

# The Highland Messenger.

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

ASHEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA, FRIDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 24, 1841.

WHOLE NUMBER 65.

VOLUME II.—NUMBER 13.

**PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, BY J. H. CHRISTY & CO.,**  
Publishers of the Laws, Treaties, &c., of the U. S.

**TERMS.**  
This paper is published weekly, at Two Dollars and Fifty Cents per annum, in advance; or Three Dollars, if payment be delayed after the date of the 10th Number from the time of subscription. These terms will, in all cases, be strictly adhered to.  
No subscription discontinued (except at the option of the publishers) until all arrearages are paid.  
Advertisements will be inserted for One Dollar per square, for the first, and Twenty-five Cents for each subsequent insertion. A liberal deduction will be made from the regular prices for advertisements by the year.

**ADMINISTRATORS' SALE.**  
NOTICE is hereby given, that on Thursday, the 11th day of OCTOBER next, the undersigned administrators of the estate of WM. C. BUTLER, dec'd., will expose to public sale, at the late residence of said deceased, (within three miles of Morganton) all the Personal Property belonging to the said deceased, consisting of:

**Twelve Likely Negroes;**  
Amongst them are Men, Women, Boys and Girls as saleable as can be found.

**A number of Horses, Mules, Cattle, Hogs and Sheep;**  
TWO WAGONS AND THE NECESSARY GEARS, One Carryall and Harness, &c. &c.

**1000 or 1200 bushels of Corn,**  
(In lots to suit purchasers.)

**Household & Kitchen Furniture,**  
Farming and Mining Tools, AND VARIOUS OTHER PROPERTY.

**TERMS OF SALE.**—Twelve months credit. Note with approved security required.  
CHARLES McDOWELL, Adm'r.  
THOS. BUTLER, Adm'r.  
Burke county, Aug. 20, 1841.

**THE UNDERSIGNED, having qualified as administrators of the estate of WILLIAM C. BUTLER, at July Term, 1841, of Burke county, respectfully request all persons owing said estate to come forward and make payment. Those having claims against the estate, will present them, duly authenticated, within the time prescribed by law, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery.**

CHARLES McDOWELL,  
THOS. BUTLER,  
Adm'r's W. C. Butler, dec'd.  
Aug. 20, 1841.

**State of North Carolina, BURKE COUNTY.**

**Court of Pleas & Quarter Sessions, JULY TERM, 1841.**  
William M. Carson and Jonathan L. Carson, administrators, with the will annexed, of John Carson, deceased, and George M. Carson,

vs.  
Joseph McD. Carson, Charles Carson, Rebecca Carson, Sidney S. Erwin and wife Caroline, James Smith and wife Emily, James Carson, Samuel Carson, Sarah Robinson, Sarah Smith, Rebecca McEntire, James Wilson, Ruth Wilson, Mary Wilson and Matilda Wilson.

AN APPLICATION TO PROVE THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF JOHN CARSON IN DECEASED SOLEMN FORM.  
IT appearing to the satisfaction of the Court in this case, that the defendants, Sidney S. Erwin, and wife Caroline, James Smith and wife Emily, James Carson, Samuel Carson, Sarah Robinson, Sarah Smith, James Wilson, Ruth Wilson, Mary Wilson and Matilda Wilson, are non-residents, and live without the jurisdiction of this Court—it is therefore ordered, adjudged and decreed, that publication be made for six weeks in the weekly Raleigh Register, published at Raleigh, North Carolina, and in the Highland Messenger, published at Asheville, North Carolina, summoning the said defendants to appear at the next Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions to be held for the county of Burke, at the court house in Morganton, on the 3d Monday after the 4th Monday in September next, to see proceedings touching the probate of the last will and testament of John Carson, dec'd., in solemn form.  
Witness, J. J. ERWIN, Clerk of said Court, at office, on the 3d Monday in July, 1841, and in the 66th year of American Independence.  
J. J. ERWIN, Clerk.  
[P. adv. \$9 00.] 8

**Committed to Jail,**  
THIS place, on the 30th of August, a NEGRO MAN, who says his name is SHERIFF. Said negro is about five feet eight inches high; near 30 years old; says he belongs to William Zigler, Crawford county, Georgia. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges, and take him away, or he will be disposed of as the law directs.  
J. M. SMITH, Jailor.  
Asheville, Sept. 3, 1841. 62

**State of North Carolina, CALDWELL COUNTY.**

**COURT OF PLEAS AND QUARTER SESSIONS.—JULY TERM, 1841.**

WALTER GATHER, Attachment levied on SEBORO LODGEMILK, Land.

**ORDERED** by Court, that publication be made for six weeks in the "Highland Messenger" for the defendant to appear at our next Court on the 4th Monday in October next, to plead or reply, otherwise judgment pro confesso will be entered against him, and the lands levied on condemned to satisfy plaintiff's debt.  
Witness, ELMIRA P. MILLEN, Clerk of said Court, at office, the 4th Monday in July, 1841.  
E. P. MILLER, Clk.  
[P's fee, \$5 50.] 61

**Job Printing, of every description,**  
Neatly, correctly and expeditiously executed at this office, on moderate terms.

## ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD!

**RANAWAY** from the subscriber (in Henderson county, N. C.) on the night of the 3d inst., a NEGRO BOY named **GEORGE.**  
He carried with him Two Hundred and Thirty-Seven Dollars in silver coin. The above reward of One Hundred Dollars will be paid for the apprehension and confinement of George in any jail in the United States, so that I get him and the money—or Fifty Dollars for the negro without the money—or Fifty Dollars for the recovery of all the money without the negro.

**Description.**  
GEORGE is near six feet high; of a black, rough complexion; talks a little soft, or broken; affects to be witty; and is rather insolent or careless in conversation. The middle finger on his left hand, I think, is stiff, and probably a large scar on the great toe of his left foot, near the insertion of the nail, occasioned by the cut of an axe, and the end of the toe pointed downwards. Had on when he left home, a new cotton, and long shirt and pantaloons, an old wool hat, and lincey jacket; but as he has the funds necessary with him, he will probably change his clothing the first opportunity.  
Communications on the subject to be addressed to L. S. GASH, Claytonville, Henderson county, North Carolina.  
REUBEN JOHNSON.  
August 27, 1841. 61

**Stray.**  
ENTERED in my office, on the 19th inst., by Mrs. Polly M. Summy, living on the State road, in Henderson county, an Estray Horse Mule, of a brown color—two years old. Appraised to be worth Forty Dollars.  
JEREMIAH OSBORN, C. R.  
July 30, 1841. 5

## State of North Carolina, HAYWOOD COUNTY.

**Court of Pleas & Quarter Sessions, JUNE SESSIONS, 1841.**

JOHN S. DAVIS, Original Attachment levied on CARROLL ELLIOTT, Land.  
IT appearing to the satisfaction of the Court that the defendant in this case is a non-resident of this State, it is therefore ordered that publication be made for six successive weeks in the Highland Messenger, notifying the defendant to be and appear before the Justices of our Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions at the next Court to be held for the county of Haywood at the Court House in Waynesville on the third Monday in September next, then and there to plead, answer, or demur, otherwise judgment pro confesso will be taken against him, and the lands levied on condemned to the satisfaction of the plaintiff's debt.  
Witness, W. WELCH, Clk.  
July 28, 1841. 65, 50

## WHOLESALE GROCERS, Charleston, S. C.



**FARRAR & HAYES**  
RESPECTFULLY announce to their friends, that their Stock is now complete—to which they have added a large and general assortment of COTTON BAGGING, BALE ROPE, and TWINE; and is offered for sale as usual.  
Charleston, Aug. 20, 1841. 6 61

## DR. JOHN MINGUS & CO.

RESPECTFULLY inform the public that they are now prepared to work the

**MINNES**  
on the Smoky Mountain, near the Tennessee line, and there expect in a short time to be able to furnish the surrounding country with

**Epson Salts and Alum**  
of the best quality, on the most advantageous terms.  
August 27, 1841. 4 61

**Notice is hereby given,**  
TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN,  
That there was taken up by John Mings, Sitten, Buncombe county, N. C., 11 miles from Asheville, on Newfound creek, on the 29th of August, 1841.

**A bright bay Mare and a Colt.**  
The said mare has a small white speck in the right eye—marks of the collar on the points of each shoulder; wind-galled on her left hind leg; supplied with a large bell and leather collar, with a small scrap of leather sewed on the inside of the collar. Said mare is about 15 hands high; appraised her and colt to be worth forty dollars. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, and pay charges, and take her and colt away in the time prescribed by law, or they will be dealt with according to the same.  
R. P. WELLS, Ranger.  
September 3, 1841. 2 62

## Valuable Books for sale, at LOW FOR CASH!

THE following valuable BOOKS are for sale at the Office of the "Highland Messenger," where those wishing to purchase are invited to call, and examine the assortment:  
Watson's Dictionary, Pocket Bibles, Wesley's Sermons, Testaments, Covey's Dictionary, Large Family Bibles, Reference Testaments, Hymn Books 24 mo, History M. E. Church, 48 mo, Calvinistic Controversy, 48 mo, Life of Cox, Pearl Hymn Books, Methodist Harmonist, Polyglot Pocket Bibles, Barr's Index, Methodist Disciplines, Josephus, Parent's Friend, Sunday School Texts, Life of Watson, Blair's Lectures, Hymn Books, S. S. Spelling Books, Original Church, "Teacher's 1st Book, Saints Rest, Quest. Hist. Old Test., Errors of Socinianism, Evangelical Rambler, Preacher's Experience, Catechisms, of different Anti-Universalism, kinds.  
Together with various other pamphlets, Tracts, &c., on interesting subjects; all of which will be sold very low for cash.  
July 16, 1841. 3

## Ten Cents Reward!

**RAN** away from the subscriber, on the 10th of July, a bound boy, by the name of Hiram Millsaps, alias Cox, who is about 17 years old.—All persons are forewarned against harboring said boy. The above reward will be paid for his apprehension and delivery to me, on Camp creek, Haywood county.  
JOHN GIPSON.  
July 23, 1841. 3 4



## Original Poetry.

**STANZAS.**  
BY G. ZELOTEN ADAMS.  
Oh! cherish with a kindred love,  
The stranger forced by fate to roam;  
Though bright the foreign sky above,  
'Tis not the sunny sky of home!  
Thou smilest when the household band,  
Are gathered round the social hearth,  
And tales are told of many a land,  
And sweetly sounds the song of mirth!  
But oh! that happy while, some heart  
May sigh o'er what brings joy to thee,—  
The long-forbidden tear may start,  
Its fountain touched by memory.  
The easy cot that yields thee rest,  
His weary limbs seek oft in vain;  
The night for thee with slumber blest,  
May be to him a night of pain!  
How few the stranger pity show,  
When they perchance ere long may need!  
How few regard his bitterest woe,  
Though they have hearts that yet may bleed!

## MISCELLANY.

### The late War.

**BATTLE OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN AND PLATTSBURG: MACOMB AND MACDONOUGH.**  
As Macomb, like Macdonough, is now numbered with the dead, those who take proper interest in the American Army and Navy may be gratified with a brief notice of the brilliant services rendered to their country by the forces under their command, at the battles of Plattsburg and Lake Champlain. In noticing the events of 1814, Hale refers to the drafts of the troops taken from the Champlain frontiers for the purpose of reinforcing the troops under Brown and Scott, engaged along the Niagara frontiers. He adds—  
The march of the troops from Plattsburg having left that post almost defenceless, the enemy determined to attack it by land, at the same time to attempt the destruction of the American flotilla on Lake Champlain. On the 3d of September, Sir George Prevost, the Governor General of Canada, with an army of 14,000 men, most of whom had served in the wars of Europe, entered the territories of the United States. As soon as his object was ascertained, Brigadier Gen. Macomb, the commander of Plattsburg, called to his aid the militia of New York and Vermont, who, with alacrity and without distinction of party, obeyed the call.  
On the 6th, the enemy arrived at Plattsburg, which is situated near Lake Champlain, on the northerly bank of the small river Saranac. On their approach the American troops who were posted on the opposite bank, tore up the planks of the bridges, with which they formed slight breastworks, and prepared to dispute the passage of the stream. Several attempts to cross it were made by the enemy, but they were uniformly defeated. From this time until the 11th, the British army were employed in erecting batteries, while the American forces were every hour augmented by the arrival of volunteers and militia.  
Early in the morning of that day, the British squadron, commanded by the Commodore Downie, appeared off the harbor of Plattsburg, where that of the United States, commanded by commodore Macdonough, lay at anchor prepared for battle. The former carried ninety-five guns, and was manned with upwards of 1000 men; the latter carried eighty-six guns, and was manned with 820 men.  
At nine o'clock the battle commenced. Seldom has the ocean witnessed a more furious encounter than now took place on the bosom of this transparent and peaceful lake. At the same moment, the enemy on land began a heavy cannonade upon the American lines, and attempted at different places, to cross the Saranac. At a ford above the village the strife was hot and deadly. As often as the enemy advanced into the water, they received a destructive fire from the militia, and dead bodies floated down the stream literally crimsoned with blood.  
At half past eleven, the shout of victory, heard along the American lines, announced the result of the battle on the Lake. A second British squadron had yielded to the powers of the American seamen. The cry animated to braver deeds their brethren on land. Fainter became the efforts of the enemy.—In the afternoon they withdrew their intrenchments. In the night they began a precipitate retreat, and had fled eight miles before their departure was known in the American camp.  
Upon the lake, the American loss was 110; the British 194, besides prisoners.—On land, the American loss was 119; that of the British was estimated at 2500. In the latter number, however, were included more than five hundred British soldiers, who, preferring America to their native country, deserted from the retreating army. With these splendid victories closed the campaign of the northern frontier.  
When angry, always count ten before you speak.

## Singular adventure of Jon. Colter

Mr. Bradbury, in his travels in the interior of North America, relates the following singular adventure of a man named John Colter:  
"Colter came to St. Louis in May, 1810, in a small canoe, from the head waters of Missouri, a distance of 3000 miles which he traversed in 30 days. I saw him on his arrival, and received from him an account of his adventures, after he had separated from Lewis and Clark's party; one of these, for its singularity, I shall relate.  
On the arrival of the party at the head waters of the Missouri, Colter observing an appearance of abundance of beaver being there, got permission to remain and hunt for some time, which he did in company with a man named Dixon, who had traversed the immense tract of country from St. Louis to the head waters of the Missouri alone. Soon after he separated from Dixon and trapped in company with a hunter named Potts; and aware of the hostility of the Blackfoot Indians, one of whom had been killed by Lewis, they set their traps at night, and took them up early in the morning, remaining concealed during the day. They were examining their traps early one morning, in a creek about six miles from that branch of the Missouri called Jefferson's Fork, and were ascending in a canoe, when they suddenly heard a great noise, resembling the trampling of animals; but they could not ascertain the fact, as the high perpendicular banks on each side of the river impeded their view. Colter immediately pronounced it to be occasioned by Indians, and advised an instant retreat, but was accused of cowardice by Potts who insisted that the noise was caused by buffaloes, and they proceeded on. In a few minutes afterwards, their doubts were removed by a party of Indians making their appearance on both sides of the creek, to the amount of five or six hundred, who beckoned them to come ashore. As retreat was now impossible, Colter turned the head of the canoe, and at the moment of its touching an Indian seized the rifle belonging to Potts; but Colter, who is a remarkably strong man, immediately retook it and handed it to Potts, who remained in the canoe, and on receiving it pushed off into the river. He had scarcely quitted the shore, when an arrow was shot at him, and he cried out, "Colter, I am wounded!" Colter remonstrated with him on the folly of attempting to escape, and urged him to come ashore. Instead of complying, he instantly levelled his rifle at the Indian and shot him dead on the spot. This conduct, situated as he was, may appear to have been an act of madness, but it was doubtless the effect of sudden but sound reasoning, for if he was taken alive, he must have expected to be tortured to death, according to their custom. He was instantly pierced with arrows so numerous, that to use Colter's own words, "he was made a riddle of." They now seized Colter, stripped him entirely naked, and began to consult on the manner he should be put to death.  
They first inclined to set him up as a mark to shoot at, but the chief interposed, and seized him by the shoulder, and asked him if he could run fast? Colter, who had been some time amongst the Kee-katso or Crow Indians, had in a considerable degree acquired the Blackfoot language, and was also well acquainted with Indian customs; he knew that he had now to run for his life, with the dreadful odds of five or six hundred against him, and those armed Indians he therefore cunningly replied, that he was a very bad runner, although he was considered by the hunters as remarkably swift. The chief now commanded the party to remain stationary, and he led Colter out on the prairie three or four hundred yards, and released him, bidding him save himself if he could. At this instant the horrid war-hoop sounded in the ears of poor Colter, who, urged with the hope of preserving life, ran with a speed at which he himself was surprised. He proceeded directly towards Jefferson Fork, having to traverse a plain six miles in breadth, abounding with the prickly pear, on which he was every instant treading with his naked feet.  
He ran nearly half way across the plain before he ventured to look over his shoulder, when he perceived that the Indians were very much scattered, and that he had gained ground to a considerable distance from the main body; but one Indian, who carried a spear, was not more than one hundred yards from him. A faint gleam of hope now cheered the heart of Colter: he derived confidence from the belief, that escape was within the bounds of possibility; but that was nearly fatal to him, for he exerted himself to such a degree, that the blood gushed from his nostrils, and soon almost covered the fore part of his body. He had now arrived within a mile of the river, when he instantly heard the appalling sound of footsteps behind him, and every instant expected to feel the spear of his pursuer. Again he turned his head, and saw the savage not twenty yards from him. Determined if possible, to avoid the expected blow, he suddenly stopped, turned round, and spread out his arms. The Indian, surprised by the suddenness of the action, and perhaps by the bloody appearance of Colter, also attempted to stop; but, exhausted with running, he fell whilst endeavoring to throw his spear, which struck in the ground and broke. Colter instantly snatched up the pointed part, with which he pinned him to the earth, and then continued his flight.  
The foremost of the Indians, on arriving at the place, stopped till others came up to

## Appeal to Females.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.  
"We are very guilty concerning our brother."  
When to expunge a foul blot from national character, the great, the wise, and benevolent combine their energies, it becomes not those of humble name, or obscure station, to remain indifferent. The weaker sex, who depend for safety and protection on others, have immense interests at stake, in the morality and purity of the community. Their plea of want of power—can scarcely be admitted as a fair release from responsibility, since the moralists, and even politicians of our own day, have asserted, that no evil can obtain great predominance in the community without the permission of females.

The cause of temperance, which has already wrought such wonders, and has still a giant's work to perform; claims their earliest co-operation. Surely their whose duties and faculties are involved in the domestic and maternal relations, should be peculiarly and painfully watchful against every approach of a sin which desecrates home's hallowed sanctuary.  
We do not address those who have given their hand to the destroyer—who, in the strong language of inspiration, have "made a covenant with the grave, and with hell are at agreement." We care sensible that scarcely any agent, save the voice of Him who raiseth the dead, is available to break their bondage. But they who with regard to this insidious poison, literally obey the present touch not, taste not, handle not, and suppose themselves absolved from all other efforts—are they therefore absolved?  
My sisters, if we assent to the proposition that not to prevent sin, when in our power to do so, is as blameable as to have aided in its perpetration, are we justified in supineness, while such multitudes are going down to the grave with this leprosy in their skirts and in their souls? Do we, to the teaching of example, and the whole weight of that influence which the courtesy of an enlightened age, and the "consecration of the religion of Jesus have in those latter days accorded to us? If we are conscious of remissness, let the words of the poet admonish us—  
"Lo! our not doing is set down,  
Among our darkest deeds."  
Let the word of inspiration counsel us to avoid the language with which the erring sons of Jacob exclaim—"We are guilty concerning our brother."  
Temperance by the fireside—in the household board—in the nursery—have we nothing to do? We whose affections have taken root by that fireside—whose province it is to make that household board subservient to health and heavenly gratitude—to whom that nursery is the garner of the fondest hopes for time and for eternity;—shall we perceive, amid those sacred haunts, the footsteps of the enemy, and slumber?  
Wife!—who by a solemn vow before men and angels, has entered into a union which death alone can sever, has it been your fate to see the vice of intemperance, casting a deadly shadow over a heart in which, next to heaven, was your confidence? and day by day, and hour after hour, as you watched its fearful ravage, have you been vigilant not to upbraid, not to argue reproachfully, but to repress your own sorrows to render home desirable, to reawaken those affections which are the guardians of purity and peace? Above all, were your applications unceasing to Him who "turneth the heart of man as the rivers of water—no-tamed!"  
If so, though the harvest of your labors may have perished—though the disruption of your hope nothing earthly can supply—still you will have escaped that deeper torture of reflecting that you are "very guilty concerning" him, who was once "your more than brother—and your next to God."  
Mother!—whose duties are laid deeper than any vow of the lips, even in the immutable strength of a love that cannot swerve, have you counselled your offspring in this matter, "rising up early, and late taking rest?" Among those habits which modify character, did you cultivate the control of the animal appetite—the superiority of happiness derived from intellect and virtue, to the fleeting pleasures of sense—the nobleness of subjugating the flesh to the spirit? Did you oppose with your "frown, with the force of your authority, the first aberration from these principles? Did you fully set before them the infirmity of their nature, the danger that surrounded the necessity that they should seek help from God? At dawn, and at noonday, and in the hush of midnight, was there a lifting up of your heart, that they might be temperate in all things? Yet, should it be your lot to behold one whom you had nurtured, blo, the inheritance of his ancestors, and sink into the drunkard's grave, God forbid that you stand before his tribunal, and say, "I am verily guilty concerning"—whom?—not the brother, whose habits you might not have been able to influence;—not the husband, whom it was not your province to control,—but the child, whom you have brought into life, and loved more than life—the child, for the first penciled lines upon whose soul you are accountable—because it was entrusted to you as soft and unsusled wax, that you might stamp it with the seal of heaven.

## The Boy and Man.

A few years ago, there was in the city of Boston, a portrait painter, whose name was Mr. Copley. He did not succeed very well in business, and concluded to go to England to try his fortune there. He had a little son whom he took with him, whose name was John Singleton Copley. John was a very studious boy and made such rapid progress in his studies, that his father sent him to college. There he applied himself so closely to his books, and became so distinguished a scholar, that his instructors predicted that he would make a very eminent man. After he graduated he studied law. And when entered upon the practice of his profession, his mind was so richly stored with information, and so highly disciplined by his previous diligence, that he almost immediately obtained celebrity. One or two cases of very great importance being entrusted to him, he managed them with so much wisdom and skill, as to attract the admiration of the whole British nation. The King and his cabinet, seeing what a learned man he was, and how much influence he had acquired, felt it to be important to secure his service for the government. They therefore raised him from one post of honor to another till he was created Lord High Chancellor of England—the very highest post of honor to which any subject can attain: so that John Singleton Copley is now Lord Lyndhurst, Lord High Chancellor of England.—About sixty years ago, he was a little boy in Boston. His father was a poor portrait painter, hardly able to get his daily bread. Now John is at the head of the nobility of England, one of the most distinguished men in talent and power in the House of Lords, and regarded with reverence and respect by the whole civilized world. This is the reward of industry. The studious boy became the useful and respected man. Had John S. Copley spent his schoolboy days in idleness, he would probably have passed his manhood in poverty and shame. But he studied in school when other boys were idle: he studied in college when other young men were wasting their time; he ever adopted for his motto—"Ultra pergere." (*Press onward!*) and how rich has been his reward.  
You, my young friends, who open this book, are laying the foundation for your future life. You are every day at school deciding the question, whether you will be useful and respected in life, or whether your manhood shall be spent in mourning over the follies of misspent boyhood.—J. S. C. Abbott.

**A GOOD WAY.**—The editor of the Newburyport (N. H.) Argus tells a story of a fellow who after having been down into the meshes of love with one fair one named "Nabby," afterwards "took a shine" to another. Thinking to cast off the old "dame" for a new "spark," he indicated an "apple," of which the following is a copy:  
"Dear Nabby, these are to inform you as I am fast coming to my latter end with the yellow jaundies; from Your dying Ezek."

**P. S.** I open this to let you know I departed this life about two hours ago, in great agony.—Your gone Ezek.  
**AN OLD PRAYER.**—An Irishman was brought up in the Police Court at New York, one day last week, and after being questioned, he was released. On understanding this, says the San, Pat gracefully retired back on a few paces, and flinging his tattered hat on the floor, dropped as suddenly on his knees as if he had been shot.—Then convulsively clenching his hands together, and looking upwards, he poured forth his gratitude in the following extempore supplication: "May the saints in heaven protect your reverence, and may every hair on your head be a mowld candle to light ye to glory!"

When to expunge a foul blot from national character, the great, the wise, and benevolent combine their energies, it becomes not those of humble name, or obscure station, to remain indifferent. The weaker sex, who depend for safety and protection on others, have immense interests at stake, in the morality and purity of the community. Their plea of want of power—can scarcely be admitted as a fair release from responsibility, since the moralists, and even politicians of our own day, have asserted, that no evil can obtain great predominance in the community without the permission of females.

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Wife!—who by a solemn vow before men and angels, has entered into a union which death alone can sever, has it been your fate to see the vice of intemperance, casting a deadly shadow over a heart in which, next to heaven, was your confidence? and day by day, and hour after hour, as you watched its fearful ravage, have you been vigilant not to upbraid, not to argue reproachfully, but to repress your own sorrows to render home desirable, to reawaken those affections which are the guardians of purity and peace? Above all, were your applications unceasing to Him who "turneth the heart of man as the rivers of water—no-tamed!"  
If so, though the harvest of your labors may have perished—though the disruption of your hope nothing earthly can supply—still you will have escaped that deeper torture of reflecting that you are "very guilty concerning" him, who was once "your more than brother—and your next to God."  
Mother!—whose duties are laid deeper than any vow of the lips, even in the immutable strength of a love that cannot swerve, have you counselled your offspring in this matter, "rising up early, and late taking rest?" Among those habits which modify character, did you cultivate the control of the animal appetite—the superiority of happiness derived from intellect and virtue, to the fleeting pleasures of sense—the nobleness of subjugating the flesh to the spirit? Did you oppose with your "frown, with the force of your authority, the first aberration from these principles? Did you fully set before them the infirmity of their nature, the danger that surrounded the necessity that they should seek help from God? At dawn, and at noonday, and in the hush of midnight, was there a lifting up of your heart, that they might be temperate in all things? Yet, should it be your lot to behold one whom you had nurtured, blo, the inheritance of his ancestors, and sink into the drunkard's grave, God forbid that you stand before his tribunal, and say, "I am verily guilty concerning"—whom?—not the brother, whose habits you might not have been able to influence;—not the husband, whom it was not your province to control,—but the child, whom you have brought into life, and loved more than life—the child, for the first penciled lines upon whose soul you are accountable—because it was entrusted to you as soft and unsusled wax, that you might stamp it with the seal of heaven.

Strange inconsistency! this neglect in essentials, and affectation in what is useless! This preferring glitter to convenience—this luxury of fancy rather than comfort.—De Stael.