

Highland Messenger.

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

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MISCELLANEOUS.

[From the Knickerbocker, for May.]

The two Virtuosos; OR, THE BOLOGNA SAUSAGE.

Not many years ago, there lived in the little town of R—, a suburb of one of our Atlantic cities, an individual known as Dr. Q—, who was noted for three remarkable "manifestations of the passion of love," as Mr. Tassistro would classify them. These were, the love of money, the love of science, and the love of Bologna sausages. The first he inherited with his estate from his father; the second he caught by inoculation from a near neighbor, Professor Z., formerly of some European college; and the third probably grew out of the first, as it is well known that Bologna, American Bologna sausages, when eaten sufficiently sparingly, are the most economical food that can be procured. Dr. Q— had attached to his mansion at R—, a large room, which he called his "museum," filled with pictures, and all manner of curiosities and articles of *virtu*. The walls were ornamented with numerous paintings of every size and shape; some of them landscapes of a peculiarly dirty and smoky appearance and which in consequence had been pronounced by friendly connoisseurs to be the genuine works of *Teniers, Claude and Ruysdael*; others were portraits of ancient ladies and gentlemen, with glaring red and white cheeks, and stony blue eyes, that at the first glance chilled through the gazer like an east wind. These were all veritable "Titians," "Vandykes," and "Raphaels," supposed so probably from the fact that they looked as little like the works of those immortal artists, as it was possible for a bad painter with bad materials to make them. In addition to these invaluable paintings, our Doctor's museum was filled with stuffed birds, striped snakes, ringtailed monkeys, and every kind of flying and creeping thing, as well as all manner of unknown and unknowable curiosities from the four quarters of the world, including of course that article indispensable to all museums, "the identical club with which the renowned Captain Cook was killed at Owyhee." All the Doctor's friends, and every little boy and girl in the village, were laid under contribution to furnish contributions to this rare collection, for which they generally received a "Thank'ee" and sometimes, if the donation happened to be unusually dirty and unclassifiable, the "thank'ees" extended to two or three. Now the Doctor had a nephew, the son of a widowed sister-in-law, a lad of some fifteen or sixteen years, who had been unusually active in securing rubbish for his uncle's collection; which by the way he must have done from sheer love of science, as he never received any remuneration for his pains, excepting the everlasting "thank'ee" and a free admittance to the museum, which he enjoyed in common with the other acquaintance of his uncle.

Ned Wilson, (the nephew,) having after much importunity prevailed upon his mother to let him go to sea, had accordingly procured a voyage, and one morning presented himself in the breakfast room of his uncle, to take leave of his rich relative previous to sailing. The Doctor was at first surprised, and then delighted; surprised when his nephew announced his purpose, and delighted when he learned that his destination was the Mediterranean, and that it was his intention if possible to visit the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii.

"Of course, Ned," said he, "you will not forget your old habits when there.—What vast fields for the industrious and patient explorer are those two buried cities! Every house a museum in itself, and every street strewn with the curiosities of a former day! You've been a good boy, Ned, at home, and you mustn't forget your uncle when at Pompeii! And—" suddenly recollecting himself, "your uncle mustn't forget you, neither!" And then turning to his wife, he inquired whether she could think of some little present that would be acceptable to their clever relative.

Now it happened that on the morning in question, the Doctor had had his favorite dish of Bolognas on the table; but they didn't relish very well. He thought they were rather "hurt," as the term is; his wife thought so too; and the cook, who had been called, pronounced them the "werry worst kind of tasin' things she ever see." They were accordingly rejected, and now stood on the side-board.

"Bologna sausage, Betty! Nothing can be more delicious on board a ship." And drawing a long breath, his mind seemed relieved of an immense load. The sausage was accordingly wrapped in an old newspaper and given to Ned, with many almost paternal benedictions, and not a few injunctions to remember his uncle; and the nephew quitted the splendid mansion of his relative with a swelling breast, and a not very exalted opinion of his liberality.

Three years passed away, and Ned Wilson returned to the village of R—, having in the mean time visited nearly every port in the Mediterranean. One morning, a few days after his return, he made his appearance at Dr. Q—'s mansion, having under his arm a small tin box. The first greeting over, his uncle, who had not for a moment lost sight of the little tin box, led his nephew into the museum.

"And now, Ned, what have you got in the box, eh? Something rare, I'll warrant." "It is something rare," said the nephew, "but what, I can't tell. I picked it up in Pompeii, but no body there knew what it was."

And he handed the box to the Doctor, who received it as eagerly as if it had been filled with mortgages.

"But stop!" said he, laying the box on the table, "we must have Professor Z— here;" and ringing the bell, he sent a message after his brother virtuoso.

In a few moments the Professor made his appearance; and the men of science proceeded to examine the contents of the box, which after undoing sundry wrappers, they found to consist of one article only. Throwing his spectacles over his forehead, which he always did when about to look sharply at any thing, the Doctor commenced his examination. He turned the curiosity over and over, and looked at it on every side, and in every position of light, until his eyes ached and began to grow dim; but he could make nothing of it; and then, his spectacles suddenly dropping in their place unnoticed, he handed the article to the Professor, promising that looking at it made him nearly stone blind. The Professor examined it as closely as the Doctor.

"The form is familiar to me," said he; "it looks very much like a sausage." "So it does—it does!" chimed in the Doctor; "don't go, Ned," turning to his nephew, who had his hand on the latch of the door. "Don't go; we shall soon know what it is!"

"It looks like a sausage," repeated the Professor, solemnly; "and," putting it to his nose, "it smells like a sausage." And then, having tasted it, he threw it from him as if it had been a rattle-snake, exclaiming, "And by Jupiter, Doctor, it is a sausage—a Bologna; and a very bad one too!" The truth flashed to the uncle. He stood irresolute a moment, and then seizing the club that had killed Captain Cook, he turned suddenly round—But his graceless nephew had just closed the street door behind him.

Dialogue in the Market.

Between a Yankee, an Irishman, a Dutchman and a Frenchman, on the subject of eatables and speakables.

Yankee—Hullo, Mounseer! what are you going to do with them are frogs there, in that are basket?

Frenchman—De frog? Vy, sare, I will eat the frog.

Irishman—Ate him! what, ate that sprouting devil of a straddle-bug? I'd as soon put all the serpents that St. Patrick carried out of Ireland in a bag down the throat in me.

Yankee—You can't be in earnest now, Mounseer. You ain't such a pickler as to bite at a frog!

Frenchman—Pikkerello! Vat is dat you callo de picklerello?

Yankee—A darned great long nosed fish that we catch with a frog bait.

Frenchman—Vat you tell me, sare?—You bait de frog vit de fish? Mon Dieu! you no understand de frog—you no taste, no sense, no skill in the cuisine! Fish de bait vit de frog? Begar!

Yankee—Fish the bait! Why don't you parleyvoe right cond foremost?

Irishman—Ay, cuishlamacore, why don't you put the cart before the horse, as I do?

Dutchman—Yaw, mynheer, why don't you talk doot English, like I does!

Yankee—Dalk? Ha, ha, ha! you talk about dalking? Why, you can't no more pronounce the English than a wild Hoppintongue. Now listen to me, Mounseer Frenchman, and I'll teach you how it's done.

Dutchman—No—listen to me—I understand how to pronounce the most properest. I comes from to toddler sidt of Enkland, and zure I knows how to spohke de pure Enklish.

Irishman—Is that a reasonable sort iv a rason now? By that same logic I should know how to speak the English still better for I came from this side iv England, and was niver across the Irish channel since I was born, lot alone the day before that.

And thin, besides, me great grandmother was a schoolmaster, and me second cousin, on me neighbor's side, was a praiser intill the bargain. So, Mister Mounseer, I'm the boy that'll tache ye to spake English properly.

Frenchman—Oui. All speak de Ingleso—de Yankee, de Irish-man, de Dutch-man, all speak him bess, and all speak him differont! Begar! Now, vat you call dis (showing a potato) dis pome de terre?

Yankee—That pum de tar! Why, Mounseer, I call that pum de tar a potato.

Frenchman—Oui. Now, sare, vat you call him?

Irishman—A paratie—a raal murphy, to be sare.

Frenchman—Oui. And now, sare, vat you call him?

Dutchman—Wat I galls him? Wy, I galls him a bodado, and any vool might know dat.

Frenchman—Ha, ha, ha! begar! You all call him differont. You all speak de true Ingleso, and you no speak him like. Ha, ha, ha, begar!

Yankee—Well, Mounseer, now let me ax you a question. What is this I have in my hand? (showing a cane.)

Frenchman—Vat is dat? Vy, sare, dat is—dat is—Sacre—me no can tink. Vat you call de homme, de rascalie, yet kill A-belle?

Yankee—What killed a bello?

Frenchman—Oui, Monsieur; dat grand rascalie, dat murd, dat knock down A-belle, vile he keep de sheep, de mutton.

Dutchman—Oh, oh, I know what he means now; he means Gain, the vurst murderer.

Frenchman—Oui; yes, sare: 'tis one cane.

Yankee—Right, Mounseer, it isn't two canes. Now what do you call it, you limb of old Irelande, you essence of brogue?

Irishman—I'm after calling it a shillalah; and if you don't be aisy calling ill names, I'll be after provin' to ye.

Dutchman—Now, shentlemen, don't vight about a vort. Hark do me. I'll but you out one. Wat you galls dis? (showing a quantity of curd with whey.)

Irishman—Och! and isn't it a bonney-clapper?

Yankee—You may call it what you please, but I call it lopper'd milk.

Frenchman—Lop-ear milk! Mon Dieu! Do Yankee milk ave de ear; ye hear vat he say. Mon Dieu!

Dutchman—Now you po's all wrong. Dis, vat I have in the nokkin, is schmeare-cane.

Yankee—It's a darned queer case, I think. Why, you don't know the difference betwixt tweedledum and tweedledee. So, good bye to you.

Frenchman—De fee ledum he is no feeded, begar!—(Here one of the frogs hopped out of Monsieur's basket; he pursued him) Keshay de frog! keshay de frog!

O, me pauvre frog! O, grand fricasse!—He scape—he run away—begar!

Irishman—Och, and isn't that quare now, that a livin straddle-bug should run away before he's cooked at all, at all; the ungrateful serpent! St Patrick preserve me from all frogs and toads and other snakes as long as I live. And so with this praffis, I'm off.

Dutchman—Mine Cot! wat a vuss is here about a pull-vrog! But I'll pay mine zour-groust, and then I'll pe off doo, in lesser as no time.

An extraordinary Case.

The following narrative, relating to Joshua Newburn, who has recently returned to this country, after having been captured by the natives of New Zealand, and after having served for nearly nine years and a half under the chiefs of various tribes, during which period he underwent the cruel torture of tattooing, is authentic, and may be depended upon. There is something so truly extraordinary in the history of this young man's life, during his nine years and a half's residence in the interior, of New Zealand, that a few observations relating to him cannot fail to prove extremely interesting.

Joshua Newburn is the oldest son of the late Mr. John Henry Newburn, for many years a freeman of the worshopful company of Goldsmiths, in the city of London, and was born in the parish of St. Luke, on the 27th of March, 1817. His family are still living in that parish in respectable circumstances. He received a plain education at an Hoxton academy (Glooucester House) under Mr. Pearce, and was afterwards apprenticed to a gas-fitter in the city; but his inclinations being seaward, his father caused his indentures to be cancelled, and on the 27th of February, 1832, he was article for the term of three years to a Captain Plant, master of a whaler, bound to the South Seas, named the Marquis of Landsdowne. After a voyage of three months and fifteen days from the date of leaving Portsmouth, the ship reached the Bay of Islands, on the New Zealand coast, where she brought up, and young Newburn, who was then but fifteen years of age, having suffered much sickness on board, obtained leave to go ashore to seek medical advice.

As there were several canoes manned with natives around the ship, trading with the crew, Newburn took the advantage of bargaining with a rungetere, or lead boatman, to take him ashore; but after they had left the ship, instead of the men rowing into the mouth of the harbour to the English settlements, they made away for a sandy beach some distance off, and having dragged him on shore, they stripped him quite naked, beating him at the same time with their paddles, till they left him insensible; they then took the canoe and made off. As soon as he had partially recovered from the effects of their violence, he wandered about the island in quest of a human habitation, desirous, if possible, of lighting upon some white man. This he continued to do for two days and nights, making the best of his way through forests of fern, breast high, which (he being quite bereft of clothing)

shockingly chafed and lacerated his body. On the third morning, as he sat under a tree, famished with hunger, and exhausted with fatigue, he was perceived by two native youths, the sons of a chief living hard by, who pitying his condition, conducted him to the hut of their father, who was lying sick upon a mat. Seeing that he (Newburn) was destitute of clothing, he furnished him with an old pair of canvass trousers and a tattered shirt, and having afforded him such refreshment as his circumstances would admit of, he sent him to a neighboring chief, who, he said, would use him well.

To follow the life and adventures of this young man from that period up to the time of his quitting the country for England; to detail the chequered circumstances he met with during the nine years and upwards he served with the various tribes of the island, to depict the scenes he witnessed, the imminent perils he encountered, the severe, almost incredible hardships he endured, the dreadful privations he underwent, and the miraculous escapes he experienced, would occupy the space of a large volume. He is now in London, and although he speaks his native language correctly, yet it is with difficulty that he at times can find words wherewith to express his ideas. His body is cicatrized in many places from the wounds he has from time to time received from the spears and knives of the natives whilst he was under different chiefs, contending with militant tribes; and his face has undergone the horrible operation of tattooing, which gives him the appearance of a New Zealand chief. Although he is now only in his twenty-fifth year, from the acute sufferings he has undergone, (having been at one period exposed for fourteen months in a bush,) he appears considerably older, and his constitution has been so severely shattered, that it is quite impossible that he could have subsisted another year had he remained on the island. He speaks the New Zealand language with the utmost fluency, and became ultimately so thoroughly initiated into the ways, habits, and manners of the natives, that they identified him with themselves, and styled him by a term of distinction, "Mootooah," which means "the tattooed spirit." In describing the scenes he witnessed among the tribes, he is exceedingly simple, and imparts what information may be sought of him in a very clear and artless manner.—*Pittsburg C. Advocate.*

PETITION

To a Legislature for License to sell Spirituous Liquors.

"May it please your honors to grant us permission to kill?"

"In what manner do you desire to kill— with the sword?"

"Your petitioners consider the sword as an antiquated way of extinguishing life. There is a savageness about it, and an useless effusion of blood. Wounds are inconvenient, and not always mortal. We wish to do our work with less trouble and more effectually. Death by the sword is an unjust and partial system. It affects only those who are drawn up in battle array. It falls entirely upon one sex. According to the theory of Malthus, there are more human beings created than the earth is able to contain. Therefore, it is necessary that a part be cut off, for the safety and subsistence of the whole. Now, as there are full as many women in the world as men, some process of diminution ought to be devised, in which they shall bear due proportion. We petition for leave to kill women and children as well as men. We pray, that power may be given us, to enter the domestic sanctuary, and to slay by the fireside, as well as in the battle-field."

"Do you prefer the use of gun-powder to the sword?"

"May it please your honors, none reverence more than ourselves, the invention of gun-powder. As an expeditious and commodious way of freeing earth of her supernumeraries, it is truly admirable. Nevertheless, we are not perfectly satisfied to adopt it. It is too local in its operations.—When the field is once covered with dead, the thunder of the cannon ceases. Battles are not of frequent occurrence. We prefer to employ an agent that needs no rest, and that night and day may lay low the work of destruction."

"It would seem then, that pestilence or famine must be summoned as executioners of your commission."

"We suppose that the plague may be imported, and we know that it has produced great effects. The cities of the east have been humbled in sackcloth before it, and desolated London, anciently inscribed with the red cross, and 'Lord have mercy upon us,' the door of her smitten and almost tenanted dwellings. The past year, too, in the fearful way even the lightest footprint of the destroyer, 'walking in darkness.'—Famine also, has withered whole nations.—They have blighted and faded away, 'stricken through for the want of the fruit of the field.'—But earth soon renovated herself, and was again clothed with plenty. The harvest whitened, and the grape filled its clusters. The flocks that had vanished from the fold, returned, and the herds lowed in their stalls. Health and fullness of bread, banished away every trace of weeping and of woe. Not only is the dominion of pestilence and famine transient, but their way is also restricted. In the height of their power, they kill only the body. They have no authority over the soul. We desire a broader commission: We request liberty to 'kill the soul as well as the body.'"

"What tremendous agent do you then seek, before whom the ravages of war, and pestilence are forgotten?"

"Intemperance. May it please you to grant our petition for a license to sell ardent spirits."

Hartford, Conn.

"Jack, your wife is not so pensive as she used to be."

"No, she left that off, and turned expensive."

Why is a drunker nearly ready to sign the pledge like a skeptical Hindu. Because he is doubtful whether to give up the worship of the jog-or-not (Juggernaut.)

Why is the tolling of a bell like the prayer of a hypocrite? It is a solemn sound upon a thoughtless tongue.

THE COST OF SMALL GLASSES.

A report recently made by the New Orleans Temperance Society, presents some striking facts relative to the pecuniary as well as the moral cost of intemperance in the tavern bars in that city. The general statement will, no doubt, answer more or less, allowing for the differences of population, for other cities. We note it, therefore, that some idea may be formed by comparison of the profligacy of the drinking system. The New Orleans Bee affords an abstract of the report in question, which enables us to present the results briefly.

In that city, as elsewhere, it is correctly asserted, that the most fruitful cause of crime is intemperance. Among the poorer classes, four-fifths of the deaths are traced to this mighty evil. The average number of persons daily brought before the Police Magistrates is twenty-five, or about nine thousand annually. In one hundred and fifty inquests held by the Coroner, the death of one hundred and thirty subjects was ascribed to drink. These statements will not appear exaggerated when we look to the facilities which the tavern license system affords to the tipping portion of the community to exercise their taste.

There are in New Orleans, eight hundred and thirty-three dram-shops. Some of the splendid establishments may not like this name, but we know of none other so appropriate to the places where intoxicating liquors are retailed by the glass. Of these \$33,574 pay a tax of \$300, and 259 \$100 a year. These data afford the means of calculating the cost to the community of these worse than worthless establishments, which is approached in the following figures:

Cost of the grog-shops,	\$3,196,940
Loss of labor of persons attending in and dependant on,	\$1,520,224
Loss of labor on 400 persons confined in jail,	146,000
Loss on slaves affected by illicit trade with coffee-houses,—slaves at \$40,	200,000
Administration of criminal police,	100,000
Coroner's department, Public charity, orphan asylum, and municipal grants,	19,000
Total,	\$5,223,125

The above we take just as we find it, and if it be an exaggerated statement—even if it exceed about one-third the mark, and we call the aggregate in round numbers \$3,500,000—what a startling view does it present of the burden which the habit of dram-drinking imposes on a single community of about ninety or one hundred thousand inhabitants. Three millions five hundred thousand dollars for grog-shops in New Orleans alone!—*North American.*

TAKE OFF THE NUMBERS.—A rather palatable Irish bull was perpetrated on the wharf in this city. One of the firm of Gregg, Mills & Co., heavy importers, sent a son of Erin, who had been recently engaged as assistant clerk, from the counting-house to a vessel unloading, with directions to take off the numbers from certain casks just landed, and lying on the wharf.

On being told, the youth stood for a moment staring at his employer, who said— "You know how to take off numbers, I suppose?"

"Och, and I do sir; many a one have I taken off before now, sir," and away he started.

He was gone some two hours, without any information having been received from him, when he entered the counting-room in a perfect sweat, bearing in his hand an empty bucket, and a hard scrubbing brush, and exclaimed—

"Well, sir, I think I did that nice."

"Ah, you have taken them off, have you?" said the boss, "let me look at them."

"Look at them, sir, is it?" exclaimed the youth, while a grin of delight played about his mouth. "Faith, sir, and ye'll not look at them again. I've scrubbed the hems of the barrels as clean as a new cent."

"You have! Why, you stupid fellow, we'll not be able to recognize our casks by the invoice."

"Faith, an' you will, sir, for the others there are as dirty on the head as a chimney sweep, and nothin' has been done to them, save a chap's standing there, and writing down something."

One of our members in telling his experience, says, "My wife had often threatened to leave me on account of ill-treatment through intemperance. One night I went home pretty drunk—she was sitting by a few coals which were almost extinguished, crying. As I tumbled into a chair she ran to the door, opened it, and exclaimed, more in sorrow than in anger—'God bless you!—but good bye!' She left the house, and I have never seen her since—and if there are any here who have driven a good wife away broken-hearted on account of drunkenness, they can sympathize with me."—*N. Y. Organ.*

The first coach was made in England by Walter Rippon, for the Earl of Rutland, during the reign of Queen Mary. Since that time, there have been far too many made for those who would have done better for themselves had they accustomed themselves to walking.

A premium being lately offered by an agricultural society for the best mode of irrigation, and the latter work being made irrigation by a mistake of the printer, a farmer sent his wife to claim the prize.

Unity of interests among all producing classes.

It has been usual to put the Manufacturers in the foreground as the class most interested in the protective policy. Hence inveterate distinctions have been made. Many have been induced to believe that duties levied for the protection of the manufacturing industry of the country operated as taxes upon other producing interests.

The partial view of the subject does not prevail at present so generally as it did some time ago. But it is still set forth for deceptive purposes—and it misleads many.

Every mechanic is a manufacturer upon a limited scale. For the most part he is an independent proprietor, invests his own capital, employs journeymen on his own account, superintends his own business and keeps his establishment snugly under his own eye. The manufacturer, so called, differs from him chiefly in taking the raw material in a more crude state, and in employing a larger amount of capital, on account of the machinery necessary to the business—and in this country the establishment thus constituted is generally under the management of a company.

In the countries of Europe where large capitals are accumulated in certain classes and ranks, the products of mechanical industry often come forth from great establishments—so that the difference between the mechanic and the manufacturer is little or nothing. In the United States the interests of both are equally affected by excessive importations—because, boots and shoes and hats and furniture can be imported from large European establishments just as easily as manufactured cottons and woolsens.

If the mechanical and manufacturing interests are thus prostrated, will the agriculturists escape injury? The labour and capital now employed in the former, finding no profit in those pursuits, must be turned to agriculture—the farmer will behold new competitors in his calling, and the amount of agricultural products will be increased, when already there is a vast surplus in the country trying in vain to find a market abroad. If the mechanical and manufacturing interests are sustained, the home market will be the best reliance of the agriculturist.

The following letter from Governor Davis of Massachusetts, to General Tallmadge, of New York, is quite to the point on the subject. John Davis is known as one of the most practical, strong-minded men in this country.—*Balt. American.*

WORCESTER, March 24, 1842.

My Dear Sir: Yours of the 8th reached me only a few days ago, and I immediately made known your views in Boston. I am heartily rejoiced to see the spirit of the country rousing up.

It gives me great satisfaction to see other parts of the country moving, and especially New York, for it is the business of the Agricultural States to move and support a division of labor, for this is the only process by which they can sustain themselves. To talk of protection to Manufacturers, under the idea that they are reaping special benefits, is idle. The policy goes greatly beyond the purpose of aiding a particular class of persons, for the enquiry is, shall we in substance be all farmers, or shall we divide into various employments, that our wants may be supplied?

If the farmers feel no need of this division, then let us give it up; for the manufacturers and mechanics can live as well by the land as they. I have always thought Protection to Manufacturers was an unfortunate misnomer, for it is labor of all sorts that we aim to sustain and support, as much one class as another, and let us hold firmly to that. We go for the great interest of labor, and if we can take care of that, there is nothing to fear, for the country will be prosperous and happy. Let us then, under no name, lose sight of our object, or of our identity; we aim at free prosperous labor; while Free Trade aims at cheap goods made cheap by cheap labor.

In the eye of Free Trade the suffering, starvation, and utter neglect of the laborers, as well as their moral and intellectual degradation are nothing; a cent a yard in calicoes out weighs all these mighty matters, and thus avarice is left to triumph over humanity and morality. England asks for free trade just to the extent that she wants the markets of other countries, and no further. Her position is the opposite of ours; her surplus is goods, while ours is produce. She wants free vent for these goods in our markets, but takes care that our food shall not interfere with her agriculture.

The United States are in a deplorable condition; no currency; no confidence; with every thing depressed dark and gloomy. The treasury is empty and the finances distracted; but it is all working out one great problem, and that is, that we must take care of ourselves by fostering our own industry. Opinion is rapidly turning to this as the great remedial measure which is to dispel the clouds which have gathered around us, and give us the bright sunshine again.—God speed your efforts. I write in great haste, and remain your friend and obedient servant.

JOHN DAVIS.

FEBRUARY.—"Well, Pat! can you tell us why February has less days in it than the other months?" "And be sure! it is a fair answer that ye want?" "Certainly, we wish to know." "Och! my darlins; and it is because the month ends the winter, and has, like your father's poney's tail a piece bit off by the cold weather."