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TERMS.
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HIGHLAND MESSENGER.

ASHEVILLE
Friday Morning, July 21, 1843.

TENNESSEE ELECTIONS.

The election for Governor and members of Congress in Tennessee, comes on the 3rd day of next month. Considerable excitement prevails in and out of the State in reference to the issue, as, under all the circumstances, the present election will be considered a fair test of the comparative strength of parties, and will seriously affect the election for President next year. Tennessee occupies at this time, a prominent place in the eyes of the political men of this nation, and thousands of Whigs, good and true, are looking with intense interest to the result of the present campaign.

Gov. Jones advocates a National Bank; a Revenue Tariff, affording at the same time fair protection to American industry; and unhesitatingly declares himself in favor of Henry Clay for the next President. Ex-Gov. Polk, one of the strongest and most politic men the Democratic party has in the union, avows himself in favor of the old Sub-Treasury scheme—opposed to a National Bank—opposed to a tariff—opposed to Henry Clay for President—and in favor of what or whom? Aye, there's the rub. Except on the Sub-Treasury, he is mum, mum, mum! Yes, the veritable and redoubtable James K. Polk, one of the heads, and in the front of that party which labored so hard in 1840, to excite prejudice against Gen. Harrison on these grounds—and never was a charge more unjust—is now silent as death itself as to his candidate for the Presidency, and on almost every other subject, except the Sub-Treasury.

If the Whigs of that State do their duty, we have no fears as to the result, and we the other day, conversed with a gentleman who had passed from west to east, nearly entirely through the State, who informed us that the candid of all parties seemed to agree that Gov. Jones would be re-elected by a large majority. From what we can learn, Col. Polk has exhibited rather too much impatience and too little good temper, in the eastern part of the State, to give his friends much encouragement as to his own hopes of success. He and Gov. Jones have been averaging three hours each, public speaking per diem, without intermission, Sundays excepted, since the first of April, together with twenty-five miles ride. We have but little doubt but that the object had in view in making these appointments, was to break Gov. Jones down, as he is feeble, and then raise the pretext that he was afraid to meet Col. Polk. When, however, it was ascertained that Gov. Jones was not only with his opponent in East Tennessee, but prepared for him in every respect, the Colonel's good temper and fondness for anecdote both forsook him, and gave place to much assumed dignity, and no little acidity of temper.

Temperance.—The Jonesborough Whig, in closing an article in reference to the Temperance movements in that place discourses as follows:

"But much still remains to be done, to arrest the progress, or stay the ravages of the remorseless scourge of intemperance. Let the persuasive influence of voluntary associations, be brought to bear, whenever just reflection and sound argument are listened to, in defence of Temperance, till a flood of evils are turned back, and depraved public opinion is corrected. The friends of the cause have it in their power to do every thing that the best interests of the country require. Let public sentiment array itself against the baneful social habit of intemperance, at the ballot-box, and promote the advancement of pure morals, by obstinately refusing to support drunkards, distillers and vendors of ardent spirits, with all who avow themselves the enemies of the cause. This agreement we are ready to enter into at all times, and in all cases, as great political partisans as we are. Yes, we are prepared to affirm, in the most solemn form in which human testimony can be given, that we will not, if we know it, support a drunkard, or one who makes, or sells ardent spirits."

That's the true doctrine—hope it will prevail.

The Democracy are not fond of carrying weight, and we doubt not they will take good care to clear their skirts of John Tyler. —*Globe.*

We have no doubt that the Locofoco party is as anxious to clear its skirts of him as ever a fellow was to rid himself of a dirty dish cloth pinned to his coat tail, but they can't do it. The party has got him, and he is determined to stick to it like a burr to a sheep's tail. He is part and parcel of it now and forever. He is a hole in its breeches, a fly in its mustard-pot, a cat in its dairy, a weasel in its hen-roost, a maggot in its cheese, a pig in its garden, a hair in its butter, a rot in its sheep, a tapeworm in its stomach, an ache in its bowels, a stye in its eye, a polypus in its nose. —*Louisville Journal.*

Aye, aye, more than that. He is a rat in its granary, a worm in its core, a crow in its cornfield, a moth in its wardrobe, a cur in its meat-house, a corn on its toes, a canker on its shins, a white-swelling in its knees, a scirrhia in its hip, a scrofula on its neck, a ticsolorous in its face, and a consumption of its vitals.

Captain Tyler, L. L. D.
Our Northern contemporaries assert, that the distinguished honors heaped on Mr. Tyler during his Northern tour, were bestowed not on the man but on the office which he holds. Now, if the Harvard University bestows the degree of "L. L. D." on Mr. Tyler, and he is to regard it as bestowed on the office, and not on the man? Is the Presidency, and not Captain Tyler, to be the "Learned Doctor of Laws"? This difficulty reminds us of a story which we have heard. A nobleman in Italy was a Cardinal, and at the same time, in virtue of his temporal possessions, commander-in-chief of certain forces. On the eve of a battle, he arrayed himself in his sacerdotal robes and gave absolution to his troops. He then put on his regimentals, placed himself at the head of his forces, and was about to give the signal for the commencement of the action, when one of the soldiers besought him, and begged the privilege of asking the solution of a difficulty which gave him no little concern. Said the soldier, "But a short time since, when you gave us absolution, you commanded us to be peaceably inclined, to love them that hate us, and to do good unto them that persecute us, and now you are about to order us to fight and slay yonder people—which of the commands are we to obey?" The General said that the first order was given by virtue of his power as Cardinal, and that the last one was in virtue of his military authority. "Very well," said the soldier, "but pray, sir, tell me, when the General dies and the Devil comes for him, what will become of the Cardinal?"

Now, when the Devil comes for John Tyler, what will become of the "Learned Doctor of Laws"? —*Petersburg Intelligencer.*

Why, man, the question is easily answered. When his brimstone highness comes after John Tyler, (if ever he should,) the "Learned Doctor of Laws," like the Irishman's flea, will not be there.

PRAYER—ITS APPROPRIATENESS.

Prayer is appointed to convey
The blessing God designs to give:
Long as they live should Christians pray,
They learn to pray when first they live."

Messrs. Editors.—This very prettily expressed piece of poetry, as I conceive, does not mean that when a man kneels down to pray that he should pray *always*, nor about every thing in this wide creation; but some men seem to have a bill of sale of the whole world, and feel bound to cultivate it with their tongue on every prayerful occasion. Prayer, like every thing else, ought to be appropriate to the occasion and subject for which it is intended. For instance: It would be exceedingly improper for a person to enter the sick chamber of an individual in a low state, and pray in a broken winded vociferous manner about the spread of the gospel in heathen lands, &c., and perhaps scarcely ever mention the case of the subject before him; so, in Temperance society, to pray for the missionary, bible, tract, Sunday-school, and every sort of a cause but the one at hand. How seldom do we hear persons come right to the point under consideration. In many temporal business societies, it is customary and right to open the meeting simply with prayer; and how often do we hear men explain for 10 or 15 minutes how great God is, and how he ought to be adored! But, by way of a preface, we are frequently bored with a "ten verse hymn" about "passing over Jordan," or some other great stream that but few of us will ever see. And prayers by the hour are lamentable impositions on Christian charity and forbearance. Adam Clarke once knelt on a sandy floor, with his head and hands on a little three-legged stool, perhaps ten inches high, which rather placed him in a coming position, where he was held in order that "brotherly love might continue" in "duance vile" for 48 minutes! Any one who has ever tried that position can better tell how he felt than I can describe. Said Adam, after that, was distinguished for never asking that man to pray in his presence.

And this intolerable way that many persons in this country have got into of grunting or barking at the end of every breath is infinitely worse than a good prayer a mile long. Praying reader, whoever you may be, when you pray in public after this, I beseech you, as on my bended knees, what ever else you may do, don't talk yourself out of breath, grunt nor bark!! Don't! For a person to whisper to a large congregation, or below to two or three in a small room, are both past endurance.

A cut and carved, dried and strung, six sentence prayer, is to be dreaded as much as that kind of prayers that put a common Christian to sleep! Be short—be pointed—

be in earnest—are the best mottoes; and as I have missed all, I subscribe myself, as ever,
June 29. Respectfully, yours.

FOR THE MESSENGER.

John Tyler in Henderson Co. N.C.
Messrs. Editors.—At a large and respectable meeting of the citizens of _____ county, called for the purpose of forming a rifle company, or "corporal's guard," after the organization of the society, the election of captain, lieutenants, &c., that of orderly sergeant came next in order. The officer in command said that "the orderly sergeant's was a very pretty office, and the smartest man they had ought to have it." This caused them to look curious. After some blushing and talk, they agreed to run I. B. S., so his name was announced and another candidate called for. To this call there was no response. The call was repeated, and no one appearing, I suggested the name of John Tyler, which was received with acclamation; and I. B. S. and John Tyler were put in nomination for orderly sergeant in the rifle company. The motion was put in this way, "All persons in favor of I. B. S. being our orderly sergeant will signify it by saying I." A unanimous I followed. Proposition 2d, "All persons in favor of John Tyler being our orderly sergeant will signify it by saying I." Not a voice was heard for half a minute, when a grum, gruff voice exclaimed no. So I. B. S. was duly elected orderly sergeant, and John Tyler duly beaten by every body, and one more. After that I left, always feeling bound to obey the mandate of the whole people.
Respectfully yours,
July 13, 1843.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Greenfield Mercury.
An Old Soldier's Story.

A few days since, I stopped at the public house in Corran, and while my horse was eating, I sat down in the bar room and heard a sensible old man relate the substance of the enclosed account.

During the revolutionary war, there was a point of land on the Jersey side of the Hudson, and not far distant from New York, which was the scene of a bloody conflict. There were about three hundred acres next to the river, from which the wood and timber had been cleared off: back of this was a forest. On this cleared point a large number of fat cattle, destined to supply the American army, were placed. Four or five miles distant, in New Jersey, there were three thousand light infantry, under the command of La Fayette. I was one of that detachment. Our business was to see that the cattle were not taken from the point by the enemy. One morning intelligence was brought into camp that several vessels approached the point, and that a large body of British soldiers were landing. My regiment was ordered immediately for the point. Rufus Putnam, a nephew of the old General, was Colonel. He was well stocked with Putnam mottle. He was a brave officer. I could never discern that when going into battle, as when *usually* his tent. We made a hurried march, and upon approaching the edge of the woods, the Colonel ordered the Adjutant to go forward and see where the troops were, and what was their number. The Adjutant soon returned, and reported that they were forming on shore in three columns, containing about one thousand each. "Then," said the Colonel, "ride back to the camp as quickly as possible, and tell La Fayette to come on." When the Adjutant had gone, Col. Putnam rode up to my captain, who was Daniel Shays, of insurrection memory, and said he, "Well, Capt. Shays, shall we be a playing with them until the General comes?" "That must be as you please," replied Capt. Shays.

Orders were soon given to advance to the open land upon the point. We now stood face to face with our foe. Firing very soon commenced. Cannon from the shipping in the rivers poured forth their volleys; and small arms did fatal execution. Col. Putnam rode back and forth in front of the regiment, as calm as a man at home, though the balls were whistling about him in every direction. We worked very fast, and for one regiment, made considerable noise. The corporal at my right hand received a ball through the body and fell dying. I was young, and a dying man at my feet, bleeding and gasping, might perhaps cause my color to fade a little. Captain Shays stepped forward. "George," said he, "never mind it; I will take his place;" and he was as good as his word; he took the corporal's gun and used it. Shays was the best captain I ever served under. He was bold and kind. I will give him his due, though he has done unworthy since. We stood shoulder to shoulder in that day of peril. I was loading my gun the twenty-second time, when Gen. La Fayette with the main body of the light infantry, issued from the wood. Never shall I forget the feelings of that moment. Wellington was hardly more pleased to see Blucher in the battle of Waterloo, than we were to see our brothers in arms. The main body formed at once upon our left. La Fayette rode forward, an elegant officer—and never did he fill my eye so entirely as at that moment—though a stripling in appearance, in action he was a man—and had Cornwallis seen him as we then saw him, he would not

have called him 'the boy.' As he approached he said, 'Col. Putnam, how dared you to fire before I arrived?' 'Oh,' said the Colonel, 'I thought I would be playing with them a little.'

La Fayette at that moment, seemed full of energy and fire—turning toward the line, and with a loud and distinct voice, marked by his French accent, he said, 'We fire now, the whole line charge bayonet! rush on, and drive them where the devil drove the hogs!' The effect of his presence and his words were astonishing. Every heart beat quick and full. We did rush on, and such a scene of carnage my eyes never saw. At first the British force charged to meet us, but they could not stand against us, and fled from the shore; we followed them and drove them into the water; of the three thousand, about fifteen hundred got aboard of the vessels. The rest were slain, and most of them at the point of the bayonet.

I have described to you the most painfully interesting and horrid scene which I had ever witnessed. I never enjoyed killing men. I fought because I thought it my duty.

Set about it.

'Maurice, my boy!' said Uncle Oliver, in lively humor; 'Maurice, my boy! when a thing is to be done, set about it at once; expect that things will be done of themselves is out of the question. Put a joint down to the fire, and it will roast; put a potato in the pot, and it will boil; put a cake in the oven, and it will bake; but if none of these things are done, you must be content to go without your dinner.'

'He that a growing oak would get, An acorn in the ground must set.'

'Take my word for it, that talking, intending, and determining, will never do without acting. You may talk about putting down the joint, you may intend to put potatoes in the pot, and you may determine to put a cake in the oven; but if you stop short of really doing what is to be done, you may just as well have not thought about the matter.'

'Where would be the use of the farmer looking forward to the time when he should reap and mow, were he not diligent to plough and sow? There is much difference in people in this respect: one man dies of thirst, while another digs himself a well of water. Look around you, then, and waste no time in dreaming about things: set about them in good earnest, remembering what I said before—'

'He that a growing oak would get, An acorn in the ground must set.'

'The housekeepers' book says that a cook must catch his hare before he roast it; and in like manner we must obtain our acorn before we can set it in the ground. Now, by the same rule, young people must get knowledge before they know how to act properly; and when it is obtained, then comes the principal thing, after all, and that is, to turn it to good account. The acorn that is kept up by you, and not planted, will never grow; and knowledge neglected, will be equally useless.'

'Now, then, to the point. If you wish a growing oak, you must both get and set your acorn; and if you wish to live a useful, peaceful, and happy life, you must learn lessons of knowledge, wisdom, and piety, and set them in practice.'

'Do you wish others to forgive you when you have injured them; forgive those then who have injured you;—this is the most likely way of bringing about the thing you desire. Do you wish others to behave kindly to you: set them the example by behaving kindly to them; there is no doubt of your being successful. Do you wish all the world to be at peace with you; be yourself at peace, then, with all the world.—This way of bringing about things is the surest of any yet discovered; and if it should not answer, it is not at all likely that any other way will.'

'A drunkard cannot recommend sobriety, a highwayman honesty, or an idle man diligence, with a good grace, because they do not practice these qualities themselves; nor can you, reasonably, require others to be forgiving, kind-hearted, and peaceable, while you indulge in bitterness, ill-nature, and strife.'

'If what I have said is unwise, pay no further attention to it; but if, on the contrary, you consider it to be reasonable and right, why, then, put it in practice. He not content with talking about it, intending to do it, or even with determining that it shall be done, but set about it in right earnest, remembering what I have already told you twice over.'

'He that a growing oak would get, An acorn in the ground must set.'

MR. WEBSTER.—Rumors are rife, that the late Secretary of State will take an early opportunity to show that his attachment to the Whig Party, and to Whig Principles, is unbroken, notwithstanding what has been suspected from his over long adherence to Mr. Tyler's administration.

We believe there is no doubt that Mr. Webster will vote for the Whig candidate, Mr. Briggs, to be Governor of Massachusetts, and exert his influence in his behalf. —*N. Y. Express.*

A GENTLEMAN.—There has been various definitions of 'a gentleman,' but the prettiest and most poetic is that given by a fair girl in New York the other day. 'A gentleman,' said she, 'is a human being, combining a woman's tenderness with a man's courage.'

INSANITY IN THE NEGRO RACE—STARTLING FACTS.—An article in a late magazine, on the subject of the census of 1840, establishes, from the statistical returns, some very important and curious facts as to the relative moral condition, moral and physical, of our African population, free and slave. It seems that in Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, (free States,) the proportion of the insane among the colored population is one in eighty-eight; while in Virginia and Maryland, it is one in one thousand two hundred and ninety-nine. A still more terrible inequality exhibits itself in the older northern States, where the negro has been longer free. In Massachusetts, Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont, the colored insane are one in thirty-four. If the proportion were as great among the whites of the same States, there would be, in these four States, 35,030 lunatics. Maine, it seems, has even a more shocking disproportion—one in every fourteen of her black population being insane. Massachusetts has a white population about equal to that of Virginia. Had she an equal black one, she would, upon the ratio which holds there, have 11,600 lunatics; for whose accommodation she would be obliged to lay out above nine millions in building asylums, and to incur an annual charge for their maintenance of about \$1,740,000—probably some four or five times the present entire expense of her State government.

The facts as to the decay of the black population in the free States, and the enormous prevalence of crime among them in comparison with the whites of the same region, are equally striking. The whole picture is appalling, and must, wherever men will consent to look at simple fact, afford a perfectly decisive argument as to the fitness of that happy race for freedom, and the benefit which it confers upon them and the communities in which they are found. —*New-York Aurora.*

INFIDELITY.—A celebrated officer of the American Revolution, a Virginia gentleman, had unfortunately been tainted with infidel principles. The efforts of Mr. T. Paine to promote American liberty—the effusions of his pen and the zeal of his life—tended to make his infidel sentiments popular with many of our countrymen, at the era of the Revolution. This officer had often introduced the subject, strange as it may appear, to his daughter, and urged her to embrace its tenets. If infidelity succeeded with her, it cannot often master the heart of woman, for above all others, the law of her nature is trust, and she needs peculiarly the holy trust of heaven. The young lady resisted the entreaties of the father. She clung to the principles of her Saviour's religion. Disease afterwards wasted her fair form, and she drew near the closing scene. Friends loved her for her loveliness, and the father wept, that early beauty should thus languish into the tomb. The work of disease was almost consummated—the light was passing from her eye, and the pulse from her heart—it was a fearful moment—the dividing moment between time and eternity.

She called the infidel father to her bedside—and as she gently pressed his hand, and looked tenderly up into his sad countenance, she said, "Father, would you have me be an infidel now?" There was a pause—there was a sigh—and the heart-stricken man answered, "No, my daughter, no!"

Perilous Balloon Adventure.

We find the following thrilling account of a perilous Balloon adventure in the Philadelphia Inquirer:

CARLISLE, Pa., June 19th, 1843.

According to an announcement, on Saturday last I set out on my 45th aerial excursion, from the Borough of Carlisle, at 15 minutes past 2 o'clock. When I had reached a point about two miles east of the town, the balloon commenced a rapid and perpendicular ascent, which soon brought me to the base of a huge black cloud; and as it has always created a deep interest in spectators to see a balloon passing through clouds, I did not hesitate on this occasion to give my numerous audience an exhibition of this kind, although I might have avoided it, and kept beneath the clouds, where the current would have taken me to Harrisburg, which place was already distinctly in view. This part of my adventure I had reason soon after to regret; although at the present time it gives me more gratification to contemplate its reality than any thing that has lately transpired in my aerial adventures. The details that I shall here give of this terrible scene may be relied on, as I kept myself sufficiently composed to appreciate its grandeur, and observe its physical operations. The cloud, to the best of my judgment, covered an area of from four to six miles in diameter. It appeared of a circular form, and considerably depressed in its lower surface—or, I might say, it presented a great concavity toward the earth, with its outer edges ragged. It was also of a dark, smoky color. I noticed at some distance from where I entered the cloud the appearance of a heavy shower of rain. The first sensations I experienced when entering the cloud were extremely unpleasant. A difficulty of respiration, almost to suffocation, was followed by sickness of the stomach. This, however, somewhat abated for a short time—the cold in the mean time becoming intense, and every thing of a fibrous nature thickly covered with hoar frost. The cloud at this point, which appeared to be in the midst of it, had not the black appearance it presented underneath, but was of a light, milky

color, and yet so dense, that I could not fairly see the balloon above me—a distance of sixteen feet. From the intensity of the cold in this cloud, I concluded that the gas would condense itself and the balloon would consequently descend beneath it again, where the atmosphere was much warmer. In this, however, I found myself mistaken; for, in a few minutes after entering the cloud, I was whirling upwards with a fearful rapidity, the balloon gyrating and the car describing a large circle in the cloud; a noise resembling the rushing of a thousand mill-dams, with a dismal moaning noise of wind surrounded me in this terrible flight. Whether this rushing noise was occasioned by the hail and snow, which at times was mercilessly pelting around the balloon, I am unable to tell. I was in hopes that I should soon be tossed out of the top of the cloud, and there enjoy the congenial sunshine—so pleasant above the clouds. But in this I was disappointed, for after being hurled up, as I think, many hundred feet, the balloon appeared to be suddenly released, the lower part hurled to and fro, and then driven up into the cavity of the upper part, all the time discharging gas copiously from the neck, and breakage caused by the ice.

This hurling up and down was repeated eight or ten times. Every thing that was not of a fibrous nature, such as the anchor, car, and balloon, became coated with smooth ice. At the time that I remained in this cloud, which was twenty minutes, the storm raged with unabated fury, and it was only by the immense loss of gas that I became released from its terrors. I felt an intense drowsiness all the while, which I think was only overcome by the sickness of the stomach, followed by a powerful fit of vomiting. After this, I felt somewhat easier, both in mind and body, (for it is of no use to say that I was not considerably alarmed,) and I grasped a firmer hold of the sides of the car, determined to abide the result with as much composure and observation as the nature of the case would admit; as it appeared evident that the common discharge of gas or ballast, would neither let me down or up through this huge tenant of the air. After being tossed up and down, as before stated, I was finally released from its caverns of hail, snow and icicles, and found myself between it and the earth, receiving the benefits of a heavy and cold shower of rain, coming down on the spontaneous parachute principle, with a portion of gas remaining in the balloon, sufficient to raise about fifteen pounds weight from the earth. I made a final descent on Mr. Goodyear's farm, five miles from Carlisle. The density of this cloud did not appear alike all through it, as I could at times distinctly see the balloon and pieces of paper, of which a large quantity was whirled out of the car in the beginning of the scene. I also noticed that a violent convulsory action was going on, like fermentation, and the direction of the passage of the hail and snow was promiscuous.

Your obedient friend,
JOHN WISE.

ROYAL FAMILY OF ENGLAND.—It appears by the statements of a London correspondent of the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser, that the members of the family of the late George the Third, do not stand very high in respect to moral character. He observes that one journal, of liberal politics but decided respectability, (Bell's Weekly Messenger,) said, that, with the exception of the Duke of Kent, the late Duke of Sussex was the only honest man among the sons of George the Third; that George the Fourth was a heartless debauchee—the Duke of York a systematic swindler and blackleg—and that of the two survivors, the one was a villain and the other a fool!

The "villain," we suppose, must be Ernest, King of Hanover, now in his seventy-third year, who, although not properly described by such an epithet, is certainly not deserving of much admiration for his liberal principles of government. The "fool," if our first conjecture be correct, is Francis, Duke of Cambridge, who is now in the seventieth year of his age, and of whom we entertain rather a favorable opinion, from the fact that, belonging to such an illustrious family, he had lived so long, and had seldom been mentioned.

A PLUNGE INTO PEOPLE'S POCKETS.—The human heart is a curiously strange instrument. It produces strange vibrations, according to the skill of the hand that seeks to get music out of it. The art of approaching the mind from the right quarter, and successfully arousing its emotions, is one that every man does not understand. Some seem to have the gift of doing this thing very readily. We give the following as a specimen: An English preacher, advocating generous support of an unimportant charitable object, prefaced the circulation of the contribution boxes with this address to the hearers: "From the great sympathy I have witnessed in your countenances, and the strict attention you have honored me with, there is only one thing I am afraid of; that some of you may feel inclined to give too much. Now, it is my duty to inform you, that justice, though not so pleasant, yet should always be a prior virtue to generosity; therefore, as you will all be immediately waited upon in your respective pews, I wish to have it thoroughly understood that no person will think of putting any thing into the box, who cannot pay his debts." The result was an overflowing collection. —*Bos. Rec.*