

# Highland Messenger.

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

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

### The Pine-tree Shilling.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

Captain John Hull was the mint master of Massachusetts, and coined all the money that was made there. His was a new line of business, for, in the earlier days of the colony, the current coinage consisted of the gold and silver money, of England, Portugal, and Spain. These coins being scarce, the people were often forced to barter their commodities instead of selling them.

For instance, if a man wanted to buy a coat he perhaps exchanged a bear skin for it. If he wished for a barrel molasses, he might purchase it with a pile of pine boards. Market bullets were used instead of farthings. The Indians had a sort of money called wampum, which was made of clam shells; and this strange sort of specie was likewise taken in payment of debts by the English settlers. Bank Bills had never been heard of. There was not money enough of any kind, in many parts of the country, to pay their ministers, so that they had sometimes to take quintals of fish,—handfuls of corn, or cords of wood, instead of silver or gold.

As the people grew more numerous, and their trade with one another increased, the want of current money was still more sensibly felt. To supply the demand, the general court passed a law for establishing a coinage of shillings, sixpences, and three-pences. Captain John Hull was appointed to manufacture this money, and was to have about one shilling out of every twenty, to pay him for his trouble of making them.

Hereupon all the old silver in the colony was handed over to Captain John Hull. The battered silver cans and tankards, the spoons, and silver buckles, and broken spoons, and silver buttons of worn out coats, and silver hilts of swords that had figured at court, all such curious old articles were doubtless thrown into the melting pot together. But by far the greater part of the silver consisted of bullion from mines of South America, which the English buccaniers, (who were little better than pirates,) had taken from the Spaniards, and brought to Massachusetts.

All this old and new silver being melted down and coined, the result was an immense amount of splendid shillings, sixpences, and three-pences. Each had the date 1652, on the one side and the figure of a pine-tree on the other side. Hence they were called pine-tree shillings. And for every twenty shillings that he coined, you will remember, Captain John Hull was entitled to put one shilling in his own pocket.

The magistrates soon began to suspect that the mint-master would have the best of the bargain. They offered him a large sum of money, if he would give up that 20th shilling, which he was continually dropping into his own pocket. But Captain Hull declared he was perfectly satisfied with the shilling. And well he might be; for so diligently did he labor, in a few years his pockets, his money bags and his strong boxes were overflowing with pine-tree shillings. This was probably the case, when he came into possession of Grandfather's chair; and as he had worked so hard at the mint, it was certainly proper that he should have a comfortable chair to rest himself on.

When the mint-master had grown very rich, a young man, Samuel Sewell by name, came a courting his only daughter. His daughter's name I do not know; but we will call her Betsy. Betsy was a fine, lively dame, by no means as slender as some young ladies of our own days. On the contrary, having always fed heartily on pumpkin pies, doughnuts, Indian puddings, and other puritan dainties, she was as round and plump as a pudding. With this round face Miss Betsy did Samuel Sewell fall in love. As he was a young man of good character, industrious to business, and a member of the church, the mint-master very readily gave his consent.

"Yes—you may take her," said he in the rough way, "and you will find her a heavy burden enough."

On the wedding day we may suppose that honest Hull dressed himself in a plain colored coat, all the buttons of which were made of pine-tree shillings. The buttons of his waistcoat were sixpences; and the knees of his small clothes were buttoned with silver three-pences. Thus attired, he sat with great dignity in his grandfather's chair; and being a portly old gentleman, he completely filled it from elbow to elbow. On the opposite side of the room, between her bride-maids, sat Miss Betsy. She was blushing with all her might, and looked like a full blown peony, a great red apple, or any other round and scarlet object.

There too was the bridegroom, dressed in a fine purple coat, and gold lace waistcoat, with as much other finery as the puritan laws and customs would allow him to put on. His hair was cropped close to his head, because Gov. Endicott had forbidden any man to wear it below the ears. But he was a very personable young man; and so thought the bride-maids and Miss Betsy.

The mint-master was also pleased with

his new son-in-law; especially as he had said nothing at all about her portion. So when the marriage ceremony was over, Captain Hull whispered a word to two of his servants, who immediately went out, and soon returned, lugging in a large pair of scales. They were such a pair as wholesale merchants use for weighing; a bulky commodity was now to be weighed in them. "Daughter Betsy," said the mint-master, "go into one side of the scales."

Miss Betsy—or Mrs. Sewell, as we must now call her—did as she was bid, like a dutiful child, without any questions of why and wherefore. But what her father could mean, unless to make her husband pay for her by the pound, (in which case he would have a dear bargain,) she had not the least idea.

"And now," said honest John Hull to his servants, "bring that box hither." The box, to which the mint-master pointed, was a huge square, iron-bound, oaken chest; it was big enough, my children, for all four of you to play hide and seek in. The servants tugged with might and main, but could not lift this enormous receptacle, and were finally obliged to drag it across the floor.

Captain Hull then took a key out of his girdle, unlocked the chest, and lifted its ponderous lid. Behold! it was full to the brim of bright pine-tree shillings, fresh from the mint, and Samuel Sewell began to think that his father-in-law had got possession of all the money in the Massachusetts Treasury. But it was only the mint-master's honest share of the coinage.

Then the servants, at Captain Hull's command, heaped double handfuls of shillings into one side of the scales, while Betsy remained in the other. Jingle, jingle, went the shillings, as handfull after handfull was thrown in till plump and ponderous as she was, they fairly weighed the young lady above the floor.

"There, son Sewell!" cried the mint-master, resuming his seat in grandfather's chair, "take these shillings for my daughter's portion. Use her kindly, and thank heaven for her—it is not every wife that's worth her weight in silver!"

The children laughed heartily at this legend and would hardly be convinced but that grandfather had made it out of his own head. He assured them faithfully, however, that he had found it in the pages of a grave historian, and had merely tried to tell it in somewhat funnier style.

"Well, grandfather," remarked Clara, "if wedding portions now a-day were paid as Miss Betsy's was, young ladies would not pride themselves upon an airy figure as many of them do."

A VIRTUOUS MAN.—During the war in Germany, the captain of a troop of cavalry was ordered out on a foraging party. He marched at the head of his troops to the quarter assigned him, a solitary vale, uncultivated, and nearly covered with wood. In the middle of it stood a small cottage, the residence of a poor man, one of the Moravian brethren. On perceiving the hut, the captain knocked at the door, when the aged, pious son of poverty, made his appearance. He heard and looked on the soldier with a countenance that seemed to invite peace which the world cannot give nor take away.

"Father, said the officer, 'show me a field, so that I can set my troops foraging.'"

"I will presently, if you will follow me," replied the old man.

After leaving the valley, about a quarter of an hour's march, they found a fine field of barley.

"There is the very thing we wanted," said the captain.

"Have patience for a few minutes," replied his guide, "and you shall be satisfied."

They went on about the distance of a quarter of a league further, when they arrived at another field of barley. The troopers dismounted, cut down the grain, bound it up, and remounted, while the guide looked on. When they were about to depart, the officer said,

"Father, you have given yourself unnecessary trouble in coming so far; the field we first saw was much better than this."

"Very true, sir," replied the good old man, "but it was not mine."

This stroke (says the author very justly) goes directly to the heart. I defy an atheist to produce any thing to be compared with it. Surely he who does not feel his heart warmed by such an example of exalted virtue has not yet acquired the first principle of moral taste.

The New York Courier and Enquirer states that Dr. Feuchtwanger, of that city, has discovered a method of preparing the seed of the tobacco and cotton plants, the sugar cane, wheat and corn, in such a manner as to insure the plants from the attacks of worms, &c. If true, this is indeed a valuable invention, and the sooner it is practically tested the better.

At the annual commencement at Amherst College, held on the 22d ult., the degree of L.L.D. was conferred on John Tyler, President of the United States.

THEY COME AND GO.—In a single century, four thousand millions of human beings appear on the face of the earth—set their parts and sink into its peaceful bosom.

WITTY REPLY.—A lad passing through a crowd, carrying a very heavy basket of 'roasting ears,' accidentally jostled a person, who turned to him in anger, exclaiming, "Boy, take care how you go; are you drunk?"—"No, not drunk, sir," quickly replied the lad, "only pretty considerably corned."

Advertising is to trade what steam is to machinery, the grand propelling power; and yet there are some persons so blind to their interests as to ponder over an expenditure which yields them from a hundred to a thousand per cent.

TURN THEM OUT.—It has been stated by the Auditor of the Post-Office Department, that there are three thousand three hundred and thirty seven delinquent post masters in the United States, indebted to the government in various sums from a few dollars to many thousands.

The very last case of modesty is that of the young lady who always wore green spectacles because she objects to looking at gentlemen with her naked eyes.

[From the New York Tatler.]

### One of the John Smiths.

When Mr. Cusick, who keeps a bread, butter, and brandy store in West Broadway, opened his shop this morning, he felt himself almost knocked into a three cocked hat by the apparition of a pair of brogues and unwhisperables standing bolt up in the chimney.

Wondering what they could be doing there, he advanced, and a very brief examination was sufficient to show him that the brogues and unwhisperables aforesaid, had a particularly sturdy pair of legs in them, and as he naturally concluded that the legs indicated the neighborhood of a head, body, shoulders, and all the et ceteras which naturally go to the construction of a son of Adam, he politely requested the proprietor of the understandings, and all therewith connected, to make himself wholly visible with all convenient dispatch.

To this request, however, no answer was returned, so Mr. Cusick, finding words of no avail, took it into his head to try what virtue there might be in a big pin; to which end he made a very spirited attack on the legs; the interesting result of which was that they immediately proceeded to go through the shuffle step of a horriple, as if they were put in motion by "Jack's the Lad," or "Jenny put the kettle on."

Still there was no voice—nothing but proof presumptive that there was any thing there but the legs; and Mr. C. began to entertain some dim notions that they might belong to the celebrated Mr. Nobody, a rascal who has, by all accounts, done more mischief in this wicked world of ours, than all the other bodies that have ever existed.

Nevertheless, he kept working away with the pin, and Mr. Nobody kept figuring off in the horriple for some minutes, when suddenly the latter (whose brogues, by the way were practising on the edge of a grate,) changed the figure by lifting up the dexter trotter and giving poor Cusick the prettiest heel in the nose that ever it was the lot of mortal man to boast of.

Instantly the worthy grocer measured his length, in the doing of which, he performed a somerset and a half; and as he instantly down came the legs, with a head and body attached to them, and made a grand effort of genius to make himself scarce. Swift as an electric shock, however, Cusick made a grab at the fugitive, catching him by the north pole of his pantaloons, but alas! the fates thereby doomed him to another display of ground and lofty tumbling, for the pants gave way, and the grocer had nothing for it but to give way along with them, a circumstance that nearly dislocated his collar bone, and made mince-meat of him by butting him like a battering ram up against a pipe of "red eye."

Men, however, rarely get killed when their blood is up; at all events, the accident that might in all probability make worms-meat of them at another time, very often serves but to increase their energy at this—a fact which was illustrated in the case of the grocer, for no sooner was he down than up again, and without even stopping to count his broken bones, he dashed after the owner of the leg, who, by this time was careering away, like a flash of lightning, in the disguise of a coat, shirt, and half a pair of breeches along Chapel street.

Then it was that there was a row in that region of our peaceful city, which might have awakened the seven sleepers—"Stop thief," "stop thief," sung out Cusick;—and so, of course, sung out legs; but by reason of the early hour, there was no one to stop them; and hence, if they had the labor, so had they nearly all the fun of the chase to themselves.

It is true there were numerous spectators of their pedestrian exploits; for many were the heads popped out at the various windows—and great was the interest felt and expressed, especially in favor of the half naked gentleman, who made tracks in such a wonderful manner as to leave it a matter of conviction that nothing assists pedestrian locomotion so much as a pair of small clothes, minus the left leg.

Well, Legs proved the possibility of shooting round a corner by the miraculous mode in which he turned at Chamber street and dashed for the Park. Cusick, however, still managed to keep him in view, until Legs had nearly reached Broadway, when he suddenly disappeared, as if he had gone off in an invisible flash of blue flame, or sunk bodily into the bowels of terra firma.

Soon was the grocer at the scene of this extraordinary occurrence, where he could not find even a grease spot of the fugitive; but in lieu thereof he beheld a little woman rolling cataract fashion down a lofty flight of door steps, and a tub of water, a mop, and a scrubbing brush rolling down on top of her.

"O! O!" cried the little woman, "I'll never get over it!"

"Get over what?" asked Cusick.

"The devil, or something worse," said she, "that has just knocked me off the door step."

"Is he in the house?" said Cusick.

"I don't know nothing about him only that he has nearly killed me," returned the little woman.

"I'll try," said Cusick.

And so he immediately alarmed the house and a search was immediately instituted for the owner of the legs.

suddenly discovered that the scuttle was open, which suggested the idea that the game had made tracks in that direction.

A bird's eye view of the roof was therefore resolved on; but the roof was also silent on the subject; and despair was again the portion of the pursuers, but suddenly a ray of hope dawned on them by perceiving that another scuttle in the neighborhood was also open, which led to the conjecture that Master Legs, having popped up one way, had popped down the other.

A party accordingly proceeded to the house whereunto pertained the second open scuttle, and knocked at the door, which was immediately opened by a lady with her basket in her hand, just going to market, and to whom the party aforesaid opened their business.

"Look for yourselves," answered the lady, "and I'll ring up the servants." And accordingly the party began to look for themselves, being soon assisted in their operation by numerous other persons belonging to the house, who soon overhauled the establishment from roof to foundation, but without turning up any thing that resembled a human biped with half a pair of breeches on.

Just then, as all concerned were about to retire in disgust, a lady muffled up in a bed quilt, popped her head out of a door, and exclaimed "O dear me, there's something under the bed."

"Ah! then we have the rascal at last," cried every one.

But after all, they hadn't the rascal; for an instant search under the bed was rewarded by the discovery of a shocking hat hat—an old bombazine coat, worth about six cents for mop rags—a half a pair of inexpressibles; but the body that had adorned them some ten minutes since, was *non est inventus*.

Well, the lady of course would have gone off in a gentle fit of hysterics at the idea of having such a naughty thing as half a pair of small clothes under her bed, coupled with the certainty that the owner had been there in propria persona some time before; but just as she was on the point of taking a brief leave of the world, her attention was aroused to the horrible fact, that her gown, shawl, and bonnet—not forgetting her petticoat, and reticule, were among the missing.

"Was it a light colored bonnet with green ribbons, ma'm?" asked Mr. Cusick.

"It was," answered the lady.

"The shawl white, with a deep border?"

"Yes."

"And the gown light muslin, with a dark flower?"

"Yes, with a brown flower."

"Then by gracious, ma'm," exclaimed Mr. Cusick, "all's lost; for the lady that opened the door for us, is the very rascal we're all looking for."

It need scarcely be added, that every one present but the late owner of the bonnet, and company, nearly laughed themselves into the middle of next week; and among the rest, Mr. Cusick, who forgot a broken head, and hip out of joint, in his ecstasy.

Laughing, however, like most other things, has to come to an end some time, and accordingly, when Mr. C. had indulged himself to his heart's content, he gave over and betook himself back to his store in West Broadway, naturally thinking that his morning's adventures were over—but alas! he was doomed to be speedily undeceived, for immediately as he opened his till, which he had left all safe when he went in pursuit of Legs, he discovered that its whole contents—upwards of twenty dollars, had taken wings to themselves and departed.

"Some other villain has been here," then thought Mr. Cusick to himself; and so he would have continued to think, but for a scrap of paper, lying on the desk, which attracted his attention, and on which was written in a hurried scrawl:

"Dear Tom," (his name by the way is Tom.) "Not having a second suit of male attire to replace those left behind me in Chamber street, I have taken the liberty of making a draw on you. I intended to do so last night, but couldn't find the till in the dark!"

"As I am a lady, for the present, I will sign myself, Your affectionately,  
JELLY PIZZELLEHEM."

Poor Cusick, who was now completely chafallen, had nothing for it but to make a complaint at the Police Office, where he was nearly laughed into the notion of making a third somerset, which offered a cure for every thing; namely, a somerset into the Hudson or East River.

The clothes by the way, (i. e. the shocking bid hat, &c.) were left at the office, but gave no clue to the owner, further than such as was contained in a pawn-ticket found in the breeches pocket, in company with a bad penny and an old "chaw" of tobacco, which was set forth that one John Smith, in the first part, had borrowed from one Joseph Simpson, in the second part, seventy-five cents, on the strength of a couple of shirts.

Therefore, it is presumed that Legs is one of the John Smiths, and so this mysterious matter rests for the present.

"I DIDN'T WANT A CART LOAD."—A story is related of Captain S., who for many years ran a steam boat upon Lake Champlain, and whose gallantry to the ladies is so proverbial, that during one of his trips he was most assiduously attentive to a lady passenger, showing and describing to her every thing of interest on their route. When the dinner hour came he

waited upon the ladies to the table, honoring the interesting stranger with a seat at its head. After carving, in the most approved style, the dish of animal food which stood before him, he assisted her to a plate, bounteously loaded with the nicest cuts.

"La me!" cried the lady, "I didn't want a cart load!"

In astonishment, the worthy captain watched with anxiety the operations of the fair lady. He soon perceived, however, that the cart load, with the necessary garnishments, had disappeared, and the plate returned for a second supply. This supply followed the first, when no longer able to contain himself, with the dainty lady's exclamation in relation to a cart load, he said:

"Madam, if you will back your cart up again, it will give me the greatest pleasure to help you to another load."

"No I thank you," she replied, "but I'll take a little pudding!"

He gave it up and walked out upon the deck.

Make room for posterity.

The Editor of the Baltimore Clipper, in reply to a correspondent using the signature "Posterity," says "we make room for Posterity."

Well, just what our brother does has been done before from time immemorial.—Cain wandered to "make room for posterity." Israh' sojourned in the desert and possessed Canaan to "make room for posterity." Penn gathered the people of his faith together and sat down peaceably on the banks of the Delaware, to "make room for posterity." Men are elbowing from cities, and located in prairies, for that purpose. "The poor Indian," who had sat down quietly in his wigwam to smoke the pipe of peace, and see his semi-civilization prosper around him—he too, is admonished that the whites need his land to "make room for posterity." He goes reluctantly to the distant west half pleased with the idea of hunting grounds that will afford "room for posterity." The posterity of the Indian!—poor, waning, tapering cone—its broad base the whole soil of the new world, its point lost in some peninsula that fades away into the distant Pacific. The deep foundations which our aged men are laying for habitations yet to rise and the finished saloons and ornamented halls—what are these but "room for posterity?"

We followed, only a few days since, into a richly ornamented burying ground, the body of one who, for years, had filled a large space in the public eye; and when they had lowered into the narrow resting and deceasing place, the coffin of the great man, and covered it partly with earth, our procession, turning to pass out, met another following a young maiden to her last earthly home. As we passed the mourning throng, marshalled into funeral train, one of whom we had long known shook his head in mournful recognition, and seemed to say of our errands thither, "we have come to make room for posterity."

"Reverent thy heart, O mother," said one of the sweetest poets of our time, as he started full of filial affection, to place his new bride in a daughter's position, "Room at thy hearth!" He came and found ample room. The beloved one, the apostrophe-mother, had passed away to "make room for posterity."

All of us are crowding onward—all are passing away to "make room for posterity." We are to be pressed close, like the gathered herbage, so the whole harvest of our six thousand years will seem to occupy less space than the single generation that constitutes their posterity. Below the sod, we lie still and compact; the true equality of flesh and blood is understood and illustrated there, while above ample space is demanded and acres required for a single living. The true democracy is in the grave; there the rich and the poor lie down together, that they may "make room for posterity."

Even we who write and moralize as we pass along, look back at the troop that demand our place, and feel that we too have the duty to perform and the debt to pay; and gather up our mantle with decaying energies. We hope there is room for us where "there are many mansions," and in that hope we prepare, like our professional brother, to "make room for posterity."

PETRIFIED TREES IN TEXAS.—A Texas paper gives an account of petrified trees which are found in some parts of that country. They are to be seen scattered in huge logs or blocks, or in small detached masses over a large extent of surface, generally at the distance of eighty or a hundred miles from the coast. One of the largest of these specimens is said to be seven feet in diameter. It is completely silicified throughout, and is so hard that the chips readily strike fire with steel. The fibers of the wood are so distinct that the rings denoting its annual growth may be distinguished. All the specimens that have been found belong to one species of tree—probably different from any now existing on the globe. It resembles the pine more than any other trees.

In many parts of the West, particularly in Kentucky, petrifications may be seen at every step. They are not in such large masses as those spoken of above—but mostly consist of shells imbedded in stone, with twigs and other ligneous particles. The manner in which these formations took place, is a matter of speculation. The existence of marine shells so far in the interior, is the strangest of the phenomenon.

[From the Northern Advocate.]

### ILL HUMOR—A SCENE IN COLLEGE LIFE.

Be good natured, if you can't be good natured, be as good natured as you can.—A sour temper connected with a good understanding, is like a fertile field grown up with thistles and thorn-bushes; a raging storm on the surface of a beautiful lake; the cry of fire that interrupts the repose of the night; or the dark thundercloud that covers the disc of the sun; but unlike that sun on the recession of the cloud, the mind thus obscured, forms no bow of promise on which its last rays can linger, and exhibit with attracting loveliness all the variegated clouds of "Nature's spring time." A mind under the influence of a bad disposition, is like a splendid palace robbed of its beautiful furniture, deserted by its former occupants, and left for the residence of wasps, vipers, owls, and dragons. What can be worse! Nothing this side of the pit. It is the soil in which every evil passion grows; it disqualifies a man for retirement, society, application, usefulness, time, and eternity. A man governed by this temper is not prepared to live or die. How a sullen disposition feeds upon the vitals of true happiness! It saps the foundation of enjoyment, and preys upon the physical constitution.—It breeds hysterics, hypochondria, and coaxes the consumption. It brutalizes the intellect, and stifles the moral feelings.

Religion expires where this principle exhibits its deformity. Omnipotence moves his tenants out of the heart; the Saviour weeps; angels are disgusted; charity plumes her wings for her final flight, or mourns in secret; good will runs off frightened to her neighbors; hope appears dejected; memory drops her head and blushes; application turns pale; the devil ascends with the Bible; envy kisses the subject; malice smiles; pride exhibits her variegated plumage, while jealousy exults, offers him her hand, and becomes the companion of her steps; hope, lovely angel, former companion, covers with mist the bow of promise that surrounds her head, and frightens her former object with pale ghosts of the past, and doleful spectres in the dark and bounding future. There are many things that feed these malignant, we had almost inserted, tartarian fires. An exalted view of our own abilities, impatience of contradiction, the intricacies of science, external beauty, and fine apparel, are all nurseries of this poisonous germ planted in our natures.—Air-castle building is as common as it is deleterious. The linen headed striping starts for college, loaded with a mother's blessings, and a father's benedictions. He is introduced within its walls, and ushered into his room. He begins to peruse the productions of ancient worthies. His youthful mind becomes elated; he would be like them. With his eyes half closed, he leans over his Demosthenes; worldly honors flit before him like beautiful landscapes, touched by the pencil of the skilled artist. The horizon of the future is tinged with the attracting hues of splendor and loveliness.—In imagination he opens his mouth, and volumes of eloquence melt to tears an innumerable audience. He walks forth with his head among stars, and is followed by a train of flatterers. He grasps the scepter, and nations tremble. But hark! some one raps at the door! Must be a king, certain! "Come in." What! Astonishing! Where am I! The spell is broken; he sees his condition, and is told that recitation will commence in half an hour.—His glances his eyes upon his book; his mind is not prepared for such a drama. The lesson is hard; he "can't get it. He rises from his seat, stamps on the floor, throws his book at his chin, curses the author, the faculty, and college and, prays for annihilation.—Precocious youth! Rising star of genius! Valiant man! A young Apollo! Better go home and help your mother weed the garden, and rock the baby. This is one of the thousand ways by which this principle of petulance and ill-humor is superinduced.—Others are elated by their superior, opposed and supposed beauty. They imagine themselves subjects of special attention, and although nature has often been lavish with her pencil and brush, with her beauties and flowers, yet these seem to eclipse the brilliancy of them all. Their ruffled bosoms and shining beavers, like bodies positively electrified, are peculiarly repulsive. As they go forth they sing, in lofty strains, the beautiful lines of the poet, "My house receives me not, 'tis air I tread, and every step I take I feel my advanced head knock out a star." As soon as they awake from their dreams they exhibit as strange phenomena as the former class. The issue of the latter extreme is no less distressing than that of the former; and we may well say of such, "They are of all men the most miserable." We close with the oft-repeated prayer,

"May we govern our passions with absolute sway And grow wiser and better as life wears away."

R. H. R.

Union College, 10, 1841.

GOOD ADVICE.—Be and continue poor, young man, while others around you grow rich by fraud and disloyalty; be without place or power, while others beg their way upward; bear the pain of disappointed hopes, while others gain the accomplishment of theirs by flattery; forego the gracious pressure of the hand, for which others cringe and crawl. Wrap yourself in your own virtue, and seek a friend and your daily bread. If you have, in such a course, grown gray with unblended honor, bless God and die.—Hæmorrhoids.

Be good natured, if you can't be good natured, be as good natured as you can.—A sour temper connected with a good understanding, is like a fertile field grown up with thistles and thorn-bushes; a raging storm on the surface of a beautiful lake; the cry of fire that interrupts the repose of the night; or the dark thundercloud that covers the disc of the sun; but unlike that sun on the recession of the cloud, the mind thus obscured, forms no bow of promise on which its last rays can linger, and exhibit with attracting loveliness all the variegated clouds of "Nature's spring time." A mind under the influence of a bad disposition, is like a splendid palace robbed of its beautiful furniture, deserted by its former occupants, and left for the residence of wasps, vipers, owls, and dragons. What can be worse! Nothing this side of the pit. It is the soil in which every evil passion grows; it disqualifies a man for retirement, society, application, usefulness, time, and eternity. A man governed by this temper is not prepared to live or die. How a sullen disposition feeds upon the vitals of true happiness! It saps the foundation of enjoyment, and preys upon the physical constitution.—It breeds hysterics, hypochondria, and coaxes the consumption. It brutalizes the intellect, and stifles the moral feelings.

Religion expires where this principle exhibits its deformity. Omnipotence moves his tenants out of the heart; the Saviour weeps; angels are disgusted; charity plumes her wings for her final flight, or mourns in secret; good will runs off frightened to her neighbors; hope appears dejected; memory drops her head and blushes; application turns pale; the devil ascends with the Bible; envy kisses the subject; malice smiles; pride exhibits her variegated plumage, while jealousy exults, offers him her hand, and becomes the companion of her steps; hope, lovely angel, former companion, covers with mist the bow of promise that surrounds her head, and frightens her former object with pale ghosts of the past, and doleful spectres in the dark and bounding future. There are many things that feed these malignant, we had almost inserted, tartarian fires. An exalted view of our own abilities, impatience of contradiction, the intricacies of science, external beauty, and fine apparel, are all nurseries of this poisonous germ planted in our natures.—Air-castle building is as common as it is deleterious. The linen headed striping starts for college, loaded with a mother's blessings, and a father's benedictions. He is introduced within its walls, and ushered into his room. He begins to peruse the productions of ancient worthies. His youthful mind becomes elated; he would be like them. With his eyes half closed, he leans over his Demosthenes; worldly honors flit before him like beautiful landscapes, touched by the pencil of the skilled artist. The horizon of the future is tinged with the attracting hues of splendor and loveliness.—In imagination he opens his mouth, and volumes of eloquence melt to tears an innumerable audience. He walks forth with his head among stars, and is followed by a train of flatterers. He grasps the scepter, and nations tremble. But hark! some one raps at the door! Must be a king, certain! "Come in." What! Astonishing! Where am I! The spell is broken; he sees his condition, and is told that recitation will commence in half an hour.—His glances his eyes upon his book; his mind is not prepared for such a drama. The lesson is hard; he "can't get it. He rises from his seat, stamps on the floor, throws his book at his chin, curses the author, the faculty, and college and, prays for annihilation.—Precocious youth! Rising star of genius! Valiant man! A young Apollo! Better go home and help your mother weed the garden, and rock the baby. This is one of the thousand ways by which this principle of petulance and ill-humor is superinduced.—Others are elated by their superior, opposed and supposed beauty. They imagine themselves subjects of special attention, and although nature has often been lavish with her pencil and brush, with her beauties and flowers, yet these seem to eclipse the brilliancy of them all. Their ruffled bosoms and shining beavers, like bodies positively electrified, are peculiarly repulsive. As they go forth they sing, in lofty strains, the beautiful lines of the poet, "My house receives me not, 'tis air I tread, and every step I take I feel my advanced head knock out a star." As soon as they awake from their dreams they exhibit as strange phenomena as the former class. The issue of the latter extreme is no less distressing than that of the former; and we may well say of such, "They are of all men the most miserable." We close with the oft-repeated prayer,

"May we govern our passions with absolute sway And grow wiser and better as life wears away."

R. H. R.

Union College, 10, 1841.

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