

Highland Messenger.

"Life is only to be valued as it is usefully employed."

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MISCELLANEOUS.

On the management of boys.

BY REV. J. S. C. ABBOTT.
A clergyman of much observation recently remarked, that the experience of sixty years had taught him, that if boys had a faithful and judicious mother, they were pretty sure to turn out well, whatever might be the character of the father. There are many mothers, who, from various causes, in rearing their sons, are deprived of the co-operation of the father. The following hints are intended for the assistance of such mothers:

1. *Keep your boys by all means out of the streets.*—At the proper times for play, allow them to invite some of their neighbor's children into your yard, or permit them to visit these children of your friends with whom you are willing they should associate. But let it be an immutable law, that they are not to rove the streets in freedom, to play with whatever companions chance may throw in their way. By commencing early and firmly with this principle, you will have no difficulty in enforcing it. And it is a safe-guard against innumerable evils. Turn a boy loose into the streets, to associate with the vicious and profane, to lounge at the corners of stores and stables, and he will almost certainly be ruined. Therefore, at all hazards, keep him out of the streets.

2. *Do not allow your son to play out of doors in the evening.*—There is something in the practice of night exposure and night plays, which seems to harden the heart. You never see such a boy possessed of a gentle and modest deportment. He is always forward, self-willed, ungovernable. There is always temptation in the darkness of evening, to say and do things which he would not be willing to say and do in the open blaze of day. The most judicious parents will never allow their children to be out at such hours; consequently, the only companions he can be with, are the unmanaged and unmanageable. There is something almost fiend-like in the shouts which are occasionally heard from such troops of boys, congregated in the corners of the streets. If you would save your son from certain ruin, let him not be with them. Keep him at home in the evening, unless, by special permission, he is at the house of some judicious friend, where you know he will engage only in fireside sports.

3. *Do what you can to keep your sons employed.*—Let play be but their occasional privilege, and they will enjoy it far more highly. Employ them in the garden if you have one, at work, not at play. Give them daily and regular duties about the house. It will do them no harm to perform humble services. It will help you and help them still more, to have them bring the wood or coal, to scour the knives, to make their own beds, to keep their own room in order. You may thus render them highly useful and greatly contribute to their happiness and to their future welfare. If you are sick, it is still more important you should train your sons to these habits of industry, for they stand peculiarly in need of this moral and physical discipline. Louis Philippe, the present king of France, was in childhood and early youth required to wait upon himself in the performance of the humblest offices. It was through this culture that he was trained up to be one of the most remarkable men of the present age.

4. *Take an interest in your children's enjoyments.*—A pleasant word, an encouraging smile from a sympathizing mother, rewards an affectionate boy for many an hour of weary work. And the word and the smile reach his heart, and make him a more pliable, gentle, mother-loving boy. How often will a boy, with such a mother, work all the afternoon to build a play house, or a dove cote, cheered with the anticipated joy of showing it to his mother when it is done. And when he takes her hand to lead her out and show her the evidence of his mechanical skill, how greatly can his young spirit be gratified by a few words of encouragement and approbation. By sympathizing in the enjoyments of your children, by manifesting the interest you feel in the innocent pleasures they can find at home, you may inspire them with a love of home, and thus shield them from countless temptations.

5. *Encourage as much as possible a fondness for reading.*—Children's books have been, of late years, so greatly multiplied, that there is but little difficulty in forming in the mind of a child a taste for reading. When the taste is formed, you will be saved all further trouble. Your son will soon explore the libraries of all his associates, and he will find calm and silent and improving amusement for many rainy days and long evenings. And you may have many an hour of your own evening solitude enlivened by his reading. The cultivation of this habit is of such immense importance—it is so beneficial in its results, not only upon the child, but upon the quietude and harmony of the family, that it is well worth while to make special efforts to awaken a fondness for books. Select some books of decidedly entertaining character, and encourage him for a time to read aloud to you, and you will very soon find his interest riveted; and by a little attention, avoiding as much as possible irksome constraint, you may soon fix the habit permanently.

The great difficulty with most parents is, that they are unwilling to devote time to their children. But there are no duties in life more imperative than the careful culture of the minds and hearts of the immortals entrusted to our care. There are no duties we can neglect at such an awful hazard. A good son is an inestimable treasure. Language cannot speak his worth. A bad son is about the heaviest calamity which can be endured on earth. Let the parent, then, find time to train up his child in the way he should go.—*Mother's Assistant.*

The Shepherd's Dog.

A shepherd, who inhabited one of those valleys or glens which intersect the Grampian mountains, in one of his excursions to look after his flock, happened to carry along with him one of his children; an infant of three years old. This is not an unusual practice amongst the Highlanders, who accustom their children from the earliest infancy to endure the rigors of the climate. After traversing his pasture for some time, attended by his dog, the shepherd found himself under the necessity of ascending a summit at some distance, to have a more extensive view of his range. As the ascent was too fatiguing for the child, he left him on a small plain at the bottom with strict injunctions not to stir from it till his return. Scarcely, however, had he gained the summit, when the horizon was darkened by one of those impenetrable mists which frequently descend so rapidly amidst those mountains, as in the space of a few minutes, almost turn day to night. The anxious father instantly hastened back to find his child, but owing to the unusual darkness, and his own trepidation, unfortunately missed his way in the descent. After a fruitless search of many hours, he discovered he had reached the bottom of the valley, and was near his own cottage. To renew the search that night was equally fruitless and dangerous, he was therefore compelled to go home, although he had lost both his child and his dog, who had attended him faithfully for many years. Next morning by break of day, the shepherd, accompanied by a band of his neighbors, set out in search of his child; but, after a day spent in fruitless fatigue, he was at last compelled by the approach of night, to descend from the mountain. On his return home to his cottage, he found that the dog, which he lost the day before, had been home, and on receiving a piece of cake, had instantly gone off again. For several successive days the shepherd renewed his search for his child, and still, on his returning home disappointed in the evening, he found that the dog had been home, and on receiving his usual allowance of cake, had instantly disappeared. Struck with this singular circumstance, he remained at home one day, and when the dog as usual departed with his piece of cake, he resolved to follow him, and find out the cause of this strange procedure. The dog led the way to a cataract at some distance from the spot where the shepherd had left his child. The banks of the cataract almost joined at the top, yet, separated by an abyss of immense depth, presented that appearance which so often astonishes and appals the travellers that frequent the Grampian mountains. Down one of those rugged, and almost perpendicular descents, the dog began without hesitation to make his way, and at last disappeared by entering into a cave, the mouth of which was almost level with the torrent. The shepherd, with difficulty followed; but on entering the cave, what were his emotions when he beheld his infant eating with much satisfaction, the cake which the dog had just brought him; while the faithful animal stood by, eyeing his young charge with the utmost complaisance! From the situation in which the child was found, it appeared that he had wandered to the brink of the precipice, and then either fallen or scrambled down till he reached the cave. The dog, by means of his scent, had traced him to the spot; and afterwards prevented him from starving by giving up to him his own daily allowance.

APOLOGIZING.—It is related of the immortal David Crockett, that being at a menagerie in Washington, he called the attention of a friend to a soot-faced monkey, who had fixed upon a searching glance, and asked if he didn't think Jacko was the image of a certain ill-fated member of Congress from Ohio. Turning round at that moment, who should stand at his elbow but the very member himself! "I'm in a fix, and no mistake!" exclaimed David; but after a moment's hesitation, he added: "but if you'll tell me how, I'll apologize. I'd go ahead at once; but I don't know whether to apologize to you or to the monkey!"

That learning fosters pride, is a mischievous and wicked dogma. It is directly opposite to truth. It owes its origin and its prevalence, where it does yet prevail, to the pedantic airs and consequential bearing of smatterers and pretenders. Impostors and empirics are found in every profession, and the quick theological, with his various varieties, is a genus, of which specimens may yet be found. Such may deceive for a while, by the appearance of profound erudition, and some, who look only at the surface, are led to attribute their overweening arrogance and conceit, their puffed-up, we had almost said, to that learning which they do not possess, and to that education which they never had. But the veil is very thin. Men of sense see through it. Even the unlettered multitude are beginning to attribute ignorance where conceit appears and to consider modesty, as it really is, the infallible test of the enlightened and well-informed.—*Metropolitan Quarterly Review.*

"What for you no mind you wuck, dar Sambo? said Cuffee, "you dar lazy nigger! you always is more benefit den profit—I wouldn't gib your wifes for your clothes."
"False one I love thee still," as the man said to his cotton dicker.

THE LOVE OF THE JEWS FOR THEIR NATIVE COUNTRY.—Independently of that natural love of country which exists among this people. Two objects bring the Jew to Jerusalem; to study the Scriptures and the Talmud—and then to die, and have his bones laid with his forefathers in the valley of Jehoshaphat, even as the bones of the patriarchs were carried up out of Egypt. No matter what the station or the rank—no matter what, or how far distant the country where the Jew resides, he still lives upon the hope that he will one day journey Zion-ward. No climate can change, no season quench, that patriotic ardor with which the Jew beholds Jerusalem, even through the vista of a long futurity. On his first approach to the city, while yet within a day's journey, he puts on his best apparel; and when the first view of it bursts upon his sight, he rends his garments, falls down to weep and pray over the long-sought object of his pilgrimage; and with dust sprinkled on his head, he enters the city of his forefathers. No child ever returned home after long absence with more yearnings of affection—no proud Baron ever beheld his ancestral towers and lordly halls, when they had become another's, with greater sorrow than the poor Jew when he first beholds Jerusalem. This, at least, is patriotism. It is curious to read the indications of fond attachment to its very air and soil, scattered about in the Jewish writings; still, it is said, that man is esteemed most blessed, who, even after his death, shall reach the land of Palestine, and be buried there, or even shall have his ashes sprinkled by a handful of its sacred dust. "The air of the land of Israel," says one, "makes a man wise;" another writes, "he who walks four cubits in the land of Israel, is sure of being a son of the life to come." "The Great Wise Men are wont to kiss the borders of the Holy Land, to embrace its ruins, and roll themselves in its dust." "The sins of all those who are forgiven who inhabit the land of Israel. He who is buried there is reconciled with God, as though he were buried under the altar. The dead buried in the land of Canaan first come to life in the days of the Messiah." It is worthy of remark, as stated by Sands, that so strong is the desire this singular people have always manifested for being buried within these sacred limits, that in the seventeenth century large quantities of their bones were yearly sent thither from all parts of the world for the purpose of being interred in the valley of Jehoshaphat; for the Turkish rulers at that time permitted but a very small number of Jews even to enter Palestine. Sands saw shiploads of this melancholy freight at Joppa; and the valley of Jehoshaphat is literally paved with Jewish tombstones.—*Wilde's Narrative.*

BEAVERS.—Such is the sagacity of beavers, that a tribe of American Indians considered them as a fallen race of human beings, who, in consequence of their wickedness vexed the Good Spirit, and were condemned by him to their present shape, but that in due time they will be restored to their humanity. They allege that the beavers have the power of speech, and that they have heard them talk with each other, and seen them sitting in council on an offending member. The lovers of natural history are already well acquainted with the surprising sagacity of these wonderful animals, with their dexterity of cutting down trees, skill in constructing their houses, and their foresight in collecting and storing provisions sufficient to last them during the winter months; but few are aware, I should imagine, of a remarkable custom among them, which, more than any other, confirms the Indians in believing them a fallen race. Towards the latter end of autumn, a certain number, varying from twenty to thirty, assemble for the purpose of building their winter habitations. They immediately commence cutting down trees, and nothing can be more wonderful than the skill and patience which they manifest in this labor. It is curious to see them anxiously looking up, watching the leaning of the tree when its creaking announces its approaching fall, to observe them scampering off in all directions to avoid being crushed. When the tree is prostrate, they quickly strip it of its branches; after which, with their dental chisels, they divide the trunk into several pieces of equal lengths, which they roll to the rivulet across which they intend to erect their house. Two or three old ones generally superintend the others, and it is no unusual sight to see them beating those who exhibit any symptoms of laziness; should, however, any fellow be incorrigible, and persist in refusing to work, he is driven unanimously by the whole tribe to seek shelter and provisions elsewhere. These outlaws are, therefore, obliged to pass a miserable winter, half-starved, in a burrow on the banks of some stream, where they are easily trapped. The Indians call them "lazy beaver," and their fur is not half so valuable as that of the other animals; industry and precocity secure them provisions and a comfortable shelter during the severity of winter.

GOING UP THE OHIO.—The following whimsical circumstance and peculiar coincidence, it is said, actually took place some time since.—A boat ascending the Ohio river was halted by another boat, when the following conversation ensued:—"What boat is that?"—"The Cherry-stone."—"Where are you bound to?"—"From Redstone."—"Where are you bound to?"—"To Limestone."—"Who is your captain?"—"Thomas Stone."—"What are you loaded with?"—"Millstones and grindstones."—"You are a hard set to be sure; take care you don't go to the bottom."—*Farwell.*

HUMAN LIFE.—Human life is the journey of a day; we rise in the morning of youth, full of vigor, and full of expectation; we set forward with spirit and hope, with gaiety and with diligence, and travel on a while in the direct road, piety, towards the mansions of rest. In a short time, we remit our favor, add endeavor to find mitigation of our duty, or some easy means of obtaining the same end. We then relax our vigor, and resolve no longer to be terrified with crimes at a distance; but rely on our own constancy, and venture to approach what we resolved never to touch: we thus enter the bowers of ease, repose in the shades of security. Here the heart softens and vigilance subsides; we are then willing to inquire whether another advance cannot be made, and whether we may not at least turn our eyes upon the gardens of pleasure. We approach them with scruples and hesitation; we enter them, but enter timorous and trembling, and always hope to pass through them, without losing the road of virtue, which for awhile we keep in our sight, and to which we propose to return; but temptation succeed temptation, and one compliance prepares the way for another; we in time lose the happiness of innocence, and solace our disquiet with sensual gratification. By degrees, we let fall the remembrance of our original intention, and quit the only adequate object of rational desire. We entangle ourselves in business, immerse ourselves in luxury, and rose through labyrinths of inconstancy; till the darkness of old age begins to invade us, and disease and anxiety obstruct our way; we then look back upon our lives with horror, with sorrow, with repentance, and wish, but too often vainly wish, that we had not forsaken the ways of virtue. Happy are they who shall learn from thy example, not to despair, that reformation is never hopeless, nor sincere endeavors ever unassisted; that the wanderer may at length return, after all his errors, and that he who implores strength and courage from above, shall find danger and difficulty give way before him.—*Dr. Johnson.*

A Matrimonial Adventure of Gov. Wentworth.

The Knickerbocker, for April has been published for sometime. It contains much agreeable matter, a sample of which we subjoin. It is an anecdote of Governor Wentworth, the last of the colonial Governors of New Hampshire, and is still related by the aged people of the neighborhood in which he lived:

He had, it seems, married a very pretty little girl, some thirty years his junior, who, like most young wives, was fond of gaiety, and liked better to pass the evening in strolling through the woods by moonlight, or dancing at some merry-making, than in the arms of her gray-haired husband. Nevertheless, although she kept late hours, she was in every other respect an exemplary wife. The Governor, who was a quiet sober personage, and careful of his health, preferred going to bed early, and rising before the sun, to inhale the cool breeze of the morning; and, as the lady seldom came home till past midnight, he was not very well pleased at being disturbed by her late hours. At length, after repeated expostulations, his patience was completely exhausted, and he frankly told her that he could stand it no longer, and that if she did not return home in future before twelve o'clock, she should not be admitted to the house.

The lady laughed at her spouse, as pretty ladies are wont to do in such cases, and on the very next occasion of a merry-making, she did not return till past two in the morning. The Governor heard the carriage drive to the door, and the ponderous clang for admittance; but he did not stir. The lady then bade her servant try the windows; but this the Governor had foreseen—they were all secured. Determined not to be out-generated, she alighted from the carriage, and drawing a heavy key from her pocket, sent it ringing through the window into the very chamber of her good man. This answered the purpose. Presently a night-capped head peered from the window, and demanded the cause of the disturbance. "Let me into the house, sir!" sharply demanded the wife. The Governor was immovable, and very ungalantly declared she should remain without all night. The fair culprit coaxed, entreated, expostulated, and threatened; but it was all in vain. At length becoming frantic at his impetuous obstinacy, she declared that, unless she was admitted at once, she would throw herself into the lake, and he might console himself with the reflection that he was the cause of her death. The Governor begged she would do so, if it would afford her any pleasure; and shutting the window, he again retired to bed.

The governess now instructed her servants to run swiftly to the water, as if in pursuit of her, and throw a large stone over the bank, screaming as if in terror, at the moment of doing it, while she would remain concealed behind the door. The good Governor, notwithstanding all his decision and nonchalance, was not quite at ease when he heard his wife express her determination. Listening, therefore, very attentively, he heard the rush to the water side, the expostulations of the servants, the plunge, and the screams; and knowing his wife to be very rash, in her moments of vexation, and really loving her most tenderly, he no longer doubted the reality. "Good God! it is possible!" said he; and, springing from his bed, he ran to the door with nothing about him save his robe de nuit, and crying out "save her, you ras-

cal! leap in, and save your mistress!" made for the lake. In the mean time his wife hastened in-doors, locked and made all fast, and shortly afterwards appeared at the window, from which her husband had addressed her. The Governor discovered the ruse, but it was too late; and he became in his turn the expostulator. It was all in vain, however; the fair lady bade him a pleasant good night, and shutting the window, retired to bed, leaving the little man to shift for himself, as best he might, until morning. Whether the Governor forgave his fair lady, tradition does not say; but it is reasonable to presume that he never again interfered with the hours she might choose to spend.

The preaching of Whitefield.

BY MRS. CHILD.

There was nothing in the appearance of this extraordinary man which would lead you to suppose that a Felix could tremble before him. "He was something above the middle stature, well proportioned, and remarkable for a native gracefulness of manner. His complexion was very fair, his features regular, and dark blue eyes small and lively; in recovering from the measles, he had contracted a squint with one of them; but this peculiarity rather rendered the expression of his countenance remarkable, than in any degree lessened the effect of its uncommon sweetness. His voice excelled, both in melody and compass; and its fine modulations were happily accompanied by that grace of action, which he possessed in an eminent degree, and which has been said to be the chief requisite for an orator." To have seen him when he first commenced, one would have thought him any thing but enthusiastic and glowing; but as he proceeded, his heart warmed with his subject, and his manner became impetuous and animated, till, forgetful of every thing around him, he seemed to kneel at the throne of Jehovah, and to beseech in agony for his fellow beings.

After he had finished his prayer, he knelt for a long time in profound silence, and so powerful had it affected the most heartless of his audience, that a stillness like that of the tomb pervaded the whole house. Before he commenced his sermon, long darkening columns crowded the bright sunny sky of the morning, and swept their dull shadows over the building, in fearful augury of the storm.

His text was, "Strive to enter in at the straight gate; for many, I say unto you, shall seek to enter in, and shall not be able." "See that emblem of human life," said he, pointing to a shadow that was flitting across the floor. "It passed for a moment, and concealed the brightness of heaven from our view; but is gone. And where will ye be, my hearers, when your lives have passed away like that dark cloud? Oh, my dear friends, I see thousands sitting attentive, with their eyes fixed on the poor, unworthy preacher. In a few days we shall meet at the judgment seat of Christ. We shall form a part of that vast assembly that will gather before the throne; and every eye shall behold the Judge. With a voice whose call you must abide and answer, he will inquire whether on earth ye strove to enter in at the straight gate; whether your hearts were absorbed in him. My blood runs cold when I think how many of you will then seek to enter in, and shall not be able. Oh, what plea can you make before the Judge of the whole earth? Can you say it has been your whole endeavor to mortify the flesh with its affections and lusts? that your life has been one long effort to do the will of God? No! you must answer. I made myself easy in the world by flattering myself that all would end well; but I have deceived my own soul, and am lost.

You, oh false and hollow Christian, of what avail will it be that you have done many things; that you have read much in the sacred word; that you have made long prayers; that you have attended religious duties and appeared holy in the eyes of men?—What will all this be, if, instead of loving him supremely, you have been supposing you should exult yourself in heaven by acts really polluted and unholly.

"And you, rich man, wherefore do you hoard your silver, wherefore count the price you have received for him whom you every day crucify in your love of gain? Why that, when you are too poor to buy a drop of cold water, your beloved son may be rolled to hell in his chariot pilloved and cushioned around him.

His eye gradually lighted up, as he proceeded, till towards the close, it seemed to sparkle with celestial fire. "Oh, sinners!" he exclaimed, "by all your hopes of happiness I beseech you to repent. Let not the wrath of God be awakened. Let not the fires of eternity be kindled against you. See there!" said he, pointing to the lightning which played on the corner of the pulpit—"Tis a glance from the angry eye of Jehovah! Hark!" continued he, raising his finger in a listening attitude, as the distant thunder grew louder and louder, and broke in one tremendous crash over the building. "It was the voice of the Almighty as he passed by his anger!"

Very beautiful it is in the brightness thereof. It compasseth the heavens about with glory; and the hands of the Most High have bended it."

THE FARMER'S SON.—The time is not far distant, in our humble opinion, when the farmer's son will be the man among the well educated of his day. Already has the spirit gone abroad. The feelings of all are beginning to be enlisted deeply in this honorable cause. No longer is this profession viewed, by all, as fit only for the poor and ignorant, but is beginning to claim the rank to which it is so justly entitled. Men of learning and talents have turned their attention to its investigation, without the least compunction of conscience for having acted below their dignity. They have learned that the occupation of a farmer, humble as it may have been considered, can call into action most of the powers of the mind, and, whatever may be the amount of his knowledge, if useful, it can be brought to bear either directly or indirectly; hence, the erroneous opinion that farmers need not be educated, is fast passing away, and ere long popular sentiment will consign it to its legitimate abode, the shades of oblivion. No occupation is better calculated to call forth the learning of the man of science than that of the farmer, and in which he can engage with more honor, or to which more honor should be attached. We believe that, in time, instead of having the poor and ignorant to fill the profession of learning, we shall see young men turning from practical institutions of learning, to that of the plough handle, fired with a laudable spirit to gain honor and amass wealth from their occupation. When such a state of things shall take place, agriculture will be added as another to "the learned professions," considered as honorable as any of them, and will prove as profitable. Hills that are now barren and neglected wastes, will be brought into active and profitable cultivation, waving with bountiful harvests, or set with heavy cared corn—then gladdening smiles of plenty will cheer our domestic circles, and bloated purses fill our pockets.

COOL.—A queer accident happened not long ago in one of the public places in Paris. It seems a gentleman, with bright gold buttons on his coat, was followed by a respectfully dressed thief, who took occasional opportunities to cut off the buttons and transfer them into his own pocket. The gentleman having discovered the fact, kept strict watch upon the other's motions, and when he was in the act of cutting off a button, took out his own pen-knife, and cut off the fellow's ear. The thief, as might naturally be expected, was much enraged thereat, and turning furiously to the gentleman, asked why he cut off his ear. "Why did you cut off my buttons?" was the reply. "Your buttons! damn you, take your buttons—there are your buttons," said the thief, throwing them at him. "Very well," said the gentleman, "and there is your ear; tossing that at him. After this exchange of commodities the parties separated; one going to the tailor's, the other to the physician's.—*Boston Nation.*

BULLS.—"I never shot a bird in my life," said one to another. "I never shot at any thing in the shape of a bird except a squirrel, and that I killed with a stone—when it fell from the tree into the river, and was drowned," was the reply.

The above is a tougher, but we can tell a better and a truer one perpetrated in this city, by a Yankee. "That ar' dog (pointing to a large white one) 'aint got a bit of black about him, except his ears, and they are brown."

And a little tougher yet is the story of the Irishman who said the first feathered fowl he shot in America was a forkinette, he treed him on a white oak hemlock stump, and fired at him six times before his gun went off, and then he came a tumbling up the tree.

A SHEET OF PAPER.—It is curious to reflect upon what uses a sheet of paper may be put. It lies before you in a state of virgin purity, and its utmost value is a cent. It is scrawled over with pot-books and hangars, a few "promises to pay" are written on it, and it becomes good for thousands of dollars. A piece of wedding cake is wrapped up in it, and it is kissed by the rosy lips of a lovely maiden, placed under her pillow, as a spell to conjure up in her dreams a handsome lover, a fine estate, and a moderate quantity of little responsibilities. It is received by one person, and he blesses it for bringing him the glad tidings of his promotion to a fortune; by another, and he curses it for the information that he is disinherited. In accordance with the characters upon it, it lights up the eye or waters the cheek—it makes the heart throb with sorrow—it is treasured as a precious relic, or torn to pieces with impatient disgust. The destiny of the sheet of paper on which we are writing, is to afford copy for our devil, and food for reflection to thousands.

RICHES.—It is a strange delusion for men to suppose that happiness consists in riches. Contentment is not to be found in splendor and magnificence; or why is it that princes have sometimes exchanged the grandeur of the palace for the more simple enjoyments of private life? Why is the countenance of a rich man furrowed with thought and anxiety, while the poor go on their way shouting and exulting in the blessings which God has given them? Why does the man who has grown in wealth, look back to the days of his poverty, and ask himself why he cannot now rejoice as heartily over the much as he did over the little?

There was something of novelty it is true, but not less of reason, in the proceedings of a late esteemed minister of New England, who at the close of a very badly sung psalm, read another to the choir, saying, "You must try again; it is impossible to preach after such singing."

"May I be 1 of the lovers of U;" as the Miss of 6 leens said 2 a 10 der 4 leg of mutton B 4 she 8 a piece of it.