

Highland Messenger.

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

ASHEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA, FRIDAY MORNING, APRIL 30, 1841.

NUMBER 46.

VOLUME I.

A. L. WALKER & J. ROBERTS, EDITORS.
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY,
BY J. H. CHRISTY.

The "Messenger" is published at Two Dollars and Fifty Cents per annum, in advance, or at the end of the year. No subscription discontinued (except at the option of the publisher) until all arrearages are paid. Advertisements will be inserted at One Dollar per square for the first, and Twenty-Five Cents for each subsequent insertion. All communications must be post paid.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA.

BY HIS EXCELLENCY JOHN M. MOREHEAD,
Governor, Captain-General and Commander-in-Chief, in and over the State aforesaid.

WHEREAS, I have been duly informed by the Proclamation of His Excellency, WILLIAM H. HARRISON, President of the United States, that the last Monday of May next, (being the 31st day thereof), has been fixed upon by him for the meeting of the first session of the twenty-seventh Congress of the United States; and that the election of the Representatives from this State in the next Congress should be held at the usual time and place of holding said elections.

Now, therefore, by virtue of the authority in me vested, by an act of the General Assembly of this State, entitled "An Act concerning the mode of electing Senators and Representatives in the Congress of the United States," (Revised Statutes of this State, chap. 724,) and to the end, that the free-will of the State may be duly represented in the next Congress, at its first session commencing on the 1st day of December next, I do hereby, by and with the advice and consent of the several counties comprising each Congressional District, to cause the polls to be opened and kept, and elections to be held, for Representatives to the next Congress of the United States, on Thursday, the thirteenth day of May next, at the places and times prescribed by law in their respective counties, for holding said elections. And I do further command and require said Sheriffs, and other Returning Officers, to meet for the purpose of comparing the Polls, at the times and places prescribed by law for that purpose. And I do hereby, by this my Proclamation, further require the Sheriffs of this State to meet in their respective counties, at the time aforesaid, and at the places established by law, then and there to give their votes for Representatives in the next Congress.

In testimony whereof, I have caused the Great Seal of the State to be hereunto affixed, and signed the same with my hand.

Done at the City of Raleigh, this twenty-second day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-one, and of the Independence of the United States the sixty-fifth.

J. M. MOREHEAD.
By the Governor:
J. T. LITTLETON, P. Sec.
The Star, Standard, and Highland Messenger will insert the foregoing Proclamation until the day of election, and the other newspapers of the State will give it three insertions, and forward their accounts to the Executive office for payment.—Rel. Reg. 41tdo

STATE OF N. CAROLINA, Macon county.

IN EQUITY—SPRING TERM, 1841.
JAMES R. ALSTON and JESPER KREWER,
vs.
JEREMIAH R. PAER.

Bill of Injunction and for Relief.

Appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that the defendant, J. R. PAER, does not reside within the limits of the State—it is ordered that publication be made in the "Highland Messenger" for six successive weeks, notifying the said defendant to appear at the next Court of Equity to be held for the county of Macon, at the Court House in Franklin, on the second Monday of September next, to answer complainant's bill of complaint, otherwise judgment pro confesso will be entered against him, and the cause set for hearing.

Witness, SAUL SMITH, clerk and master of our said Court of Equity, at office, the 4th Monday in March, A. D. 1841.

SAUL SMITH, C. M. E.
[Printer's fee, \$5 50.]

STATE OF N. CAROLINA, BUNCOMBE COUNTY.

COURT OF PLEAS AND QUARTER SESSIONS,
February Term, 1841.
Rhadia McDaniel,
vs.
The heirs of William McDaniel, dec'd.

Appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that James Gaines and his wife Margaret, James Gaines and his wife Jane, Galuspie, and his wife Sarah, Archibald, Margaret and Elizabeth McDaniel, children of Archibald McDaniel, dec'd, Thomas McDaniel and his wife Mary, Isaac McDaniel and his wife Martha, are not inhabitants of this State: It is ordered by the Court, that publication be made for six weeks in the Highland Messenger, that the said parties appear at the next Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, to be held for the county of Buncombe, at the Court House in Asheville, on the 3d Monday after the 1st day of March next, and there to answer the bill of complaint, or demur, or judgment will be taken pro confesso, and acted upon according to law. A true copy from the minutes.

N. HARRISON, C. B. C.
[Printer's fee \$5]

STATE OF N. CAROLINA, BUNCOMBE COUNTY.

COURT OF PLEAS AND QUARTER SESSIONS,
February Term, 1841.
L. T. POOR,
vs.
A. F. PATTON.

Original Attachment laid on personal Property. Appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that the defendant is not an inhabitant of this State: It is ordered by the Court, that publication be made for six successive weeks in the Highland Messenger, that the said parties appear at the next Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, to be held for the county of Buncombe, at the Court House in Asheville, on the 3d Monday after the 1st day of March next, and there to answer the bill of complaint, or demur, or judgment will be taken pro confesso, and acted upon according to law. A true copy from the minutes.

N. HARRISON, C. B. C.
[Printer's fee \$5]

A Barouche for sale.

Any subscriber, wishing to procure a vehicle at a different kind, offers for sale a Barouche with Harness.
D. R. McNALLY.
February 5, 1841.

MISCELLANY.

(From the Hampshire Gazette.)
Farming vs. Phatic.
BY J. G. H.

In olden time writers of fables were wont to attach to them their respective morals. That is; they would tell their illustrative story, and then add the moral. Consequently, as most readers were looking rather for amusement than instruction, the stories were read, and the morals being dry and uninteresting, were passed over without a perusal. Now in order to have my moral read, I shall take another course, and place it at the head of my story, so that it shall be like the lid of a box, which must be taken off, before the treasure within can be approached.

The following simple sketch is meant to be illustrative of the fact, that the farmer, when compared with the professional man, is the more truly independent—the happier one of the two. "Pity 'tis true," that so many young men will leave the green hills of their nativity, and the pure, bracing air that roamed among them, and immerse themselves within the walls of a college, there to lay in ruins a fine constitution, and forego all the pleasures of health and freedom, for the paltry gratification of preparing to live at the public expense.—Strange it is, that the wasting youth will mope in his literary cell, communing with consumption, when he might be at home among friends, healthy and happy.

Let me not be misunderstood here. I would not wish to say anything against those who are pursuing a course of collegiate education, for education's sake, or whose end it is to qualify themselves for benefiting their fellow men. Far from it. On the contrary, I bid them God speed. But it is those who leave a good home for the reason that they are pretentiously ill health, but in reality lazy, and go through a course of study, to prepare them for living by their wits, and practising upon the gullibility of the public, rather than labor, working with their hands.

Nor is this class the only one. There are those pressed into colleges by their wealthy parents or friends, and there pressed through a course of training, in order to fit them for filling stations of importance and high trust, that nature never designed for aught than farmers or mechanics, and who find it hard work to muster brains enough to constitute a quorum for mental operations.

Now to the story. Bill Sandford (I shall call him Bill because he chose to be thus called) was the second son of a wealthy farmer in the interior of New England. Possessed of a happy disposition, he was one of those few and fortunate persons, that seemingly pass through life without meeting with anything to vex them, or to render them in the least unhappy. You would love him at the first sight, and oh, it would do you good to hear him laugh. Such a laugh—boisterous, hearty, unrestrained, could come from no one not possessed of a contented mind and an honest heart.

Perhaps the ladies would like to know how he looked. I cannot delineate his proportions with any degree of nicety, because he was seldom seen without a long, blue frock, that reached from neck to foot, so that we must describe his face alone. He had a fine blue eye, rosy cheeks, a high open forehead, and, as one of the village wags observed, a very open countenance, for his eyes and mouth were always open.

Now Bill had a brother, and this brother was one of those extremely unfortunate young men considered a genius. You will imagine of course, that he had a tall, gentlemanly form, dark hair, dark lustrous eyes—that he always wore a sickly look and a languid air, and was noted for walking alone on moonlight nights—for being melancholy at times, &c., &c. You are right; that was his picture.

Both the brothers had received what is called a good elementary education at an academy, located in their own village, and both had been offered by an over-kind father the privilege of going to college, and becoming professional men. James, for that was the name of the elder brother, accepted the offer, but Bill said he had rather stay at home, and take care of the old folks, and reckoned Jim would do just as well to take the same course. But 'Jim' went to college and Bill went to farming.

We will now pass over three or four years of their history, and relate the incidents that occurred during a visit which James made his father's family at a summer vacation.

At the close of a warm day in August, the stage coach drove up to the door of Mr. Sandford, and out of it stepped one of the neatest looking little fops your eyes ever beheld. Bill was "on hand," to use his favorite expression, and perceiving something in the physiognomy of the new comer that bore a slight resemblance to his brother James, notwithstanding his face was nearly covered with whiskers, spectacles, dicky, &c., he shook his soft hand most lustily, at the same time saying, or rather shouting, "how are you bub?" This interrogation was answered in a kind of drawing, die away, milk-and-water tone, with "dear brother William, permit me to express myself highly gratified at seeing you again. Ah! my parents, and do I behold your beloved faces once more? Now this is really gratifying. Brother William, will you have the kindness to assist the coachman in detaching my baggage from the carriage? Now this is really

pleasing thus to revisit the scenes of one's childhood. By Jove, 'tis gratifying."

The foregoing with similar observations, occupied the time until he was seated, with an air of the most genteel abandon, upon a sofa, in what he was pleased to call the mansion of his fathers'. Tea came, and after tea, our college gentleman smoked a pipe, to "promote digestion." Bed time came and the family were informed by their visitor, that he would "like to retire," and some one was requested "to conduct him to his lodgings." He was no sooner out of the room, than Bill exclaimed,

"By George, mother, I'll take some of the starch out of that fellow, before he leaves us, if I have to throw him into the horse-pond."

His father approved the plan, but the old lady, being like many other old ladies, rather "soft," thought that he appeared finely, and began to use some of his tall talk, and even went so far as to say, that his appearance was highly gratifying to her.

Morning came, and after the sun had been risen about three hours, arose James Sandford. After performing his ablutions, or as his mother afterward had occasion to term it, his obligations, he appeared at the breakfast table, dressed in a morning gown; and, having expressed himself highly gratified at seeing them all well, sat down and sipped his coffee. After breakfast, came another principle; and after the principle, a stroll "among the scenes of his juvenile recreations." While he was out Bill had a hearty laugh about Jim's new fangled frock. The old gentleman said that he looked and acted like a fool, and the old lady came to the conclusion, that the next dress that she had should be open before, for that was the fashion at the college, and she thought it looked quite gratifying. Dinner came, and after dinner, our gentleman took a "siesta," and towards evening, requested his dear brother William to bring up the carriage, for an airing would be quite gratifying to him. The horse was harnessed, and placed before the wagon by Bill himself, and brought to the door.

The brothers were soon enjoying a fine ride, but the worst of it was, James monopolized the conversation, and expatiated largely upon the pleasures of a literary life.

Oh, said he, "brother William, with what different emotions would you gaze upon this scene, were you possessed of educated eyes. Could you look upon that glassy pool, as the mirror of the Almighty's form—could you gaze upon yon blue heaven, and sending your imagination into its starlit depths, behold sun on sun, system on system, and world on world, multiplying to infinity before you, inhabited by beings as far superior to man as man is superior to the brute creation—could you look abroad upon our own beautiful world, and call each umbrageous tree, and blooming flower, and massy rock, by name—oh, it would be"—he was about to add, gratifying, but was interrupted by Bill, who had been an inattentive listener to his eloquence, with the exclamation,—"You, Jim, what a glorious cart-heap that stick would make, would't it?"

At length the brothers arrived at home. James alighted from the carriage, or from what his mother was pleased to call, the airing, and was leaving his brother, when he was hailed with "hallo, you Jim Lazy-bones, unitch that tug, will you?" The words "with pleasure" were out of his mouth, although they came very near sticking in his throat. But the tug was muddy. What could he do? soil his white gloves? It must be done. So he went to work as daintily, as if he had been knocking the ashes from a cigar. He was finally pushed away by his brother, and told that if he could do no better, he had better get some one "to conduct him to his lodgings."

James went to his room, and, though somewhat ruffled by rough usage, thought, as it was a fine evening, he would try to make some poetry. After puzzling his brains for some time, he penned the following couplet:—

O glorious is the rolling sea—
The sky, all bright and pure—
Here he came to a dead stand. He tried free and secure, tree and alure, and a dozen other rhyming words, but could get no lines to stick them to. He was gazing most intensely at the plastering when his brother came in, and, seeing what the poet had written, asked leave to fill out the verse. He sat down and wrote the following:—

But far more glorious to me,
Is a cart-load of manure.

Both the brothers burst into a laugh, and James even went so far as to say, that if Bill would go to college, he might make considerable of a poet.

"Now, Jim, I'll tell you what I think of these things. I think that if a man has the bumps, he can be a smart man without going to the college, and if he has't the bumps, he may bump his head against a college till the cows come home, and the more he bumps it the softer it will be."

Several days passed in which Bill had many hearty laughs at his brother's expense, and his brother in turn was "excessively annoyed." One day Bill assumed a great deal of gravity, and in a low, confidential tone, asked James, if he found any girls near the college that were pretty nice.

"Oh, William," said the student, "I have long wished to speak to you upon those very things. There is a young lady there—I might with the greatest propriety say an angel—she is an angel to me, for I am always in heaven when in her presence—that

possesses the sincerest affections of my inmost heart. Could you see her step—could you gaze upon her sylph-like form—could you look into her dark beautiful eye—could you kiss her carnation lips—Oh, it would be gratifying."

Bill, by this time, had on quite a pressure of steam, as might have been seen, for his mouth was undergoing various contortions, and his cheeks were swollen to treble their usual size. All that kept him from bursting was gnawing his coat sleeve, which coat sleeve performed the office of a safety valve. James mused a few minutes upon the beautiful eyes, and the sylph-like form, upon which he had just dwelt with so much rapture, and then turning to Bill, asked him if there was any one within his circle of acquaintances with whom he would be inclined to form a matrimonial engagement. Bill started, as if by an electric shock, and, running to the window exclaimed—"Yes, by George, and there she is coming, in the street yonder. Do you see her, Jim?—round, plump, and substantial—she looks and moves as if she was going somewhere, and not as if sailing along in the air. Give me substance—something—a good hearty kiss won't annihilate. I'd give more to kiss her carnation lips."

By this time, he was half way down stairs, desiring to have a talk with his fair one.

We will now leave him to have a chat, and a kiss too, if he can get one, and when the vacation term has expired, let James go back to his studies, and briefly touch upon the main incidents that occurred in the after history of these young men.

James graduated and was pronounced "A. B." Knowing little more than would be of any use to him that he did when those letters meant to him simply *ab*. He studied the profession of medicine, and, after a short practice, married the beautiful being he had so forcibly described to his brother. After two or three years spent in gaiety and pleasure, she brought into existence, at the expense of her own life, a puny creature that was soon laid beside the fragile form that bore it.

James became a melancholy man, neglected his business, spent his property, and is now supported by his brother Bill.

Bill, of course, formed a matrimonial engagement with the one we left him talking with in the street, and gets a good living, is respected by all, and some fine healthy children, who, though good natured, and well bred enough, not to say any thing about it, think, *Uncle Jim* is a real nuisance.

Sketches of Western Adventure.

The following story from McClurg's "Sketches of Western Adventure," gives a very good description of Indian fighting—a favorite amusement of our western pioneers. We advise all who are troubled with an excessive sympathy for the "red men," to read the above work.—*Han. Journal.*

In the spring 1784, three young Kentuckians, Davis, Caffree and McClure, pursued a party of Southern Indians, who had stolen horses from Lincoln county, and finding it impossible to overtake them, they determined to go on to the nearest Indian settlement, and make reprisals—horse stealing being at that time a very fashionable amusement, and much practiced on both sides. After travelling several days, they came within a few miles of an Indian town near the Tennessee river, called Chickaugo. Here they fell in with three Indians. Finding themselves equal in point of numbers, the two parties made signs of peace, shook hands and agreed to travel together.

Each, however, was evidently suspicious of the other. The Indians walked upon one side of the road and the whites upon the other, watching each other attentively. At length the Indians spoke together in tones so low and earnest, that the whites became satisfied of their treacherous intentions, and determined to anticipate them.—Caffree being a very powerful man, proposed that he himself should seize one Indian, while Davis and McClure should shoot the other two. The plan was a bad one, but was unfortunately adopted. Caffree sprung boldly upon the nearest Indian, grasped his throat firmly, hurled him to the ground, and drawing a cord from his pocket attempted to tie him. At the same instant, Davis and McClure attempted to perform their respective parts. McClure killed his man, but Davis' gun missed fire. All three, i. e. the two white men, and the Indian at whom Davis had flashed, immediately took trees, and prepared for a skirmish, while Caffree remained upon the ground with the captured Indian—both exposed to the fire of the others. In a few seconds, the savage at whom Davis had flashed, shot Caffree as he lay upon the ground and gave him a mortal wound—and was instantly shot in turn by McClure who had reloaded his gun. Caffree becoming very weak, called upon Davis to come and assist him in tying the Indian, and instantly afterwards expired. As Davis was running up to the assistance of his friend—the Indian now released by his captor, sprung to his feet, and seizing Caffree's rifle, presented it menacingly at Davis, whose gun was not in order for service, and who ran off into the forest closely pursued by the Indian. McClure hastily reloaded his gun and taking up the rifle which Davis had dropped, followed them for some distance into the forest, making all those signals which had been concerted between them, in case of separation. All, however, was vain—he saw nothing more of Davis, nor could he ever afterwards learn his

fate. As he never returned to Kentucky, however, he probably perished.

McClure finding himself alone in the enemy's country, and surrounded by dead bodies, thought it prudent to abandon the object of the expedition and return to Kentucky. He accordingly retreated his steps, still bearing Davis' rifle in addition to his own. He had scarcely marched a mile before he saw advancing from the opposite direction, an Indian warrior, riding a horse with a bell around its neck, and accompanied by a boy on foot. Dropping one of the rifles, which might have created suspicion, McClure advanced with an air of confidence, extending his hand and making other signs of peace. The opposite party appeared frankly to receive his overtures, and dismounting, seated himself on a log, and drawing out his pipe, gave a few puffs himself, and then handed it to McClure. In a few minutes another bell was heard, at the distance of half a mile, and a second party of Indians appeared on horseback. The Indian with McClure now coolly informed him by signs, that when the horseman arrived, he (McClure) was to be bound and carried off as a prisoner, with his feet tied under the horse's belly. In order to explain more fully, the Indian got astride of the log, and locked his legs together underneath it. McClure internally thanking the fellow for his excess of candour, determined to disappoint him, and while his enemy was busily engaged in riding the log, and mimicking the actions of a prisoner, he very quietly blew his brains out, and ran off into the woods. The Indian boy instantly mounted the belted horse, and rode off in an opposite direction. McClure was fiercely pursued by several small Indian dogs, that frequently ran between his legs and threw him down. After falling five or six times, his eyes became full of dust and he was totally blind. Despairing of escape, he doggedly lay upon his face, expecting every instant to feel the edge of the tomahawk. To his astonishment, however, no enemy appeared, and even the Indian dogs after tugging at him for a few moments, and completely stripping him of his breeches, left him to continue his journey unmolested. Finding every thing quiet, in a few moments he arose, and taking up his gun, continued his march to Kentucky. He reached home in safety, and in 1820 was still alive. This communication is from his own lips, and may be relied upon as correct.

Aaron Burr and his daughter.

The history of every nation is fraught with romantic incidents. England has the story of her Alfred, Scotland of her Wallace, her Bruce, her Mary, and her Charles Stuart, Ireland her Fitzgerald, France her Mar with the Iron Mask, and Maria Antoinette, Poland her Thaddeus, and Russia her Siberian Exiles. But we very much doubt whether any exceeds in interest the singularly touching story of Aaron Burr and his highly accomplished, his beautiful and devoted daughter, Theodosia. The rise and fall of Burr in the affections of his countrymen, are subjects of deep historical interest. At one time we see him carried on the wave of popular favor to such giddy heights, that the Presidency seemed almost within his grasp, which he only missed to become the second officer in the new Republic. He became Vice President of the United States. How rapid his rise! and then his fall, how sudden, how complete! In consequence of his duel with Hamilton, he became a fugitive from justice—is indicted for murder by the Grand Jury of New Jersey—flies to the South—lives for a few months in obscurity, until the meeting of Congress, when he comes forth and again takes the Chair, as President of the Senate. After his term expires, he goes to the West, becomes the leading spirit of a scheme of ambition to invade Mexico; (very few will now believe that he sought a dismemberment of the Union)—is brought back a prisoner of state to Richmond, charged with high treason—is tried and acquitted—is forced to leave his native land and go to Europe. In Great Britain he is suspected, and retires to France, where he lives in reduced circumstances, at times not being able to procure a meal of victuals. After an absence of several years he finds means to return home—he lands in Boston without a cent in his pocket, an object of distrust to all. Burr had no tidings of his daughter, since his departure from home; he was anxious to hear from her, her husband, and her boy, an only child, in whom his whole soul seemed bound up. The first news he heard was that his grandchild died while he was an outcast in foreign lands, which stroke of Providence he felt keenly, for he dearly loved the boy. Theodosia, the daughter of Burr, was the wife of Governor Allston, of South Carolina. She was married young, and while her father was near the zenith of his fame. She was beautiful and accomplished, a lady of the finest feelings, an elegant writer, a devoted wife, a fond mother, and a most dutiful and loving daughter, who clung with redoubled affection to the fortunes of her father as the clouds of adversity gathered around him, and he was deserted by the friends whom he formerly cherished. The first duty Burr performed after his arrival here, was to acquaint Mrs. Allston of his return. She immediately wrote back to him that she was coming to see him, and would meet him in a few weeks in New York. This letter was couched in the most affectionate terms, and is another evidence of the purity and power of woman's love.

In the expectation of seeing his daughter in a few days, Burr received much pleasure. She had become his all on earth. Wife, grandchild, friends and all were gone; his daughter alone remained to cheer and solace the evening of his life, and to welcome him back from his exile. Days passed on—then weeks—weeks were lengthened into months, yet naught was heard of Mrs. Allston. Burr grew impatient, and began to think that she too had left him, so apt is misfortune to doubt the sincerity of friendship. At length he received a letter from Mr. Allston, inquiring if his wife had arrived safe, and stating that she had sailed from Charleston some weeks previous; in a vessel chartered by him on purpose to convey her to New York. Not receiving any tidings of her arrival, he was anxious to learn the cause of her silence.

What had occurred to delay the vessel? Why did it not arrive? These were questions which Burr could ask himself, but no one could answer.

The sequel is soon told. The vessel never arrived. It undoubtedly foundered at sea, and all on board perished. No tidings have ever been heard of the vessel, the crew, or the daughter of Aaron Burr—all were lost. This last sad bereavement was only required to fill Burr's cup of sorrow. "The last link was broken," which bound him to life. The uncertainty of her fate but added to the poignancy of his grief. Hope, the last refuge of the afflicted, became extinct when years had rolled on, and yet no tidings of the loved and lost one were gleaned.

Burr lived in New York until the year 1836, (we believe) when he died. The last years of his life were passed in comparative obscurity. Some few old friends who had never wholly deserted him, were his companions; they closed his eyes in death and followed his body to the grave, where it will rest till the trump of the Almighty shall call it into judgment.

Such is a brief sketch of the latter part of the strange and eventful history of Aaron Burr. None of the family now live—it has become extinct—and his name but lives in the history of his country, and in the remembrance of those who knew him.

SHOEMAKERS STRAIGHTEN YOURSELVES.—Linnæus, the founder of the science of Botany, was apprenticed to a shoemaker in Sweden, but afterwards taken notice of in consequence of his ability, and sent to College. The elder David Parens, who was afterwards the celebrated Professor of Theology at Heidelberg, Germany, was at one time apprenticed to a shoemaker. Joseph Pendrell, who died sometime since at Gray's buildings, Duke street Manchester square, London, and who was a profound and scientific scholar, having an excellent library, was bred, and pursued through life, the trade of a shoemaker. He was descended it is said, from the Pendrell, who concealed Charles II, after the battle of Worcester. Hans Sache, one of the most famous of the early poets, was the son of a tailor, served an apprenticeship to a shoemaker, and afterwards became a weaver, in which he continued. Benedict Baudouin, one of the most learned men of the 16th century, was a shoemaker, as likewise was his father. This man wrote a treatise on the shoemaking of the ancients, which he traced up to the time of Adam himself. To these may be added these ornaments of Literature, Holcroft the author of the Critic, and other works; Gifford, the founder, and for many years the editor of the London Quarterly Review, one of the most profound scholars and elegant writers of the age; and Bloomfield, the author of "The Farmer's Boy," and other works, all of whom were shoemakers, and the pride and so the admiration of the literary world. Anthony Purver, who was a teacher of the languages at Andover, England, and who received £1,000 for his translation of the Scriptures served his time as a shoemaker.

SOLEMN THOUGHTS.—It is said of a certain city in the East, that one of its gates is exclusively devoted to the use of those who carry out the dead for burial; and so great is the population, and so rapid the ravages of death, that the mournful procession is never broken. An observer would be impressed deeply with the fact that death lies in that city, and it would be natural for him to say, "If such multitudes are dying around me, I, too, must soon die."

Could you stand at the death gate of the world, and view the stream, not of mourners, but of dead, passing out into the land of silence, you could not fail to feel that death reigns in the earth. Your own immortality would be impressed on your heart, and you would be ready to admit, "I, too, must die." The gate of death is standing open night and day, and dead are hurrying forth. You do not see each dying corpse. You do not hear each dying groan. But every pulse that beats is the knell of a departing soul. Every second sees the flight of a disembodied spirit into the presence of God. Pause for a moment while you read _____, and as you pause, a soul has fled—and now another; it was not yours; but the next may be.—*N. Y. Observer.*

A man who had established a tipping house was about to erect his sign, and requested his neighbor's advice what inscription to put on it. The man replied, I advise you to write on it "Beggars made rich."