

# Highland Messenger.

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

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

### A Bill from the Town-Pump.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

(SCENE—The corner of two principal streets. The TOWN-PUMP talking through its nose.)

Noon, by the north clock! Noon, by the east! High noon, too, by these hot sunbeams, which fall, scarcely asleep, upon my head; and almost make the water bubble and smoke in the trough under my nose. Truly, we public characters have a tough time of it! And among all the town officers chosen at March meeting, where is he that sustains, for a single year, the burden of such manifold duties as are imposed, in perpetuity upon the Town-Pump. The title of 'town treasurer' is rightfully mine, as guardian of the best treasure the town has. The overseers of the poor ought to make me their chairman, since I provide bountifully for the pauper, without expense to him that pays taxes. I am at the head of the fire department, and one of the physicians to the board of health. As a keeper of the peace, all water-drinkers will confess me equal to the constable. I perform some of the duties of the town clerk, by promulgating public notices, when they are posted on my front. To speak within bounds, I am the chief person of the municipality, and exhibit, moreover, an admirable pattern to my brother officers, by the cool, steady, upright, downright and impartial discharge of my business, and the constancy with which I stand by my post. Summer or winter, nobody seeks me in vain; for all day long I am seen at the busiest corner, just above the market, stretching out my arms, to rich and to poor alike, and at night, I hold a lantern over my head, both to show where I am, and keep people out of the gutters.

At this sultry noontide, I am cupbearer to the parched populace, for whose benefit an iron goblet is chained to my waist. Like a dram-seller on the small, at muster-day, I cry aloud to all and sundry, in my pleasant accents, and at the tip-top of my voice. Here it is, gentlemen.—Here is the good liquor. Walk up, walk up, gentlemen, walk up, walk up. Here is the superior stuff. Here is the unadulterated ale of father Adam,—better than Cogniac, Holland, Jamaica, strong beer, or wine of any price; here it is, by the bog-head or single glass, and not a cent to pay! Walk up, gentlemen, walk up, and help yourselves.

It were a pity, if all this outcry should draw no customers. Here they come. A hot day, gentlemen! Quaff, and away again, so as to keep yourselves in a nice cool sweat. You, my friend, will need another cup full, to wash the dust out of your throat, if it be as thick there as it is on your cowhide shoes! I see that you have trudged half a score of miles to-day; and like the wise man, have passed by the taverns, and stopped at the running brooks and well-curbs. Otherwise, betwixt heat and without and fire within, you would have been burnt to a cinder, or melted down to nothing at all, in the fashion of the jelly fish. Drink and make room for that other fellow, who seeks my aid to quench the fiery fever of last night's potations, which he drained from no cup of mine. Welcome most rubicund sir! You and I have been great strangers, hitherto nor, to confess the truth, will my nose be anxious for a closer intimacy, till the fumes of your breath be a little less potent. Mercy on you man. The water absolutely hisses down your red-hot gullet and is converted quite to steam, in the miniature tophet, which you mistake for a stomach. Fill again, and tell me on the word of a toper, did you ever in a cellar tavern, or any kind of a dram-shop, spend the price of your children's food, for a swig half so delicious? Now, for the first time these ten years, you know the flavor of cold water. Good-bye; and whenever you are thirsty, remember that I keep a constant supply at the old stand. Who next? Oh, my little friend, you are loose from school, and come hither to scrub your blooming face, and drown the memory of certain taps of the ferule, and other scholastic troubles, in a draught from the Town-Pump. Take it, ping as the current of your young life. Take it, may your heart and tongue never be scorched with a fiercer thirst than now. There, my dear child, put down the cup, and yield your place to this elderly gentleman, who treads so tenderly over the paving stones, that I suspect he is afraid of breaking them. What, he limps by, without as much as thanking me, as if my hospitable offers were meant only to people who have no wine-cellars. Well, well, sir—no harm done, I hope. Go draw the cork, tip the decanter; but, when your great toe shall set you a roaring, it will be no affair of mine. If gentlemen love the titillation of the gout, it is all one to the Town-Pump. This thirsty dog, with his red tongue lolling out, does not scorn my hospitality; but stands on his hind legs, and laps eagerly out of the trough. See how lightly he capers away again. Jowler, did your worship ever have the gout?

Are you all satisfied? Then wipe your mouths, my good friends; and while my spout has a moment's leisure, I will delight the town with a few historical reminiscences. In far antiquity, beneath a darksome shadow of venerable boughs, a spring

bubbled out of the leaf-strewn earth, in the very spot where you now behold me, on the sunny pavement. The water was as bright and clear, and deemed as precious as liquid diamonds. The Indian sagamores drank of it, from time immemorial, till the fatal deluge of the fire-water burst upon the red man, and swept their whole race away from the cold fountains. Badcott and his followers came next, and often knelt down to drink, dipping their long boards in the spring. The richest goblet, then, was of birch bark. Governor Winthrop, after a journey on foot from Boston, drank here, out of the hollow of his hand. The elder Higginson wet his palm, and laid it on the brow of the first town-born child. For many years, it was the wintering place, and, as it were, the washbowl of the vicinity—whither all decent folks resorted, to purify their visages and gaze at them afterwards, at least the pretty maidens did, in the mirror which it made. On Sabbath days, whenever a babe was to be baptized, the sexton filled his basin here, and placed it on the communion table of the humble meeting house, which partly covered the site of yonder stately brick one.

Thus, one generation after another was consecrated to Heaven by its waters, and cast their waxing and waning shadows into its glassy bosom, and vanished from earth, as if mortal life were but a flitting image in a fountain. Finally, the fountain vanished also. Cellars were dug on all sides, and cart-loads of gravel flung upon its source, whence oozed a turbid stream, forming a mud-puddle at the corner of two streets. In hot months, when its refreshment was most needed, the dust flew in clouds over the forgotten birthplace of the waters, now their grave. But, in the course of time, a Town-Pump was sunk into the source of the ancient spring; and when the first decayed, another took its place; and then another, and still another; till here stand I, gentlemen and ladies, to serve you with my iron goblet. Drink, and be refreshed. The water is as pure and as cold as that which slaked the thirst of the red Sagamore, beneath the aged boughs, though now the gem of the wilderness is treasured under these hot stones, where no shadow falls, but from the brick buildings. And, be it the moral of my story, that as this wasted and long-lost fountain is known and prized again, so shall the virtues of cold water, too little valued since your father's days, be recognized by all.

Your pardon, good people! I must interrupt my stream of eloquence, and spout forth a stream of water, to replenish the trough for this teamster and his two yoke of oxen, who have come from Topshill or somewhere along that way. No part of my business is pleasanter than the watering of cattle. Look! how rapidly they lower the watermark on the side of the trough, till their capacious stomachs are moistened with a gallon or two apiece, and they can afford to breathe it in, with sighs of calm enjoyment. Now they roll up their quiet eyes around the brim of their monstrous drinking-veffel. An ox is your true toper. But I perceive my dear auditors, that you are impatient for the remainder of my discourse. Impute it, I beseech you, to no defect of modesty, if I insist a little longer on so fruitful a topic as my own multifarious merits. It is altogether for your own good. The better you think of me, the better men and women you will find yourselves. I shall say nothing of my all important aid on washing-days; though, on that occasion alone, I might call myself the house-hold god of a hundred families. Far be it from me, also, my respectable friends at the show of dirty faces, which you would present, without my pains to keep you clean. Nor will I remind you how often, when the midnight bells make you tremble for your combustible town, you have fled to the Town-Pump, and found me always at my post, firm amid the confusion, and ready to drain my vital current in your behalf.—Neither is it worth while to lay much stress on my claim to a medical diploma, as the physician, whose simple rule of practice is preferable to all the nauseous lore, which has found men sick or left them so, since the days of Hippocrates. Let us take a broader view of my beneficial influence on mankind.

Nor; these are trifles compared with the merits which wise men concede to me—if not in my single self, yet as the representative of a class—to being the grand reformer of the age. From my spout, and such spouts rise mine, most flow the stream, that shall cleanse our earth of the vast portion of its crime and anguish, which has gushed from the fiery fountains of the still. In this mighty enterprise, the cow shall be my great confidence. Milk and water! The Town-Pump and the Cow! Such is the glorious copartnership, that shall tear down the distilleries and brewhouses—uproot the vineyards, shatter the cider presses, ruin the tea and coffee trade, and finally monopolize the whole business of quenching thirst. Blessed consummation! Then, Poverty shall pass away from the land, finding no novel wretchedness, where her squalid form may shelter itself. Then Disease, for lack of other victims, shall gnaw its heart and die. Then Sin, if she do not die, shall lose half her strength. Until now, the phrenzy of hereditary fever has raged in the human blood, transmitted from sire to son, and rekindled in every generation, by fresh draughts of liquid flame. When that inward fire shall be extinguished, the heat of passion cannot but grow cool, and war—the drunkenness of nations—perhaps will cease.—At least,

there will be no war of households. The husband and wife, drinking deep of peaceful joy—a calm bliss of temperate affections shall pass hand in hand through life, and tie down not reluctantly, at its protracted close. To them the past will be no turmoil of mad dreams, and the future an eternity of such moments as follow the delirium of the drunkard. Their dead faces shall express what their spirits were, and are to be, by a lingering smile of memory and hope.

Ahem! Dry cough, this speechifying; especially to an unpractised orator. I never conceived, till now, what toil the temperance lecturers undergo for my sake. Hereafter, they shall have the business to themselves. Do, some kind Christian, pump a stroke or two, just to wet my whistle.—Thank you sir! My dear hearers, when the world shall have been regenerated by my instrumentality, you will collect your useless vats and liquor casks into one great pile, and make a bonfire, in honor of the Town-Pump. And, when I shall have decayed, like my predecessors; then, if you revere my memory, let a marble fountain, richly sculptured, take my place upon this spot. Such monuments should be erected everywhere, and inscribed with the names of the distinguished champions of my cause. Now listen; for something very important is to come next.

There are two or three honest friends of mine—and true friends, I know they are—who, nevertheless, by their fierce pugnacity in my behalf, do me in fearful hazard of a broken nose, or even of a total overthrow upon the pavement, and the loss of the treasure which I guard. I pray you gentlemen let this fault be amended. Is it decent, think you, to get tipsy with zeal for temperance, and take up the honorable cause of the Town-Pump, in the style of a toper, fighting for his brandy bottle! Or, can the excellent qualities of cold water be no otherwise exemplified, than by plunging, splash into hot water, and wofully scalding yourselves and other people? Trust me, they may. In the moral warfare which you are to wage, and indeed, in the whole conduct of your lives, you cannot choose a better example than myself, who have never permitted the dust, and sultry atmosphere, the turbulence and manifold disquietudes of the world around me, to reach that deep, calm well of purity, which may be called my soul. And whenever I pour out that soul, it is to cool earth's fever or cleanse its stains.

One o'clock! Nay, then, if the dinner-bell begins to speak, I may as well hold my peace. Here comes a young girl of my acquaintance, with a large stone pitcher for me to fill. May she draw a husband, while drawing her water, as Rachel did of old.—Hold out your vessel, my dear! There it is full to the brim; so now run home, peeping at your sweet image in the pitcher, as you go; and forget not, in a glass of my own liquor, to drink.—Success to this Town-Pump!

### A Steamboat Scene.

By way of "set-off" to the melancholy account of the steamboat disaster on Lake Erie, we insert the following amusing sketch from the Boston Post.

Only think of a Fat old Lady weighing some two hundred and fifty pounds, wishing to be "blown up" on board a steamboat! Why, one would think from her ample dimensions, that she had been already "blown up" to a most unusual size. The old Dame must belong to that class of unreasonable persons of whom it is said, "the more they have the more they crave."

"After we left the landing, the principal topic of conversation among the passengers was the numerous accidents which had happened. The old lady who was indelicately fat and one of McDonald Clarke's style of beauties—"with a waist like a cotton-bag, and a foot like a flounder,"—and who had narrowly escaped with her life when the Ben Sherrod was destroyed by fire a few years ago—she was evidently greatly excited and ill at ease all the time. Nearly every person was equipped with a life preserver, and some were so cautious as to hang them up in their berths filled with air and ready for use at a moment's warning. Night came, and all were snugly ensconced in their berths, when there rose the cry of fire! The wood on the bow of boat had caught fire and was blazing fiercely up, shining through the glass doors of the social hall and cabin windows until the whole boat seemed enveloped in a sheet of flame. In an instant all was confusion and alarm. Passengers tumble out of their berths, and over one another; some grasped their preserver—some ran for their baggage—some for their wives—the wise ones kept quiet. In the midst of the hubbub, the doors of the lady's cabin flew wide open, and out burst one fat lady dressed all in white, her face "a map whereon terror was drawn in all its shapes," and around her waist a huge life preserver not inflated. Seizing this by the nipple with both hands, she rushed from one to another, exclaiming in a voice of agony, "blow me up! blow me up!! for God's sake blow me up! will nobody blow me up!" Had the old lady actually exploded, I must have done as I did, roll on the floor in a fit of extinguishable laughter, with half the witnesses of the scene for my companions. The boat was stopped, the fire got under, and not the least difficult operation, the fat old lady's alarm subdued. The next day we landed her at her place of destination, since which time I have never seen her, but the recollection of the scene has cost me many a fit of the side ache."

### Steamboats on the Mississippi.

BY T. FLINT.

The advantage of steamboats, great as it is every where, can no where be appreciated as on the Mississippi. The distant points of the Ohio and Mississippi used to be separated from New Orleans by an interal obstruction far more formidable in the passing than the Atlantic. If I may use a hard word, they are now brought into juxtaposition.—To feel what an invention this is for these regions, one must have seen and felt, as I have seen and felt, the difficulty and danger of forcing a boat against the current of these mighty rivers, or which a progress of ten miles in a day is a good one. Indeed, these huge unwieldy boats, the barges in which a great proportion of the articles from New Orleans used to be transported to the upper country, required twenty or thirty hands to work them. I have seen them, day after day, on the lower portions of the Mississippi, where there was no other way of getting them up than carrying out a cable half a mile in length, in advance of the barge, and fastening it to a tree. The hands on board then drew it up to the tree. While this is transacting, another yawl, still in advance of that, has ascended to a higher tree, and made another cable fast to it, to be ready to be drawn upon as soon as the first is coiled. This is the most dangerous and fatiguing way of all, and six miles' advance in a day is good progress.

It is now refreshing, and imparts a feeling of energy and power to the beholder, to see the large and beautiful steamboats scudding up the eddies, as though on the wing, and when they have run out the eddy, strike the current. The foam bursts in a sheet quite over the deck. She quivers for a moment with the concussion; and then, as though she had collected her energy, and vanquished her enemy, she resumes her stately march, and mounts against the current, five or six miles an hour. I have travelled in this way, for days together, more than hundred miles in a day, against the current of the Mississippi.

The difficulty of ascending used to be the only circumstance of a voyage that was dreaded in the anticipation. This difficulty now disappears. A family in Pittsburgh wishes to make a social visit to a kindred family on Red River. The trip is two thousand miles. They all go together; servants, baggage, or "plunder," as the phrase is, to any amount. In twelve days they reach the point proposed. Even the return is but a short voyage. Surely the people of this country will have to resist strong temptations, if they do not become social at seventy miles distance. You go on board the passing steamboat, and awake in the morning in season for your appointment. The day will probably come, when the inhabitants of the warm and sickly regions of the lower points of the Mississippi will take their periodical migrations to the north with the geese and swans of the gulf, and with them return in the winter.

A stranger to this mode of travelling would find it difficult to describe his impressions upon first descending the Mississippi in one of the better steamboats. He contemplates the prodigious establishment, with all its fitting of deck, common, and ladies' cabin apartments. Over-head, about him, and below him, all is life and movement. He sees its splendid cabin, richly carpeted, its finishing of mahogany, its mirrors and fine furniture, its elegant bar-room, and sliding-tables, to which one hundred passengers can sit down with comfort. The fare is sumptuous, and every thing in a style of splendor, order, quiet, and regularity, far exceeding that of taverns in general. You read, you eat, you converse, you walk, you sleep, as you choose; for custom has prescribed that every thing shall be without much ceremony. The varied and verdant scenery shifts around you. The trees, the green islands, have an appearance, as if by enchantment, of moving by you. The river-fowls, with their white and extended lines, arching their flight above you. The sky is bright. The river is dotted with boats above you, beside, and below you. You hear the echo of their bugles reverberating from the woods. Behind the wooded point, you see the ascending column of smoke rising above the trees, which announces that another steamboat is approaching you. This moving pageant glides through a narrow passage between the main shore and an island, thick set with young cotton-woods, so even, so regular, and beautiful, that they seem to have been planted for a pleasure ground.

As you shoot out again into the broad stream, you come in view of a plantation, with all its busy and cheerful accompaniments. At other times, you are sweeping along, for many leagues together, where either shore is a boundless wilderness. And the contrast, which is thus strongly forced upon the mind, of the highest improvement and latest invention of art, with the most lonely aspect of a grand but desolate nature,—the most striking and complete assemblage of splendor and comfort, the cheerfulness of a floating hotel, which carries, perhaps, two hundred guests; with a wild and uninhabited forest, one hundred miles in width, the abode only of owls, bears, and noxious animals—this strong contrast produces, to me at least, something of the same pleasant sensation that is produced by lying down to sleep with the rain pouring on the roof, immediately over head.

Thunder can be heard at a distance of thirty miles.

### Dr. Nott's Advice to a pupil.

The following letter, says the Albany Evening Journal, written some years ago by the distinguished President of the Union College to a graduate, who passed under the immediate eye and guardianship of Dr. Nott, as he was about to take his seat in the Legislature of the State, having fallen accidentally into our hands, we hope the writer and the friend to whom it was written will pardon us for giving a wider range to the golden rules conceived in abounding wisdom and expressed with such precision and compactness:

UNION COLLEGE, JUNE 20, 1836.

"DEAR SIR—Since I did not find you in the other day when I called, the interest I feel in your success as a public man will be my apology for troubling you with a few observations, the observance of which may be of some use.

"Do not speak often, and only on important occasions. When you do speak brief, pertinent, and stop when you have finished. Speak rather in the furtherance of your own objects than in defeating those of others. Endeavor to allay the prejudices which naturally exist between the city and the country. Be courteous on all occasions, especially in debate and to your immediate antagonists. Never indulge in personalities, never lose your temper, nor make an enemy if you can avoid it. Conquests may be made by conciliation and sarcasm as certainly as by ridicule and sarcasm, but in the one case the chains are silken and sit easy—in the other iron, and gall the wearer.

"Though you point your arrows, never poison them; and if the club of Hercules must be raised, let it be the naked club, not entwined with serpents.

"These are hints, merely, but a word to the wise is sufficient. And with legislators or others, a man needs to live one life to know how to live another, and since this cannot be done literally, we can only do it in effect by availing ourselves of the experience of others.

"Wishing you every success, I am, in haste, very sincerely yours,  
ELIPHALET NOTT."

### THE ALARM WATCH.—Conscience as we

all know, may be listened to or disregarded; and in this habit has great influence. The following story, from the Juvenile Miscellany, illustrates this.

"A lady who found it difficult to awake so early as she desired in the morning, purchased an alarm watch. This kind of watch is so contrived as to strike with a very loud whizzing noise at any time the owner pleases. The lady placed the watch at the head of the bed, and, at the appointed time, she found herself effectually aroused by the loud rattling sound. She immediately obeyed the summons, and felt the better all day for her early rising. This continued for several weeks. The alarm watch faithfully performed its office, and was distinctly heard so long as it was promptly obeyed. But, after a time the lady grew tired of early rising, and, when awakened by the noisy monitor, merely turned herself and slept again. In a few days, the watch ceased to arouse her from slumber. It spoke just as loudly as ever, but she did not hear it, because she acquired the habit of disobeying it. Finding that she might just as well be without an alarm-watch, she formed the wise resolution, that, if she ever heard the sound again, she would jump up instantly, and she would never allow herself to disobey the friendly warning."

Just so it is with conscience. If we obey its dictates, even to the most trifling particulars, we always hear its voice clear and strong. But if we allow ourselves to do what we fear is not quite right, we shall grow more and more sleepy until the voice of conscience has no longer any power.—*Fireside Education.*

### SORROWS OF OLD BACHELORS.—We never

could, for the life of us, perceive why old maids should manifest such a mortal antipathy to old bachelors. There is no reason in their wrath. The spiteful, cruel, and uncalled for; the trampling on a reed already broken. It is like flagging a cripple with his own crutches, because he is lame. Few men are bachelors of their own free will. Go to the veriest misanthrope among them, and ask of him his history, and he will tell you of the forgotten hours of his early affections; and his eye will light up again with its wonted energy, and as he relates the story of his love for one who had proved faithless, or whose affections were represented by the rude hand of arbitrary authority, or who had gone down to the churchyard—a beautiful bud plucked from the tree of Being, to open and expand in a brighter and holier sunshine, where no worm could gnaw at her bosom, and no blighting descend upon it.

Talk not to us of the sorrows of old maids! They are light in comparison to those of bachelors—the patter of the small rain to the overwhelming of the deluge. Old maids can commune together, and mingle in the charities and kindly offices, and sympathies of existence. It is not so with the bachelor. He has no home—he has no happy fireside—no child to ask his blessing—no beautiful creature of smiles the gentle tones to welcome his coming, and melt away the sternness of care with the warm kiss of affection—no patient watcher at the couch of sickness, stealing with a hushed and gentle step around him, like the visitation of a spirit. True—his sorrows are somewhat of a negative character. But

what is it save positive agony, for him to gaze, all his life long, upon the Paradise of Matrimony, like a half starved school boy upon the garden whose enclosure he cannot scale?

NEWSPAPER CRITICISM.—A lecture delivered by Rev. George Potts, D. D. before the mercantile Library Association of New York, has just been published. It is on the subject of popular reading. We had the pleasure of hearing it last winter and at the time recommending its publication. There is point in the passage below. Speaking of newspaper criticism, Dr. P. says:

It is sometimes judicious, but often flippant and worthless; conveying praise or censure in phraseology which has become amusingly uniform. It often mistakes abuse for satire, and pertness for ability. It wants the knowledge, taste, and discrimination necessary to form an able critic.—Worse than all we fear that it is often venal. Book-makers, publishers, and critics have been sometimes charged, and we fear with justice, of entering into a conspiracy of self-interest to pass off certain productions upon the public by a corrupt system of puffing and bolstering. Of some critical notices, the key of their eulogistic character is the presentation of the work by the author or publisher. This is a sort of sop to Cerberus, to win a favorable notice, or to bribe silence. Readers—that portion of them, at least who are in the habit of taking their cue from others, and who are not in the secret—are thus allured to buy; and rapid, ephemeral, and often demoralizing stuff is thrown into the public mind. In a word to a very large portion of the day, the satire of Young is justly applicable.

"One judges as the weather dictates; right  
The poem is at noon: and wrong at night;  
Another judges by a sure gauge—  
An author's principles or paragonage:  
Since his great ancestors in Flanders fell,  
Doubtless the work is written very well.  
Another judges by the author's look;  
Another—for the author sent his book  
Some judge, their knuck of judging wrong to keep.  
Some judge, because it is too soon to sleep.  
Critics like these, as squibs on triumph wait,  
Proclaim the glory and augment the state;  
Concocted, noisy, hot,—these scribbling fry,  
Burn, hiss, and bounce—waste paper and then die!  
—N. Y. Observer.

NO TIME TO READ.—We have often encountered men who profess to believe they have 'no time to read.' Now we think of it, there have always been men of such characters, the points of which are easily summed up.

Nine times out of ten they are men who have not found time to confer any substantial advantage either upon their families or themselves.

They generally have time to go to elections, attend public barbecues, camp meetings, sales, and singing schools—but they have 'no time to read.'

They frequently spend whole days in gossiping, tipping, and swapping horses,—but they have 'no time to read.'

They sometimes lose a day asking advice of their neighbors; sometimes a day in picking up the news, the prices current, and the exchange—but these men never have 'time to read.'

They have time to hunt, to fish, to fiddle, to drink, to do nothing; but 'no time to read.'

Such men generally have uneducated children, unimproved farms, and unhappy firesides. They have no energy, no spirit of improvement, no love of knowledge; they live 'unknown and unknown'; and often die unwept and unregretted.

I HAVE NO TIME TO STUDY.—The idea about the want of time is a mere phantom. Franklin found time in the midst of all his labors to dive into the hidden recesses of philosophy, and to explore an untrodden path of science. The great Frederick, with an empire at his direction, in the midst of war, on the eve of battles which were to decide the fate of his kingdom, found time to revel in all the charms of philosophy and intellectual pleasure. Bonaparte with Kings in his anti-chamber begging for thrones—with thousands whose destinies were suspended on the brittle thread of his arbitrary pleasure, had time to converse with books.

Cæsar when he had curbed the spirit of the Roman people, and was thronged with visitors from the remotest kingdoms, found time for intellectual cultivation.—Every man has time; if he be careful to improve it as well as he might, he can reap a threefold reward.

Let mechanics then make use of the hours at their disposal if they want to obtain a proper influence in society. They are the life-blood of the community; they can if they please hold in their hands the destinies of the republic; they are numerous, respectable and powerful; and they have only to be educated half as well as other professions to make laws for the nation.

Every man has time to study. If farmers and mechanics—yes, and merchants too, would devote the one half of the time at their disposal to study, they would reap a rich reward. Let them then betake themselves to industry, and devote more of their time to study and the acquisition of useful knowledge, and not so much to unprofitable amusements. There are very few who cannot daily spend two hours for mental cultivation. If they would do even this, how much more extensive would be their information, and how much greater their influence in society.