

Wm. F. Webster

THE MESSENGER.

VOL. III.—NUMBER 22.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., DECEMBER 16, 1842.

WHOLE NUMBER 126.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED WEEKLY
BY J. H. CHRISTY & CO.,
Publishers of the *Lanes Co., of the United States.*

TERMS:

This paper is published at Two Dollars a year, in advance—Two Dollars and Fifty Cents in six months—or, Three Dollars at the end of the year. (See prospectus.)
Advertisements inserted at One Dollar per square for the first, and Twenty-Five Cents for each continuance. Court Orders will be charged twenty-five per cent. extra.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Scenes of the Revolt on THE BATTLE OF THE COWPENS.

It may with truth be said, that in no battle of the American Revolution was the contest more unequal, or the victory more signal and complete, than that of the Cowpens. The British army was superior in numbers, in discipline, in arms, and in every thing that can constitute an army, save the soul and spirit of the soldier, and the noble daring of the officer. In infantry they were five to four, and in cavalry as three to one! The American army under Gen. Morgan, was a retreating detachment, without artillery, without proper arms, and without baggage or provisions. In the language of a distinguished historian of that period—the earth was their bed, the heavens their covering, and the rivulets which they crossed, their only drink.

The battle-ground of the Cowpens is in Spartanburg District, about seventeen miles north of the court-house, and four or five miles from the North Carolina line. The surrounding country is a beautiful and almost perfect plain, with a fine surrounding growth of tall pines, oak and chestnut. On the memorable 17th of January, 1781, the entire country for miles around the battle-ground, was one vast untouched forest. The inhabitants of the lower part of the District, had been in the habit of driving their cattle into this part of the country for the purpose of grazing, and had erected pens in the neighborhood for the purpose of salting and marking them. Hence the origin of the name of the battle-ground. The field of battle, however, is about two miles distant from the cowpens; but inasmuch as there was no other or nearer known place in the neighborhood, it was called "The Battle of the Cowpens." The night previous to the battle, the American army had encamped on the ground. The position was a favorable one, and lay immediately between the head waters of "Suck Creek," a branch of "Buck Creek," which are not more than two or three hundred yards apart. The forces under General Morgan were drawn up, about day-light, on the ridge extending from one of these spring branches to the other. These branches, at that time, were well lined with cane and small reeds, which made it exceedingly difficult to cross over them. Gen. Morgan was retreating into North Carolina, and had determined to give battle on the other side of the Broad River, but General Pickens informed him that if they crossed the river the militia could not be kept together. A large portion of them had joined the army the day previous, and were under no regular discipline. This determined the Commanding General to wait for Tarleton, whose forces had been marching all night to overtake the American army, before they could get over Broad River. The North and South Carolina militia, under the command of General Pickens, were posted one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards in advance of the continental troops under Colonel Howard. Colonel Brondon's regiment was placed on the left of the road leading from the Union District into North Carolina; and the regiments of Colonels Thomas and Roebuck on the right. They were ordered to stand the fire of the enemy as long as possible, and then retreat and form again on the right and left of the continental troops.

About sunrise the British army appeared in sight and marched within one or two hundred yards of the American lines, and then displayed to the right and left, with a corps of cavalry on each wing. General Pickens ordered the militia not to fire, until the enemy came within thirty paces of them. They were also permitted to shelter themselves behind trees, which was at least a prudent, if not a scientific mode of fighting. At the celebration of the anniversary of this battle, in 1835, the writer of the sketches was shown, by several of the old soldiers, the identical trees from behind which they fired during the engagement. The British, when formed, rushed forward with a shout and buzz, as if in anticipation of an easy victory. The horse of Colonel Brondon was shot down under him, and his regiment immediately fired on the enemy, in violation of their orders to wait, until he had approached within thirty paces. The regiments of Colonels Thomas and Roebuck soon commenced also a brisk and destructive fire. The enemy now made a charge with fixed bayonets, and the militia gave way. The brunt of the battle was now bravely borne by the regular troops, whilst the militia rallied in the rear and renewed the engagement. Three hundred of the British were killed and wounded, and five hundred taken prisoners. The remnant of Tarleton's cavalry was pursued by Colonel Washington fifteen or twenty miles to Goudelock's, where he was informed the British were out of his reach. This, however, was a false statement, made by Mrs. Goudelock in order to save the life of her husband, whom Tarleton had just pressed into his service, to pilot him across the Pa-

colt. This good lady supposed that if Colonel Washington overtook the British, an engagement would necessarily ensue, and her husband might be killed in the action. She therefore suffered the feelings of a wife to prevail over those of patriotism and morality. For the fact was, that Tarleton had just got out of sight as Washington rode up. Had the American cavalry continued their pursuit fifteen minutes longer, the remnant of the British troops would have been either captured or killed.

The next day after the battle, a portion of the militia was dispatched to bury the dead. Three places of burying are now to be distinctly seen. The largest is near the chimney of a cabin some hundred yards above the battle ground. The second is fifty or one hundred yards distant, and the third on the spot where the battle took place. One of the soldiers who assisted at the burying, observed, at the celebration before alluded to, that the dead were found in straight lines across the battle ground, and that it gave them a most singular appearance when seen at a distance. The only vestiges of the battle, now to be seen are the trees which have been cut for bullets. Some of these chops are twenty or thirty feet high—an evidence of bad shooting by one or the other of the parties. A great many of the bullets are yet to be found in the trees. The writer saw several which were pewter, and had no doubt been moulded from a spoon or plate. Lead being scarce, some good whig had made the best substitute in his power, at the expense of his table, and the convenience of his family. At the time the battle was fought, there was no undergrowth on the ground, and objects might be seen at a great distance through the woods; but since that time bushes and saplings have sprung up and destroyed, in a great measure, the beauty of the forest.

Spirit of war.

The following narrative freezes the blood in reading; still it gives but a faint idea of the horrors of war; and we insert in the Journal, not for any gratification it has given us, or can give to others, but to teach our young readers, who are usually pleased with the sound of the fife and the drum, and the show of the muster field, to abhor the spirit of war, which inflicts such wrongs and creates such suffering. What must be the feelings of the widowed mother and the fatherless children on the day which witnessed the death-scene of the husband and father? Have the years which have elapsed since, been able to efface the impressions of that day, or to bind up those broken hearts? What a desolate house, a desolate world to those mourners! The sun can never look bright, nor the earth gay; the recollection of that tragic day will follow them down to the grave.—*Cong. Jour.*

EXECUTION AT GREENBUSH.

In 1814, I was stationed with a detachment of United States at Greenbush, in the State of New-York. One morning, several prisoners, confined in the provost-guard house, were brought to hear the sentence which a court-martial had annexed to their delinquencies read on parade. Their appearance indicated that their lot had already been sufficiently hard. Some wore marks of long confinement, and on all the severity of the prison-house had stamped its impression. They looked dejected at this public exposure, and anxious to learn their fate. I had never seen the face of any of them before, and only knew that a single one of them had been adjudged to death. Soon as their names were called and their sentences announced, I discerned by his agony and gestures the miserable man on whom the sentence had fallen; a man in the bloom of youth and the fulness of health and vigor.

Prompted by feelings of sympathy, I called next morning to see him in prison.—There chained by the leg to the beam of the guard-house, he was reading the Bible, trying to prepare himself, as he said, for the fatal hour. I learned from him the circumstances of his case. He was the father of a family; having a wife and three young children thirty or forty miles distant from the camp. His crime was desertion, of which he had been three times guilty. His only object in leaving the camp in the first instance, was to visit his wife and children. Having seen that all was well, his intention was to return. But whatever was his intention, he was a deserter, and as such, taken and brought into the camp; manacled, and under the guard of his fellow-soldiers. The time between the sentence and the execution was brief: the authority in whom alone was invested the power of reprieve or pardon, distant. Thus he had no hope, and only requested the attendance of a minister of the Gospel, and permission to see his wife and children.—The first part of this request was granted, but whether he was permitted or not, to see his family, I do not now remember.

Dreading the hour of execution, I resolved, if possible, to avoid being present at the scene. But the commander of the post, Col. L—, sent me an express order to attend, that agreeably to the usages of the army, I might, in my official capacity of surgeon, see the sentence fully executed. The poor fellow was taken from the guard-house to be escorted to the fatal spot. Before him was his coffin—a box of rough pine boards, borne on the shoulders of two men. The prisoner stood with his arms pinioned, between two clergyman; a white cotton gown, or winding sheet, reached to his feet. It was trimmed with black, and had attached to it, over the real heart, the black image of a heart; the mark at which

the executioners were to aim. On his head was a cap of white, also trimmed with black. His countenance was blanched to the hue of the winding sheet, and his frame trembled with agony. He seemed resolved, however, to suffer like a soldier. Behind him were a number of prisoners, confined for various offences. Next to them was a strong guard of soldiers, with fixed bayonets and loaded muskets. My station was in the rear of the whole.

Our procession formed, and with much feeling, and in low voices on the part of the officers, we moved forward with slow and measured steps to the tune of the death-march—(Rosin Castle)—played with muffled drums and mourning fifes. The scene was solemn beyond the powers of description. A man in the vigor of life walking to his grave; to the tune of his death-march, clothed in his burial robes, surrounded by friends assembled to perform the last sad offices of affection, and to weep over him in the sad hour; no, not by those, but by soldiers with bristling bayonets, and loaded muskets, urged by stern command to do the violence of death to a fellow-soldier; as he surveys the multitude, he beholds no look of tenderness, no tear of sensibility; he hears no plaint of grief; all is stern as the iron rigor of the law which decrees his death.

Amid reflections like these, we arrived at the place of execution, a large open field, in whose centre a heap of fresh earth, freshly thrown up, marked the spot of the deserter's grave. On this field, the whole force then at the cantonment, amounting to many hundred men, was drawn in up the form of a hollow square, with the side beyond the grave vacant. The executioners, eight in number, had been drawn by lot. No soldier would volunteer for such a duty.—Their muskets had been charged by the officer of the day; seven of them with ball, the eighth with powder alone. Thus prepared, they were placed together, and each executioner takes his choice. Thus each may believe he has the blank cartridge, and therefore has no hand in the death of his brother soldier; striking indications of the nature of the service.

The coffin was placed parallel with the grave, about two feet distant. In the intervening space the prisoner was directed to stand. He desired permission to say a word to his fellow-soldiers; and thus standing between his coffin and his grave, warned them against desertion, continuing to speak until the officer on duty, with his watch in hand, announced to him in a low voice, "Two o'clock, your last moment is at hand; you must kneel upon your coffin." This done, the officer threw down the white cap, so as to cover the eyes and most of the prisoner—who still continued to speak in a hurriedly loud, and agitated voice. The kneeling was the signal for the executioners to advance. They had before, to avoid being distinguished by the prisoner, stood intermingled with the soldiers who formed the line. They now came forward, marched abreast, and took their stand a little on the left, about two rods distant from their living mark. The officer now raised his sword. At this signal the executioners took aim. He then gave a blow on the drum which was at hand; the executioners all fired at the same instant. The miserable man, with a horrid scream, leaped from the earth, and fell beneath his coffin and his grave. The sergeant of the guard, a moment after, shot him through the head with a musket reserved for this purpose, in case the executioners failed to produce instant death. The sergeant, from motives of humanity, held the muzzle of the musket near the head; so near, the cap took fire; and there the body lay upon the face; the head emitting the mingled fumes of burning cotton, and burning hair. O, war, dreadful even in thy tenderness; horrible, even in thy compassion!

I was desired to perform my part of the ceremony; and placing my hand where just before, the pulse beat full, and the life flowed warm, and finding no symptom of either, I affirmed, he is dead. The line then marched by the body; as it lay upon the earth, the dead still smoking; that every man might behold for himself, the fate of a deserter.

Thus far, all had been dreadful indeed, but solemna, as it became the sending of a spirit to its dread account; but now the scene changed. The whole band struck up, and with uncommon animation, our national air (Yankee Doodle) and to its lively measure, we were hurried back to our parade ground. Having been dismissed, the commander of the post sent an invitation to all the officers to meet at his quarters, whither we repaired, and were treated to a glass of gin and water. Thus this melancholy tragedy ended in what seemed little better than a farce; a fair specimen, the former, of the dread severity, the latter, of the moral sensibility which prevails in the camp.

Federalism.—"He who is now against domestic manufactures must be for reducing us either to a dependence on that nation, (England) or to be clothed in skins and live like wild beasts, in dens and caverns. I am proud to say, I am not one of them. Experience has taught me that manufactures are now as necessary to our independence as to our comfort."—Jefferson.

Was Jefferson a Federalist?

The Mother's Pride.—A girl of fifteen, who knows how to make a noise on the piano, who wears more on her back than she earned, and who has a bustle as big as a dromedary's hump.—*Uncle Sam.*

(From the Youth's Cabinet.)
The Last Segar—or the Resolve.
BY J. A. BUNYAN.
"Tobacco, 'tis a filthy weed,
It drains the pocket, scents the clothes,
And makes a chimney of the nose."
(OLD RHYME.)

MY YOUNG READERS!—The story I am about to relate is one in which I have a double object. The first to prove to you the folly of the expensive, and the injurious practice of using tobacco. The second, to induce you, by relating my own sad experience—though not eighteen years of age—to quit, if any of you have fallen a victim to a habit, which when once formed, can only be broken by the strongest perseverance, and most self-denial.—When you read this story, you have the satisfaction—if satisfaction it be—of knowing it is true.

It was a cold rainy evening in the month of March, as I was hurrying up Broadway, with my eyes intently fixed on a brilliant light gleaming from the windows of a not-far-distant sugar store, that I was accosted by a poor, but neatly clad girl, about nine years old, who asked in a piteous but commanding tone, for "Some bread." I had often been called upon by unworthy-looking persons for aid, and had as often turned a deaf ear to their wails—excusing myself by saying "there are so many unworthy ones calling upon our charity, that, were we disposed to be charitable, we know not upon whom to bestow our gifts."

But I could not think so in the case of this little girl. She stood with her bare feet on the cold, wet pavements; her dress—as I could see by the light shining from the shop window—though somewhat "the worse for wear," was clean, and her whole person displayed that unassuming, natural appearance, uncharacteristic of that unfortunate class of which she was a member. Desirous of knowing more of her history, I commenced a conversation by asking her which she would rather have, bread, or money? She looked at me hesitatingly, and said, "Sir, I want bread; I have a sick mother and two or three sisters."

Here she stopped, choked with emotion, and the tears came to her eyes. "Have you no father?" said I. "I have," she said hesitatingly, "but he drinks; he does not live at home."
The story was told—I was satisfied. I put my hand in my pocket, but—alas! a solitary sixpence was its only occupant. I hesitated, and thought of the expected luxury from the sugar store. I thought, too, that the sixpence would buy a loaf of bread, and thus ameliorate the wants of a suffering family; but the strong propensity of a still stronger segar, got the better of my good intention, and I told her "I was sorry, but I had no money to spare; if I had, I would willingly give it to her."

She left me with a look of sadness, and I turned my eyes from her disgusted with my own act, and pursued my way to the sugar store. I would have directed her to my home, but the distance rendered it impracticable. I purchased my segar, and went home smoking; but I could not help thinking of the poor little girl. Strange thoughts ran through my mind. I would ask myself from which I would derive the most pleasure, seeing myself making use of an unnatural substance, tobacco; or in seeing the suffering poor use the natural staff of life, bread? Then I would wonder if the little girl met with any one more liberal than myself—hoping that she did. I finally reached my home, and as I entered the room the clock struck nine.

The family had retired; I took a seat near the fire, and sat in a quiet mood, while the smoke ascended from my lighted segar. The only noise that disturbed my ears was the ticking of the clock, and the occasional snuffing of the half-burned embers in the fire. The lamp had grown dim for want of re-trimming.

Thus I sat, half-inclined to sleep, till the fire had reached that part of my segar that was wet by the moisture of my lips, of which I was warned by the continual hissing it occasioned. I looked up, the room was blue with smoke; I cast my eyes upon the clock, it was half past nine; another half hour had gone—gone forever! And what had I accomplished? This started a new train of ideas. I laid the segar on the table, took from my pocket a pencil, and made the following notes and calculations:

Commenced smoking when nine years old; (through the influence of other boys—and the mistaken idea of making a man of myself) at the age of ten, I could smoke the strongest segar without feeling that dizziness it first produced, and at the early age of eleven, I found myself a confirmed votary to that odious, vicious habit, smoking!

From eleven years to my present age (seventeen years and four months) I know two segars a day would be a moderate estimate—many was the day for the last two years, that six would not, excuse me.

Counting two a day from my eleventh year, and not including all that I had smoked the two years previous, would be four thousand six hundred and twenty segars!

Allowing each segar to be, on an average, three and a half inches in length would be one thousand three hundred and forty-nine feet two inches, of an emetic that I consumed, which, had I swallowed a piece the size of a pea, would have thrown me into horrid convulsions; I took at least one cent, and some cost more; this would amount to forty-six dollars and twenty cents, without interest.

I never smoked a segar in less than half an hour—and never did anything else while smoking. This would be two thousand three hundred and ten hours, or about three months!

My time was worth at a moderate estimate, three cents an hour. This would amount to sixty-nine dollars thirty cents!

When I looked over the result, and found that I had spent ninety-five dollars and fifty cents, took three months in consuming that which destroyed my health, ruined my breath, and which would in time have destroyed my nervous system, and all this at the age of seventeen—and when I thought how many loaves of bread the money would have bought that I had waste, and how much useful learning I could have acquired in this three months, I took my segar from the table and cast it in the fire—not accompanied with a solemn affirmation—but as I did like the words involuntarily flowed from my heart, "I AM RESOLVED—"TIS MY LAST SEGAR."

Comptroller's Report.
The following recapitulation of Receipts and Disbursements, is taken from the Comptroller's Report, and presents a synopsis of the state of the North Carolina Treasury: PUBLIC FUNDS.

Received from the following sources.

Public tax received from the	
Rifles for 1841,	79,094 40
Additional return by sheriff of	
public tax,	16 41
William Thompson, (balance	
note for land),	33 42
Bank dividends, Bank of Cape	
Fear,	25 09
Bank of the State, 2,250 00	
" Cape Fear, 2,369 00	
" Merchants' Bank,	
Newbern,	562 50
Rich'd. P. Finch, Clerk of	
Wake Superior Court,	923 94
R.W. Ashton, agent to collect	
claims due the State,	658 29
	\$5,951 96
Deduct bal. due Pub. Treas. Nov. 1, 1841,	10,394 50
	\$7,647 46
Deduct disbursements from Oct. 31,	
1841, to 1st Nov., 1842,	44,544 80
Balance due Pub. Fund 1st Nov. 1842,	\$39,002 66

LITERARY FUNDS.

Recapitulation of Receipts since November 1, 1841.

Entries of vacant lands,	2,398 83
Interest on loans by Lit. Board, 7,893 00	
Intern. on loans by Lit. Board, 33,404 41	
Interest on loans by the Inter-	
nal Improvement Board,	2,496 39
Interest on bonds of the Wil-	
mington and Raleigh Rail	
Road Co.,	2,630 00
Interest on Bonds of the Ra-	
leigh and Gaston Rail road	
Co.,	4,200 00
Bank dividends,	44,555 00
Auction tax,	489 24
Romoke Navigation Co. Div-	
idends,	875 00
Retailers of spirituous liquors	
(by sheriff's),	2,451 52
Add balance due Liter'y fund,	
1st Nov. 1841,	106,964 41
	\$208,287 89

Deduct disbursements since

1st Nov. 1841,	150,288 59
17,998 30	
Recapitulation of Disbursements since No-	
vember 1, 1841.	
Purchase by Lit. B'd of	
W. and R. Rail	
Road Co.,	1,800 00
Purchase by Lit. B'd of	
bonds of R. & G. R.	
R. Co.,	22,764 34
Expenses of Literary	
Board,	1,412 07
Common Schools,	65,297 24
Swamp Lands,	49,945 04
Loans made by Lit'y	
Board,	9,070 90
	\$150,289 59

INTERNAL IMPROVEMENT FUND.

Recapitulation of Receipts since November 1, 1841.

Balance due Fund for	
Int. Imp. since 1st	
Nov. 1841,	13,354 96
Cherokee Bonds, sale of	
1836, and previ-	
ous,	470 00
Cherokee Bonds, sale of	
1838,	3,866 07
Principal on loans by	
Int. Imp. Board,	3,750 10
Bank Dividends, Bank	
of Cape Feir,	280 00
	\$21,730 13
Deduct disbursements	
since Nov. 1841,	1,300 47
	\$20,429 66

Recapitulation of Disbursements since November 1, 1841.

Commis'ners of Road	
from Blue Ridge,	1,000 00
Expenses of the Board,	144 47
S. Birdsall, clerk to	
Board of Internal Im-	
provements,	156 00
	\$1,300 47
Balance in the hands of the Pub.	
Treas. on 1st Nov. 1842,	\$107,120 62

The foregoing statement is a true exhibit of returns and vouchers on file in the Comptroller's Office, November 1st, 1842.
WM. F. COLLINS, Compt.
Comptroller's Department, Nov. 1.

A Universalist Silenced.

A correspondent of the *New York Observer* says, "I can vouch for the authenticity and correctness of the following incident, as I received it in the place where the circumstances occurred, and from the lips of one who was acquainted with the facts."

After Mr. Haynes, the colored preacher of Vermont, was dismissed from his charge in Rutland, which he had held more than twenty years, he was employed about two years as a stated supply to the Congregational church in Manchester. In this town was a Universalist society, which was supplied with only occasional preaching; but, as in most other cases, its adherents were very fond of discussing their sentiments with other denominations. One of these took frequent occasion to dispute with Mr. Haynes; and though he generally lost to say always, came off second best. He seemed determined to renew the controversy on every convenient occasion.

At the close of one of these interviews, apparently under the full conviction of his own inferiority, he said, "Mr. Haynes you are a learned man, and I cannot argue with you; but I expect one of our ministers here before long, and I intend to bring him to see you; he will be able to defend our doctrine." Mr. Haynes replied in his usual good natured way, "O! well; bring him along, I shall be pleased to talk with him."

Some weeks afterwards, the Universalist minister arrived; and the parishioner embraced the first leisure hour to take him up to the village to see Mr. Haynes. On their way, they were met by one of the brethren of their own faith, who, after learning whether they were bound, advised them to turn back; "for," said he, "he is an old fox, and you can't get the windward of him."

They, however, persisted in their purpose, and soon arrived at the parsonage.

Mr. Haynes was called from his study to receive the visitor, without knowing or receiving the least intimation who they were. As he entered the room, the parishioner, after exchanging compliments, said, "Mr. Haynes, this is Mr. X—, my minister, whom I promised to bring to see you." "How'd' do—how'd' do!" said Mr. Haynes, taking the minister familiarly by the hand; "well, you are the man, then, who preaches that men may swear, and lie, and get drunk, and commit adultery, and all other abominations, and yet go to heaven after all, ain't you?" "No, no," said the Universalist minister, "I don't preach any such thing." "Well," said Father Haynes, "you believe so, don't you?"

"This was a blow that completely annihilated all desire for theological discussion, and well might look away the power of utterance from both minister and layman. After a few remarks on the state of the weather, and the pleasant situation of the village, the minister said to his attendant, "is it not time for us to be going?" and both withdrew, apparently satisfied to dispense with all further intercourse.

Temperance items.

Of the 500,000 confirmed intemperate, (band and the worst cases) it is now believed 250,000, or one half, have within the last year, been reformed. Ohio has 100,000 already enlisted, and double the number are confidently calculated on before the close of this year. At Sag Harbor, L. I., 269 signed the pledge recently at a single meeting. Since Messrs. Johnson and Eddy arrived at New Orleans, from Boston, as Temperance Missionaries, 28 grog shops have "rolled their liquor out of doors," and the pledge has already been administered to 2500.

The members of the bar in Erie county, Penn., have formed a temperance society. Within six weeks 670 have been enrolled in Portland, Me. In 28 towns in Chemung county, N. Y., 8500. There are 15,000 in a circle of 5 miles from Pittsburg, Penn. 100 in the city of Bath. In Cincinnati, 43,000. Louisville, 3000; St. Louis, 500. In Kentucky, 200,000. The reformation is rapidly extending to every State, county, town, and village in the Union. Fifty-two temperance meetings, all crowded, are held weekly in the great city of New-York, and 2500 pledges taken weekly. All the distilleries in Philadelphia are now closed.

We have credited, we perceive in Keene, for only 800. It should be 1400—more than one half of the whole number of inhabitants. Charlestown has 500, and there are but few towns going ahead better than Walpole.

The amount of good resulting from this astonishing reformation can be estimated when it is considered that, according to the late returns of census estimates, (taken before the revolution,) the total amount of distilled spirits, and wine, strong beer, and porter, consumed in the United States annually, was 71,000,000 of gallons! more than four gallons to each individual. The quantity is probably reduced at least one-third if not one half, this year. This saving alone would soon pay all the State debts! Quarrelling, crime and pauperism will be reduced 50 per cent.

FIRM RESOLUTION.—One of our old reformers, who had been for many years a real soaker, was a few years ago brought to death's door by a most violent attack of the cholera morbus. A highly respectable physician was called in to see him. He immediately prescribed French brandy. The old man anxiously inquired if nothing else would answer the purpose, and was answered negatively.

"Then," said he, with the utmost resignation and firmness, "I must die. I am determined that living or dying, I will drink no intoxicating liquor."

In spite of all remonstrance from physicians and kind friends, he remained firm in his resolution. We met our old friend in the street this morning, well as ever, and anxious to promote the glorious cause of temperance publicly and privately, as he has done before. He assured us that he would not have purchased a feeble remnant of days at so great a cost as a glass of brandy. "When," said he, "it became necessary to keep my soul and body together by drinking blue ruin, then they must part." While some may condemn his course, all must admire his firmness. It will require a violent attack at the citadel of life before such a soul will surrender. The old man thinks notwithstanding, that the prescription of the physician cured him, for the animated discussion that grew out of it excited the perspiration, and the disease was thereby arrested.—*Morning Star.*

Death-bed of Human Greatness.—Clement V. during his feeble and profligate reign, amassed enormous riches by the sale of ecclesiastical benefices, and by other scandalous means. He had enriched his relations and his descendants, but he had not secured their gratitude. The moment after his death was announced in the papal palace, all its inmates rushed upon his treasures as if they had been their lawful booty. Among his numerous household, not a single servant remained to watch the dead body of their master. The wax candles that lighted his bed of state fell upon the bed-clothes and set them on fire. The flames spread over the whole apartment; but the palace and wardrobe were so plundered, that only a miserable cloth could be found to cover the last remains of one of the richest popes who had ever governed the church.—*Campbell's Petrarch.*

A lady in Boston expresses herself decidedly in favor of a "home league" and hopes her husband will join it. "It is well known," said she, "that he has not been home three nights in a week for nine years."—*Balt. Sun.*