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BY MCKEE & ATKIN.

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Intercellaneous.

Scraps about Autumn.

"The days are growing shorter fast—
The nights are rather cool, at last,
And every breeze that murmurs past
Has an autumnal sound."

The days of autumn are rapidly passing away, and winter will soon be upon us. It is a delightful season of the year to some, while to others it is the most gloomy. We are now in the season of golden hues and fading verdure. Nature's chill breath has imperceptibly passed over the leaf, the plant and the flower, and imparted to them all the tincture of decay. The noble highlands are clothed in a rich panoply of variegated colors, and stand forth in all the rude magnificence of unadorned nature, and earth's green carpet has faded beneath the rays of the autumnal sun, while all around tells of the perishable nature of things, and upon every object is written in legible characters—"passing away."

This is a season pregnant with instruction. It reminds us that decay is an inherent principle of nature, and bids those who have entered the "sear and yellow leaf" of life, to prepare for the winter of age, when the grey hairs shall come to warn them that they, too, must soon pass away, and sleep the quiet sleep of death. To those who have reached the autumn of life, this season speaks in an impressive tone, and warns them of the near approach of the winter of their existence, and like an index to some particular passage in a book, it points to the termination of life's journey—to death and the grave.

November is supposed to be the most gloomy of all the autumnal months, and is described by many of the old poets as

"The wailer and the railer
That melts or maddens all."

Bishop Warburton, in a letter to Hurd, alludes to the influence which its gloominess is supposed to exert upon the mind, in the following terms:—"I have come hither (to Bedford Row) to spend the dreadful month of November, in which the little wretches hang and down themselves, and the great ones sell themselves to the court or the devil." An Italian proverb tells us, though, that every medal has a reverse, which we think is peculiarly applicable to the present season. Although the beauties of spring, when the merry birds carol forth their sweetest melody—when the gentle breezes woo the gay flowers to fling a cloud of sweet incense upon their lingering pinions, and the young fruits lie in their curtained cradles, softly-rocking to the lullaby which smiling hope sings to the fragrant clusters, have come and gone, and only the signs of approaching winter remain, yet the season brings a pensive pleasure to the naturally cheerful mind. Although man may feel his spirits pulled down by the reflections connected with the mortality of all earthly things, which autumn inspires, yet the changeable but harmonious movements of nature, like true friendship, bring to the mind of the reflective a soothing balm, mild as a mother's voice and calm as a father's smiles.

Autumn is a chaste and gentle season—it has not the coquetry of spring; the fire and passion of summer, nor the cold frigidity of winter. It murmurs promise of another life at return of spring, to the fragile flower that withered beneath the blasts of its wailing winds. Bryant's "Death of the Flowers" is a beautiful description of the season:

The melancholy days are come,
The saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods,
And meadows brown and sear.
Heap'd in the hollows of the grove,
The wither'd leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust,
And to the rabbit's tread;
The robin and the wren are flown,
And from the shrub the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow,
Through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers,
That lately sprung and stood
In brighter light and softer airs,
A beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they are all in their graves,
The gentle races of flowers,
And lying in their lowly bed,
With the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie;
But cold November's rain
Calls not, from out the gloomy earth,
The lovely ones again.

The wind flower and the violet,
They perish'd long ago,
And the wild rose and the orchis died
Amid the summer glow;
But on the hill the golden-rod,
And the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sun-flower by the brook
In autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear, cold Heaven,
As falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone,
From upland, glade and glen.

And now, when comes the calm, mild day,
As still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee
From out their winter home,
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard,
Though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light
The waters of the rill.

The south wind scurries for the flowers
Whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood
And by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in
Her youthful beauty died,
The fair, rich blossom that grew up
And faded by my side;
In the cold moist earth we laid her,
When the forest cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely,
Should have a life so brief;
Yet not unmet it was, that one,
Like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful,
Should perish with the flowers.

The autumn leaf. What a sad emblem of human destiny! Stained, withered, scorched by the crisp blast, to be blown by the remorseless and un pitying winds. Yet pensive as it is, it speaks in no harsh tones to the well-adjusted mind—but modulated to harmony of tone, it utters a voice of kind admonition, as well to the heart of woman, in her pride of beauty, as to the soul of man, in the grandeur of his ambition. Yet why be pensive at beholding this yellow tinted leaf, dyed in the hues of its expiring season; when, like our frail bodies, it is but the garment of the towering oak, whose spirit remains untouched by the blast, to renew its beauties with the opening spring? To the eye, when winter howls around us, all things that display their summer pride appear to perish—while the principle of life retreats to its citadel or secure abode, to send forth fresh creations in the dawning spring. So it is with the external forms of mortal clay. The winter of life comes upon us, with its kind and paternal evenings, first—of a wholesome frost—then a falling leaf—then a yellow wrinkle—a faded cheek—a faltering voice—a dim eye—a palsied hand—but a heart warm as when first the young blood rushed with tumultuous joys, through the swelling veins;—but though the leaf falls—the immortal spirit of the old oak still remains, to bid defiance to the wrath of time—the change of seasons, and the sport of winds. How beautiful an emblem of the immortality of the soul! The body may decay—wither, and die—as all things of earth must change their earthly form; but the soul survives forever—the spirit—what power can touch it? what force destroy it? what laws subjugate it? It liveth forever! Still is there something of a pensive lesson to the sensitive mind, in the falling leaf of autumn. We all shrink with instinctive terror from destruction—even the destruction of form, figure, mechanism, and organization. Hence our feeling of preservation is essential to existence. It is this dread of falling into nothing that sustains us through life. Every surrounding circumstance of nature; the vicissitudes of seasons—the mutations of matter—the revolutions of physical, as well as moral nature—all inculcate the great lesson of sympathy—of charity—of benevolence—of love. The falling leaf reminds us of the cutting blades of angry winter, to the children of want. Are our fellow creatures well provided for? Has the widow her fuel? Has the afflicted victim of poverty and disease wherewith to shield him from the blast? Are we ourselves blessed with abundance—are we pampered with goods? Let us shake the superfluity to the sons and daughters of affliction! As the rustling leaves strew the hoary ground before us, let us think, that so may our fortunes be shaken from the tree of our prosperity, by the will of God, in an hour—in a moment! Woe to them, who are hard of heart! Woe to them, who wrap themselves up in the mantle of prosperity, and heed not the tears of the widow, the wailings of the orphan, the cravings of want, and the sighs of despair.

Better to be poor forever than crowned with gold, and have an unfeeling heart; for the blast will come that shall strew your wealth on the ground, or smite you blind in its possession. Believe not that the voices of nature, howling and sighing around you, mean nothing. There is not a leaf but speaks—not a breeze but is eloquent in music, to the soul of the man who has seen God! There is not a tempest in the heavens, nor a calm on the wave, but can be read, like the volume of eternity, by the pitying heart of a kind, gentle, and sympathizing spirit! God speaks in all his works; but woe to the man who has not learned to read this language—the language of the heart—and to see in the rustling leaf the vice that strews the ground. To woman, in the prime of her beauty, the autumn leaf ought ever to be dear. Woman! fragile! fleeting! kind! affectionate woman! oh! be ever charitable to the poor. Teach map how little he knows of the luxury of feeling, the true rapture of life, who is ignorant of the pleasure of doing good. To you, who ever stand on the brink of eternity, be committed the task of teaching man the importance of perusing the volume of God, whose opening page is written on the virgin snow of a

howling winter!—where the first word is CHARITY. Lead him on, step by step. Show him where lie the thousands of thousands of peril to life and fortune, hid under the ambush of a night's revel—a cold—consumption—death! Show him the perils of the ocean's storm, that may engulf his "rich argosies," and send him howling with the unexpected pangs of want. Turn from page to page of the book of life, on whose top lines there is always written the sacred word "BROTHER." Then lead him to the distant wood, to meditate on the autumn leaf; and as he treads the rustling ground, point his attention to the opening stars, whose blazing fires tell of heaven's joys, and typify eternity. Surely, there is much to muse on, when we behold the fall of the autumn leaf. It is a signal, a sign from God!

"Oh, Autumn! thou art here a king—
And round thy throne the smiling hours
A thousand fragrant tributes bring—
Of golden fruits and blushing flowers."

The approach of this pensive, solemn, and beautiful season, is now heralded by the rainbow-tinted woodland and the mournful wailings of the wind, that seems to chant its sad and cheerless anthem as a requiem over the departed glories of the declining year. Already hath autumn robed the trees in her livery of various hues, and from the bright glossy green of the leaves that rejoiced upon the summer spray, a change has come over them, and they are now cold in the gorgeous attire of scarlet and gold, purple, dun and vermilion. Out, then, in the woodlands! and breathe the last fragrant sighs of the summer's outbursts as they go to their richly-strewn bier, and there thou wilt find food for reflection in every leaf and flower. Each hath a homily in itself; even the smallest and simplest, when examined, will lead thy thoughts to the great Creator. And there, too, would I send the unbeliever, who scoffs at the truths of the Divine Gospel, and bid him answer if chance hath formed the varieties of leaves and flowers that lie blushing at his feet.

Let me muse, then, in the woodlands, fraught with these simple and beautiful creations that bestow such a salutary lesson. A withered leaf! It is typical of human life. It is a connecting link in the chain of memory, and recalls the endearing associations of other days. Who is there, with feelings, however vitiated by an intercourse with a heartless world, that does not feel his spirit tinged with the pensive solemnity of the season, as he wanders far amid the "sere and yellow leaves" which rustle beneath his footsteps? How soothing, methinks, is their influence; and the heart becomes filled with softer and better emotions. How humbled and subdued does he feel who treads the forest sanctuary whilst under the dominion of autumn, the sweet Sabbath of the year! The proud vision of ambition and distinction vanish away like passing clouds. He wonders at the change, and can scarcely believe himself the same individual who, but a few minutes before, had mingled in the gay vortex of fashion—Now, he desires not again to be in her presence. Sweet solemn thoughts of death steal upon his mind—he thinks that he could live and die in such a spot, when all fair things are fading away! And yet it is irresistible to roam through the autumn woods, and listen to the thousand whispering tongues which fill the air. There is a feeling of sadness that pervades the mind, and although partaking as it does of a melancholy character, it is nevertheless grateful to the heart, filling it with emotions of a sublime and thrilling nature, awakened by no other season in the year. It seems to tincture the feelings with a saddened inspiration, and awakens the dormant energies of the mind to the glorious spectacle of woodlands dying like the Dolphin, amidst the gorgeous colors, the last still loveliest, until all has faded into the sombre russet garb! The eye of an European is startled with the profusion of our forests, with their century-crowned monarchs arrayed in their leafy robes, resplendent with the Tyrian dyes of autumn! An American autumn! There is poetry in the very association. The oak, in its deep crimson robes, king of the woods! The gum, in still bloodier hue, like the imolated victim of tyranny bleeding from every pore, stands, fit emblem, by the side of its legal representative! The buck-eye, stripped of its foliage, and its broad leaf despoiling in the breeze, or carried down by the streamlet. The maple and its golden leaves, adorning the woodlands with their rich and sunny tints! The elm, in its classic, picturesque beauty! The chestnut's deep rich foliage! The ash, "hiding the silver underneath each leaf." The locust, and its tiny, beautiful verdure! The cypress, with its slender leaf of tenderest hue. And the spiral pine, and the cedar, in their eternal green!—Fields of golden grain, and orchards laden with luscious fruit, and vines with clustering grapes, and "rolling to earth purple and gushing" and clear sparkling streams, and salmon fishing, and field sports. All these are thine, oh autumn! and own thy peasant sovereignty.

The lapse of a month has wrought changes upon the face of the earth, upon the colors of the sky, and in the chill and sombre meditations which creep over one's spirits, at the approach of winter. We have passed the central point of autumn, and "the sear and yellow leaf" has multiplied infinitely. Decay is at its old work upon the vegetable world, and one cannot

look upon the fading forest, without subduing premonitions, not only of the stealthy and silent approach of winter, by the regular change of the seasons, but also of the cheerless and desolate sensations which fall upon the spirits, at the early sighing of the wintry winds. The season is full of sober, though in some sense pleasing recollections. We have lived through the advance of autumn, passed its turning point, and it is now on the retreat. The prevalent tone of feeling is of the gloomy tinge. One of our own poets has said of this season,

"The melancholy days have come,
The saddest of the year."

Goethe touches the mournful string, by saying that the "autumn is going away like the sound of bells. The wind passes over the stable and finds nothing to move. Only the red berries of that slender tree seem as if they would faint remind us of something cheerful—and the measured beat of the thresher's flail calls up the thought that in the dry and fallen ear, lies much nourishment and life."

Sad sights are these decaying leaves which sweep by at every breath of air. They tell us of a power at work steadily, though silently in the outer world, which at one time nips the bud, at another withers the beautiful foliage of creation. This faded and dying vegetable clothing is an eloquent emblem of the change which is stealing upon us all—which palsies our limbs and scatters silvery frost upon the head of age. We need these admonitions. They bid us remember man's frailty, and send us musing back over the record of our past years. We find that a history with many mournful pages. Our old associations are broken up. Death has seized upon our companions. Familiar faces have passed away, and nothing to which we have put our hand has proved permanent. We look in vain for the circle of our childhood. It is scattered to the four winds of heaven. Some have braved the sea, and are seeking a fortune among people who speak strange language, and know not the customs of civilized man. Some are stirred by the noise of battle, and have gone to the war. Some are wandering up and down the face of the earth, with no definite habitation, and no desire for any. And some have gone from the old sheltering home, of whom no sight or tidings have ever come back, to gladden the hearts of friends left behind. Some are sleeping, and we find but a single story upon the memorial friendship has raised at the place of rest.

They have finished a journey which has had its weariness, and have at length laid aside their burthens at the mouth of the grave. Our fathers are gone, and the prophets do not live forever.—These indeed are sad musings, and they flock upon us like birds of passage, of different colors, but all flying in the same direction. But we are sure no one can go forth into the surrounding country at this season, away from the rattling of pavements, without having such saddening reflections tinge his view of every object in the kingdom of nature. Every thing is in the same chapter.—What he sees and hears are the sighs and sounds of autumn. They cannot be described, but they can be felt. And we dare say, that with more or less power, they come to all. The brown stubble, the meadow on which there is but little green, the fading forest, which has a variety of hues to be caught by the painter's eye, the scream of the jay, the dim and hazy air, and the shadows lengthened towards the east, all these and a thousand other things which cannot be transferred, have the coloring which one would know to be of the autumn, were he now to awake from a slumber of twenty years."

"The melancholy days are come,
The saddest of the year."

This is to us the saddest, sweetest season of the year. "Summer's gone." How much melancholy meaning is there in this single expression; especially when looking abroad upon the fields bereft of their golden harvests, its truth is every where seen in the change of nature's vesture. It requires not the language of poetry to tell us that "the harvest is past, the summer is ended," and winter approacheth; the lonely flower, "the last rose of summer," and the declining rays of the sun, all tell us in language stronger than poetry, that the "summer's gone."

There is a kind of pleasing melancholy, says a beautiful writer, that comes over the mind in its contemplations of autumn, which may be likened to the feelings of the faithful Christian when about to enter upon the dark valley of the shadow of death. He has passed the seed-time and summer of life, and is standing amidst the shadows and glooms of that last autumn which brings the harvest of all his toils, and the reward of all his labors.

The killing frost of autumn falls, not alone upon the green and beautiful vegetation of the earth: "man too has his autumn." When he arrives at the evening of his existence, those beauties which adorned the spring of his youth and the summer of manhood, begin to discover the autumnal tint—here and there a leaf has forsaken its parent branch; his joys and delights all have emigrated to another country—wings have taken possession of a more benignant region.

The youthful prospect is decked with the ever-green verdure of spring. But the advanced years discover only the brown tints of autumn, harbingers of the dreary winter that is fast approaching.

The young, however, see nothing melancholy in autumn. They may well ask, "What is there saddening in the autumn leaves?" When they look abroad upon our rich and variegated forest scenery,

—when first the frost
Turns into beauty all October's charms—
To their young eyes only the bright colors are visible, or if they see the darker hues, they only behold them as so many shades to give relief to the beautiful painting upon nature's canvass.

Peculiar to this country, we believe, is that delicious, but melancholy season, which we denominate the "Indian Summer," and which, like the last blaze of the lamp previous to its extinguishment, usually appears in "November's cold and chilling blast." This peculiar season has been beautifully depicted by one of America's sweetest poets, Brainerd, in the following lines:

What is there saddening in the autumn leaves? Have they that green and yellow melancholy That the sweet poet speaks of? Had he seen Our variegated woods, when first the frost Turns into beauty all October's charms— When the dead fever quite quits us—when the storm Of the wild Equinox, with all its wet, Has left the land, as the first deluge left it, With a bright bow of many colors hung Upon the forest tops—he had not sighed.

The moon stays longest for the hunter now! The trees cast down their fruitage, and the blithe And busy squirrel boards his winter store; While man enjoys the breeze that sweeps along The bright blue sky above him, and that bends Magnificently all the forests' pride, Or whispers through the ever-greens, and asks, What is there saddening in the autumn leaves.

Mr. Borrow.

Of Mr. Borrow, the author of the *Bible in Spain*—the most readable book, decidedly, of these later days—the Boston Daily Advertiser gives this account, taken from an article in the *Revue des deux Mondes*:

Mr. Borrow, says the writer, M. Philaretus Chables, was originally, I believe, a horse jockey or something of that kind; since then, a puritanical devotion having seized him, he has traveled over the world to spread the gospel light among the Greeks, Papists, Ottomans, Barbarians and Zinzali. To gain souls for Calvin, to conquer horses and infidels, and to wander over plains, marshes and forests, are his favorite pleasures. A Don Quixote of the 19th century, and an English Don Quixote, he travelled as a colporteur among the Alpujarras, at Cintra, Ceuta, Merida, upon the banks of the Guadalquivir, and Douro, with a cargo of Bibles; some in Arabic, and others in the Bohemian tongue—not that of Bohemia, but of Hindostan (Zinzali). "Can you think of any odder more strange than this?" With a vigorous nature, a well tempered soul, an uncommon courage, and a burning curiosity mingled with a lively taste for adventures and even for dangers, a polyglot mind with the gift of tongues, Mr. B. understood Persian, Arabic, German, Dutch, Russian, Polish, Spanish, Portuguese, Irish, Swedish, Norwegian and the old Scandinavian, not to mention the Gaelic, Kymri or Welsh, Sanscrit, and Zinzali, the language of the European Gypsies. He is an athletic man, 35 or 36 years old, with a bright black eye, his brow already covered with the frost of premature white hair, and an olive complexion, as if he belonged to that Indian race of whom he is the chronicler and friend.

He was born at Norfolk, and found himself, no one knows how, and he does not tell, in the midst of gypsies, blacksmiths, fortune-tellers, rope-dancers, horse-jockeys, old clothes merchants and beggars from Egypt, who inhabited this city and its environs. From these honorable instructors he received at an early age his first knowledge of gibberish, the rudiments of the Zinzali language, and hereditary receipts relative to the rearing and support of horses.

As he grew up, he went to Edinburgh, went through the University course, studied diligently Hebrew, Greek and Latin, and made frequent excursions into the highlands to learn Gaelic thoroughly. What became of him afterwards no one knows. His friends say he sowed his wild oats, or as the French say, *il jetait sa gourme*.—Some pretend the turf and occupations of a jockey never had a more zealous servant. He bought and sold horses, bet, won, lost, and probably ran, at Newcastle or Derby. This portion of his life lies in the shade; he afterwards re-appeared, and we find him suddenly converted and engaged in the service of the Bible Society, a company organized for the propagation of the Bible. He travels over the world and leaves on his route Bibles by thousands. When he had seen Asia and Africa, it appears to him that Spain and Portugal, those two old ramparts of Catholicism, are countries new and curious to visit; he pounces upon them, Calvinistic Bible in hand, is imprisoned, beaten, pursued; he persists, lives in the woods with banditti, in caverns with gypsies, in garrets with picaros, braves the Alcaides, shows his contempt for curates; mocks at ministers; leagues himself with the Jews, offers his hand to the Arabs, is neither beaten to death or hung, which is a miracle; and after having lived through the most curious romance of adventures which could be imagined, this Don Quixote without a squire, comes back to London white, and browned.

Our own strong impression derived from his two books, is, that Mr. Borrow is himself of Gypsy blood.—N. Y. American.

"IN DANGER!"—When a man goes regularly every day at a particular hour, "to liquor," depend upon it he is in danger. It is high time that he should sign the pledge.

Listen and Learn.

There is one little piece of practical philosophy, which we would like to impress upon the minds of our young readers, and for which they will thank us just in proportion as they will heed it. The best thing a young man can do is to be a good listener—nothing gives so strong an idea of his wisdom, and nothing so much increases it. If you are conscious that you are ignorant, this is the way to conceal and to remedy it. An old man must have experience, and he loves to talk. Listen and you have the benefits of all he has learned, and gratify his strongest propensity. Men of talent and attainment, whose heads are full of matter, absolutely require some vent for it, and this they find in conversation. Keep under your own foolish vanity—curb your love of display, and you may have the full benefit of all their toilsome studies, and at the same time, by attending to them, and simply showing your appreciation, you afford the highest pleasure—while you gain every way, giving them a higher opinion of your own mind and talents, than you possibly could by talking yourself. The great art of conversation is to say just enough to draw out those about you on their favorite topics, and to bring their faculties into full play. If they fling say something that will excite them.

If the subject does not interest them, change it to one that will. Do your part—fill up vacancies, if possible keep down the impertinences of others, and be sure to indulge in none of your own. It is one of the strange things in this world, that while the talent of conversation, is an accomplishment, which affords more pleasure than all others, less attention is paid to its cultivation, than to the most trifling acquisitions. What can be more charming than a woman who converses well? Ugliness, with this talent, becomes attractive—yet you find ten talkers, who play, sing, draw, or dance well, to one who can carry on an interesting conversation.—N. Y. Sun.

IMPERFECTNESS OF HUMAN KNOWLEDGE.—The caterpillar, on being converted into an insect, does not appear to be fitting itself for an inhabitant of the air, and can have no consciousness of the brilliancy of its future being. We are the masters of the earth, but perhaps we are the slaves of some great and unknown beings. The fly that we crush with our finger, or feed with our vials, has no knowledge of man, and no consciousness of his superiority.—We suppose that we are acquainted with matter and all its elements, yet we cannot even guess at the cause of electricity, or explain the formation of the stones that fall from meteors. There may be beings near or surrounding us, which we cannot imagine. We know very little, but in my opinion we know enough to hope for the immortality, the individual immortality, of the better part of man.—Humphrey Darcy.

LADIES AT WORK.—Young ladies miss a figure when they blush and make a dozen apologies to find them at the tub, with a check apron on, and sleeves up. Cobbett fell in love with his wife while in this interesting position; and no woman was of more service to man. Real men—men of sterling sense—are always pleased to see their female acquaintance at work. Then never blush—never apologise, if found in your homespun attire, stirring coffee, washing the hearth, or rinsing the clothes. It should be your pride and glory to labor, for industrious habits are certainly the best recommendation you can bring to worthy young men who are seeking wives. Those who would sneer at these habits, you may depend upon it, will make poor companions, for they are miserable fools and consummate blockheads.

HABITS OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.—Judge Bacon, in speaking of Mr. Adams' habits, says that he is not particular in restricting himself to any one exclusive sort of food, regarding more the quantity taken, than the particular kind. He usually takes one or two glasses of the lighter wines with his dinner, and in the intervals of his meals is troubled with little thirst, and having, as we noticed, uniformly declined taking any water during his longest and most exciting addresses, when it was offered him. His system requires and admits of but five or six hours of sleep, although he would be glad to be able to take an hour more. His teeth appear not to be deficient, and his appetite good and sufficient; his hearing and eye-sight are both good, and he has never had occasion to use spectacles.

MARRIAGE.—Look upon a man's attachment to a woman who deserves it, as the greatest possible safeguard to him in his dealings with the world; it keeps him from all those small vices which unfettered youth thinks little of, but which certainly undermine the foundations of better things, till in the end the whole fabric of wright and wrong gives way under the assault of temptation.

THE WIFE.—Dr. Franklin recommends a young man in the choice of a wife to select her from a bunch, giving as his reason, that when there are many daughters, they improve each other, and from emulation acquire more accomplishments and know more, and do more than a single child spoiled by paternal fondness. This is a comfort to people blessed with large families.