

The North Carolina Messenger.

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

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MISCELLANEOUS.

A Western Bear Story.

FROM "LIFE IN THE WOODS."

Among the earliest settlers, in the wilds of Salmon River, was a Vermontese of the name of Dobson—a large resolute man.—Returning one evening from a fruitless hunt after his vagrant cows, which, according to the custom in new countries, had been turned into the woods to procure their own subsistence from the rank herbage of the early summer, just before emerging from the forest upon the clearing of his neighbor, the late worthy Joseph Sleeper, he saw a large bear descending from a lofty sycamore, where he had probably been in quest of honey.

A bear ascends a tree much more expertly than he descends it, being obliged to come down hind-foremost. My friend Dobson did not like to be joined in his evening's walk by such a companion; and without reflecting what he would do with the "varmint" afterwards, he ran to the tree, on the opposite side from the animal's body, and just before he reached the ground, he seized him by the fore-paws. Bruin growled and gnashed his tusks, but he soon ascertained that his paws were in the grasp of iron paws, equally iron strong with his own; nor could he use his hinder paws to disembowel his antagonist, as the manner of the bear is, inasmuch as the trunk of the tree was between them. But Dobson's predicament, as he was endowed with rather the most reason, was worse yet. He could no more assail the bear than the bear could assail him; nor could he venture to let him go, a very gracious return for thus unceremoniously taking him by the hand. The twilight was fast descending into darkness, and his position was far less comfortable than it otherwise would have been at the same hour, surrounded by his wife and children, at the supper table, to say nothing of the gloomy prospect for the night. Still, as Joe Sleeper's house was not far distant, he hoped to be able to call him to his assistance; but his lungs, although none of the weakest, were unequal to this task,—and though he hollered and bawled the livelong night, making the woods, and welkin ring again, he succeeded no better than old Glendower of old in calling spirits from the vasty deep.

It was a wearisome night for Dobson; such a game of hold-fast he had never been engaged in before. Bruin, too, was somewhat worried, although he could not describe his sensations in English, albeit he took the regular John Bull method of making known his dissatisfaction, that is to say he growled incessantly. But here was no let or hindrance, and Dobson was therefore under the necessity of holding fast, until it seemed to his clenched and aching fingers as though the bear's paws and his had grown together.

As daylight returned, and the smoke from Mr. Sleeper's chimney began to curl up gracefully, though rather dimly in the distance, Dobson again repeated his cries for succour; and his heart was soon gladdened by the appearance of his worthy but inactive neighbor, who had at last been attracted by the voice of the impatient sufferer, bearing an axe on his shoulder. Dobson had never been so much rejoiced at seeing Mr. Sleeper before, albeit he was a very kind and estimable neighbor.

"Why don't you make haste, Mr. Sleeper, and be not lounging at that rate, when you see a fellow Christian in such a kettle of fish?"

"I run! is that you, Mr. Dobson, up a tree there? And was it you that I heard hallooing to last night? I guess you ought to have your lodging for nothing, if you've stood up agin the tree all night!"

"It's not a joke; though I can tell you, Mr. Sleeper, if you had to hold the paws of a black varmint all night, it strikes me you would think you'd paid enough for it. But if you heard me calling for help in the night why did you not come and see what was the trouble?"

"Oh, I was going tired to bed, after laying up long fence all day, and I thought I would wait till morning, and come bright and early. But if I'd known it was you—"

"Known 'twas me!" replied Dobson bitterly. "You knew it was somebody who had flesh and blood too good for these plaguy varmits though, and you knew there has been a small sprinkle of bears about the settlement all spring!"

"Well, don't be in a huff, Tommy, it's never too late to do good. So hold tight now, and don't let the tarral critter get loose, while I split his head open."

"No, said Dobson. After holding the bear here all night, I think I ought to have

the pleasure of killing him. So you just take hold of his paws here, and I will take the axe and let a streak of daylight into his skull about the quickest."

The proposition being a fair one, Mr. Sleeper was too reasonable a man to object. He was no coward, either, and he therefore stepped up to the tree, and cautiously taking the bear with both hands, relieved honest Dobson from his predicament. The hands of the latter, though sadly stiffened by the tenacity with which they had been clenched for so many hours, were soon brandishing the axe; and he apparently made all preparations for giving the deadly blow—and dead he would have been, had he struck. But to the surprise of Sleeper he did not strike, and, to his further consternation, Dobson swung the axe upon his shoulder, and marched away, whistling as he went, with as much apparent indifference as the other had shown coming to his relief.

It was now Sleeper's turn to make the forest vocal with his cries. In vain he raved and called, and threatened. Dobson walked on and disappeared, leaving his friend as sad a prospect for his breakfast as he himself had for his supper.

To relieve the suspense of the reader, it is right to add that Dobson returned and killed the bear in the course of the afternoon.

A noble example of early times.

"About the year 1776, a circumstance occurred, which deserves to be written on adamant. In the wars of New England with the Aborigines, the Mohogian tribe of Indians early became friends of the English. Their favorite grounds was on the banks of the river (now the Thames,) between New London and Norwich. A small remnant of the Mohogians still exist, and they are sacredly protected in the possession and enjoyment of their favorite domain on the banks of the Thames. The government of this tribe had become hereditary in the family of the celebrated chief Uncas. During the time of my father's mercantile prosperity, he had employed several Indians of this tribe in hunting animals, whose skins were valuable for their fur. Among these hunters was one named Zachary, of the royal race, an excellent hunter, but was a drunkard and as worthless an Indian as ever lived. When he had somewhat passed the age of fifty, several members of the royal family, who stood between Zachary and the throne of his tribe, died, and he found himself with one life between him and the empire. In this moment his better genius resumed its sway, and he reflected seriously. "How can such a drunken wretch as I am aspire to be chief of this honorable race? What will my people say? and how will the shades of my noble ancestors look down indignantly upon such a base successor? Can I succeed to the great Uncas? I will drink no more!" He solemnly resolved never again to taste any drink but water, and he kept his resolution.

I had heard this story, and did not entirely believe it; for young as I was, I already partook in the prevailing contempt for Indians. In the beginning of May the annual election of the principal officers of the (then) colony, was held at Hartford, the capital. My father attended officially, and it was customary also for the chief of the Mohogians to attend. Zachary had succeeded to the rule of his tribe. My father's house was situated midway on the road between Mohogian and Hartford, and the old chief was in the habit of coming a few days before the election, and dining with his brother governor. One day the mischievous thought struck me, to try the sincerity of the old man's temperance. The family was seated at dinner, and there was excellent home-brewed beer on the table. I addressed the old chief—"Zachary, this beer is excellent; will you taste it?" The old man dropped his knife and fork—leaned forward with a stern intensity of expression; his black eye sparkling with indignation was fixed on me. "John," said he, "you do not know what you are doing. You are serving the devil, boy! Do you not know that I am an Indian? I tell you I am, and that if I should but taste your beer, I could not stop until I got to rum, and become again the drunken contemptible wretch your father remembers me to have been—"

John, while you live, never again tempt my man to break a good resolution." Socrates never uttered a more valuable precept. Demosthenes could not have given it in more solemn tones of eloquence. I was thunderstruck. My parents were deeply affected; they looked at each other, at me, and at the venerable old Indian with deep feelings of awe and respect. They afterwards frequently reminded me of the scene and charged me never to forget it. Zachary lived to pass the age of eighty, and sacredly kept his resolution. He lies buried in the royal burial place of his tribe, near the beautiful falls of the Yantic, the western branch of the Thames, in Norwich, on land now owned by my friend, Calvin Goddard, Esq. I visited the grave of the old chief lately, and repeated to myself his estimable lesson.

CHINESE NOTION OF ENGLAND.—A Chinese treatise on geography contains the following description of England: The kingdom of Yungkeine (English) is a dependent or tributary state of Holan (Holland). Their garments, and manner of eating and drinking are the same. The males use much cloth and like to drink wine. The females before marriage bind their waists, being desirous to look slender. Their hair hangs in curls over their necks; they use a short garment and petticoats, but dress in a larger cloth when they go out. They take snuff out of boxes made of gold and threads.

[From the Literary Souvenir.]

The Indulgence of Grief.

It is not in the power of every one to prevent the calamities of life—but it evinces true magnanimity to bear up under them with fortitude and serenity. The indulgence of grief is made a merit by many, who, when misfortunes occur, obstinately refuse all consolation, till the mind, oppressed with melancholy, sinks under its weight. Such conduct is not only destructive to health, but inconsistent with reason and common sense.—"There are what are called the ceremonies of sorrow; the pomp and ostentation of effeminate grief, which speak not so much the greatness of the misery as the smallness of the mind."

To persevere
In obstinate condolence, is a course
Of impious stubbornness, unmanly grief:
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven—
A heart unfortified—a mind impatient—
An understanding simple and unshooled.

Change of ideas is as necessary to health as change of posture. When the mind dwells long upon one subject, especially if it be of a disagreeable and depressing nature, it injures the functions of the body. Hence the prolonged indulgence of grief spoils the digestion and destroys the appetite. The spirit becomes habitually depressed, the body emaciated, and the fluids, deprived of their appropriate supply of nourishment from without, are generally vitiated. Thus many a constitution has been seriously injured by a family misfortune, or by an occurrence giving rise to excessive grief.

It is indeed utterly impossible that any person of a correct mind should enjoy health. Life may, it is true, be dragged on for years. But whoever would live to a good old age, and vigorous withal, must be good humored and cheerful. This, however, is not at all times in our power—yet our temper of mind, as well as our actions, depends greatly upon ourselves. We can either associate with cheerful or melancholy companions—mingle in the offices and amusements of life—sit still, and brood over our calamities as we choose. These and many similar things, are certainly within our power, and from these the mind very commonly takes its complexion.

The variety of scenes which present themselves to our sense, were certainly designed to prevent our attention from being too constantly fixed upon one single object. Nature abounds with variety, and the mind, unless chained down by habit, delights in the contemplation of new objects. Examine them for a time—when the mind begins to recoil, shift the scene. By this means, a constant succession of new ideas may be kept up, till what are disagreeable disappear.

Thus, travelling, occasional excursions, the study of any art or science, reading or writing on such subjects as deeply engage the attention, will expel grief sooner than the most sprightly amusements. The body cannot enjoy health unless it be exercised—neither can the mind; indolence nourishes grief. When the mind has nothing else to think of but calamities, it is no wonder that it dwells upon them. Few persons are hurt by grief, if they pursue their business—their active duties—with attention.—When, therefore, misfortune happens, instead of abstracting ourselves from the world, or from business, we ought to engage in it with more than ordinary attention—to discharge with double diligence the duties of our station, and to mingle with friends of a social and cheerful disposition. Innocent amusements are by no means, to be neglected; these, by leading the mind to the minute contemplation of agreeable objects, help to dispel the gloom which misfortunes shed over it. They cause time to seem less tedious, and have many other beneficial effects. But it is to be lamented that too many persons, when overwhelmed with grief, betake themselves to the intoxicating bowl. This is making the cure worse than the disease, and seldom fails to end in ruin of fortune, character, happiness, and constitution.

INTERESTING REMINISCENCE.—When Mr. Monroe was minister to the United States at Paris, and when Gen. La Fayette was confined in prison at Olmutz, by the Emperor of Austria, information was brought him that Madame La Fayette, the General's wife, was thrown into prison, and no doubt in a few days would follow the fate of her mother and grandmother at the guillotine. Mr. Monroe alone could save her, and as Paris was then in the hands of the mob, it could only be accomplished by arousing the sympathies of the people. The destruction of life had been such in every state of society where opulence was perceptible, to avoid certain death, all luxuries and splendor were laid aside; and the wealthy, instead of riding in their equipages, either walked, or rode in the miserable vehicles of the city. It therefore created a great sensation when the splendid equipage of the American Minister's carriage appeared at the gates of the prison, and his lady informed the keeper that she had come to see the wife of Gen. La Fayette. Such a call at such a time was like electricity. The news spread in all directions and before Mrs. Monroe's departure from the prison, thousands had collected around her carriage, and the feelings elicited by the meeting of two such females in such a situation, arrested the axe of the executioner, and eventually set the captive free.

The feelings of Col. Monroe cannot be realized during the absence of his wife. He could not accompany her, as that would have counteracted the feeling he knew must be awakened to save the prisoner. When Madame La Fayette met Mrs. Monroe she was in a state of perfect phrensy, supposing that she was to be led to execution, and when she found herself embraced by the lady of the American Minister, within the walls of that gloomy prison, where but a few days previously had been led forty to execution, her mother and grandmother, it was for a long time before she could realize her situation. Mrs. Monroe assured her she should be saved, and that her husband had determined to risk all, if it became necessary to accomplish her deliverance.

[From the Knickerbocker.]

Phosphorescence of the Ocean.

We are indebted to a friend who sailed from this country not long since for England, for the following facts in relation to the causes which produce the phosphorescent light of the ocean. Numerous theories have been advanced, to account for this wonderful phenomenon; but it has been left, if we mistake not, for our correspondent, by patient and persevering experiment, to "pluck out the heart of the mystery," beyond all gainsaying.

On the third or fourth day from Sandy Hook, we found ourselves tossing about in the uncertain navigation of the Gulf Stream. Fearing to encounter the ice and snow on the banks of Newfoundland, the Captain had pursued on at once in a due east course, which I believe is not the usual route, and thus we were brought more speedily within the baffling influence of squalls, sunshine, calm, gales, and storms, always attendant upon the course of the stream. In one of these calms, hanging listlessly over the bulwarks of the ship, looking vacantly into the deep blue waters beneath, my attention was arrested by a number of fantastical forms, which seemed to have the power of motion like that of snakes, only slower.—I inquired their names, and what they were, but in vain. At length, urged by curiosity, I seized one of the ship's buckets, fastened the end of a rope to the handle, plunged it overboard, and pulled it up full of water. I looked into it, but seeing nothing save water, I immediately threw it back.—I again and again essayed, without discovering the object I sought. I now looked over the side of the vessel, and still saw objects floating in great quantities, and every now and then sending forth a lingering flash of prismatic light, resembling an opal. By this time the water in the pail had become quiet; and on looking more intently into its very midst, I discovered the object of my search; and gently putting the hollow of my hand under one of them, I brought it out of its element; and wonderful to behold, found its lengthened form was composed of some scores of perfect living individuals, transparent and colorless, of the fashion and form of crystals, possessing two horns, projecting above its mouth, by which they were enabled to string themselves together, and become to the common observer one animal. A slight touch separated them, and a violent dashing of the water would also break the continuity. No one on board ever observed them before. Elevating one upon the end of my finger and placing it in relief against the bright sky, I found it to possess violent muscular motion, like the breathing of an animal after great exertion, but which I believed to be only muscular power.

It was angular, like cut glass, and consisted of a thin, jelly-like substance, which soon dissolved and ran down my finger like water, leaving behind the membranous covering, scarcely discernible. In the centre of each was an assemblage of very thin blue veins, two or three of which radiated until lost to the eye in their minuteness. I now found myself animated by the spirit of a naturalist. The languor and ennui of an idle voyager left me: I was ever after looking after new objects of interest. A few days after, when we had made some ten or twelve degrees of east longitude, I noticed, as we swept through the water, a round jelly-like substance, of a sponge-color, floating at various depths. For one of these I fished a long time in vain; at last I induced the mate to try his hook, promising him a bottle of wine if he obtained one. It was not long before he caught one in a pail, and emptying it, with the water, into a white wash basin, I kept it for three days in my state room, changing the water twice every day. During this time I watched and noted down its habits. As it was a very curious animal, I made two colored drawings of it, in two positions, in my sketch book. It resembles in form a mushroom before it has reached its full growth. It is perfectly transparent, and the body part colorless; but the great number of brown specks which are sprinkled over it, give it the sponge-like color, when seen at a short distance. On the under part of the rim are thirty-two points, or to express myself more properly, the periphery separates into thirty-two points, half an inch long, which contract and expand together. Inside of these are eight round pipes like feelers, about the thickness of a fine straw, but of a bright pink color. These last have the most astonishing power of extension, reaching even to ten inches or more, and of suddenly drawing themselves within the compass of half an inch in length. They are thrown out in fine lines in every direction, in search of food, and when they lay hold of their prey, it is hurried to their common mouth, situated in the same position as the stem of the mushroom, and of about the same size. At an inch in length, it divides into four speckled brown tapering tubes, opening in their entire length, but kept closed by a membrane of the same brown color, and which is very similar to a short frill. Into and within these folds the food is huddled. These four tubes and their frills serve also as a tail to steer the animal by, and are indited with great sensitiveness in every part. We here see the anomalous union of mouth and tail.

It seems to have but two senses—feeling and taste. During the time I kept it, I fed it upon small bits of beef and pork. In six hours a piece of beef three-fourths of an inch long and one-fourth of an inch thick was digested. The animal being perfectly transparent, I could plainly watch the wast-

ing process of digestion. The pork is first swallowed, but in the course of the night it had ejected it into the membranous folds of its tail. In the night, my state-room being perfectly dark, I touched it with my finger, when instantly every one of the thirty-two points flashed forth a luminous phosphorescent light! I waited a short time, when placing my hand under it, I lifted it up, and the whole mass became luminous. Letting it drop I found that it had transmitted some to my fingers, which shone brightly for a few seconds after. I have hence inferred that the animal is endowed with this wonderful property, to testify the "larger fry" that would otherwise prey upon it. In this case, the light is not attended with a shock like that of the electric eel. I now regret that I did not examine the first species by night, for it is my firm belief that they have equally the power of emitting phosphorescent light. If this be true; it will account for the opal like irradiance noticed in the day time. I have thus satisfied myself as to the cause of the luminous appearance of the sea. It does not proceed from putrescent matter held in solution, as formerly thought, but is unquestionably derived from these and other kinds of living jelly fish, which are found of every size, from mere animalcules to a foot or more in length. In fact they are a creation as multitudinous in variety as quadrupeds, birds, &c. In warm climates and other periods, they rise near the surface, when the agitation of the water causes them to flash forth their light, and when this is done in the midst of foam, every globe of air (from being composed of air bubbles) becomes a lens to reflect light, varying in strength according to its proximity; and thus are the millions of lenses scattering and multiplying light, until the whole whitened mass appears a sheet of fire.

Necessity of a steadfast character.

The man who is perpetually hesitating which of two things he will do first, will do neither. The man who resolves, but who suffers his resolution to be changed by the first counter-suggestion of a friend, who fluctuates from opinion to opinion, from plan to plan, and veers like a weathercock to every point of the compass, with every caprice that blows, can never accomplish anything great or useful. Instead of being progressive in any thing he will be at best stationary, and more probably retrograde in all. It is only the man who first consults wisely, then resolves firmly, and then executes his purpose with inflexible perseverance, undismayed by those petty difficulties which daunt a weaker spirit, that can advance to eminence in any line. Let us take, by way of illustration, the case of a student. He commences the study of the dead languages; but, presently a friend comes and tells him he is wasting his time, and that, instead of obsolete words, he had much better employ himself in acquiring new ideas. He changes his plan and sets to work at the mathematics. Then comes another friend, who asks him with a grave and sapient face, whether he intends to become a professor in a college; because if he does not, he is misemploying his time, and that for the business of life, common arithmetic is enough of mathematical science. He throws up his Euclid, and addresses himself to some other study, which in its turn is again relinquished on some equally wise suggestion; and thus is life spent in changing his plans. You cannot but perceive the folly of this course; and the worst effect of it is the fixing on your mind a habit of indecision, sufficient of itself to blast the fairest prospects. Now take your course wisely, but firmly; and having taken it, hold upon it with heroic resolution, and the Alps and Pyrenees will sink before you—the whole empire of learning will lie at your feet, while those who set out with you, but stopped to change their plans, are yet employed in the very unprofitable business of changing their plans. Let your motto be perseverance. Practice upon it, and you will be convinced of its value by the distinguished eminence to which it will conduct you.—Wirt's Essays.

LONG BYRON.—His lordship was sometimes fond of indulging a malicious propensity of setting his friends at cross purposes. He, Rogers and Moore, were members of a club, in which extravagant expenditure was frequently resorted to. Mr. Rogers having lately given up all connexion with the said club, in his capacity of a friendly counsellor to Moore, he strongly urged him to do likewise. The latter promised acquiescence as soon as some pecuniary matters betwixt him and the club should be arranged. In the meantime, at Mr. R.'s further request, he promised not to attend a supper party of the club that evening: happening to meet Byron afterwards, his lordship's superior influence prevailed, and secured Mr. Moore's attendance, but upon the stipulation, that Rogers, (at whose table they were to dine the following afternoon previous to their going to Drury Lane Theatre,) should not be informed of it. Mr. Moore was punctual to the hour. The next day his Lordship sent a card to Mr. Rogers, stating that "Moore and he had such rare doings at the club last night he must really plead his excuse of absence." R. with some expression of chagrin, handed the card to Moore who, in his turn, had no alternative but of a candid explanation of all the circumstances. Byron came, however, in his carriage in proper time to convey them to the theatre: on their way thither, Rogers and Moore read him such a lecture on his reckless conduct, that when the vehicle stopped at the walls of Drury, his lordship instantly sprang out of it, and disappeared for the remainder of the evening.

A HARD HIT.—"If I were so unlucky," said an officer, "as to have a stupid son, I would certainly make him a parson. A clergyman who was in company, calmly replied, "You think differently, sir, from your father."

The Powerful Weapon IN THE CAUSE OF TEMPERANCE.

We have heard of the "magic blades," and "charmed helmets," of former times, by means of which one could destroy his adversaries at will, and himself still remain unhurt. But these have passed away, and in their stead, we hear of other weapons, though said to be hardly less powerful.—Against every mighty adversary many engines have been arrayed—but perhaps against none more than Intemperance.—We have heard of "moral suasion," "civil law," "eloquence, ridicule, wit and truth."—These have all been called trusty blades, and powerful weapons, in the hands of the foes of Intemperance, and, forsooth, they may be; but the maximum is Truth.

The cause of Temperance is the cause of Truth. It has for its object the object of Truth. Its design is to better, and purify, and ennoble man; to raise him from a state of ignorance and degradation, and establish him on the firm basis of truth and excellence. The two interests being thus united, the weapon yielded in the cause of one proves powerful for the other. Thus it is that the weapons which Truth may use in her own defence, are sharp against the enemies of Temperance, and while the propagators of error and their unfortunate victims fall before her power, drunkards and drunkard-makers quail, and fly in dismay.

Truth opens the eyes of the drunkard the true condition of his hopes and prospects. It shows him on what ground he stands, and what is before and what is behind. It tears away the pretences, and false charms, which appetite and deceitful panders would cast around the drunkard in his cups. It shows him though the charms be strong, and the pleasure, as he fancies, for a moment sweet, "yet, at the last, it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." It shows him the cause of all his misery and wretchedness, and bids him, as he loves his life, his earthly good, and soul's best welfare, quit his veriest foe. It meets him as he raises the fatal poison to his burning lips, and thunders forth in tones that make him quail at times, "no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God." It meets him at his home—that wretched place!—and points, with meaning that can't mistake, to his poor wife and hungry, starving babes. It tells a tale of woe, he knows is true, and knowing this, so much the keener feels it. Unwillingly he listens to its voice; but he must hear, and that till he obeys. Oh! I would not be a drunkard, were there no other reason to prevent me than this—the voice of Truth. I could not bear to look on all around me blasted and withered all, as if they breathed the deadly fragrance of the Boion Upas, and then hear truth declare, "is all thy work." Oh no! I could not bear the sound. "I would strike a dagger to my very heart, and leave it rankling there. But this the drunkard feels, and more. Tongue cannot tell, nor pen describe the anguish of his soul 'neath Truth's severe rebuke. He only knows, who feels it.

But truth has something to do with the drunkard-makers, as well as the drunkard. It bids him look on fathers and husbands slain, property wasted, intellect abused, health ruined, and souls lost, and then thrusts home the charge—"You did it all!" Methinks I'd rather be a drunkard than a drunkard-maker. To answer for my own soul, and its loss, would be enough to weigh me down, without having a long, long list of other ruined souls to answer for. Oh no! I could not bear to hear the voice of truth re-echo back to me the sighs and groans of the fatherless and widows, rendered such by my own effort. Yet these the guilty man must bear, told by the voice of Truth.

"Magna est veritas et prevalebit"—and with such a weapon, Temperance must triumph too. The sword, that cuts so many ways, must cut the monster Intemperance down. The wretched fabric, rotten to its core, already totters. What though the whole array of makers, sellers, drinkers—all unite their mightiest powers to make it stand secure; the thing must fall—the trade of souls must cease—the fabric must come down. Reader, beware you are not injured by the fall, nor guilty, feel the powerful blow of Truth.—Magnolia.

TAKE CARE HOW TO GO UP THE LADDER. Matthew Corey, speaking of his marriage, says—"My wife was about ten years younger than me. She was industrious, prudent and economical. She had a large fund of good sense. We early formed a determination to indulge in no unnecessary expense, and to mount the ladder so slowly as to run no risk of descent. During the whole of our marriage, I never, so far as I can recollect, entered a tavern except on a jury or arbitration, or to see a customer, or at a public dinner, never, in a single instance, for the purpose of drinking.

How very different the conduct of some married people is, and old ones, too, now a days. They can go to the tavern or grog-shops, eat oysters, drink grog, play cards, dice or nine-pins, spending their seventy-five cents or a dollar two or three times a week. No marvel such people never go up the ladder. They are always at the bottom, and there they will stay as long as they live. A jug of rum tied to a man's neck is a hard thing to carry up the ladder, and many a man after he has dragged it half way up, has been suddenly tumbled down to the bottom.