

# Highland Messenger.

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## TERMS.

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## Miscellaneous.

### Ephraim Pipkin.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY FEELING GROUND."  
A village is the world in miniature.—Human life and individual eccentricity are developed in its narrow precincts, in every variety of form. Odd geniuses are born, live, and die, and their deeds go down with them to the grave, 'unhonored and unknown.'

EPHRAIM PIPKIN was a great man in his day. Ah! the grass has been green over his grave for many a year. The old village sexton, bending with the weight of age, points out to the strollingurchins the spot of Ephraim's burial, and repeats the hundredth time the jokes connected with him while living. Ephraim was a 'man of all work.' He was village property. He was a public personage. On Mondays, he helped the women wash. There was no deviation from this rule. The day was sacredly set apart for this undivided purpose. He was, on such occasions, emphatically female stock. On other days, he was at large; up to the highest bidder; 'just the man for a job.' He was a great wag, and was continually playing off tricks upon his employers. He was a short man, plump and dumpy, with enormous head and feet and a fiery face. His clothes were short and pinching; one suit, comprising all styles, being gathered from every family in the community.

One smoky day in September, Ephraim was ploughing for Deacon Tuttle. Mrs. Tuttle, particularly requested him to come to dinner immediately, when she blew the horn. She was a punctual woman, and had 'a system' about her work. Ephraim, who always recollected such requests, ploughed on steadily and soberly, as the hours wore away, casting his eyes up to the sun, as he turned each furrow. He was humming to himself, keeping time with the monotonous music of the crickets, upon a blast from the horn burst suddenly upon his ear. Quick as a flash, he made his appearance before Mrs. Tuttle, according to order.

'Well, Ephraim,' said the good woman, 'what now?'

'Come to dinner,' responded the ploughman.

'Law! massy me!' said Mrs. Tuttle, lifting both hands in astonishment; 'it is only ten o'clock!'

'The horn blew, any how,' was Ephraim's reply.

'Why, no it didn't!' said the dame; 'you are crazy!'

'Ephraim 'yoked up,' and returned to his labor. In about an hour he heard another blast from the dinner-horn. Away he went to the house.

'There is no mistake this time, Mrs. Tuttle, I guess!' said Ephraim, grinning from ear to ear.

'Why what ails you?—are you possessed?' vociferated the astonished Mrs. Tuttle; 'dinner won't be ready this hour!'

'What did you blow the horn for, then?' exclaimed Ephraim, with great apparent rage.

'I didn't—no such thing!' retorted Mrs. Tuttle.

'There it goes agin!' said Ephraim.

'Why that's our jack; 'tain't the dinner-horn!' exclaimed Mrs. Tuttle.

'A jack, eh? well, I'm deceived if I ever heard a jack afore!'

It has never been satisfactorily decided whether Ephraim was playing a hoax or not. He kept the secret within his own bosom.

Ephraim engaged himself for six weeks with Deacon Browning. Mrs. Browning always had pudding-and-milk for supper.—It so happened, that owing to a press of household duties the good lady ventured upon pudding-and-milk for dinner—a thing of rare occurrence. Ephraim sat down to the table, as usual, and ate heartily, apparently well satisfied. He rose from his seat, yawned and stretched three or four times, and then went to bed! The old lady at length called to him, asked him what he was doing up-stairs.

'Gone to bed!' said Ephraim; 'we always go to bed after eating pudding-and-milk!'

Ephraim Pipkin was a native of New England, as our readers must have discovered. Parson Dutton once had the honor of his services for a week. Now, the parson was a poor man. His parish was composed of poor men. He had ten acres of land, the base of which covered about one acre; the remainder, like Mahomet's coffin, hung between the heavens and the earth. The parson was in the possession of one horse and a yoke of cattle. Ephraim was requested to turn the whole stock out to pasture; but the hill was so steep, he thought if the animals ever reached the summit, they must inevitably dash out their brains in attempting a descent. He had a tender heart for man and beast; and to obviate any accident, he very prudently put 'breaching' on them, that they might 'hold back,' and let themselves down gently, and thus avert their otherwise certain destruction.

Now when the parishoners passed by, they could not but blush at the spectacle before them. That Parson Dutton should be compelled to hazard the life of his horse and cattle on the little spot given to him, was unchristian-like and ungrateful. There was a stir among the people; a subscription paper, a new land purchase, and more prosperous times. Ephraim had contrived it all, and to him alone was the credit due.

Ephraim Pipkin was an inquisitive man. While under the roof of the parson, it so happened that Miss Luteria Dutton, his eldest daughter, received the devoted and undivided attention of the head clerk in the village store. Miss Dutton and Mr. Bruce were the very cream of society, and they had assimilated together from the natural force of circumstances. Mr. Bruce was as punctual a man in love as in business.—He came early, and remained late. It was September, an inspiring season of the year, when our story has its date. Night after night the happy couple were to be seen at an open window, listening to the melancholy murmur of the crickets, and talking solemn things, spiced with love. Ephraim determined to be a participator in the conversation.

One night about twelve, 'when churchyards yawn,' Ephraim, who slept in a distant part of the house, rose, and without any apparel, save his robes of white, sans coat, vest, and pantaloons, moved down the stairs, and putting a ladder to the roof, ascended the house-top. Mounting a chimney, he very carefully commenced his descent. The chat of Mr. Bruce and Miss Dutton waxed more and more distinct, as Ephraim moved downward. The fire-bowl had been removed to make room for a couple of flower-pots, and there was no obstruction to a free transmission of sounds. The experiment was most desperate one. Ephraim was as black as night, when he reached his tarrying place. Through his sooty mask might be detected a few streaks of his natural color, rendering him still more hideous. His hair stood up like quills upon the fretful porcupine. Braced up firmly, established himself at the throat of the chimney, and lent his whole attention to the wooing below.

The lovers were in the depth of a most chilling ghost-story. They had been talking of 'death-warnings,' and 'second-sights,' until they shook with terror.—Ephraim, finding the amusement dull, and being weary with over-exertion, began to wax drowsy; and losing himself in a short nap, his muscles relaxed, his feet gave way, and down he rushed into the room, carrying a cloud of soot with him, the very image of his Satanic Majesty himself. Mr. Bruce and Miss Dutton plunged out of the window, the former leaping for home, and the latter fainting, fell on the grass senseless. Ephraim darted out at a side door, washed himself at a brook near by, returned to his room, re-apparelled himself, and flung himself upon his bed. Miss Dutton revived and 'went her way.' It was current, for years, that the devil appeared to the lovers, and the parson was so superstitious that he finally forbade the match.

No man was more feared than Ephraim Pipkin. His wit and wagery were an omnipotent weapon. Dr. Forbes, a gentleman celebrated for his meanness and dishonesty, fleeced Ephraim out of a few dollars, by taking dishonorable advantage of him. Now, it so happened that one rainy, tempestuous night, in the spring of the year, when the roads were deep mire, that a gentleman rapped at the door of Doctor Forbes, requesting his immediate attendance on a friend of the doctor's, who was lying in a fit, five miles distant, declaring that the family would receive no other physician. 'Let the physician make all haste, or the patient dies before his arrival,' were the concluding words, as the messenger closed the door.

The physician arose, hurried on his clothes, mounted his horse, and dashed out amid the awful storm, urging his steed along at a most rapid rate. On arriving he rapped at the door. All was silent within. He rapped again. No answer.—What could be the reason? A third time he shook the door with tremendous fury.

'Who's there?' was the surly inquiry.

'Doctor Forbes.'

'What are you after, this terrible night?' asked the master of the house as he opened the door full upon him.

'I am sent for. How's this. Why, word was left at my house, an hour ago, that you were lying in a fit!'

'Never was better in my life!' replied the farmer.

'Well, then, hang that Ephraim Pipkin! He is the scoundrel who has deceived me! The doctor mounted his horse like a madman, resolving vengeance and brimstone, on his fearful way home. As there was no proof that Ephraim was the man, although no doubt existed that such was the fact, the whole thing passed off, and finally became one of the best traditional stories of the village.

Not many months after the above affair, the doctor lost a favorite horse, after a short illness, for which his master had prescribed: He drew him off some distance from the village, and resigned him to the birds of the air. On the following morning the doctor arose, and throwing up his window, beheld his decease-steed, clad in harness, and standing before the door, attached to the gig which he had whirled along for so many years. 'Good Heaven!' exclaimed the doctor, wild with astonishment; 'the dead risen! Away he flew to the street. It was the same—but alas! without life.' 'Ephraim Pipkin!' was the

only explanation. The public understood it all. There was no evidence; but the joke was laughed at for weeks.—

Reader, did you ever hear of the 'Universal Band' in the village of Ephraim's nativity and residence, such a band furnished, and our hero was captain thereof.—It was termed the 'Universal Band,' because it was open to all, without reference to musical or any other qualification.—This band numbered about an hundred.—Their instruments were tin-pans, pot lids, dinner-horns, cracked-bells, drums and fife, and a thousand unique vehicles of noise; in brief, 'musical instruments and that of all sorts.' Yes, Ephraim was captain. At midnight, beneath the bright moon, when all was still and solemn, the band marched through the streets, and serenaded the people. Windows flew up and night-capped heads were thrust forth to listen to the divine melody. Ephraim marched at the head, with a firm step, full of stateliness and dignity, striking two cymbals pot-lids together, in perfect harmony, leading the union of sounds in his rear.—Impulsive and stoical, he suffered nothing to divert his attention. 'His march was onward.' Dogs, roused from their dreams, might bark; cats snarl; cows bellow; horses snort; yet the Universal Band moved on. It was enough that the whole people were up and listening. No one ventured to sleep on such an occasion; and I venture to say, that if there is a man living who knew Ephraim Pipkin, he will first think of him as the Captain of the Universal Band.

Ephraim Pipkin was an old man when he died. His light went out gradually, waxing dimmer and dimmer each day, until the shadows of death settled around him. His head was full of wit, and his face full of humor, to the last. It was not in the power of fate to depress him. He was above her arrows. 'All the world was a stage' to him, and he played his part well, even to his last exit. Poverty might pinch, sickness assail, scandal deride; it was all the same to Ephraim. He was too much of a philosopher to care a straw for them. He kicked the whole catalogue of miseries from him, as he would a mad-dog. 'As a man thinketh, so is he,' was Ephraim's creed, drawn from the best of books.

Ephraim left no property for posterity to quarrel about. He had seen the folly of it. He had seen 'affectionate' and 'dutiful' children of deceased parents break open the will on the funeral-day, and fight like cats and dogs, during their natural lives, about dollars and cents! He had seen families split, brothers curse brothers, and sisters war with sisters; and all for money! He had seen the profligacy of the sons, intemperance, and gambling, and every other vice. Although childless, the greedy world might contend for his smallest pittance; and Ephraim blessed his stars that he died poor.

Our philosopher was never tormented with imaginary troubles. He was not always trembling lest he should fall. He was not high enough for that. No person envied him; and what was better, he fully reciprocated the feeling. He was never charged with officiousness, pride, ostentation, or tyranny. He was beneath those tempers that at times sweep every village. A want of courtesy was no infirmity of his nature, for he made no courteous professions.

But enough. The world has many Ephraim Pipkins, who pass through it and die without regret or remark. Common justice, however, seemed to demand this tribute; and, in closing it, I would say, in true tomb-stone phrase:

'SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF EPHRAIM PIPKIN.'

### An Incident in Georgia.

Some two years ago the writer of this article stopped at a town in one of the Southern Counties in Georgia. Strolling about, he entered the grave yard. From a small but chaste obelisk, he read this inscription:

A  
MOTHER'S MEMENTO  
TO THE MEMORY OF AN ONLY SON  
WHO FELL AT THE MASSACRE  
OF  
FANNIN'S REGIMENT IN  
MEXICO.

He felt an interest to learn the history of its erection. The story was briefly this: A youth of nineteen, the only son of a widowed mother—a boy whom she loved with all the fondness of maternal affection—was returning to his home from the University of Virginia, at the time Fannin was raising his regiment of Georgians for the Texian service. With southern ardor, and with all the shivalous recklessness of youth, he volunteered for the campaign. He briefly addressed a letter to his mother the day he embarked, informing her of his destination, and his hope of being instrumental in aiding the independence of Texas.

Judge of the mother's feelings when she read this letter. Without an instant's hesitation she departed for Charleston, in hopes to overtake her truant boy. Unfortunately the schooner lost her foremast; and when the mother reached Texas, she found the regiment had marched a week before the scene of conflict. News finally came of the capture of Fannin and his forces by the Mexican army. Then came the intelligence of their massacre, by order of the tyrant, Santa Anna. Her boy was in the front rank, and among the first that fell! For a time she was deprived of her senses, and when she fully recovered,

with a broken heart, she returned to her home in Georgia. She erected this obelisk to the memory of her son; and one afternoon, a short time after returning from the church yard, she was found dead, sitting in her arm chair, holding the miniature of her boy. The mother's troubles were over!—N. Y. Aurora.

### The first prayer in Congress.

The subjoined extract of a characteristic letter from John Adams, describing a scene in the first Congress in Philadelphia, in September, 1775, shows very clearly on what power the mighty men of old rested their cause.—Mr. A. thus writes to a friend at the time:

"When the Congress met, Mr. Cushing made a motion that it should be opened with prayer. It was opposed by Mr. Jay of N. York, and Mr. Rutledge of South Carolina because we were so divided in religious sentiments, some Episcopalians, some Quaker some Anabaptists, some Presbyterians and some Congregationalists, so that we could not join in the same act of worship. Mr. Samuel Adams arose and said that he was no bigot, and could hear a prayer from any gentleman of piety and virtue who was at the same time a friend to his country.—He was a stranger in Philadelphia, but had heard that Mr. Duche (Dushay they pronounced it) deserved that character, and therefore he moved that Mr. Duche, an Episcopal clergyman might be desired to read prayers to the Congress, to-morrow morning. The motion was seconded, and passed in the affirmative. Mr. Randolph, our President waited on Mr. Duche, and received for answer, that if his health would permit he certainly would. Accordingly, next morning, he appeared with his clerk, and in his pontificals, and read several prayers in the established form, and then read the collect for the seventh day of September, which was the 55th Psalm. You must remember this was the next morning after we had heard the rumor of the horrible cannonade at Boston. It seemed that if heaven had ordained that Psalm to be read on that morning.

"After this, Mr. Duche, unexpectedly to every body struck out into an extemporary prayer which filled the bosom of every man present. I must confess I never heard a better prayer, or one so well pronounced Episcopal as he is, Dr. Cooper, himself never prayed with such fervor, such ardor, such correctness and pathos, and in language so elegant and sublime, for America, for Congress, for the province of the Massachusetts Bay, especially the town of Boston. It has had an excellent effect upon every body here. I must beg you to read that psalm. If there is any faith in the sortes Virgilianae, or sortes Homericæ, or especially the sortes Biblicæ, it would be thought providential."

The 55th Psalm was indeed appropriate to the news received and the exigencies of the times. It commences:

"Plead my cause, O Lord, with them that strive with me; fight against them that fight against me."

"Take hold of shield and buckler and stand up for my help."

"Draw out also the spear, and stop the way against them that prosecute me; say unto my soul, I am thy salvation."

What a subject for contemplation does the above picture present. The 44 members of the first Congress, in their Hall, bent before the mercy seat and asking Him that their enemies might be as chaff before the wind." Washington was kneeling there, says the Newark Advertiser, and Henry and Randolph, and Rutledge, and Lee, and Jay, and by their side there stood bowed in reverence, the Puritan patriots of New England, who at that moment had reason to believe that an armed soldiery was wasting their humble households. It was believed that Boston was bombarded and destroyed. They prayed fervently for "America, for the Congress, for the province of Massachusetts Bay, and especially for the town of Boston;" and who can realize the emotions with which they turned imploringly to Heaven for divine interposition and aid? "It was enough," says Mr. Adams, "to melt a heart of stone I saw the tears gush into the eyes of the old grave, pacific Quakers of Philadelphia."

"Is he rich?"—Many a sigh is heaved—many a heart is broken, many a life is rendered miserable by the terrible infatuation which parents often evince in choosing a life companion for their daughters.—How is it possible for happiness to result from the union of two principles so diametrically opposed to each other in every point of view as virtue and vice?—And yet how often is wealth considered a better recommendation to a young man than virtue?—How often is the first question which is asked respecting the suitor of a daughter, "Is he rich?"—Yes, he abounds in wealth—but does that afford any evidence that he will make a kind and affectionate husband?

Is he rich? Yes, his clothing is purple and fine linen, and he fares sumptuously every day—but can you infer from this that he is virtuous?

Is he rich? Yes, he has thousands floating on every ocean; but do not riches sometimes take wings to themselves and fly away!—and will you consent that your daughter shall marry a man who has nothing to recommend him but his wealth?—Ah! beware! the gilded bait sometimes covers a barbed hook. Ask not, then, "Is he rich?" but "Is he virtuous?" Ask not

if he has wealth, but if he has honor, and do not sacrifice your daughter's peace for money.—Louisville Reporter.

### Light Words.

This is often said to be a world of cold neglect and scorn—and so it is. But, reader, while you have called it so, have you ever thought that you are one of such a world? That from your mouth are often heard words so cold, unkind, that like the torpedo, they numb all within their reach? Perhaps you did not mean to wound a friend, or make this life to him more lonely. Then you should have withheld that last light word,

"This ever soon the cause, not soon The sad effects pass by."

Have you ever seen a gay, lively spirit, and light heart turned to sadness and deep melancholy? It might have been but the effect of a light word. Have you seen the tear of the mourner starting a-fresh? It was a light word that so vividly recalled the past. Have you ever seen the poor of this world made to feel more keenly than ever (and Heaven knows it is sharp enough at any time) the sense of their destitution?—It was only a light word. Be mindful then,

"Ye little know what misery From idle words may spring."

But what are idle words? We watch the lips of the young and aged, of the wise and ignorant, of the thoughtful and giddy, and we hear the audible expression of careless hearts, but certainly these cannot be light words, for all have their effects, deep, serious, and lasting. Light words! the very name is a mockery—a burden to the heart; for however lightly they fall from the lip, heavily, but too heavily, do they rest upon the spirit.—Christian Observer.

### A lesson on Matrimony.

And what a pity, that in this society there are so many bars to this holy union, and that so many live on week after week singly and so far wretched—less happy than they might and ought to be.

We feel deeply and strongly upon this subject, and have thought of it much and often.

There are hundreds of young men in this country, every way qualified for the best estate of matrimony, who are wearing their lives out solitary and alone. Fortune, position, pride, and necessity, all causes arising from an artificial state of society, are in the way of their happiness!

So with the girls. How many thousands of lovely, warm-hearted, kind beings are there deprived of those sweet sympathies and enjoyments which make life a source of comfort and happiness!

If the young man is rich, he is carefully watched, that he does not mate below his situation, and by such foolish fastidiousness, and selfishness, kept from marrying at all, or is bargained off by his relatives, and united to one for whom he has no affection.

The heiress, too, is taught that on no account must she marry below her; and nine times in ten, a fortune is the forerunner of blighted affections and a broken heart where there is a heart to break.

Those of moderate means are struggling for position, and anxious on each side to marry above them; while those who are poor, are forced to remain apart in fear of becoming poorer.

Such is the picture of our society, and it is all wrong, all unhappy—not at all what it should be.

The only course is an utter disregard of dollars in an affair of the heart. Whenever a young man can support himself, he can support a wife; for the saving of such a connection—the prudence it promotes, the ambition and industry it occasions, and the character and credit it gives a man, will more than counterbalance the additional expense. Let dollars be no object. It is well enough to have them, but they should be no consideration.

We know that women are generally unselfish in matters of the heart. They are the last to weigh the lover's purse; and where wealth weds with honorable poverty, it tends to equalize society, and is often the most blessed union in the world.

But let matrimony be promoted—and of all the thousands we are daily meeting in this country—young, beautiful, with hearts melting with tenderness, and longing for happiness, we hope to see none remain old maids but such as are perfectly contented with such a lot, and willing to make baby's caps for other people's children.

### HEAVY MEN.

The largest person ever known in Ireland, who perhaps the exception of Phin Mac-coole, the celebrated Irish giant, was Roger Byrne, who resided in Ossory, and was buried on the 13th of May, 1787, in the churchyard of Roscommon, in Queen's county. The coffin and its contents weighed five hundred and seventy-eight pounds. It was borne on a very long bier by thirty strong men, who were relieved at intervals. Roger Byrne died of no other disease than suffocation, occasioned by a superabundance of fat, which stopped the play of his lungs, and put a period to his life in the fifty-fourth year of his age. He was one hundred pounds heavier than the noted Bright, of Malden in England, who weighed four hundred and sixty pounds—and within the circumference of whose waistcoat three of the largest men in that town could be enclosed without constraint, and one hundred and eighty pounds lighter than Daniel Lambert, who died in 1809, and weighed seven hundred and thirty-nine pounds!

We believe that the heaviest man ever known in New England was Caleb Towle, an Indian, wealthy, and respectable citizen of Centre Harbor, New Hampshire, who died in 1822, from an extraordinary increase of flesh. Though short of five feet ten inches high, he weighed five hundred and fifteen pounds.—Boston Jour.

### The United States.

The surface of the United States comprehends a space of about two millions two hundred and fifty thousand square miles, and is about one twentieth part of the land surface of the earth. More than one-half of this surface lies between the 35th and 45th degrees of latitude, in the very heart of the temperate zone, where nature brings men and fruits to the highest measure of comparative excellence. Of the whole two millions two hundred and fifty thousand square miles of surface, only about two hundred and fifty thousand lie in the Atlantic slope, and two-thirds of the whole lie in the valley of the Mississippi. To estimate rightly the population which, under the natural laws of increase, will arise and be read; maintained on this surface, it is proper to consider the arability and fertility of the great American Basin, as the valley of the Mississippi has been styled. In this vast region there is very little space occupied by mountains, marshes or lakes, incapable of production. Almost the whole surface is arable. Its rivers are remarkably long. The main stream of the Mississippi rises near latitude 48, and joins the Gulf of Mexico about 29, thus running through about 20 degrees of latitude. The Red River, of Louisiana, is one thousand miles in length; the Ohio, ascending to the head of the Monongahela and Alleghany, is also one thousand miles long. The rains and melted snows which occasion the annual floods fall on distant mountains, and raise these streams to great heights, pouring forth vast volumes of water, which irrigate and fertilize the banks. These great facts, taken in connexion with its fertility in the midst of the temperate zone, determine the conclusion that this great Basin is capable of producing more grain, and, consequently, of maintaining more people, than any other equal space on the face of the globe.—It is gratifying to know, too, that an art as cultivation has extended, the practical facts correspond with the theory deduced from geographical facts.

The circumference or border line of the United States is about nine thousand five hundred miles in length. It may be divided thus: Boundary in common with British North America, 3700 miles; boundary in common with Mexico, 2300; coast of the Pacific, 700; coast of the Gulf of Mexico, 1000; and coast of the Atlantic, 1800. The territory thus enclosed includes also nearly ten thousand miles of river and lake navigation, of which two-thirds are in the valley of the Mississippi.—Geographers of foreign countries have admitted that this extensive country has the most varied soil, climate and productions of any country on the face of the earth. The inevitable consequence of this, that its capabilities for population and wealth are correspondingly great.

A number of estimates of the progress of American population have been made. The writer is of the opinion that two of these—the one by Derby, the other by Professor Tucker, are particularly worthy of notice. Comparing the estimates of these gentlemen, and taking the mean, it may be considered certain (continued the writer) that without Divine interposition to the contrary, one century will increase the population of the United States to three hundred millions! We must confess that to our mind the mean estimate here given appears by far too great.

Estimates have been made which render it certain that the United States have an ultimate capacity of containing eight hundred millions of people, which is the entire population of the globe.

### Hints to Apprentices.

If you do your duty—are kind and obedient—you will seldom meet with any trouble; your masters will appreciate your services—respect you, and use their endeavors to make your situation agreeable and pleasant. On the contrary, if you are cross and crabbed—if you continually find fault with all at your pleasant requests or kind rebukes—if you are perverse and head strong, you cannot expect to be happy—no situation will be pleasant, and no master kind to you. It depends mostly upon yourself, whether your situation shall be agreeable or otherwise. You should remember, that while you are apprentices you have placed yourselves under the care of another—one who is bound to watch over you—counsel you—check you when you err.

We see no reason in the world why all apprentices cannot be contented and happy. Some of you, we know, have unpleasant masters, and disagreeable masters. But, be assured, if you endeavor to do your duty, and strive to promote the interests of your employers, you will eventually soften the asperity of their tempers, and turn their habitual frowns into smiles. If you partake of their feelings, and say with proud spirits, "I will not put up with such treatment," when any thing crosses your temper, you add to your sorrow, and contribute to make your situations more disagreeable. By studying your duty, and promoting the interests of your masters, you best fit yourself, and make every thing pleasant.

While learning your trades, you cannot be too careful of bad associates. One vicious youth will ruin a dozen well disposed boys. Choose for your companions the virtuous and industrious—those who would not for the world commit a crime—whose language is free from profane words, and indelicate thoughts, and who prefer to spend their time, especially their evenings, where they can improve their minds. Such young men are ornaments to society, and all who are found among them, pursuing the same praiseworthy course, are considered to be in the true path to virtue and honor.

By observing these few hints, you are certain that every apprentice will find it for his best good in the end, however he may consider it now. An other and a vicious course will prove his sure and irrevocable ruin.—Portland Tribune.

### THE FARMER'S LIFE.

God-fearing, allow us to congratulate you of your happy situation in life in which you are placed who are engaged in the cultivation of the earth. In independence, in healthfulness, in amenity, it excels every other. Prudence and economy, and a just estimate of his position in society, are requisite for a man in such situations; but to whom are the facilities, independence so great as to the farmer? Favorably situated for avoiding temptations to be led away by the varieties of society, he is surrounded with every thing necessary to comfortable existence. His life indeed is a laborious one; but labor is no evil—it conduces to vigor of the body, and certainly is not in itself a hindrance to happiness is ever found. The very place in which his labor is carried on is favorable to him. He lives not pent up in walls, and in a confined or insalubrious atmosphere, but in the free air of heaven, with the boundless sky for a roof and surrounded by every thing that is lovely in nature, and calculated to lead the mind from nature to nature's God. The sentiment of love and admiration of the beautiful works of the Creator, leads us to see him, and to know him, and to adore him. He who can plod on in his fields, insensible to these beauties, is truly of a cloddy heart. He is incapable of experiencing that sublime love of the Deity, which alone can elevate the soul above the miseries that envelop all worldly concerns, and give him as it were, a foretaste of the pure and exalted joys of a future state.

Men's evil manners live in brass—their virtues are written in water.

He is the best Christian whose heart beats with the purest pulse toward Heaven.—Cudworth.

if he has wealth, but if he has honor, and do not sacrifice your daughter's peace for money.—Louisville Reporter.

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Have you ever seen a gay, lively spirit, and light heart turned to sadness and deep melancholy? It might have been but the effect of a light word. Have you seen the tear of the mourner starting a-fresh? It was a light word that so vividly recalled the past. Have you ever seen the poor of this world made to feel more keenly than ever (and Heaven knows it is sharp enough at any time) the sense of their destitution?—It was only a light word. Be mindful then,

"Ye little know what misery From idle words may spring."

But what are idle words? We watch the lips of the young and aged, of the wise and ignorant, of the thoughtful and giddy, and we hear the audible expression of careless hearts, but certainly these cannot be light words, for all have their effects, deep, serious, and lasting. Light words! the very name is a mockery—a burden to the heart; for however lightly they fall from the lip, heavily, but too heavily, do they rest upon the spirit.—Christian Observer.

### A lesson on Matrimony.

And what a pity, that in this society there are so many bars to this holy union, and that so many live on week after week singly and so far wretched—less happy than they might and ought to be.

We feel deeply and strongly upon this subject, and have thought of it much and often.

There are hundreds of young men in this country, every way qualified for the best estate of matrimony, who are wearing their lives out solitary and alone. Fortune, position, pride, and necessity, all causes arising from an artificial state of society, are in the way of their happiness!

So with the girls. How many thousands of lovely, warm-hearted, kind beings are there deprived of those sweet sympathies and enjoyments which make life a source of comfort and happiness!

If the young man is rich, he is carefully watched, that he does not mate below his situation, and by such foolish fastidiousness, and selfishness, kept from marrying at all, or is bargained off by his relatives, and united to one for whom he has no affection.

The heiress, too, is taught that on no account must she marry below her; and nine times in ten, a fortune is the forerunner of blighted affections and a broken heart where there is a heart to break.

Those of moderate means are struggling for position, and anxious on each side to marry above them; while those who are poor, are forced to remain apart in fear of becoming poorer.

Such is the picture of our society, and it is all wrong, all unhappy—not at all what it should be.

The only course is an utter disregard of dollars in an affair of the heart. Whenever a young man can support himself, he can support a wife; for the saving of such a connection—the prudence it promotes, the ambition and industry it occasions, and the character and credit it gives a man, will more than counterbalance the additional expense. Let dollars be no object. It is well enough to have them, but they should be no consideration.

We know that women are generally unselfish in matters of the heart. They are the last to weigh the lover's purse; and where wealth weds with honorable poverty, it tends to equalize society, and is often the most blessed union in the world.

But let matrimony be promoted—and of all the thousands we are daily meeting in this country—young, beautiful, with hearts melting with tenderness, and longing for happiness, we hope to see none remain old maids but such as are perfectly contented with such a lot, and willing to make baby's caps for other people's children.

### HEAVY MEN.