

Highland Messenger.

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

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MISCELLANEOUS.

Advice to young Husbands.

Walking the other day with a valued friend who had been confined a week or two by sickness, to his room, he remarked that a husband might learn a good lesson by being confined occasionally in his house, by having in this way an opportunity of witnessing the cares and never-ending toils of the wife, whose burdens and duties and patient endurance he might never have otherwise understood. There is a great deal in this thought, perhaps enough for an editor! Men, especially young men, are called by their business, during the day mostly away from home, returning only at the hours for meals, and as they then see nearly the same routine of duty, they begin to think that it is their own lot to perform all the drudgery, and to be exercised with all the weight of care and responsibility. But such a man has got a very wrong view of the case; he needs an opportunity for more extended observation, and it is perhaps for this very reason that a kind Providence arrests him by sickness that he may learn in pain what he would fail to observe in health. We have seen recently a good many things said in the papers to wives, especially to young wives, exposing their faults, perhaps magnifying them, and expounding to them, in none of the kindest terms, their duty and the offices pertaining to "woman's sphere." Now, we believe that wives, as a whole, are really better than they are generally admitted to be. We doubt if there can be found a large number of wives who are disagreeable and negligent, without some palpable coldness or short-coming on the part of their husbands. So far as we have had an opportunity for observation, they are far more devoted and faithful than those who style themselves their lords, and who, by the customs of society, have other and generally more pleasant and varied duties to perform. We protest then against these lectures so often and so obtrusively addressed to the ladies, and insist upon it that they must—most of them—have been written by some fastidious bachelors who know no better, or by some inconsiderate husbands who desire to have been old bachelors to the end of their lives. But is there nothing to be said on the other side? Are husbands generally the perfect, amiable, injured beings they are so often represented? Men sometimes declare that their wives' extravagances have picked their pockets, that their never ceasing tongues have robbed them of their peace, and their general disagreeableness has driven them to the tavern and gaming table; but this is generally the wicked excuse for a most wicked life on their part. The fact is, men often lose their interest in their homes by their own neglect to make their homes interesting and pleasant. It should never be forgotten that the wife has her rights—as sacred after marriage as before—and good husband's devotion to the wife after marriage will concede to her quite as much attention as his gallantry did while a lover. If it is otherwise, he most generally is at fault.

Take a few examples. Before marriage, a young man would feel some delicacy about accepting an invitation to spend an evening in company where his "lady love" had not been invited. After marriage it is always as particular? During the days of courtship, his gallantry would demand that he would make himself agreeable to her; after marriage it often happens that he thinks more of being agreeable to himself. How often it happens that married men after having been away from home the live long day, during which the wife has toiled at her duties, do at evening again to some place of amusement, and leave her to toil alone, uncheered and unhappy. How often it happens that her kindest offices pass unobserved, and unrewarded even by a smile, and her best efforts are condemned by the fault-finding husband. How often it happens, even when the evening is spent at home, that it is employed in silent reading, or some other way that does not recognize the wife's right to share in the enjoyments even of the fireside.

Look, ye husbands, a moment, and remember what your wife was when you took her, not from compulsion, but from your own choice; a choice based probably, on what you then considered her superiority to all others. She was young—perhaps the idol of a happy home, she was gay and blithe as the lark, and the brothers and sisters at her father's fireside cherished her as an object of endearment.—Yet she left all to join her destiny with yours; to make your home happy; and to do all that woman's love can prompt, and woman's ingenuously devise, to meet your wishes and lighten the burdens which might press upon you in your pilgrimage. She, of course, had her expectations too. She could not entertain feelings which promised so much, without forming some idea of reciprocity on your part, and she did expect you would after marriage perform those kind offices of which you were so lavish in the days of be-

tholment. She became your wife! left her home for years; burst asunder, as it were, the bands of love which had bound her to her father's fireside, and sought no other boon than your affections; left, it may be, the ease and delicacy of a home of indulgence; and now, what must be her feelings if she gradually awakes to the consciousness that you love her less than before; that your evenings are spent abroad; that you only come home to satisfy the demands of your hunger and to find a resting place for your head when weary, or a nurse for your sick chamber when diseased.

Why did she leave the bright hearth of her youthful days? Why did you ask her to give up her enjoyments of a happy home? Was it simply to darn your stockings, mend your clothes, take care of your children, and watch over your sick bed? Was it simply to conduce to your own comfort? Or was there some understanding that she was to be made happy in her connexion with the man she dared to love?

Nor is it a sufficient answer that you reply that you give her a home; that you feed and clothe her. You do this for your help; you would do it for an indifferent housekeeper. But forget not that a wife is more than a house-keeper. She is your wife, and unless you attend to her wants, and in some way answer reasonable expectations you raised by your attentions before marriage, you need not wonder if she be dejected, and her heart sink into insensibility; but if this be so, think well who is the cause of it. We repeat it, very few women make indifferent wives whose feelings have not met with some outward shock, by the indifference or thoughtlessness of their husbands. It is our candid opinion that in a large majority of instances of domestic misery, the man is the aggressor.

Love and Gooseberries.

[From the Natchez Courier.]

A SENTIMENTAL STORY.

It is a horrid day—and why shouldn't we write sentiment? An Englishman would hang himself in such weather—we'll sentimentalize. Bulwer writes sentiment, and what is to hinder us? It is better than committing suicide! If you should not agree with us, gentle reader, get two feet of strong rope, and hang yourself by way of experiment. And should we ever wander over the fields of Acheron together, we will compare notes, and decide the point at issue. But we'll not believe a word you may say against our theory, until you have made way with yourself.

Well, now for it! Shall we paint you the awful horrors of the tempter, show you the "air purps of heaven, sucking up their fatal draughts with a forty thousand horse power, and take you as an inside passenger in the car of the Storm-King, as he careers in frantic fury through the shrinking sky? You should "sup full of horrors" were we to use our patent-locomotive-steel-pen upon this terrific theme.

Or shall we write a tale of fiendish necromancy? How a young lady was beloved by two brothers—how one, "a nice young man," was blest by her rose smiles, and the other, a dark-haired, beetle-browed ruffian, blasted by her thunder-and-lightning frowns—how the black individual invoked the aid of Satan, and became a mighty magician—how he spirited away the damsel to an enchanted castle, into which no one could enter except he had the pass-word, presto-vado-vedicum—how a kind fairy, what a delightful little creature! gave the nice young man the pass—how he rescued the maiden "all forlorn"—and how all the neighbors lynched the magician!

"Or of love?" "Yes, let it be of love, I heard a fair one cry," or if we did not hear her, we take it for granted that every fair reader when she came to the question, made that answer. An ancient authority, which is generally esteemed upon such points, has two lines, which run somewhat in this way, "Love is a dizziness, It wins a pair body gang about his business;" and a very sensible thing it is in love, and that can be rarely said of him. For if the "pair body" would "gang about his business," love would be very apt to have his sight-bill either laid over or altogether protested for want of time-funds to meet it.—Notes of hand are more formidable than bonds of the heart. Bricklaying is the "sovereignest thing on earth" for a fit of love. Love and castle-building always go together; well, of course, as the bricklayer sees that no house can stand unless it is regularly built upon substantial foundations—the hard-working fellow will soon by force of analogy discover that his air-castles are not inhabitable, and upon inquiring for the original draughtsman he'll find that it was love, and then what chance will love have against a trowel? No; let a "pair body gang about his business" whenever he feels a fit of love coming on—and there's no hope at all for the boy-archer.—"Do you call that sentiment," sneers some beautiful lip like a half-crushed red, rose upon a bank of pearls? No, but it's pretty good sense though! I thought you were going to tell us a love-tale, "sighs the beauty—being entirely propitiated by that compliment to her lip. And so we are.

"Had you ever a cousin, Tom? Did your cousin happen to sing?"

Well, we had a cousin—neigho, she's the "anxious mother" of half-a-dozen little cousins now—well she was of form and feature as far above the concentrated charms of all the heroines of all the novels that ever were or will be written as Amanda Malvina Fitz-Allen was superior to Mrs.

Jerry Sneak. Her voice, it was like the wild warblings of an Eolian harp as it lulls the zephyrs to their slumbers—her eyes, look not upon the stars, you can't match them there, and the cunning little gipsy had such a way of half-closing the brilliant orbs, veiling their dangerous beams, and then with a sudden start, flashing their death-dealing rays upon you, that your very heart involuntarily felt the process of combustion—her brow, shaded by her auburn hair, was like a hand-breadth of white cloud mid the rich lustre of a Southern sun-set—her hands were fitted for nothing but to sweep the harp's mellow chords, and to be kissed by a lover—and her feet—oh, how we adore a pretty foot—her feet—Titania, queen of the fairies, would have given her most beautiful nut-shell chariot, just to have seen that perfect feature, we must call it.

Well, we were in a dreadful condition about that cousin—sometimes, we'd call her "cousin," it was so delightful to claim relationship with such a perfect creature—and then we wouldn't call her cousin, for we hid a sort of trap, that if she asked, we hoped she would, why we used not that cousinly title—we had a very pretty speech made up to intimate that we desired, when manhood came, to call her by a dearer name. But the provoking little minx never seemed to notice whether we *cousined* her or not!

She was older than we—and her name was Eglantina.

One day, walking in the garden with the fair one, we determined to divulge the yet unspoken tale of affection, which surcharged my heart. We were in a beautiful walk fringed with gooseberry bushes, when, after the most approved fashion of romance, sinking gracefully upon one knee, in burning words, we poured forth the story of our eternal love.

Eglantina calmly listened—we thought that she perceived a kind tear dimming her radiant eye—we rose, and stretched out our arms, expecting, of course, that she would sink upon our breast, and murmur the gentle confession of reciprocated attachment. Reader, she did no such thing.

She serenely turned, and pulling a handful of green gooseberries, gravely asked, "Cousin John, what are these?"

"Goose-berries, my darling Eglantina!" answered cousin John.

Eat them, she replied, *goose-berries* must be good for your complaint!

The Indians.

We have seen their tribes one after another wane and become extinct. But we trusted the time was at hand, when saved by the Cross, they would no longer waste away. The following statement, however, leads us to doubt whether "their time" is not drawing near. It would seem that, moved by the seduction of the whites, they are preparing the way for their own certain and sudden destruction. It is a mournful picture which follows:

"In the splendid regions of the 'far West,' which lie between Missouri and the Rocky Mountains, there are living at this moment on the prairies, various tribes, who, if left to themselves, would continue for ages to live on the buffalo which cover the plains. The skins of these animals, however, have become valuable to the whites, and accordingly, this beautiful, verdant country, and these brave and independent people, have been invaded by white traders, who, by paying to them a pint of whiskey for each skin, (or "robe," as they are termed in America,) which they sell at New-York for ten or twelve dollars, induce them to slaughter these animals in immense numbers, leaving their flesh, the food of the Indian, to rot and putrify on the ground. No admonition or caution can arrest for a moment the propelling power of the whiskey; accordingly, in all directions these poor, thoughtless beings are seen furiously riding under its influence in pursuit of their game, or, in other words, in the fatal exchange of food for poison. It has been very attentively circulated by the traders, who manage to collect per annum, from one hundred and fifty thousand to two hundred thousand buffalo skins, that at the rate at which these animals are now disposed of, in ten years they will be killed off. Whenever that event happens, Mr. Catlin very justly prophesies that two hundred and fifty thousand Indians, now living in a plain of nearly three thousand miles in extent, must die of starvation, and become a prey to the wolves, or that they must either attack the powerful neighboring tribes of the Rocky Mountains, or in utter phrenzy of despair rush upon the white population in the forlorn hope of dislodging it. In the two latter alternatives there exists no chance of success, and we have therefore the appalling reflection before us, that these two hundred and fifty thousand Indians must soon be added to the dismal list of those who have already withered and disappeared, leaving their country to bloom and flourish in the possession of the progeny of another world."—*Quarterly Review.*

For the first time in Turkish history, the tomb of Mahomet has been opened to visitors of every denomination, Jews, Christians, and all. Hitherto, none but faithful Musselmenn have been permitted to visit its sacred precincts. It is believed that all the places of Turkish worship will soon be opened in the same way.

CONVERSATION WITH A YOUNG SCEPTIC.

In a party of Christian friends, a young man was introduced, shrewd, well read and amiable; but a professed sceptic! He had engaged a par of the circle in the details of the objections against the Scripture. "How unlikely the story of the temptation, the universal darkness at the crucifixion, the dead coming out of their graves into the city, &c!!" Embarrassment sat in the faces of some, while others were endeavoring to make the accounts appear to be very probable.

I found it necessary to expose him: "You have doubts, then, sir, respecting the Christian revelation; may I ask the ground of those doubts, and to what parts they refer?"

"To the whole," he replied, with a smile of apparent satisfaction and confidence.

"Nay, but we must descend to particulars—Do you doubt whether the books of the New Testament were written by the persons whose names they bear?"

"I do."

"Do you then believe that the works which are ascribed to Cicero, and to Virgil, were written by them?"

"Certainly; they have been in the world a long while; we can go back to very early editions of them, and these refer us to earlier ones still. And the learned have admitted them to be genuine. They could not have been written by other men, for they must have been clever men who wrote those works, and could not be unknown, or deprived of their fame."

"Why," said one of the company, "we have just all these grounds for believing the Scripture to be the work of the parties who are said to have written them; so we must take all or none."

The young man was silent.

"Then, sir, since it seems pretty clear the books are genuine, what sort of persons do you suppose their authors to be? Were they bad men?"

"They might be," said he, "for aught I know."

"But could bad men be the authors of such a system of morality? I believe you can mention no vice, which they have not reprobated in the severest terms, nor any virtue which they have not placed in the clearest and most attractive light. Were they impious figures which they drew such a portrait?"

"Well, they might have been very good sort of men, and copied their system from other works."

"But, if good, they were inspired, for they declare they spoke and wrote as they were moved by the Holy Ghost; under the teaching promised them by their Master. Now, it is not compatible with the character of good men to lay claim to so high a matter if they were not fully assured of its truth."

"Oh, they were a set of enthusiasts."

"Pray, sir, what is enthusiasm?"

"Why—it is a heated imagination, a set of wild incoherent notions; and this is what they have uttered."

"But what has this to do, sir, with the facts which they relate? Enthusiasm does not deprive a man of eyes, ears, touch, memory.—They declare what they saw, heard and felt; and being good men, the facts were so; the miracles they relate did take place; then their author must have been divine; then their inspiration is true; and the Christian revelation imperishable."

"Well; he had his own opinions, he did not wish to press the subject further, nor to be so obtruded on the company."

"Nay, young man, you ought to be ingenious; you ought to own you were wrong. You have taken upon you to determine concerning a matter which you have not examined. Why not yield to conviction? Abandon sceptical modes of thinking; they have a direct tendency to beget captiousness and conceit: to destroy whatever is candid and generous in controversial warfare; to lead the mind to view questions of great and acknowledged interest to our whole species, with coldness, apathy and distrust. In one word, the general and most valuable of our mental principles become paralyzed and enfeebled by a constant habit of frivolous doubting and minute fastidiousness as to the degree of evidence required to produce firm and internal conviction on subjects of vital importance."

Thoughts after Election.

FOR YOUNG WORKING MEN.

The heats of election-time are over, and we think it might be well for us to look about us for something with which to occupy the minds of our restless population. During the long winter evenings, our working men need something to take the place of the calculations, the arguments, the wagers, and the wordy war, about Van Buren and Harrison. We have had our pageants, our beacon fires, our salutes, and our treats: it is time to sit down to the quiet enjoyments of the season.

And a blessed season it is, after all. Spring, summer and autumn, have each their appropriate delights, and these are mostly enjoyed under the blue heavens and in the balmy air; but winter, cheerless winter, is the time for in-door comforts, the quest of knowledge, and the flow of affection. They may talk of May; but who does not know that the mutual attachments of young hearts put forth their clasping tendrils most lustily between Thanksgiving-day and the returns of the blue-bird? Now, when ruddy fires begin to throw their dancing flames over the snug sitting-room; when the piping of the wind tells how close the house is; when Jack Frost drives the rosy children to wanton about the father's knee, or roll, half asleep, upon the rug;—now is the time when the working man, who has that best of earthly gifts, a wife, and abundance of little olive branches about his table, learns fully what is meant by the happy syllable, HOME.

The rivals of our home are many and fearful. Among the direst is the drinking place, whether known as porter-house, grog-shop, or tavern. The man who spends his evenings in these stygian fumes, snuggles, and wallows away half his civilization. Where ought he to be, but by his own warm fireside, rewarding his wife for the solitary labors and vexations of the day, and receiving, on his part, those cheap but invaluable pleasures, which are as much above the delirium and sabbardry of the bar-room, as the light of day is above the glimmer of a dipped candle. I am no enemy to tavern-keepers. They are a useful class of men. Their offices of kindness to the stranger and the traveller ought to be remembered and paid, but they ought likewise to be freed from the enormities which proceed from their phials of madness and death. The worst effects of ill-conducted taverns are felt, not by the wayfaring man, for whose behoof the inn is instituted; but by the throng of villagers and neighbors, who have, or ought to have, homes of their own, who need no tavern, and who resort thither for idleness, from love of excitement, or from beastly appetite.

Go into any town, and abide for a few days at one of these marts of alcoholic temptation. Mark the men, from day to day, enter the ever-open doors. Some are there for hours, some at frequent intervals, some are muddled by the grate or stove, others are hanging about the porch. You have before you the representatives of indolence, the loquacity, the untruth, the mischief-making, and the insolency of the place. Is there one of them who drives a handsome business? Is there one of them who is reputed for philanthropy, public spirit, or successful talent, in any department? Not one. Is there one of them who wears his own earnings on his back? Not one. Is there one of them who enjoys the alertness, the clear spirits, and the rosy hue of health? Not one! That increasing plethora and sluggish growth is not the sign of strength. The cheek is flabby, and the hand is soft. The redness of the eyes and nose is not the color of genuine health. That simper and that laugh are not the gaiety which irradiated the face before the tavern became a shrine.

Ah! if that bar-room could be abjured to testify—if those books, redolent of brandy, and spotted with the marks of many a tumbler, could be put to the question—if, after every name, you could read the history of the drunkards who have dropped off, one by one, how would the hideous revelation scare the very sot from his swinish indulgence! The spell, however, is not broken, because the true Lethe is ever nigh. The first twinge of conscience is quited by brandy and water. Hence it is, that the tavern haunter is so often hopeless. He drinks till he feels himself half ruined—he is wretched—he drinks to drown his wretchedness—he does down it, and his soul along with it. O, hapless youth! before such be your fate, break away, by a sudden, an agonizing effort, or you swell the list of victims.

The brandy house and home are antagonistic powers, deadly foes, irreconcilable rivals. If you wish to embitter a man's home, and break his young wife's heart, introduce him to the bar-room. Grant all your pleasure of attraction at home—the drinking place will have more. Has he a virtuous, sensible, notable, comely, loving wife, and endearing babes? No matter; his leisure hours are not for them, but for the lounge at the bar and porch. He will feign business, or anxiety for news, or the expectation of a customer, or any of a thousand pretexts, to take him and to keep him there. There he is, at noon and at night, and on the Sabbath. Until habit has steel-ed him, he sneaks thither. Grown bolder, he becomes a fixture of the establishment. Every drinking place has its retinue of attendants, known to every passer-by. The tavern sign is not more familiar than the tavern suitors. Homeless creatures! each of whom, in some bright or humble sphere,

might have been enjoying such innocent delight around the domestic altar, as could make this world a type of Paradise!

To young men beginning life, especially to newly married men, the counsel is sensible. *Reverence the fireside.* Admit no rival here. Let your chief joys be shared by her who has forsaken all other hearts and hopes for you—by those who must inherit honor or disgrace from your course of life. Shun the bar-room and the purities of intoxication. It is to thousands the avenue of infamy. Help to rid those industrious men to preside over public houses, and succumb to the sad necessity of leading sober men into drunkenness, and drunkards into despair—help to rid them of this unpleasant part of their office. They protest their grief for these results. You cannot but believe them. Help them to wash their hands of the horrible stain.—*Newark Ad.*

Never wait for the last Bell.

It was a beautiful morning in the month of May, 1825, I was sitting by the side of Helen Harris, the only girl I ever loved, and I believe the only girl that ever loved me—any how, she was the only one ever told me so. We were sitting in the piazza of her father's house, about a quarter of a mile from the landing place, waiting for the bell of the steamboat to warn me of the moment that was to "part my love and me." It came to pass in the course of my history, that in order to accumulate a little of this world's gear, that I might be better prepared to encounter the demands of matrimony, I was destined to cross the blue Chesapeake, and seek in the metropolitan city the wherewithal so much desired. How many wishes have been compelled like me to leave home and the girl they loved, in search of gold!—And good gracious! how many have been disappointed! But to the piazza.

Well! we were sitting in the piazza, and talking of our love and separation, etc. We were waiting for the unwelcome sound of the steamboat bell, and you may rely upon it we talked fast and abbreviated our words into such rugged sentences that nobody but ourselves could understand them. The first bell rang, and I sprang to my feet, and trembled like an aspen.—"Oh, George, wait till the last bell rings," said Helen, as the big bright tear came over her blue eyes." "Do no such thing," answered the hoarse voice of Mr. Harris, as he arose like a spectre from the cellar, where he had been putting away his cider—"George, never wait for the last bell. I was off like a deer, and I arrived at the steamboat merely in time to go on board before she was pushed off from the wharf.

My career in search of pelf, has in a degree been successful; but I believe had not the old farmer told me "never wait for the last bell," that I should have been as poor as the morning that farewell shivered from my lips upon the heart of my lovely Helen. Any person who has lived at a hotel even for a single day, knows the danger of waiting for the last bell. I did it once, and lost my dinner. The first stroke of the dinner bell since then has always found me at the table. For six months I was clerk, and my never waiting for the last bell secured for me the confidence of my employer, who offered me a partnership, which I accepted, and in every instance when the bell rung, I was ready.

I had almost forgotten to tell you that Helen Harris is my wife, and she will never repent the morning I took her father at his word, and ran over the field to get to the boat in time. When I arrived at Baltimore, I called on some gentleman to whom I had some introductory letters, and they recommended me for a situation, one was soon offered which had been refused by four young men who were waiting for the last bell, and which I accepted—it was the making of me. Haste for the first bell; accept the first offer, and keep it until you get a better. Life is short, and he who puts off until the last bell, will, as Farmer Harris predicts "come out at the little end of the horn."

Young ladies, I have a word for you.—In the street I live, there is a lady who has been seven years chasing a partner for life. She has had several respectable offers; but she was waiting for the "last bell," and she is now likely to remain to the last, a belle; for she is turned of thirty, and it's more than probable that she must bide her blessedness forever. Now I beseech all you who may read this sketch, whenever you may feel a disposition to postpone anything which should be done now, to remember the words of Farmer Harris, "never wait for the last bell."

NOT CONSTITUTIONAL.—The "Spy in Washington" says that Mr. —, a Representative from Virginia, was taken ill. His physicians, after a few days attendance, expressed apprehensions that he would not recover. Mr. —, continuing to grow worse, sent for a friend, to whom he communicated the apprehensions of his physician, and then said in a solemn manner, "Now my friend, I have a favor to ask; if I should die, do not let me be buried at the expense of Congress, for by Jove it is unconstitutional!"

DESERTION OF FRIENDS.—Old NAT. LEE, the mad poet, wrote the following lines, or something like them, while confined in Bedlam. Those sands have realized, most bitterly, their truth!

If Fortune is sunny,
And you've plenty of money,
Friends throng like bees round a honey-pot;
But if dame Fortune frown,
And the jade cast you down,
By Jove! you may lie and rot.

BIRTH DAY OF THE PRESIDENT ELECT.—Tuesday last was the 68th anniversary of the birth of Gen. Harrison, who was born on the 9th of February, 1773.

CATHOLICS IN THE UNITED STATES.—In copying the following from a daily paper, we would notice a slight discrepancy—512 churches and chapels with 324 other stations, would hardly be expected to contain 1,300,000 persons. A few months ago we noticed, as an exaggeration, the number of Romanists in the United stated at 800,000. Lo, in the meanwhile they have nearly doubled. We remember that a German professor in this country, not long ago estimated the German population of the United States at five millions. Estimates without data are dangerous matters of speculation.—*Baptist Advocate.*

It is stated in the Catholic Almanac for 1841, just published in this city by Fielding Lucas, jr., that the Catholic population of the United States is estimated at 1,300,000. The number of clergy-men in the ministry is 436; otherwise employed 103—total 545. The number of churches and chapels is 512; churches building 27; other stations 324. There are 17 ecclesiastical institutions, with 144 clerical students. The female religious institutions number 31, and the female academies 40. There are in the female academies 2,782 pupils. The literary institutions for young men number 24, and the young men in them 1,583. The number of Catholic bishops in the United States is 17. During 1840, the accessions to the priestly office have been 85. The Archdiocese of Baltimore, which comprises the State of Maryland and the District of Columbia, has 88 churches and chapels, 2 churches building, and 10 other stations. The number of clergymen in the ministry is 38; and the number otherwise employed 31. There are 633 young men in the college of the Sec, and 539 pupils in the female academies.