanically. The child cried, it wanted to be put to bed, but its cradle was near the alcove—and, near those dreadful feet—how could she find courage to go near them! At last she made a violent effort. "Come, my child," said she, and got up. Hardly able to stand erect, she walked towards the alcove, close to the robber. She put the child in the cradle, singing to it to sleep as usual.

We may imagine how much inclination she had to sing. When the child fell asleep she left it and resumed her seat by the fire. She did not dare leave the room; it would arouse the suspicions of the robber, and of the girl, probably his accomplice. Besides she could not bear the thought of leaving her child, even if it was to purchase her own safety. The clock pointed to seven.—An hour yet, a whole hour, before her husband would come. Her eyes were fixed on those feet which threatened her with death at any moment, with a fascination.—The deepest silence reigned in the room.—The infant slept quietly. We do not

know whether an Amazon, in her place, would have been bold enough to try a struggle with the robber. Madame Aubrey had no arms; besides, she had no claim to valor, but only to that passive courage founded on reflection, which is rarer of the two.—Every few minutes she would hear a noise in the garden. In that noise, a ray of hope shone on her for a moment—it was her husband, it was her deliverer! But no, it was only the wind and rain, or the shutters creaking. What an age every minute seemed to her. Oh, heavens! the feet moved! Does the thief mean to leave his place! No. It was only a slight, probably involuntary movement, to ease himself by changing his position. The clock strikes only once, it is the half hour only, and the clock is too fast besides! How much anguish—how many silent prayers in these trying minutes! She took up a book of devotion and tried to read, but her eyes would wander from the page to fix upon those heavy shoes. All at once a thought arose that chilled her very heart. Suppose her husband should not come.

The weather is stormy, and he has relatives in the village he went to. Perhaps they have persuaded him it was unsafe to travel at night with so large a sum of money about him; perhaps they have forced him with friendly violence to yield to their invitations to wait till morning. It is striking eight—and nobody comes. The idea we have alluded to, appears to be more and more probable. After two hours of such agony, the unhappy lady, whose courage had been kept by the hope of final rescue, feels her strength and hope fail her. She soon hears a noise under the window, and listens doubtfully. This time she is not mistaken. The heavy door creaks on the hinges, and shuts with clamor; a well known step is heard on the stairs, and a man enters—a tall, stout man. It is he, it is he!—At that moment, if he had been the worst of husbands he would have been perfection in his wife's eyes. He had only taken off his wet cloak and put away his pistols, and delighted at seeing what he most loves on earth, opens his arms to embrace his wife. She clasped him, convulsively, but in a moment recovering her self-possession, put her fingers on her lips, and pointed to the two feet under the curtain.

If M. Aubrey had wanted presence of mind, he would not have deserved to be the husband of such a woman. He made a slight gesture to show that he understood her, and said aloud, "Excuse me, my dear, I left the money down stairs; I'll be back in two minutes." Within that time he returned, pistol in hand. He looks at the priming, walks to the alcove, stoops and while the fore-finger of the right hand is on the trigger, with the other hand seizes one of the feet, and cries in a voice of thunder, "Surrender, or you're a dead man!" He drags by the feet into the middle of the room a man of most ill-favored aspect, crouching low to avoid the pistol which was held within an inch of his head. He is searched, and a sharp dagger found on him. He confessed that the girl was his accomplice, and told him M. Aubrey would bring a large sum home at night. Nothing remains now but to give them over to the authorities. Madame Aubrey asked her husband to pardon them, but the voice of duty is larger than that of pity. When Aubrey heard from his wife all she had gone through, he could only say, "who would have thought you so courageous!" But in spite of her courage, she was attacked that night with a violent nervous fever, and did not get over her heroism for several days.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

VARIETIES OF FLOWERS.—There are dispersed over the surface of the globe upwards of 40,000 distinct species of plants which bear flowers; and from the number of new species which have in comparatively recent times, rewarded the labors of collectors, we cannot suppose that the entire number, or any thing approaching to it, is yet known, even to those best skilled in plants. The vast number of flowers producing vegetable is variously distributed over the globe; in its different regions according to its several latitudes, climates and characters of soil. In this respect the usual estimate is, that there are upwards of 13,000 flowering plants natives of the interior tropical parts of America, and considerably more than 5,000 in tropical Africa. In Australia, and the numerous islands with which the wide expanse of the Pacific is studded, either within the tropics or not very far without them, there are about 5,000 species already known, though some of the largest and most tropical of those islands have been but imperfectly explored. Temperate America, in both hemispheres contains about 4,000; temperate Asia about 2,000; and Europe, which lies wholly within the temperate zone, contains at least 7,000 distinct species of plants which bear flowers.

WELL BURLESQUED.—A New York paper ridiculing the common practice of expediting the drivers of vehicles from blame when they drive over children, adds the following: "Fifteen children were lately run over consecutively, in the street of a western town. No blame can be attached to the driver, as he says he was in a great hurry to reach the steamboat landing with his passengers. Great credit is due to the driver that he did not turn out of his way to go over a number of children who stood in a side street."

An excellent Schoolmaster.
The Boston correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce tells the following capital story of a N. York Schoolmaster, whose perseverance and fertility of resources, must have fitted him for operations on an extended scale!

I heard one of your committees interfering with a vengeance, and turning out a schoolmaster for committing enormities in the way of illustrating his lessons. It appears that he had enlisted the feelings of his pupils in natural philosophy, and tried to get some apparatus, but was told do the teaching and leave the nonsense. But, nothing daunted, he got some apparatus himself, and told the boys if they would bring him a mouse or two the next day, he would show them the effects of nitrogen gas upon them: The next day, came in great wrath the committee, to reprove him, because, forsooth, the boys, in their eagerness to learn, had been up all night trying to catch mice for their master, and disturbing their houses! He promised to do better, but when he came to astronomy he committed a more atrocious crime—forgetting deficient of an orrery, he took the biggest boy in school, and placing him in the middle for the sun, told him how to turn round and round slowly upon his axis, as the sun did; then he placed a little fellow for Mercury, next to him, then a girl for Venus; then a representation of the Earth; then a fiery little fellow for Mars, and so on, till he got all the planetary system arranged, and explained to each one how fast he was to go, and how many times, to turn on his heels as he went round in his orbit.

Then giving the signal, the sun commenced revolving, and away went the whole team of planets around him, each boy keeping his proper distance from the centre, trotting with the proper velocity in his orbit and whirling around in due proportion as he performed his revolution. It must have been a rare sight, and a lesson which the boys long retained; for do you think, my dear sir, that John, who represented Mercury, would never forget that he had an easy time walking round the lubber in the centre, while Will, who represented Herschel, must have been out of breath in scampering around his orbit!

But if the boys did not forget the lesson, neither did the master; for, horrified, the committee dismissed him at once—he had been teaching, for aught they knew, the dance of the Turkish dervishes.

JOHN BUNYAN.—Mr. John Bunyan was imprisoned in Bedford jail for the space of twelve years, for preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ. To contribute something towards the support of his family, consisting of his wife and four children, (one of which was blind,) he employed his time while in prison in making long tagged laces. It is likely that he learned this occupation during his confinement, as Mrs. Bunyan observed before the justices, (when they committed her husband to prison, that she had nothing to support her children but what she received from charity. This proves both his habitual industry, and his strong affection for his family, which led him to work so many hours for such small earnings as were derived from this employment.

The respectability of his character, and the propriety of his conduct, appear to have operated powerfully on the mind of the jailor, who showed him much kindness in permitting him to go out and visit his friends occasionally, and once to undertake a journey to London; as also by reposing trust in him, and committing the management of the prison to his care.

The following anecdote is told respecting the jailor and Mr. Bunyan. It being known to some of the persecuting prelates in London that he was often out of prison, they sent down an officer to talk with the jailor on the subject, and in order to find him out he was to get there in the middle of the night. Mr. Bunyan was at home but so restless that he could not sleep; he therefore acquitted his wife, that though the jailor had given him liberty to stay till the morning, yet, from his uneasiness, he must immediately return. He did so, and the jailor blamed him for coming at such an unseasonable hour. Early in the morning the Messenger came, and interrogating the jailor, said, "Are all the prisoners safe?" "Yes." "Is John Bunyan safe?" "Ye." "Let me see him." He was called and appeared; and all was well. After the messenger was gone, the jailor, addressing Mr. Bunyan, said, "Well, you may go out again just when you think proper, for you know when to return better than I can tell you."

HOPE.—We cut the following beautiful and graphic description of hope and its uses from the Detroit Spirit of '76:—

Hope is the great mainspring of virtue. It gives action to all animate existence. It is the bread which feeds ambition, the incentive to perseverance, the compeer to virtue, the shield to christianity, and the only solace to death. If it is blighted, the pilgrimage of life is like a troubled sea—we float down its dark stream like the lost mariner on the billowy deck. Aided by its cheering beams, the immortal mind looks beyond time and anticipates the beauty of another and happier existence. The beauty of the rainbow vanishes in the storm, the meteor's flash is but a moment, the glittering gems of heaven will one day go out; the sun himself be extinguished, but the star of Hope shines beautiful forever.

Another Reminiscence.
A few days ago we published an incident which occurred at the attack of Stonington on the 10th of August, 1813.—As the article has been copied by papers whose good taste we appreciate, and as we have nothing more interesting to offer to our readers, we are encouraged to present to them another recollection of the same period.

After the fleet under the command of Sir Thomas Hardy had been fairly beaten off by the little band of heroes at Stonington; on the fourth day of the attack, finding that no impression could be made on the battery which defended the village; and finding also that the militia of the adjacent country had assembled in such force as would prevent the possibility of a landing, the Commodore withdrew his squadron from their inglorious attack, and moving up Fisher's Island Sound with his whole force, anchored off "Groton Long Point," nearly opposite the mouth of Mystic river, and within about a mile of the shore.

Gen. Isham, who commanded the force which had been collected near Stonington during the four days bombardment, immediately on hearing that the enemy had anchored near the mouth of a river where a large amount of property was exposed, and where a defenceless population would be subjected to the incursions of the enemy, ordered the 8th regiment then under the command of Col. Belcher, to proceed forthwith from their encampment near Stonington, and take a position at the mouth of the Mystic river. The first battalion, consisting of five companies, arrived at Mystic soon after the enemy had anchored. It was commanded by a gentleman who has since received testimonies of the regard and confidence of his fellow-citizens. Immediately after his arrival at the point to which he had been ordered, he met with Captain Simeon Haley and Capt. Burrows, the former of whom had been one of that little band who gained immortal honor in defending the battery at Stonington, and who will always be kept in grateful remembrance by such of his fellow-citizens as remember the war and its incidents—the latter we believe also to have been one of that brave little company; but of this we are not assured. These two gentlemen made an arrangement with the Commander of the detachment, which resulted in one of the most brilliant little affairs of the war.

In order that the arrangement may be understood by the reader of the present day, it is necessary to state that during the period while the British fleet infested the waters of the Sound, all communication by means of regular coasters was cut off, and that flour, pork, and other heavy articles of necessity were conveyed from place to place along the shore, by means of a kind of craft called "Vineyard Boats." These were generally very fast sailers—were sharp at both ends like a whale-boat, with a great breadth of beam, enabling them to carry about 25 barrels burthen—they were generally navigated by two men only, and of course for safety depended on their speed alone. Many of these boats were taken from time to time during the war, with cargoes which were very acceptable to the blockading squadron.

Captains Haley and Burrows had such a boat in readiness, and it was immediately arranged between them and the Major commanding the detachment, that they should place on board their boat so much ballast as should give her the appearance of being deeply laden, and proceed out from the mouth of the river, as if bound westward; and that if chased by a British barge, they were to put back and run the boat ashore at a point agreed on, just outside the entrance of the river. This being arranged and the boat having started, Captain John Barber, a brother of the commandant of the detachment, who had by this time communicated the plan to Col. Belcher, his commanding officer, proceeded with thirty volunteers down towards the place agreed upon; keeping the movements of his little band concealed from the enemy, by marching through such woods and cornfields as could be interposed between his party and the fleet, which was little more than a mile from the shore. The ruse succeeded exactly as designed. After passing out of the river, Captains Haley and Burrows kept close in shore, and made all sail to the westward, as if anxious to escape observation; but, as they expected, before they passed Avery's point, a long black row-galley, shot out from the lee of one of the ships and pulled for them with every assurance of getting a prize—our friends instantly hauled their wind, and seemed to make every effort to get back into Mystic river, but before they could reach it, they were cut off by the barge, and were apparently forced to beach their boat, which they were careful to do at a spot which Capt. Barber had indicated by setting up a little birchen wand over the brow of a sand ridge. Scarcely had our two friends encircled themselves behind the ridge, and the keel of the British barge grated hard on the shore in hot pursuit, before thirty muskets levelled at the surprised crew, and before it could be prevented by their commander, one division had fired. Of sixteen British, one fell dead pierced by seven bullets, two were badly wounded, and the other thirteen, with the exception of their commander, a lieutenant or sailing master, were foundering in the water into which they threw themselves to avoid a fire which came upon them so unexpectedly. The moment the catastrophe was discovered from the squadron, boats fully manned,

were seen to put off to the rescue; but, before they could arrive to the help of their unfortunate comrades, the little company of militiamen had manned the two boats, and, with the killed and wounded, had under the pilotage of their gallant co-adjutors placed themselves within the protection of their fellow soldiers, who now lined the beach by scores, to witness and assist in the event.

Mr. Stewart, late British Consul for Connecticut, &c., a gentleman who retains a deep and abiding place, as well in the affections as in the respect and esteem of all who know him, was on board the Ramilies at the time. He has since told our informant, that he was dining with Com. Hardy under an awning on the quarter deck, at the time the boat was sent in pursuit, and that the Commodore had watched her progress until she touched the beach, when hearing the volley of musketry he seized a spy-glass, and gazing earnestly for a moment, he turned to Mr. S., and remarked, "My poor fellows are Yankied."

It is worthy of remark, that after this event no coasting boat of the kind alluded to in the above sketch was attacked by the boats of the blockading squadron, but ever afterwards were permitted to make their way along shore without molestation.—*People's Advocate.*

[From the Army and Navy Chronicle.] Russian Military Review.

It gives us pleasure to lay before our readers the following interesting and graphic account, given by an officer of our army who was present, of a Russian military review.

"Four days of our time in Russia were spent at the camp of Krusnoe Selo, sixteen miles from St. Petersburg. On our arrival we were invited to assist in the maneuvers which would take place on the three following days. Accordingly, next morning we were presented to his Imperial Majesty in the field; then taken to the chapel tent, attended divine service with the Imperial family and staff surrounded by fifty thousand military worshippers, rode through the different camps—saw the Emperor inspect the officers of regiments, and exercise those of the cavalry in riding, giving point, charging, &c. at full speed; attend the evening hymn and prayers at retreat, and went to bed to reflect upon the novel and imposing ceremonies and exercises of a Russian army in camp.

"The next day was particularly interesting; all the artillery, one hundred and twenty-eight pieces, being in the field maneuvering and firing at targets—six of the batteries being of horse artillery, and two of those being of twelve pounder guns, and twenty four howitzers, and drawn by eight horses each. The firing from this immense field train was indeed grand and the effect with round canister and shells, was destructive to the targets, which we examined at the close of the maneuvers.

"The next day was a cavalry day, including the horse artillery, and with them, amounting to fifteen thousand men, four regiments of cuirassiers, four of dragoons, two hussars, two of lancers, (Cossacks) besides squadrons of Circassians, Persians &c. &c.

"The last day the whole army of thirty-six thousand infantry, and cavalry and artillery, making over fifty thousand, were on the field at seven o'clock, A. M. and the Emperor commanding in person, commenced and executed a series of splendid maneuvers, bringing the entire force into action and deciding the (fictitious) battle by a grand charge by the infantry and four thousand cuirassiers. The maneuvers commenced by sending in advance skirmishers of Cossacks, who being attacked, kept up a spirited fire, and by their bugles asked for reinforcements. Lancers were despatched to their aid, and the enemy temporarily checked and driven back. In turn this advanced party was repulsed, and reinforced by some regiments of dragoons; the infantry regiments (three thousand strong each) meantime all in motion from different points toward the scene of attack. As the regiments arrive in column of attack they deploy, form line of battle, and support the cavalry, which fall back, or fight on the flanks. The attack finally becomes general along the whole line of two miles, the infantry firing, changing position, charging—the horse artillery establishing batteries with the rapidity of light cavalry, and hurling its thunders at the enemy in fine style. The reserve at length is brought forward by the Grand Duke Michael, forms in column of attack in the rear of the first line, which retires through the intervals of the new line; the reserve charge with the heavy cavalry, and victory is the result of four hours incessant and most splendid maneuvering. The morning was a most beautiful one; the troops (all Imperial Guards) in their finest condition—the twenty thousand horses on the field, all picked, choice, high-bred animals—the artillery new, with green carriages and burnished guns, glittering in the sun like gold. The brilliancy of the cuirasses and helmets and Russian eagles, and polished arms, the plumes of all colors, the four or five hundred musicians with their bright brass drums, trumpets, and horns—the picturesque Cossacks and Circassians, and their little fleet, long tailed horses, looking like so many Pannees—all formed a scene exceedingly beautiful and imposing. A review followed the maneuvers, the regiments filing off before the Emperor in columns of one hundred front."

TO YOUNG MEN.—A WARNING VOICE.
A late writer in the Knickerbocker draws in the subjoined brief sketch, a revolting picture:—

"Yet how many young men are chasing gilded butterflies, things of a day! How unaccustomed to the world, to that of the heartless and false doll of dress, whose every word is for effect, and every thought a desire for admiration; who can sacrifice domestic pleasure, and follow fashion and vice—vice of thought—who lives only in crowds, and is miserable alone—who loves pleasure supremely, takes a husband for house and carriage, and caters matrimony for the liberties it allows her. There are such women—the idlers of the ball room, the belles of the watering places.—They enjoy a butterfly celebrity, and then decay early in mind and body, victims to fashion or worse. What thoughts must linger around the bosoms of such women on their dying beds as they think of their neglected God! Young men know not what they follow, as they glide on in the wake of the syren of the dance. They are the false lights which meteors hold out to draw the tumbling ships upon the rocks. They lure us on with music and the pattering of tiny feet and jeweled fingers and false smiles and false hearts; and when the victim is caught, like the vined prophet, they display their awful hideousness. No, no! Love is found in a gentle heart. It dwells not amid the riots of pleasure, it dies in the glare of splendor and cannot live in a heart devoted to dress and weak follies; is more matured in quietness than loud applause or the world's praise. Give me the sharply defined feelings of a young and timid girl, and I leave you the professions of the gaudy coquette. Give me the beaming glances of a liquid eye, and I yield the bright and flashing blaze of the proud beauty to others.

JONES' PATENT LAMP.—CAMPHINE OIL.
For several evening's past, our office has been lighted by a newly invented lamp, supplied with a new kind of fluid, called Camphine Oil, and as far as the experiment has been tried with us, we can say that it well answers the purpose intended, giving a clear and brilliant light, without smoke or unpleasant smell, and, from the cheapness of the article, think it well calculated to become of general use. Messrs. William H. Backus & Co. are the agents, who have established a manufactory in this city, and are ready to supply any orders that may be given them.—*Charleston Courier.*

THE PHYSICIAN.—The life of a physician is a life of contradiction. He is slandered, abused and derided; yet he is sought with avidity, and freely received into the bosom of families. His opinion can blanch the cheek, or suffuse the eye with tears of joy; and his lips are as closely watched as if from them proceeded the issues of life and death. He lives by the woes of others; and while he would starve if constant health were the attributes of our race, he is endeavoring to banish sickness from among men, while success in his avocation would ruin him forever. He is always engaged in a war against his own bread and butter.

BONAPARTE.—Some curious anecdotes are told of the dethroned Emperor, while John Bull was his jailor, on the Island of St. Helena. On one occasion he was rather merry at the expense of the Captain of a British 50 gun ship, who was introduced to him. After enquiring minutely about his weight of metal, &c. the ex-emperor inquired, "What chance would you stand of a French 74?" The Captain replied, "if it was blowing hard so that she could not open her lower ports, he would take her, not otherwise." "How long," continued the imperial captive, "do you think you would be in taking a large frigate?" "Do you mean French?" inquired the Captain. "No, American," replied Bonaparte.—The Captain hesitated—the Emperor laughed heartily and took his leave.

THE ALPINE HORN.—The Alpine Horn is an instrument constructed with the bark of the cherry tree, and which, like a speaking trumpet, is used to convey sounds to a great distance. When the last rays of the sun gild the summit of the Alps, the shepherd who dwells highest on those mountains takes his horn and cries aloud, "Praised be the Lord!" As soon as he is heard, the neighboring shepherds leave their huts repeating these words. The sounds last many minutes; for every echo of the mountains and grottoes of the rocks repeat the name of God! How solemn the scene! Imagination cannot picture to itself any thing more sublime. The profound silence that succeeds—the sight of those stupendous mountains upon which the vault of heaven seems to rest—every thing excites the mind to enthusiasm. In the mean while the shepherds bend their knees and pray in open air, and soon after, retire to their huts to enjoy the repose of innocence.

Temperance Gazette.

MAXIMS.—A knave may get more than an honest man for a day; but the honest man gets most by the year.

Policy is a near neighbor to cheating; the way from the one to the other is very slippery.

It is a poor thing indeed to have religion enough to save our credit; but not enough to save our souls.

Do nothing without foresight or forecast: a little wariness prevents much weariness. What's done in a hurry is done by halves; hence that saying, "Take time, and you will have done the poorer."