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TERMS.
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Uncle Jeffrey and Cousin Ida.
BY CHARLES HAMILTON.
"Had you ever a cousin, Tom?
Did you count on her to sing?
Sisters we're all by the dozen, Tom,
But a cousin's a different thing.
And you'd find if you'd ever kissed her, Tom,
(But let this be a secret between us.)
That your lips would have been in a blister, Tom,
For they are not of the sister genus."

I had been pondering in my mind, for some time, as to what I should do with myself during the coming vacation. To stay at home—three whole weeks, with nothing but cats, servants and thorns, was not to be thought of, and going home was out of the question, as it would take our allotted three weeks to get there.

"Egad, I have it now," cried I. "I'll make Uncle Jeffrey a visit. He lives about twenty miles from here, and had, when I visited him some eight years ago, a pretty little niece, who has, no doubt, grown to be a very pretty cousin by this time."

Acting from the impulse of the moment, I booked myself for an "inside" in the mail, and was the next morning on my way to Belmont. Feeling in the mood for a joke, and trusting to the change which eight years had made in my appearance, on my arrival at B—I left my valise at the hotel, and walked leisurely towards the residence of my uncle, intending to make my *debut* in the

It was one of those mild, balmy evenings in spring when the light breeze which scarcely fans the cheek, seems to come up from every valley and glen, laden with the sweet perfume of each blossoming shrub and wild flower. Attracted by the sound of falling water in the valley to my right, I left the road and crossed the fields in the direction whence the sound proceeded. I had not gone far before I reached a small stream that wound its way through a narrow glen, shaded on both sides by the forest trees. As I followed the course of the stream, the noise of the falling water became more distinct, and emerging from the grove that had before concealed the landscape, a scene of exquisite beauty burst upon my view. A small and verdant valley lay before me, while at the farther extremity, the whole body of the rivulet at the height of thirty feet poured over a projecting cliff. For about half its descent it fell in an unbroken sheet; then dashing into a thousand cascades, sought the quiet stream below. Gazing, as if absorbed by the beauty of the scene, stood a lovely girl of some sixteen summers. Her small cottage bonnet had been removed from her head, and lay at her feet, while the dark chestnut ringlets, released from their confinement, fell in rich clusters on her neck and shoulders. One foot was thrown forward, and her lips were slightly parted, as if about to speak, but were checked in their utterance as though fearful of disturbing the repose of that beautiful spot. At a short distance from her, stood a man of about forty years of age, who, with stolid indifference to the scene, was attentively examining some stately maple that grew below the falls.

"Oh, Uncle Jeffrey! see what a beautiful bunch of wild pinks there is up in the cliff. How I wish I had them!"
"Humph! what a way you have of wearing your bonnet!" and with a provoking coolness he tossed it with his cane among the branches of the nearest tree.
"Now Uncle—but never mind, you will have to climb the tree to get it for me," and a mischievous smile played upon her beautiful face, as she saw the bonnet safely lodged in the tree.
"Send some of your beaux for it."
"Beaux again! I do wish, Uncle, you wouldn't always be tormenting me about beaux! You know there isn't a passable one in the village. I do wish there was, though, just to have some way of teasing you!"

Uncle Jeffrey, for such the reader will doubtless now allow me to call him, turned away, and pointing with his cane to the suspended bonnet, walked leisurely toward the place where I stood. The presence of my cousin had banished all desire of appearing in my own, and stepping forward I made myself known. A hearty shake of the hand, and a "how are you, my boy," made me welcome. While answering the many inquiries put to me by my Uncle, Cousin Ida stood very busily employed in making a hole in the green sward at her feet with her parasol.
"But come, you have forgot," said I, after replying to his questions, "if I mistake not, here is Cousin Ida, waiting for an introduction."
"Oh, yes! hump! always the way with young folks—wanting to get together. Here, Ida, is your scape grace cousin Charles Hamilton. See if you can make anything out of him. He'll do to get your bonnet for you," and without further words he plied his cane vigorously for the house.

This abrupt, though characteristic introduction, somewhat embarrassed me, but a few moments sufficed to remove it, and the privileges of relationship were soon established. We continued some time rambling about the place, admiring the beauties of the scene, till the shades of evening and the falling dew warned us to follow Uncle Jeffrey.
"But you wouldn't gallant me home bare-headed Cousin Charles?" said Ida, laughing; "I have a bonnet in the tree yonder."
"And I must be the beau you were wishing for to get it, I suppose," replied I with mock gravity.
"You are worse than Uncle Jeffrey, I do declare; what a provoking memory you all have. However, I'll find some way of paying you off yet;" and her parasol was again actively employed in uprooting a flower at her feet.
"You will be likely to kill that flower, if you persevere."
"And you will not be likely to get my bonnet if you stand there."
Finding I should not gain much in a contest of this kind, I soon dislodged the bonnet and placing it on the head of its fair owner, we proceeded towards the house.

My reader, if I have been so fortunate as to secure one, is doubtless ready to know who the persons I have introduced to her acquaintance (for this sketch is written expressly for the ladies) may be. Uncle Jeffrey was an inveterate old bachelor. In his younger days, he was a dardent admirer of female beauty, but having been jilted in his first love adventure, he ever after kept his affections under close subjection.
Ida was the only daughter of his widowed sister; who on her death-bed bequeathed her, then a mere child, to his protection.—The affections which had long been confined in his own bosom were now placed upon her, and the gentle Ida was reared with all the care and attention that the most favored ones enjoy.
Three weeks! how quick they pass away in the glad spring time of our existence; when joyous hearts are around us, and familiar voices are ever ready to give us welcome. How often do I look back upon some of these bright scenes of life, and taste again in memory their pleasures, and to none do I oftener recur than to my three weeks' visit to Uncle Jeffrey and Cousin Ida. How swiftly and how pleasantly too, did they pass away, between the eccentricities of the one, and the playful caprices of the other. They seemed but a day, as the evening previous to my return to —, I stood leaning against the portico, musing upon their rapid and joyous flight. A light touch upon my arm, and a merry laugh, roused me from my pleasing reverie.
"Dreaming, I suppose, of some fair damsel of your 'own sunny South,' that you consider so very superior—"
"Or of some one of the colder North, perchance of you, fair Coz."
"Come, a truce to compliments, you know I don't like them; I could never get at their meaning, they are so buried up in nonsense; so lay aside that sentimental look of yours; or I shall have to go on my Dorcas mission alone. See what a nice cap I have made for good old Mrs. Cunningham. Don't you think they ought to make me president of the sewing society? There, now, you begin to look like something with that demure face. Now take your hat and stick, and I'll pass you off as a young minister."

As the best way to avoid Ida's railery was to join her in it, I was soon on equal terms with her. After making her proposed call, we walked slowly along towards the cascade where we first met. As we entered the valley, the soft twilight of spring, which, in the more northern regions lingers long ere it deepens into night, was just gathering over the scene. The calm quiet which rested upon the spot, seemed to shed its influence over us. We walked on in silence till we stood at the foot of the cascade. The same bunch of wild flowers that I had noticed when I first visited the spot, was growing still on the cliff.
"Come, Cousin Charles, you must get me those flowers before you go; you know you promised me a bouquet."
"Yes, but I did not promise to break my neck in getting it."
"But this is just such a bunch as I want—I know you can get it—I'll do any thing for you if you will."
"Pray what will that any thing be, coz?"
"Oh, I'll mend your gloves; or sing you my best song—or—anything."
"Well, I'll get your flowers, but you must pay my price."
"Do, do."
The flowers were soon procured, and placed in her hand.
"Now for my reward, Cousin Ida."
"Well, shall I mend your gloves or sing you a song?"
"Neither."
"What shall I do then?"
"Give me a cousinly kiss."
"A kiss! I can't do any such a thing."
"But you promised."
"No such a thing; I said I would mend your gloves, or sing you a song—"
"Or do any thing."
"But any thing don't mean a kiss, does it?"
"Certainly, if I ask it."
"And won't you let me off?"
"Why should I? it is only your cousin."
A slight blush spread over her features, and a tear stole down her cheek, as she gently rested her head on my shoulder, and pressed her lips to mine.
"Ha, ha! that is what I call climbing for a kiss."

We sprang from our too cousinly position, and turning round saw Uncle Jeffrey enjoying a hearty laugh at our expense.—The rest, gentle reader, we will leave to your imagination.

A Happy Marriage—Excellent Advice.

THE FATHER AND DAUGHTER.
The following was brought to us a day or two ago, by an old and distinguished citizen, one who has seen much of the world, and who is able now to regard its movements with the eyes of a philosopher. Perhaps some of our readers have seen the article before. They may nevertheless read it again and again, and with advantage.—We have seldom met with more good sense in the same space. Let every young lady who pursues it, fancy for a moment that her name is Sophy, and that her father is addressing her. The truth will then sink more deeply into her heart, and when her eyes wander unconsciously towards some manly form, some suitor whose voice has softened while conversing with her, and whose eyes have shone with a strange tenderness, the wise words of the father will be apt to rise to her memory, and influence her judgment and her feelings. The advice is excellent.—*Philad. Inquirer.*

A FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS DAUGHTER.
You are now, Sophy, grown up to woman's estate; and you are not to remain always single. Your mother and I would have you happy, because our happiness depends on yours. The happiness of a virtuous young woman, is to make an honest man happy; we must, therefore, think of marrying you. We must think of this sometimes, for your fate through life depends on your marriage; and we cannot think too much upon it.

Nothing, perhaps, is more difficult than the choice of a good husband;—except perhaps the choosing a good wife. You, Sophy, will be this rare woman; you will be the pride of our lives, and our happiness in old age. But, however great merit you may have, there are men who have still more. There is no man who ought not to think it an honor to have you; there are many whom it would do you honor to obtain. Among this number the business is to find one suitable to you, to get acquainted with him, and to make him acquainted with you.

The greatest happiness of marriage, depends on so many points of agreement, that it would be a folly to think to find them all; the most important must be made sure of, preferable to the rest; if the others can be procured too, so much the better; if they cannot, they must be overlooked. Perfect happiness is not to be found in this world; but the greatest misfortunes, and that which may always be avoided, is to be unhappy by one's own fault.

There is a suitability which may be called natural; there is also a suitability arising from the institutions of men; and a suitability that depends wholly on opinion; of the two last parents are the proper judges; of the first, the children only can judge. In marriages made by the authority of parents, the suitability that arises from civil institutions and opinions are alone minded; the matches are not between the persons, but between their rank and fortune; but both these are subject to change; the persons alone remain the same, in all places, and at all times; the happiness or unhappiness of the marriage state depends, in spite of fortune, on personal suitability.

Your mother was a woman of family; I had a large fortune; these were the sole considerations that influenced our parents to join us together. I have lost my fortune, she has lost her rank; forgot by her family: what does it signify to her that she was born a lady? In the midst of our distress, the union of our hearts made up for every thing; the conformity of our tastes made us choose this retirement. We live happy in our poverty; each is to the other a friend and companion. Sophy is our common treasure; we thank the Almighty for giving her, and taking away every thing else.

You see, my dear child, whether Providence hath brought us. Those considerations which occasioned our marriage are vanished, and that which was accounted as nothing makes all our happiness. It is for man and wife to suit themselves. Mutual inclination ought to be their first tie; their eyes, their hearts ought to be their first guides; for as their primary duty, after they are joined together, is to love one another, so to love, or not to love, doth not always depend upon us; this duty necessarily implies another, namely, to be diligent with loving one another before marriage. This is a law of nature which cannot be abrogated; those who have restricted it, by many civil laws, have more regard to the appearance of order than to the morals of the people. You see, my dear child, that the morality we preach to you, is not difficult; it tends only to make you your own mistress, and to make us refer ourselves entirely to you for the choice of your husband.

After giving you our reasons for leaving you at full liberty to make your own choice, it is proper to mention those which ought to induce you to use it with prudence. Sophy, you have got good nature, and good sense, much integrity and piety, and those qualifications which a woman ought to have; and you are not disagreeable, but you have no fortune; you have the best riches, indeed, but you want those which

are most valued by the world. Do not aspire, therefore, to what you cannot attain to; and regulate your ambition not by your own judgment, or your mother's and mine, but by the opinion of mankind.
If nothing were to be considered but merit equal to your own, I know not where I should set limits to your hopes; but never raise them above your fortune, which, you are to remember, is very small. You never saw our prosperity; you were born after we failed in the world. You have made our poverty pleasing to us, and we have shared in it without pain. Never, child, seek for that wealth which we thank heaven for taking from us; we never tasted happiness until we lost our riches.
You are too agreeable, Sophy, not to please somebody; and you are not so poor as to render you a burthen to an honest man. You will be courted, and perhaps by persons who are not worthy of you.—If they show themselves that they really are, you will form a just estimate of them; their outside will not impose upon you long; but though you have good judgment, and can discern merit, you want experience, and know not how far men can dissemble. An artful cheat may study your taste, in order to seduce you, and counterfeit before you the virtues to which he is an absolute stranger. Such a one, child, would ruin you before you perceived it; and you would not see your error, until it was past recovery. The most dangerous of all snares, and the only one from which reason can restrain you, is that into which the passions hurry one; if ever you have the misfortune to fall into it, you will see nothing but illusions and chimeras; your eyes will be fascinated, your judgment will be confused, and your will corrupted; you will cherish your very error, and when you come to see it, you will have no desire to leave it.—It is to Sophy's reason, not to the bias of her heart, that we commit her; while passion hath no ascendancy over you, judge for yourself; but whenever you fall in love, commit the care of yourself to your mother.

This agreement which I propose to you, shows our esteem for you, and restores the national order. It is usual for parents to choose a husband for their daughters, and to consult her only for form's sake. We shall do just the contrary: you shall choose, and we shall be consulted. Make use of this right, Sophy, freely and wisely; the husband that is suitable for you ought to be your own choice, and not ours; but it is we who must judge whether you are not mistaken in this suitability for you, and whether you are not doing, without knowing it, what you have no mind to.

[From the New-York Observer.]
Hon. John Q. Adams on Voltaire.
HARTFORD, JULY 10, 1843.
Messrs. Editors.—Below I send you a letter from John Q. Adams, which I trust you will be disposed to make public. A word, by way of explanation.
About two years since, while I was travelling in Vermont, the pastor of a small village put into my hands a volume of Voltaire's Philosophical Dictionary, purporting to have been translated by John Quincy Adams, with a commentary and preface by the same. An infidel neighbor of Rev. Mr. Hubbard had loaned it to him, boasting that J. Q. Adams was an infidel as well as himself. Rev. Mr. H. procured the address of Mr. A. delivered at New York, in which he strongly urges the study of the Bible. After reading it, the infidel replied, if J. Q. Adams blows hot and cold in this way, I will have no further confidence in him. I suspected at the time that either this was a forgery, or else that it was the name of another J. Q. Adams; yet knowing that it had been attributed to the Ex-President, and therefore that his influence was made to sanction infidelity, I finally determined to ascertain the facts in the case, and also his views in regard to Voltaire's writings.—These are contained in the following letter.
Yours, &c., JOSEPH EMMERSON.

QUINCY, 17th JUNE, 1843.
Rev'd Sir,—In answer to the inquiries in your letter of the 14th inst., I cheerfully state—1st, That I never published or made a translation of Voltaire's Philosophical Dictionary; 2nd, That I never read that work, and am therefore unable to give an opinion upon its merits; 3d, That I never saw the book mentioned by you, as purporting to be a translation of Voltaire's Philosophical Dictionary, by John Quincy Adams; 4th, That I have heard of a person, a stranger to me, bearing that name, but know not how he came by it, nor to what family he belongs.
I have read extracts from Voltaire's Philosophical Dictionary, and others of his writings infected with infidelity, but I have also read and seen performed on the stage, his tragedies of Zaire, Alzire and Mahomet, and have read his epic poem of the Henriade—I have read of his writings, in which he complains that he has been accused of irreligious propensities, and appeals to these tragedies and this epic poem as proofs of his orthodoxy. He boasts that when his tragedy of Zaire was first performed, it was called the Christian tragedy. In the tragedy of Alzire, a Spanish Viceroy is murdered by a Peruvian Indian, and when the assassin is brought before him as he is dying, he says—
"Learn now the difference between thy gods and mine—
Thy gods command thee to revenge and murder; and mine, when thou hast stabbed me to the heart, Command me to pity and forgive thee."
In his Henriade, he glorifies Henry the

Fourth for having been converted by a vision, in which his ancestor, St. Louis, proves to him the truth of his doctrine of transubstantiation; and he dedicated his tragedy of Mahomet, to Pope Benedict the XIVth, assuring him that in exposing the impostor of false religion, there was no person to whom the work could with so much propriety be dedicated as to the head of the true religion; a compliment for which the sovereign pontiff rewarded him, as a true and faithful son of the holy church, with his eternal and apostolic benediction.

Now if the infidel neighbor of the Rev. Mr. Hubbard declared that he would have no further confidence in me if I had been blowing hot and cold, by publishing a translation of Voltaire's Philosophical Dictionary, and yet professing for myself religious sentiments and opinions, how could he have confidence in Voltaire himself—such an adept in the art of blowing hot and cold, that he wrote with the same pen his Philosophical Dictionary and his Henriade, his Zaire, his Alzire and his Mahomet—how could the infidel justify himself for recommending to his friend the work of such a weathercock as Voltaire, and yet profess to withdraw all his confidence in me for my supposed inconsistency in publishing the infidel trash of Voltaire, and yet avowing religious sentiments for myself?

The truth is, that Voltaire was a lively, sarcastical, disingenuous, prejudiced, factious disbeliever in christianity, ready to assume the mask of religion, or to cast it away, just as it suited his interest or his humor; intent above all things upon making himself a name; and flattering himself that his easiest way to do it was by demolishing the christian religion. I never thought his Philosophical Dictionary worth reading, and I read his Bible only to despise it.

I have read also his Maid of Orleans, and despised him also for that—infamous for its perversion of all moral principle, and all decency. Its injustice to one of the brightest characters in human history is its most crying sin. A Frenchman who can speak or think of Joan of Arc without reverence, must have a heart colder than the everlasting ice of the poles.

You are at liberty, sir, to make such use of this letter as you think proper. I am certainly not ambitious of the reputation of spending my time in translating or in publishing Voltaire's Philosophical Dictionary.

There are very few from some of whose writings I have recoiled with more disgust and horror; of his infidelity and dissolute morals I have had more than a surfeit, and if I have ever derived any benefit from them, it has only been by that process which extracts healing medicine from the deadliest of poisons.

I am, very respectfully and thankfully, dear sir, your obedient servant,
JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

The Widow's Prayer.

It was a cold and bleak evening in a most severe winter. The snow, driven by the furious north wind, was piled into broad and deep banks along our streets. Few dared or were willing to venture abroad. It was a night which the poor will not soon forget. In a most miserable and shattered tenement, somewhat remote from any other habitation, there then resided on aged widow, all alone, and yet not alone.—During the weary day, in her excessive sickness, she had been unable to step beyond her door-stone, or to communicate her wants to any friend. Her last morsel of bread had been consumed. She sat by her small fire, half famished with hunger—from exhaustion unable to sleep—preparing to meet the dreadful fate from which she knew not how she should be spared. She had prayed that morning, in full faith, "Give me this day my daily bread," but the shadows of evening had descended upon her, and her faithful prayer had not been answered.—While such thoughts were passing through her weary mind, she heard the door suddenly open, and as suddenly shut again, and found deposited in her entry, by an unknown hand, a basket full of those articles of comfort, which had to her, all the sweetness of manna. What were her feelings, God only knows! but they were such as rise to him—the great deliverer and provider—from ten thousand hearts, every day. Many days elapsed before the widow learned through what messenger God had sent to her that timely aid. It was at the impulse of a little child, who, on that dismal night, seated at the cheerful fireside of her home, was led to express the generous wish that the poor widow, whom she had sometimes visited, could share some of her numerous comforts and good cheer. Her parents followed out the benevolent suggestion, and a servant was soon despatched to her mean abode, with a plentiful supply.

What a beautiful glimpse of the chain of causes, all fastened at the throne of God! An angel from the excellent glory, with noiseless wing, came down and stirred the peaceful breast of a pure-hearted child, and with no pomp or circumstance of an outward miracle, the widow's prayer was answered.

They who talk degradingly of woman, have not sufficient taste to relish their excellencies, or purity enough to court their acquaintance.
A French dentist, failing, after several trials, to extract a lady's tooth, accounted for it by saying that nothing bad could come out of her mouth.

Parental Fault-finding.
It is at times necessary to censure and to punish. But very much may be done by encouraging children when they do well. Be ever more careful to express your approbation of good conduct than disapprobation of bad. Nothing can more discourage a child than a spirit of incessant fault-finding, on the part of its parents. And hardly any thing can exert a more injurious influence upon the disposition both of the parent and the child.
There are two motives influencing human action, hope and fear. But who would not prefer to have her child influenced to good conduct by the desire of pleasing; rather than by fear of offending? If a mother never express her gratification when her children do well, and is always censuring when she sees anything amiss, they are discouraged and unhappy. They feel that there is no use in trying to please. Their dispositions become hardened and soured by this ceaseless fretting. At last finding that, whether they do well or ill, they are equally found fault with, they relinquish all efforts to please, and become heedless of reproaches.
But let a mother approve of a child's conduct when she can. Let her show that his good behavior makes her sincerely happy. Let her reward him for his effort to please by smiles and affection. In this way she will cherish in her child's heart some of the noblest and most desirable feelings of our nature. She will cultivate in him an amiable disposition and cheerful spirit.

Your child has been during the day very good and obedient. Just before putting him to sleep for the night you take his hand and say: "My son, you have been a good boy to-day. It makes me very happy to see you so kind and obedient, God loves little children who are dutiful to their parents, and he promises to make them happy." This approbation from his mother is to him a great reward. And when with more than an ordinary affectionate tone you say, "Good night, my dear son," he leaves the room with his heart full of feeling, and then he is happy, and resolves that he will try to do his duty.—*Mother at Home.*

ANECDOTE OF JOHN RANDOLPH.—An Irishman in the New Mirror of a late date, relates the following anecdote, illustrating the marvellous geographical knowledge of John Randolph.
"My knowledge of Ireland," said he to me, "seems to astonish you as much as it did a servant of Mr. Canning's, at Washington, the other day. He brought me a note from his master—who, by the by, is a very superior man, sir—and the moment he spoke I at once detected the Munster man—for he had a fine rich brogue; so, thinks I, I'll have some fun."
"So, John, you're from Munster, are you not?" said I.
"I am please your honor," replied he, surprised at my question.
"From the county Clare, I presume?"—
"This was a guess on my part as to the county."
"Yes, sir," said he, still more astounded.
"What town did you live in?" continued I.
"The town of Ennis, sir."
"Oh, said I, laughing, 'I know Ennis very well. Pray does Sir Edward O'Brien still live at Dromoland?'"
"He does, indeed, sir."
"And Mr. Stackpool at Edenvale?"
"Yes, surely, sir."
"And the Knight of Glin at Shanoval?"
"Yes, sir," and then, after a pause and a low bow, he added, "might I make bold to ask, sir, how long your honor lived in Clare?"
"I never was there at all," replied I, "but hope to be there very soon."
"Oh, sir," said he, "don't be after fooling me; for you must be a bit of an Irishman, you have the brogue, and you know as much of the country as I do myself, and more too, I'm thinking!"
"It was in vain that I assured him I had never been in Ireland; he went away still insisting that I had lived there; which fact he told to Mr. Canning, who was very much amused at the way in which I had puzzled poor John, as he told me himself next day!"

FRANKLIN AND GREENE.—While the American army, in 1775, was besieging Boston, Congress sent to the camp a special committee, at the head of which was Dr. Franklin. Gen. Greene, in a letter dated "Prospect Hill, Oct. 30, 1775," and addressed to Gov. Ward, thus describes the impression which this great philosopher made upon him: "The committee from the Congress arrived last evening, and I had the honor to be introduced to that very great man, Dr. Franklin, whom I viewed with silent admiration during the whole evening. Attention watched his lips, and conversation closed his periods." Beautiful tribute from one great man to another, both of whom were first among the foremost in liberty's great struggle, and both fragrant with revolutionary renown.

No plaster can be made strong enough to draw genuine tears from a hypocrite's eyes—money from a miser—generosity from selfishness—truth from a slanderer—honesty from a thief—or a prize in the lottery.

MODERATE DRINKING.—We think the following toast is a very good hit:—"A moderate drinker—a guide-board showing a slow but sure way to the gutter."