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HIGHLAND MESSENGER.

ASHEVILLE:

Friday Morning, July 14, 1843.

Why is a direct tax better than the Tariff? Because by a direct tax the people know how much of their money the government takes away from them. But the tariff is a mystery to the people to ascertain precisely how much each man pays. There has been a great deal said about extravagance in the government; each party pretending that if allowed to hold the reins of government, it would reform in this particular. Yet we see the expenses of government increase annually without any apparent cause and without any good reason. And this is the case under the administration of both parties. The prime cause is, the people are not allowed to examine the amount of burden laid on them. So complicated is the tariff system that an able calculator would be puzzled to ascertain precisely (though he may approximate to it) the amount of tariff he pays. And if they knew the amount of their taxes they would force their rulers to reform in this matter. It is therefore the policy of our government to keep them in ignorance in relation to this matter. What would the people of Lumpkin county say if they knew they were taxed twenty thousand dollars annually under the present tariff system? Yet they pay largely over that sum, without knowing the extent of their burden. They have worn their chains until they seem almost insensible of their galling tendency. Under a direct tax, Lumpkin county would have to pay the general government only from three to four thousand dollars annually. When will the people awake to their true interest?

The above is from the "Mountain Times," a Democratic paper published at Dalton, Ga. The editor we suppose only speaks for himself of course. How far similar views may be entertained by his party generally, we do not pretend to know. The question, however, properly at issue between the Whig and Locofoco parties in this country, relating to finance, resolves itself into this: Shall we have a revenue by imposing a tax on foreign importations of goods, or shall we have it by direct taxation? One of the two must be done. The Whigs contend for the former, and the Democrats, indirectly at least, contend for the latter. We should like to see all those who oppose a Tariff speak out like the editor above. Frankness and candor is best for all. If we recollect rightly, Mr. Calhoun, in his speech before the United States Senate on that subject, did not oppose a revenue Tariff, but opposed the last Tariff act of Congress, because as he supposed there was at that time no necessity for it; or if any necessity for the action of Congress on the subject at all, the rates proposed by the act then under consideration were too high. A revenue Tariff without the proceeds of the sales of the public lands, is all that we consider the Whigs are contending for—at least, it is all that we are contending for, and to ourselves, perhaps, we had better confine the expression.

Our county and State expenses are, and of necessity must be paid by direct taxation. The expenses of our Federal Government, for divers reasons, which in our humble opinion, are good and sufficient, should be defrayed by duties on foreign importations. Then the amount which any State, county, or individual pays towards the support of the General Government, will depend entirely upon the amount of foreign goods which that State, county, or individual may buy. And in most cases those purchases are not matters of necessity, but of choice.

AN INCIDENT.—On the evening of the parade attending President Tyler's visit to the city of N. York, the family residing at No. 30 Board street, were thrown into a state of intense curiosity by the loud ringing of the hall-door bell. The maid servant opened the door, but no moving being present, at least to her prying eye, and she was about returning, when a small but neat willow basket, standing on the doorstep, attracted her attention. She lifted it up, and finding it rather weighty, summoned the family, who, on opening the lid, discovered a fine, healthy male child, about three weeks old, smiling sweetly upon the astonished group. It was taken in, and provided for during the night, and on the following morning transferred to the charge of the Commissioners of the Almshouse, who are requested to call it John Monday Tyler.—*Loring's Independent.*

Well, that was truly a precocious youth. To "smile sweetly upon a group" of strangers at three weeks old, is beginning early; and should it keep on, it will no doubt cut a figure in the world as well as its "illustrious predecessor," after whom it is to be named.

A NEW TEMPERANCE PAPER.

Agreeably to notice previously given in this paper, the Western Carolina Temperance Advocate has been revived at the present time, under a new name, but with the same ends in view. The first number of the paper has been issued by Mr. McKee, the editor and proprietor, under the name of "The Southern Monitor." It is neat in appearance, and filled with useful and interesting matter. The editor introduces himself and his paper to the public in the following notice:

SALUTATORY.

TO-DAY we issue the first number of the Southern Monitor. Our readers see what we offer them. A paper worthy of extensive patronage. Our most strenuous efforts, however feeble, shall be applied to make our paper valuable and interesting to the teetotaler, useful, and instructive to the moderate drinker, and faithful and efficacious in the rescue of the inebriate. We shall remonstrate with the rum-seller—his immoral avocation will be handled without ceremony, and his dangerous and sinful traffic represented in its true bearings on the social, civil, and immortal interests of mankind. A leading object of the Southern Monitor will be the dissemination of total abstinence principles, and a fair discussion of subjects connected with the temperance cause. We shall, however, give occasional articles on the arts, sciences, mechanics, agriculture, and education, together with useful and practical hints, designed for the different classes of society. In a—where we may find it, and to give our readers every thing in our means, calculated to improve the moral, physical, intellectual and pecuniary condition of our fellow-men; making our paper, on the whole, a most desirable and welcome visitor. Such a paper is very much needed in this community, especially at the present time, and in order that it may be read by every family, the terms are placed at so low a rate, that even the poorest individual is enabled to peruse its pages.

The principles we shall advocate, are the principles of the great majority of the temperance men throughout the land. Their determinations and ours are one—press onward in the great work of reform which has been so gloriously commenced and which must ultimately be completely and universally triumphant. They are well known. They have been proclaimed from the shores of the Atlantic to the most remote bounds of civilization in the West, they have been borne upon the wings of the wind from East to West, from North to South—they have sounded upon the hills, and have echoed in the valleys—they have reverberated from mountain peak to mountain peak, until the sound has died away in the hum of the far distant ocean. We shall advocate entire abstinence from all intoxicating liquors of whatever name or description, as the only preventive against intemperance. Total abstinence is an aggressive principle, and more light upon the subject is all that is wanted to render it as universally acknowledged, as the light of day. Like all other great discoveries, such as the mariner's compass, the art of printing and vaccination, it has that in itself which is so valuable to each individual, that it needs only to be known to be received and fostered. The moment a man becomes experimentally acquainted with the principles of total abstinence, he becomes an enthusiast in the cause. From our own knowledge, we can safely say that information on the subject is all that is wanting to ensure the success of the cause. It is the cause of purity, of our country and our God. It has proceeded from Him who is love, and seeks in every place the happiness of his creatures. Its tendencies are to remove no inconsiderable portion of the social evils under which humanity is suffering, and to open the way to the spread and reception of the gospel of Christ. Our government rests directly upon public morality, and if we are cursed with a nation of drunkards, we may expect soon to witness our fall; but if the people adopt the principle of total abstinence, that the fairest guarantee in the world, that the permanency of our government will be maintained for it is worth more than all the swords and canons that were ever made, and a far better safeguard than all the armies of Alexander, Caesar, and Napoleon combined. Total abstinence, then, must eventually succeed, seeing that such is its origin, its character, its tendency and its effects. For the last seventeen years of our country's history, it has gradually advanced—the sure precursor of an ultimate and final triumph, and although it has done a great deal, it has not yet reached its goal. It remains to be done; but the period, much more it has done, is spreading itself silently, but surely throughout the world, and will continue to spread until the whole is reared, until intemperance shall have perished.

Gone glimmering through the dream
Of things that were;

The school-boy's tale—the wonder of an hour.
We shall oppose the use of intoxicating liquors of whatever name or description, as a beverage—we care not how moderately. The dark and dismal flood of intemperance which has swept over the length and breadth of our country for years, found its commencement in moderation. Drunkenness, in all its forms, from the palace to the hut, has spread its fearful ravages through every land, with vice, crime and death following in its train. This is one among the many evils in the world, upon which the eloquence of the orator, the lyre of the poet, the remonstrance of the patriot, the philanthropist and the christian, and the deep and overwrought touches of the pen and the pencil, have, previous to the late unparalleled temperance movement throughout the country, dwelt almost in vain. In their description of its awful ravages, the wealth of language is turned into penury, and the darkest dregs of anguish and distress, but faintly shadows forth the stern, stubborn and moving reality. Oh! that our pen were dipped in the "imperial fire of Heaven," that we might show the light which they reject who turn from the words of inspiration upon canvas, the darkness of the midnight cloud, the fierce lightnings of the mid-air, the roaring thunders of the storm; we would form a panorama of terrors, which would shadow forth the mad votary of Bacchus the boundless abyss of destruction to the body and the soul, upon which he is carelessly rushing, which should say to the deluded mortal,—"Turn ye at my reproach, and heed not the song of the charmer."

We are fully aware that the feeble efforts which we are about to make, may not cause any to release the fatal delusions they have grasped; but we are never without hope. Every individual who looks at things as they exist, feels himself called upon to contribute his mite, however feeble it may be, for the liberation of his fellow-men; and to bear mildly, but decidedly—calmly, but firmly and faithfully, his part in the great and benevolent enterprises of the age. The temperance cause is one dear to the patriot, the philanthropist, and the christian; and "sink or swim—live or die—survive or perish," we give our heart, our hand, and our pen to the cause. And if we cannot effect much we shall be glad if we

can do a little. The total abstinence cause, in its all-conquering march, "appeals most eloquently to the patriotism of every citizen—and to the philanthropy of every lover of his race—and to the christianity of every member of the church," for aid in raising to its acme, this harbinger of the speedy coming of the time when the "whole earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord." The joyous shout that was raised by the advocates of the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage, when they once supposed the cause of temperance was retreating, is now hushed up for ever, and turned into utter despair—they weep in secret places now, because their god has fallen.

We believe that the time will come when all civilized nations, shall entirely abandon the use of alcoholic liquors as a beverage. And believing that entire abstinence from all that can intoxicate, is demanded by strict justice, the interests of society, and the welfare of mankind in general, we shall throw in our mite to hasten it forward. We will also, to the best of our ability, labor to point out the evils which must necessarily attend drinking ardent spirits.

In embarking in the present arduous enterprise, we are well aware of the importance of the position we are assuming, and the responsibility we shall incur; but inspired with those principles which shall ever be our glory to do battle for, we shall boldly and fearlessly discuss subjects connected with the temperance cause without hesitation or reserve, alike regardless of the smiles and the frowns of the world, and stand accountable for it to our conscience and our God. The great moral revolution which is silently, but surely working the overthrow of intemperance, the incidents which will mark its progress, and glorious results to which it will lead, must perpetually call up for our consideration, subjects of the deepest interest, and importance to every lover of his race, which will receive our strict and untiring attention.

We are determined to test the willingness of the people to continue the publication of a temperance paper in this place. None need plead inability, for where there is a will there is a power. We will do our part, and we want them to do the rest. We do not doubt, however, for a moment, but that our effort to firmly establish a paper in this place, on the principle of total abstinence, will be sustained. But we must be permitted to remind the friends of the cause, that it cannot be sustained without effort. If they take hold of the subject as they should, there will be no doubt of success. We hope our subscribers to a man, every friend of the temperance cause, and each of our personal friends besides, will zealously exert themselves in behalf of our paper, and that they will send us a large and encouraging accession of new subscribers to our already very respectable list. Every subscription they can possibly forward us, will be thankfully received. Gentle reader, our paper is not yet before you. If you are an unassuming little sheet, and you think it worth the subscription price, or has any claims to your support, send us one dollar and take it; if you are already a subscriber, don't forget to send the needed to us forthwith. As we shall necessarily be at considerable expense in keeping up the paper, which must be cash, we do hope our friends will remit us the subscription price, which is but a trifle to them, without any delay whatever. This must be done in order that the paper may go on.

COMING TO THEIR SENSES.

The Irish repeal association which had been established in Charleston, S. C., has been dissolved, and its funds divided between two of the benevolent societies of the city. The dissolution was in consequence of the late inflammatory speech of O'Connell in Dublin, on the slave question, in which the great agitator used language of the most offensive character, in reference to the institutions of the South. We can but rejoice, that our citizens are having their eyes opened so soon in this matter. Every where there is in our country, a great disposition to sympathize with foreigners, to the neglect of our own at home. The Irish repeal question, as we believe, purely one of Catholic and Abolition origin and interest, designing to operate upon the Protestant religion in general, and the institution of slavery in particular. Not that the movers have a great opposition to slavery, or a special regard for the slave, in the abstract, but they denounce the institution and lavish their pity upon the slave, because, as they believe, their more immediate and dear interests can be advanced by its Catholicism, as we believe, at the bottom of the whole. This is first—it is last—and other subjects are embraced only as auxiliary to it. We cannot see that Ireland has any thing desirable to gain by the repeal—we mean desirable in the estimation of true patriots and philanthropists; and every interference on the part of American citizens, we should be disposed to regard as officious intermeddling.

POPULAR POISON.—When pure ardent spirits are taken into the stomach they cause irritation, which is evinced by warmth and pain in that organ, and next, inflammation of the delicate coats of this part, and sometimes gangrene. They act in the same manner as poison. Besides the local injury they produce they act on the nerves of the stomach which run to the brain, and if taken in large quantities cause insensibility, stupor, irregular convulsive action, difficulty of breathing, profound sleep, and often sudden death! The habitual use of ardent spirits causes a slow inflammation of the stomach and liver, which proceeds steadily, but it is often undiscovered till too late for relief.

WANTS.—Virtue wants more admiration: Wisdom more applicants. Truth more real friends, and Honesty more practitioners.

The trader wants more profit, or less envy of his more fortunate neighbor.

Religion wants less said about the theory, and more done in the way of practice.

Philosophy wants a residence, and Fidelity an asylum.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Night Scene in a Poor Man's House.

BY MARY WITT.

It was in the middle of the winter, on the night of the twenty-third of January, when the weather was miserably cold; it neither decidedly froze nor yet did it thaw, but between the two it was cold and damp, and penetrated to the very bone, even of those who sat in carpeted rooms before large fires, and warmly clad. It was on this evening that the seven little children of Robert Baird, the weaver, stood huddled together in their small room, beside a small fire, which was burning comfortless. The baby lay in a wooden cradle on one corner of the hearth. The fire to be sure, gave some warmth, because it had heated on iron pot full of potatoes, but it gave very little cheerfulness to the room. The mother had portioned out the evening meal—a few potatoes to each—and she now sat down by the round table, lighted the farthing candle, and was preparing to do some little piece of housewifery.

"May I stir the fire?" asked David, the eldest boy.

"No, no," replied the mother; "it burns away too fast if it is stirred."

"I wish we had a good fire," sighed Judith, the second girl.

"Bless me!" said the mother; "it is a good fire. Why, there's Dame Grundy and her grand child gone to bed because they have no fire at all."

"I should like some more salt to my potatoes," said little Bessy, "may I have some mother?"

"There is none, child," she replied, "I put the last in the pot."

"O dear!" cried out little Josey, "my feet are so bad. They get no better, mother, though I did bathe them with holly."

"Poor thing!" sighed the mother, "I wish you had better shoes."

"There's a pair," said Josey briskly, "at Timmy Nixon's for fourteen pence."

"Fourteen pence!" repeated the mother, "it would take a long time to get fourteen pence."

"Mat Willis begged a pair of nice warm boots," replied Josey experimentally.

"We will not beg," said the mother, "if we can help it—but let me see the shoes; and Josey put up one of his frost bitten feet on his mother's knee.

"Bless me! my poor lad," said the mother, "thou shalt not go to work again till it is warmer."

"Mother," interrupted little Susan, "may I have some more?"

"There is no more," said she, "but I have a whole loaf yet."

"O dear, O dear, how nice!" cried the children clapping their hands; and give Josey the bottom crust, said one, "because of his poor feet."

"And give me a big bit," cried Susan, holding out a fat little hand.

The mother divided the loaf, setting aside a piece for her husband; and presently the husband came.

"It rains and is very cold," said he shivering.

"Please God," rejoined the mother, "it will be warmer after the rain."

David Baird was a tall, thin man; with many long—not that he had any teeth—cause of uneasiness—his wages had not been lowered—his hours of work had not been increased, nor had he quarrelled with his master; but the life of a poor man is an uneasy life—a life of care, weariness and never-ending anxieties. What wonder, then, if his face have a joyless look?

The children made room for their father at the fire; Susan and Neddy placed themselves between his knees, and his wife handed him the portion of supper which had been set aside for him.

Mary, the eldest girl, was sitting on a box, feeding a squirrel with the bread which her mother had given her—she was very happy, and kissed the squirrel many times; Judith was sitting beside her, and David held the cup out of which the squirrel drank.

"Nobody has inquired after the squirrel," said the father, looking at them.

"No," replied Mary, "and I hope nobody will."

"They will not now," said the younger, David, "for it is three months since we found it."

"We might sell it for half a crown," said the father. Mary looked frightened and held the squirrel to her bosom.

"Josey's feet are very bad," remarked the mother.

"And that doctor's bill has never been paid," said the father—"seventeen shillings and sixpence."

"Tis more money than we can get in a week," sighed the mother.

"I go round the back lane to avoid passing the door," said the father, "and he has asked me for it three times."

"We will get it paid in the summer," rejoined the mother hopefully; "but coals are raised, and bread, they say, will rise before this week is out."

"Lord help us!" exclaimed the father internally.

"Mary, fetch the other candle," cried the mother, as the farthing candle burnt low in the stick; and then went out.

"There is not one," replied Mary, "we burnt out the other last night."

"Have you a farthing, David?" asked the wife.

"Not one," replied he, rather hastily.

"Nor have we one in the house," said the wife; "I paid all we had for the bread."

"Stir up the fire then," said David.

"Nay," rejoined the wife, "coals are raised."

"Lord help us!" again sighed David, and two of the children began coughing.

"Those children's coughs are no better," remarked the father somewhat impatiently. And then the baby awoke—and so did Bessy, who had fallen asleep on the floor, observed, crying "I am so cold, mother! I am so cold!"

"Go to bed with her, Mary," said the mother, "for you was up betimes this morning, washing—put your clothes on the bed and keep her warm."

Mary went into the little dark chamber to bed with her sister, and her mother tried to hush the crying infant.

David was distracted. He was cold, hungry, weary and in gloom. Eight children whom he loved were about him, but he thought of them as only born to poverty, uneasiness and care, like himself—he felt unhappy, and grew almost angry as the baby continued to cry.

Cheer up, David, honest man! there is that coming even now—coming within three street's length of thee—which will raise thee above want forever! Cheer up, this is the last hour any of you shall want for fire; the last hour you shall want for light. Thou shalt keep thy squirrel, Mary! Bessy, thou shalt have blankets to warm thee! The doctor's bill shall be paid—nor Baird, shalt thou ever again skulk by backways to thy work, to avoid an importunate creditor. Josey thou shalt turn the wheel no longer—thy feet shall get well in woolen stockings and warm shoes at five shillings a pair! You shall no more want salt to your potatoes, nor shall Susan again go short of her supper. But of this, all this, as yet, you know nothing, good people; and here you sit, hopeless and comfortless, and know nothing about the relief—and such splendid relief, too, that is even now approaching your door. Wait little baby, an thou wilt—nurse thy poor tingling feet, Josey, by the fire; and muse in sadness on your poverty, David Baird, yet for a few moments longer; it can do you no harm, for the good news is even now turning the corner of your street.

Knock, knock, knock! David started from his reverie.

"Some one is at the door," said the wife, and up jumped little David. "If it is neighbor Wood come to borrow some meal, you can get her a cup-full," added the mother, as the knock was repeated more hastily.

Up rose David Baird, and thinking of the apothecary's bill, opened the door reluctantly.

"Are you David Baird?" asked the letter-carrier, who had knocked.

"I am," said David.

"This, then, is for you, and there are twenty-two pence to pay on it," said the man, holding forth a large letter.

"Is it a summons?" cried the wife in dismay, "for what is David Baird summoned?" and she rushed to the door with the baby in her arms.

"It is not for me," said David, half glad to escape his liability to pay the two and twenty pence.

"But are you not David Baird, the weaver?"

"I am," said David.

"Then," continued the letter-carrier, "pay me the twenty-two pence, and if it is not right they will return your money at the post-office."

"Twenty-two pence," repeated David, ashamed to confess his poverty.

"One shilling ten pence," said the wife, "we have not so much money by us, good man."

"Light a candle," said the letter-carrier, bursting into the house, and hunt up what you have."

David was pushed to an extremity. "We have none," said he; we have not money to buy a candle."

"Lord bless me!" said the letter-carrier, and gave David the younger, fourpence to fetch half a pound of candles. David and his wife knew not what to think; and the letter man shook the wet from his hat. In a few moments the candles came, and the letter was put into David's hands.

"Open it, can't you?" said the letter man.

"Is it for me?" inquired David again.

"It is," replied the other impatiently,—"what a fuss is here about opening a letter."

"What is this!" exclaimed David, taking out a note for a hundred pounds.

"O!" sighed the wife, "if after all it should not be for us. But read the letter David; and David read it.

"Sir—You, David Baird, weaver of—, and son of the late David Baird, of Marden-on-Wear, lineal descendant of Sir David Baird, Monksbaughton Castle, county of York, and sole heir of Sir Peter Baird, of Monksbaughton aforesaid, lately deceased, are requested to meet Mr. Dennis, solicitor, at York, as soon after the receipt of this as possible. It will be necessary for you to bring your family with you; and to cover travelling and other expenses, you will receive enclosed a note for one hundred pounds, payable at sight.

I have the honor to be, Sir, your humble servant,
J. Smith, for Mr. Dennis.

"Sure enough," said David. "David Baird, of Marden-on-Wear, was my father."

"O, O, O!" chuckled out little David, as he hopped about behind the group, "a hundred pounds and a castle!"

"Heaven be praised!" ejaculated the wife, while she hugged the baby in her arms.

"And," continued David, "the great Sir David Baird was our ancestor, but we never looked for any thing from that quarter."

"Then the letter is for you!" asked the man.

"It is. Please Heaven to make us thankful for it," said David seriously, "but," hesitated he, "you want your money."

"No," said the letter carrier, going out, "I'll call for that to-morrow."

"Bolt the door after the man," said David, "this money requires safe keeping."

"Mend the fire," said the mother; and her son David put on a shovel-full of coal and stirred up the ashes.

"Kiss me, my children," exclaimed the father with emotion; "kiss me and bless God, for we shall never want bread again."

"Is the house on fire?" screamed Mary at the top of the stairs, "for there is such a blaze!"

"We are burning a mould candle," said Judith, "and have such a big fire."

"Come here, Mary," said the father, and Mary slid down stairs, wrapped in an old cloak.

"Father's a rich man! we're all rich, and shall live in a grand castle!" laughed out young David.

"We shall have coats and blankets, and shoes and stockings," cried Josey all alert, yet still remembering his poor frost-bitten feet.

"We shall have beef and plum-pudding," said Susan.

"We shall have rice-pudding every day," cried Neddy.

David Baird was again distracted; but how different were his feelings! He could have done a thousand extravagant things—he could have laughed, cried, sung, leaped about, nay, rolled on the floor for joy; but he did none of these—he sat calm and looked almost grave. At length he said—

"Wife send the children to bed, and let us talk over this good fortune together."

"You shall have your Sunday clothes on to-morrow," said the happy mother, as she sent them up stairs. To bed they went, and after a while laughed and talked themselves to sleep. The father and mother smiled and wept by turns, but did not sleep that night.

A CAPITAL JOKE.—The Lord Chancellor of Ireland, having recently made an appointment to visit the Dublin Insane Asylum repaired thither in the absence of the chief manager, and was admitted by one of the keepers who was waiting to receive a patient answering the appearance of Sir Edward. He appeared to be very talkative, but the attendants humored him, and answered all his questions. He asked if the Surgeon General had arrived; and the keeper answered him that he had not yet come, but that he would be there immediately.

"Well," said he, "I will inspect some of the rooms until he arrives."

"Oh, no, sir," said the keeper, "we could not permit that at all."

"Then I will walk for a while in the garden," said his worship, "while I am waiting for him."

"We cannot let you go there either sir," said the keeper.

"What?" said he, "don't you know that I am the Lord Chancellor?"

"Sir," said the keeper, "we have four more Lord Chancellors here already."

He got into a great fury, and they were beginning to think of the strait waistcoat for him, when fortunately the Surgeon General arrived.

"Has the Chancellor arrived yet?" said he.

"The man burst out laughing at him, and said, 'yes sir, we have him safe; but he is by far the most outrageous patient we have.'"

Mr. O'Connell told this anecdote in Dublin, at a public meeting.

ABSURDITIES OF HUMAN LIFE.—To suppose that every one likes to hear your child cry, and you talk nonsense to it.

The perpetual struggle of affection to pass for an oddity.

Old men affecting the gaiety and gallantry of youth—young men assuming the gravity and sanctity of age.

To the loss of time and money at the card-table, to add that of your temper.

An honest, thriving soap-boiler, imitating a public speaker, and commencing orator, and cannot comprehend after many a speech, why the government does not become better, nor why his business has become worse.

You have a dozen children with different dispositions and capacities, and you give them all the same education.

To send your son to travel into foreign countries, ignorant of the history, constitution, manners and language of his own.

To tell a person from whom you solicit a loan of money that you are in want of it.

To call a man hospitable who indulges his vanity by displaying his service of plate to his rich neighbors, frequently, but was never known to give a dinner to any one really in want of it.

A divine of the old school once took for his text these words, "Adam, where art thou?" and thus divided his discourse:

1st. Man was somewhere.

2d. That he was often where he ought not to be; and—

3d. That if he did not take care he would find himself, one day, where he would not like to be.

Brief, pithy, of universal application—is it not, gentle reader?