

# Highland Messenger.

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

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

From the American Quarterly Review.

### MEMORANDUM OF THE SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

Chancellor Wythe of Virginia; a lawyer and judge of the purest morals and deepest learning, idle and dissipated until thirty years of age when he first applied himself to the law; the preceptor of Jefferson.

George Read, of Delaware; an eminent lawyer. His biography is ample, interesting and authentic.

William Williams, of Connecticut; originally a town clerk, but liberally educated; then an upright benevolent merchant; sacrificed a greater part of his gains to the public services.

Samuel Huntington, of Connecticut; a mere ploughman until his twenty-second year; afterwards an eminent lawyer; president of congress; chief justice of his state, and governor. His biography highly curious.

William Floyd, of New-York; a farmer; a general; enjoyed a large share of state honors.

George Walton, of Georgia; originally an apprentice to a carpenter in Virginia, self-educated to the law; a colonel; wounded in battle; twice governor of Georgia; chief justice; senator of the United States.

George Clymer, of Pennsylvania; a merchant, and fond of literature; a terse, sententious writer, and efficient and honorable patriot. His biography full and interesting, but diffuse.

"Godness his delight,  
Wisdom his wealth, and glory his reward."

Benjamin Rush, as a physician, an author, *omni laude cumulatus*, the most celebrated of the American faculty; distinguished for his poetical connexions and labors.

Matthew Thornton, of New-Hampshire; a successful practitioner of medicine; army surgeon before the revolution; a president of the provincial convention; a judge of the supreme court; a man of wit and humor, continued to practice physic while a judge; wrote political essays for the newspaper; and prepared a metaphysical work for publication, after he was eighty years of age; died in his 89th year.

William Whipple, of New-Hampshire; originally a cabin boy and sailor; a captain at the age of twenty-one; then a merchant; a general, who fought with Gates, and elsewhere; arranged the capitulation of Burgoyne; a judge of the superior court. "As a sailor," says the biography, "he speedily attained the highest rank in his profession; as a merchant, he was circumspect and industrious, as a congressman, he was firm and fearless; as a legislator, he was honest and able; as a commander, he was cool and courageous; as a judge, he was dignified and impartial; and as a member of many subordinate public offices, he was alert and persevering. He wore all his honors with modesty and propriety."

Di John Witherspoon, of New Jersey; an eminent and profound divine; president of Nassau Hall College; a political writer of force and talent; a statesman of great influence and energy. His biography is ample and instructive.

Robert Morris, of Pennsylvania, a merchant; the unrivaled financier of the revolution; the pecuniary soul of the cause. His biography, like that of others, needs compression, but is interesting and correct.

Abraham Clark, of New-Jersey, a surveyor, a lawyer, and gave gratuitous counsel.

Francis Lewis, of New York; a merchant and soldier, before the revolution; very useful rebel. His fine estate on Long Island destroyed by the British, and his wife carried off a prisoner; she died soon after, from the ill treatment which was experienced. He was ruined by the part which he took on the American side—died in the 90th year of his age.

John Penn, of North Carolina; uneducated in early life; became a lawyer, and eminent in opismathy.

James Wilson, of Pennsylvania; a lawyer of rare capacity, and of surpassing faculties as a speaker and writer, an efficient political essayist; the principal advocate of the constitution, of 1787, in the Pennsylvania convention; professor of law; one of the judges of the supreme court of the United States. His biography is replete with valuable information and political anecdotes.

Carter Braxton, of Virginia; a planter, became a merchant; lost all and died of a broken heart.

John Morton, of Pennsylvania; a surveyor; speaker of the General Assembly of Pennsylvania; a judge of the supreme court of the commonwealth; gave the casting-vote of the Pennsylvania delegation for the Declaration of Independence; originally a ploughboy.

Stephen Hopkins, of Rhode Island; a plain farmer and surveyor; became speaker

of the Assembly; chief justice, then governor of Rhode Island; a man of superior sense, and a good and successful writer; a distinguished mathematician and natural philosopher, though his education was slight, and a member of the American Philosophical Society. His signature of the Declaration is the only crooked and enfeebled one. "As it indicates," says his biographer, "a very tremulous hand, in perfect contrast with the bold and prominent writing of President-Hancock, it may have engendered surmises unfavorable to the determined spirit of Mr. Hopkins. We therefore state that for a number of years previous, he had been afflicted with a nervous affection, and when he wrote at all, which was seldom, he was compelled to guide his right hand with his left."

Thomas McKean, of Pennsylvania; a lawyer of great abilities and ardent revolutionary patriotism; chief justice of the commonwealth; governor; died 83 years old. His biography entirely authentic, and replete with instructive details.

James Smith, of Pennsylvania; lawyer and surveyor, remarkable for facetiousness and eccentricity, practiced the law for upwards of sixty years; died a nonagenarian. His article very pleasant.

Thomas Nelson, of Virginia; educated in England; an opulent planter; active military officer; commander-in-chief of the Virginia militia, whom he bravely and skillfully headed at the siege of York-town; governor of Virginia; died in reduced circumstances having made enormous pecuniary sacrifices to the revolutionary cause.

Joseph Hawes, of North Carolina; a successful merchant; bred a Quaker; died when attending congress, in 1779.

George Taylor, of Pennsylvania; on arriving in America from Ireland, bound himself for a term of years as a common laborer at the iron works at Durham on the Delaware, near Easton; was made clerk of the works; the proprietor dying, he espoused his widow; and finally became himself owner of the whole; amassed a large fortune; got into the provincial assembly; a member of business. Nothing more is recollected of him in the vicinity of his residence, than that "he was a fine man and a furious whig."

John Hart, of New-Jersey; a farmer, sur-named "honest John;" had never held a public office when he was chosen a delegate to congress; his farm pillaged and destroyed by the Hessians; his biography possesses a peculiar interest, as a very edifying illustration of the character and course of an American yeoman.

Lewis Morris, of New-York; gentleman farmer and large land proprietor; his whole domain laid waste and ruined by the enemy; had three gallant sons in the field; the celebrated Gouverneur Morris his half brother.

Wm. Ellery, of Rhode-Island; a well educated lawyer; an early revolutionary patriot; a very useful member of congress throughout the war. "He often," says his biographer, "spoke of the signing of the declaration of Independence, and he spoke of it as an event, which many regarded with awe, perhaps with uncertainty, but none with fear. He used to relate that he placed himself beside the secretary, Charles Thompson, and eyed each delegate closely as he affixed his name to the document, and saw dauntless resolution in every countenance. Ellery died, without pain, at the age of ninety-three, sitting upright in bed, and reading Tully's Offices in the Latin."

"Of no distemper, of no blast he died,  
But fell like autumn-fruit that mellow'd long;  
Even wondered at because he falls no sooner.  
Fate seemed to wind him up for fourscore years;  
Yet freshly ran he on twelve winters more;  
Till, like a clock worn out with beating time,  
The wheels of weary life at last stood still."

Lyman Hall, of Georgia; an emigrant from Connecticut; a well trained physician; a useful member of Congress; made great sacrifices; governor of Georgia, 1783.

Oliver Wolcott, of Connecticut; a graduate of Yale College; a captain in the army before the revolution; studied medicine; a major general of militia, aided in the conquering of Burgoyne; a judge, finally governor of Connecticut.

Richard Stockton, of New-Jersey; an accomplished lawyer and scholar, unrivaled at the bar of his state. After acquiring a competent fortune in his profession, travelled with much eclat in Great Britain; one of the judges of the supreme court of New Jersey, embarked early and vehemently in the revolution; surprised and captured by the enemy, and committed to the common jail at New York; Congress directed General Washington to interfere in his behalf, and threaten retaliation; his health impaired; his property devastated; died prematurely of complicated afflictions occasioned by his patriotism.

Button Gwinnett, of Georgia; originally a merchant; became a planter; an enthusiastic rebel; president of the provincial council; killed in a duel with Gen. McIntosh in 1777, at the age of 45.

Josiah Bartlett, of New Hampshire; a successful practitioner of medicine; a leading whig in his province; commanded a regiment; the first who voted in Congress for the declaration, and the second who signed it; chief justice of New Hampshire; the first republican governor of that state.

Philip Livingston, of New York; one of the committee of five appointed to prepare the declaration of independence; a graduate of Yale College; a prosperous and honored merchant; conspicuous member of the provincial legislature; speaker;

died while attending Congress, in 1778, a martyr to his public zeal.

Roger Sherman of Connecticut; also one of the committee of five; apprentice to a shoemaker, and pursued the business until after he was twenty-two years of age; travelled on foot, with his tools, gaining a livelihood; nourished his mind by various reading; kept a country store; turned surveyor; applied himself to the law, and acquired practice and fame; he was a member of the Albany convention of 1754; judge of the superior court of Connecticut twenty-one years; member of congress from the opening of the first in 1774, down to the period of his death, in 1798; of great authority and usefulness; a member of the convention that framed the present constitution of the United States; took a considerable and influential part in the debate; a senator in Congress; a shrewd and ready writer, a logical debater; a model of probity, discretion, and steadfastness; as much revered as any patriot of the times.

### A happy blunder.

The following humorous story, in which Mr. Bulkeley, the first Minister of the town of Colchester, Conn., was concerned, is from an ancient publication.—*Vide Conn. Hist. Col. by Barber, p. 395.*

"The Rev. Mr. Bulkeley, of Colchester, Conn., was famous in his day as a casuist, and sage counsellor. A church in his neighborhood had fallen into unhappy divisions and contentions, which they were unable to adjust among themselves. They deputed one of their number to the venerable Bulkeley, for his advice, with a request that he would send it to them in writing. The matters were taken into serious consideration, and the advice with much deliberation committed to writing. It so happened, that Mr. Bulkeley had a farm in an extreme part of the town, upon which he entrusted a tenant; and to whom he must have been about transmitting a letter at the same time; in superscribing the two letters, the one for the church was directed to the tenant, and the one for the tenant to the church.

The church was convened to hear the advice, which was to settle all their disputes. The Moderator read as follows: "You will see to the repair of the fences, that they be built high and strong, and you will take special care of the old black bull." This mystical advice puzzled the church at first, but an interpreter among the more discerning ones was found, who said, Brethren, this is the very advice we most need; the direction to repair the fences is to admonish us to take good heed to the admission and government of our members; we must guard the church by our Master's laws, and keep our strange cattle from the fold. And we must in a particular manner set a watchful guard over the Devil, the old black bull, who has done us so much hurt of late. All perceived the wisdom and fitness of Mr. Bulkeley's advice, and resolved to be governed by it. The consequence was, all the animosities subsided, and harmony was restored to the long afflicted church. What the subject of the letter sent to the tenant, was, and what good effect it had on him, the story does not tell."

"The Hon. JOHN Q. ADAMS, in his celebrated argument in the Supreme Court, in behalf of the Africans of the Amistad, took occasion to close his remarks in the following eloquent and feeling manner, as reported by the correspondent of the Journal of Commerce:

"May I please your Honors: On the 7th of Feb. 1804, now more than 37 years ago, my name was recorded on the rolls of this court, as one of its Attorneys and Counsellors. Five years afterwards, I appeared before this Court in an important cause. Since that time, I have never appeared before this Court until the present occasion, and now I stand before this Court again. It is this same Court, but not these same Judges.—At that time these seats were filled by honored men indeed, but not the same. Then there was Chief Justice Marshall, and Judges Cushing, and Chase, and Washington and Johnson, and Livingston, and Wild. Where are they?—Where is that able statesman and learned lawyer, who was my associate counsel in the cause, Robert Goodloe Harper? Where is the eloquent counsellor, so long the pride of Maryland and of the American Bar, who was the opposing counsel, Luther Martin?—Where is the excellent Clerk of that day, whose name has been inscribed on the shores of Africa, as a monument of his abhorrence of the African Slave Trade, Elias B. Caldwell? Where is the Marshal? Where are the criers of the Court? Where is one of the very Judges before whom I commenced my argument in the present cause? Gone—gone; all gone. Gone from the services which they rendered to their country, to appear before a tribunal where they must answer for all the deeds done in the body. From the excellent characters, which they sustained, so far as I have the means of knowing, I fondly hope that they have gone to receive the rewards of eternal blessedness. In taking, as I suppose, my final leave of this Bar and of this Honorable Court, I can only ejaculate a fervent petition to Heaven that every member of it may go to his final account with as little to answer for as these illustrious dead, and that you may every one receive the sentence—'Well done, good and faithful servants, enter into the joy of your Lord.'"

"Go to grant," as the farmer said when he turned his oxen into pasture.

### Thomas Ewing.

The following sketch of Mr. Ewing is taken from Watterson's Gallery of American Portraits. The sketch was written in 1836, when Mr. Ewing was in the Senate of the United States. It will serve to give the reader some idea of the character and intellectual power of this gentleman, who has been appointed Secretary of the Treasury under General Harrison.

Mr. Ewing was born in Virginia, in 1789. His father was a revolutionary soldier, and soon after the birth of young Ewing, removed to the State of Ohio. Mr. Ewing is indebted for his elements of knowledge, to the care and attention of his eldest sister, who taught him to read, and the only additional education he received till he was 23 years of age, was two quarters tuition, under two successive teachers. But he had acquired a love of reading, and all his leisure hours were devoted to it. His father being in humble circumstances, young Ewing's life was necessarily a laborious one; but obliged as he was to toil daily, he nevertheless availed himself of every opportunity to improve his mind, and to be what his highest ambition then led him to become—a scholar.

But poverty seemed to oppose an insuperable barrier to his career, and he was about yielding up in despondency, when a young man, who had seen something of the world, and who was hired by his father as an assistant, roused him from his apathy, and prevailed upon him to accompany him to the Kanawha Salines, where he procured employment as a common laborer. After an absence of three or four months, he returned with eighty dollars in his pocket, which he generously gave to his father, to save his land from being forfeited. In the following spring Mr. Ewing again returned to the Kanawha Salines, where he labored assiduously till November, and succeeded in realizing about four hundred dollars—out of which, after paying a balance of sixty dollars, still due on his father's property, he was enabled to indulge his favorite propensity, by spending the remainder at an academy at Athens, where he was encouraged to make additional efforts to prosecute his studies, and acquire the power which knowledge bestows. He returned once more to his former labors, and continued at them for two years.—These severe toils affected his health, which, however, a short residence at home restored and he again entered the academy which he had left about two years before, and proceeded to labor mentally, with the same ardor and intensity that he had labored corporeally. His progress in said to have been very rapid; but being satisfied that his funds, which were daily diminishing, would be insufficient to enable him to complete his education, he opened a school in Gallipolis, which in the course of a quarter he threw up, not liking the employment, and returned to his former occupation at the salt works.

He now hired a furnace, and by extraordinary labor he acquired a sum in the course of a month, to enable him as he believed, to complete his studies. He was right; and in the spring of 1815 he received the degree of A. B., and was the first to receive that academical honor in Ohio. He was now 26 years of age, and commenced the study of the law, in the office of Gen. Beecher, who, after he had finished his legal studies, from a high opinion of his powers, took him into partnership, and in his new and favorite profession he rose rapidly to distinction. As a proof of his arduous and assiduity, he practiced in eight different counties in the State in which he lived. His filial affection was again manifested in the purchase of a fine tract of land in Indiana, with the proceeds of his profession, on which he placed his father and family. He had now acquired so high a reputation for ability and talent at the bar, that the Legislature of Ohio elected him to represent that State in the Senate of the United States; and in this distinguished body he has continued ever since, with an increase of fame, and an untiring application to the important duties of his station, that has given him a claim to the gratitude of his country.

Mr. Ewing is, in person, athletic and muscular—broad across the chest, vigorous, but not elegant in his proportions, or graceful in his motions. His countenance is expressive of good nature, and enlivened by a frequent smile; and though awkward in his appearance, his manners have a natural ease that even an early intercourse with refined and polished society could not have rendered more agreeable. Nature has bestowed upon him a mind of great powers, which have been cultivated to the extent his limited means and opportunities would afford. It is analytic and logical, rather than brilliant and imaginative. Oratory, as an art, has not claimed much of his attention; and though his arrangement is lucid, and his mind affluent in topics, and fertile in arguments, his speeches possess few of the embellishments of rhetoric, or the elegancies of art. He cannot blend the *utile* with the *dulci*, or amuse while he persuades. He always endeavors to edify, and but seldom attempts to please. Reasoning is his forte: in that he is conscious of his power, and will not trust himself to the efforts of fancy. His diction is plain and unadorned, not verbose or involved, but clear and suited to reasoning, and is feeble or vigorous, according to the strength or weakness of his argument.

Mr. Ewing is too good natured to deal much in sarcasm, or to resort to bitterness of invective; and he never electrifies his auditors by unexpected bursts of eloquence.

He is sagacious, argumentative and laborious; often eloquent, but never oratorical, as a politician his principles are firm and unyielding, and never fluctuating between self-aggrandisement and the interests of his country; never balancing between right and wrong; but always directing his efforts to that which he conceives will promote the glory of the nation, and the happiness of mankind.

### From the Ladies Companion.

#### The War-Woman's Creek.

In Georgia and North Carolina, there is hardly a river, creek, or stream, that has not connected with it some old Indian tradition. The title of the present sketch is taken from one of these—I believe one of the principal tributaries of the Natamaha river, in the Cherokee Nation, North Carolina. The story, as told by the few Indians remaining since the removal in the fall of 1838, runs thus:

Many years ago, in the first settlement of the country, a wandering party of their tribe attacked the house of a squatter somewhere upon their borders, during his absence and massacred all his children, and left his wife covered with the mangled bodies of her butchered offspring, scalped like them, and apparently dead. She was not, however, wounded so badly as they had supposed; and no sooner did she hear the sound of their retreating footsteps, than disengaging herself from the heap of slain, haggard, pale, and drenched with her own and the blood of her children, she peered steadily from the door, and finding her enemies no longer in sight, hastily extinguished the fire, which, before leaving, they had applied to her cabin, but which had, as yet, made very little impression on the green logs of which it was composed. Wiping from her eyes the warm blood which was still reeking from her scapless head, she directed her agonized gaze to the bleeding and disfigured forms of those who, scarce an hour before, had been playing at the door, and gladdening her maternal heart with their merry laughter; and as she felt, in the full sense of desolation, the last ray of hope die within her bosom, there stole over her ghastly face an expression as savage as was ever worn by the ruthless slayers of her innocent babes. Her eye gleamed with the wild fury of the tigress robbed of its young, as closing her cabin carefully behind her, with a countenance animated by some desperate purpose, she started off in the same path by which the murderers had departed. Heedless of her wounds and wasting blood, and lost to all sense of hunger and fatigue in the one absorbing and fell purpose which actuated her, she paused not upon the trail of her foes until, at night, she came up with them encamped at the side of the creek, which is indebted to her for its present name.

Emerging from the gloom of the surrounding darkness, on her hands and knees, she crept noiselessly towards the fire, the blaze of which, as it flickered upwards, discovered to her the prostrate forms of the Indians, five in number, who, overcome by an unusually fatiguing day's travel, were wrapped in deep sleep, with their only weapons, their tomahawks, in their belts. Her own stealthily advancing figure, as the uncertain light of the burning pine fell upon it with more or less distinctness—now exposing its lineaments clothed with blood, and distorted by an expression which her wrongs, and the sight of the desolators of her hearth-stone, exaggerated to a degree almost fiendish; and now shading all, save two spectral eyes—was even more striking than the swarthy faces which she glared upon. Assuring herself that they were fast asleep, she gently removed their tomahawks, and dropped all but one into the stream. With this remaining weapon in her hand, and cool resolution in her heart, she bent over the nearest enemy, and lifting the instrument, to which her own and her children's blood still adhered, with one terrific and unerring blow, buried it in the temple of its owner. The savage moved no more than partly to turn upon his side, gasped a little, quivered a minute like an aspen, and sunk back to his former position, quite dead. Smiling ghastly in his rigid face, the desperate woman left him, and noiselessly as before despatched all of the sleepers, but one, to that long rest from which only the last trumpet can awaken them. The last devoted victim, however, was aroused to consciousness of his situation by the death-struggles of his companions. He sprang to his feet, and felt for his weapon. It was not there; and one glance explaining every thing, he evaded the blow aimed at him by the brave and revengeful mother, seized from the fire a burning brand, and with it succeeded partially in warding off the furious attack which followed. In a little time they fell struggling together, the Indian desperately wounded, and the unfortunate woman faint with loss of blood and her extraordinary exertions. Both were too weak to harm each other now; and the wounded savage only availed himself of his remaining strength to crawl away.—In this piteous plight the poor woman remained until noon on the following day, when she was accidentally discovered by a straggling party of whites, to whom she told her story, and then died.—After burying her on the spot, they made some exertion to overtake the fugitive Indian, but unsuccessfully. He succeeded in reaching his tribe, and from his tale the little stream, before mentioned, was ever afterwards known among the Cherokees, and also the pale faces, as the "War-Woman's Creek."

### From Swift's celebrated Essay.

#### Faults of Conversation.

There are two faults in conversation which appear very different, yet arise from the same root, and are equally blamable; I mean an impatience to interrupt others, and the uneasiness of being interrupted ourselves. The two chief ends of conversation are to entertain and improve those we are among, or to receive those benefits ourselves, which whoever will consider, cannot easily run into either of these errors; because when any man speaketh in company, it is supposed that he doeth it for his hearer's sake, and not his own; so that common discretion will teach us not to force their attention if they are not willing to lend it; nor on the other side, to interrupt him who is in possession, because that is the grossest manner to give the preference to our own good sense.

There are some people whose good manners will not suffer them to interrupt you; but, what is almost as bad, will discover abundance of impatience, and be upon the watch until you have done, because they have stated so nothing in their own thoughts which they long to be delivered of. Meantime they are so far from regarding what passes that their imaginations are wholly turned upon what they have in reserve, for fear it should slip out of their memory; and thus confine their invention, which might otherwise range over a hundred things full as good, and that might be much more naturally introduced.

There is a sort of rude familiarity, which some people by practising among their intimates, have introduced into their general conversation, and would have it pass for innocent freedom or humor, which is a dangerous experiment in our northern climate, where all the little decorum and politeness we have are purely forced by art, and are so ready to lapse into barbarity. This, among the Romans, was the raiery of slaves, of which we have so many instances in Plautus. It seemeth to have been well introduced among us by Cromwell, who, by preferring the scum of the people, made it court entertainment, of which I have heard many particulars, and considering all things were turned upside down, it was reasonable and judicious: although it was a piece of policy found out to ridicule a point of honor in the other extreme, when the smallest word misplaced among gentlemen ended in a duel.

There are some men excellent at telling a story, and provided with plentiful stock of them, which they can draw out upon occasion in all companies; and, considering how long conversation runs now among us, it is not altogether a contemptible talent. However, it is subject to two unavoidable defects; frequent repetition, and being too soon exhausted so that whoever valeteth this gift in himself, hath need of good memory, and ought frequently to shift his company, that he may not discover the weakness of his fund; for those endowed have seldom any other revenue, but live upon the main stock.

Great speakers in public are seldom agreeable in private conversation, whether their faculty be natural, or acquired by practice and often venturing. Natural elocution, although it may seem a paradox, usually springeth from a barrenness of invention and of words, by which men who have only one stock of notions upon every subject, and one set of phrases to express them in, swim upon superficies, and offer themselves upon every occasion; therefore, men of much learning, and who know the compass of a language, are generally the worst of talkers on a sudden, until much practice hath inured and emboldened them, because they are confounded with plenty of matter, variety of notions, and of words which they cannot readily choose, but are perplexed and entangled by too great a choice, which is no advantage in private conversation; where on the other side the talent of hanging is of other the most insupportable.

Nothing has spoiled men more for conversation than the character of being wits; to support which, they never fail of encouraging a number of followers and admirers, who lift themselves in their service, where they find their accounts on both sides by pleasing their mutual vanity. This hath given the former such an air of superiority, and made the latter so pragmatical that neither of them are well to be endured. I say nothing here of the state of dispute and contradiction, telling of lies, or of those who are troubled with the disease called the wandering of the thoughts, that are never present in mind, at what passeth in discourse; for whoever labors under any of these possessions, is as unfit for conversation as a madman in Bedlam.

ADVERTISING.—We copy the following sensible remarks upon this subject, from an exchange paper:

Advertising is like a travelling sign. No business man will hesitate to pay twenty dollars for a sign, where he would never think of paying half the sum for advertising. The one is a sign seen only by those who pass the store and can see the goods that are for sale as well as the sign. The advertisement is a comprehensive sign, that comes under the eye of hundreds who will never see the sign over the door; yet some soft heads pretend to argue, that because some men have done a good business without advertising, advertising is unnecessary. They might as well argue, that because some men have made money without industry, industry is unnecessary.