

# THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

B. AUSTIN & C. F. FISHER,  
Editors and Proprietors.

SALISBURY, N. C., FEBRUARY 28, 1840.

NO. XXXVII, OF VOL. XX.  
(Whole No. 1027.)

## Who wants better Evidence?

I would refer the reading public to the numerous voluntary letters published recently in this paper and in the Good Samaritan, relative to the happy and beneficial effects of the administration of MOFFAT'S LIFE PILLS AND PHENIX BITTERS. Those who have perused the letters above referred to will observe that in almost every case they attest the fact, that no inconvenience of any sort attends the taking of these medicines, in ordinary cases, but that the patient, without feeling their operation, is universally left in a stronger and better state of health than was experienced previous to being afflicted with disease; and in all cases of acute suffering, great relief is obtained in a few hours, and a cure is generally effected in two or three days.

In cases of FEVER of every description, and all bilious affections, it is unnecessary for me to say aught, as I believe the LIFE-MEDICINES are now universally admitted to be the most speedy and effectual cure extant in all diseases of that class.

The LIFE-MEDICINES are also a most excellent relief in affections of the Liver and Bowels, as has been proved in hundreds of cases where patients have taken them might be published for the benefit of others. In their operation, in such cases, they restore the tone of the stomach, strengthen the digestive organs, and invigorate the general functions of the whole body, and thus become to both sexes (for they are perfectly adapted to each) an invaluable means of preventing disease and restoring health.

In affections of the head, whether accompanied with pain and giddiness, or marked by the grievous calamity of impaired mental energy; in palpitations of the heart, flatulence, loss of appetite and strength, and the multiplied symptoms of disordered digestion, THE LIFE-MEDICINES will be found to possess the most salutary efficacy.

Constitutions relaxed, weak, or decayed, in men or women, are under the immediate influence of THE LIFE-MEDICINES. Old coughs, asthma, and consumptive habits are soon relieved and speedily cured. Poverty of blood, and emaciated limbs will ere long meet the happiest change; the chill watery fluid will become rich and balsamic, and the limbs be covered with flesh, firm and healthy.

Nervous disorders of every kind, and from whatever cause arising, fly before the effects of THE LIFE-MEDICINES, and all that trace of sinking, anxiety, and tremors which so dreadfully affect the weak, the sedentary, and the delicate, will in a short time be succeeded by cheerfulness, and every organ of health.

For weakness, deficiency of natural strength, and relaxation of the vessels, by too frequent indulgence of the passions, this medicine is a safe, certain, and invaluable remedy.

Those who have long resided in hot climates, and are languid and relaxed in their whole system, may take THE LIFE-MEDICINES with the happiest effect, and perfect recovery to the Southern States or West Indies cannot store a more important article of health and life.

The following cases are among the most recent cures effected, and gratefully acknowledged by the persons benefited:

Case of Jacob C. Hunt, New Windsor, Orange County, N. Y.—A dreadful tumor destroyed nearly the whole of his face, nose and jaw. Experienced quick relief from the use of the Life Medicines, and in less than three months was entirely cured. (Case reported, with a wood engraving in a new pamphlet now in press.)

Case of Thos. Parcell, senior, 84 years of age—was afflicted 18 years with swellings in his legs—was entirely cured by taking 42 pills in 3 weeks.

Case of John Daulton, Aberdeen, Ohio—rheumatism five years—entirely cured—has used the LIFE-MEDICINES for Worms in children and found them a sovereign remedy.

Case of Lewis Austin—periodical sick headache—always relieved by a small dose—was entirely free from it.

Case of Adon Adams—cured of a most inveterate and obstinate dyspepsia, and general debility.

Case of Asah Adams—Windsor, Ohio—rheumatism, gravel, liver affection, and general nervous debility, had been confined seven years—was raised from her bed by taking one box of pills and a bottle of bitters—a most extraordinary cure—she is now a very healthy and robust woman—attested by her husband Shubel Adams.

Case of Mrs. Badger, wife of Joseph Badger—nearly similar to above—result the same.

Case of Susan Goodenart, a young unmarried woman—subject to ill health several years—a small course of the Life Medicines entirely restored her—is now hale and healthy.

Case of Miss Thomas, daughter of Eli Thomas—cough and symptoms of consumption—cured in four weeks. Her sister cured of a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism in one week.

Case of S. Colvin—cured of a severe attack of scarlet fever in a few days by the Life Medicines.

Case of Harriet Woodcock, Salina, N. Y.—was in a very low state of health a year and a half—did not expect to recover. Miss T. is now able to walk about and is rapidly recovering both health and strength.

Case of Benjamin J. Tucker—severe case of Fever and Ague—cured in a very short space of time. Directions followed strictly.

Case of Amos Davis—affection of the liver—after trying doctors' remedies in vain for a long time, was cured by the Life Medicines without trouble.

Extraordinary case of Lyman Pratt, who was afflicted with Phthisis 20 years—effected a perfect cure in 24 hours by the use of the Life Medicines.

Thousands of persons afflicted in like manner, have, by a judicious use of MOFFAT'S LIFE PILLS and PHENIX BITTERS, been restored to the enjoyment of all the comforts of life. The Bitters are pleasant to the taste and smell, gently acting which a good digestion requires. As nothing can be better adapted to help and maintain the constitution, so there is nothing more generally acknowledged to be peculiarly efficacious in all inward weaknesses, loss of appetite, indigestion, depression of spirits, trembling or shaking of the hands and limbs, obstinate coughs, shortness of breath, or consumptive habits.

The Life Medicines possess wonderful efficacy in all nervous disorders, flatulencies, weak bowels, heaviness and lowness of spirits, dimness of sight, confused thoughts, wandering of the mind, vapors and melancholy, and all kinds of hysterical complaints are gradually removed by their use. In obstructions of the stomach, flatulencies, or obstructions, they are safe and powerful, and as a purifier of the blood, they have not their equal in the world.

For additional particulars of the above medicines, see Moffat's Good Samaritan, a copy of which accompanies the medicine; a copy can always be obtained of the different Agents who have the medicine for sale.

French, German, and Spanish directions can be obtained on application at the office, 375 Broadway. All post paid letters will receive immediate attention. Prepared and sold by WILLIAM B. MOFFAT, 375 Broadway, New York. A liberal deduction made to those who purchase by retail.

## TERMS

OF THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.  
The Western Carolinian is published every Friday, at Two Dollars per annum if paid in advance, or Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if not paid before the expiration of three months.  
No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the discretion of the Editors; and a failure to notify the Editors of a wish to discontinue our sheets before the end of a year, will be considered as a new engagement.  
Advertisements will be conspicuously and correctly inserted, at one dollar per square (of 360 ems, or fifteen lines of this sized type)—for the first insertion, and 25 cents for each continuance. Court and Judicial advertisements will be charged 25 per cent more than the above prices. A deduction of 25 per cent from the regular prices will be made to yearly advertisers.  
Advertisements sent in for publication, must have the number of times marked on them, or they will be inserted till forbid, and charged for accordingly.  
Letters addressed to the Editors on business must be post paid, or they will not be attended to.

## Poetical Department.

"LIKE ORIENT PEARLS AT PANDUM STRING."

### BOAT SONG ON LAKE OWASCO.

(BY A. C. COX.)

Loose, loose the sail! a gentle gale

In blowing from the shore;

And sunset's glow is seen doth throw

Owasco's waters o'er.

Away we glide—aye, far away,

The rippled tides about;

We leave the beach at parting day,

To sail beneath the moon.

And off we sweep—the glassy deep

Is glittering 'neath our prow;

And eyes as gay as starlight's ray

Are glancing from the shore.

Those eyes shall be our cynosure,

And guide our little sail;

For brightly beams their sparkle pure,

And charms away the gale.

Oh, swiftly then! we'll back again

When gaily o'er the stream,

The soft starlight is dancing bright,

And shines the pale moon-beam.

And what though round us twilight dark

Be gathering us to roam—

When Mary smiles to bless our bark

'The fairy of the foam!"

\*Owasco Lake, near Auburn, New York, is one of the most beautiful of the many lakes that adorn the western country; but, it is much neglected by the traveller, because it does not happen to be in his immediate way.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### DEACON PICKLE PICKLEBY.

In the undulating regions of Litchfield county, and in the town of Torrington, Connecticut, about ten years ago, on 'Sabbath-day' morning, Deacon Pickle Pickleby was slowly riding, double-jaded, to the meeting house, a mile distant from his farm and mill. His spouse being seated on the pillow behind him, and no other being near him, he took up the thread of discourse on family affairs, which had been broken off, when he commenced shaving Saturday evening, before sunset.

"I kalkilate our son Jabez wot never stay to hum a single minute arter he comes of age; he has got a despot rovin notion ever since he saw that officer looking man, that stop to our house, all night, with his cocked hat and ten-edged sword."

"Law me! Mr. Pickleby," said the matron, "I think it a nation pity we did not send him to Yale College, and make a minister on him."

"That would never a done in the world," was the reply, "I couldn't afford it without taking too much toll, and that is wicked, and they would find me out."

"Wah, Mr. Pickleby," said the good woman "the Lord's will be done, and we must pray that every thing shall turn out for the best. If the child don't turn pollydickus his soul may be saved."

There was a long pause in the conversation, while the old plough-nag toiled up a stony path way urged forward now and then with an admonition to this effect—"get up, you old stripe, you needn't a looking back arter your colt, for he must learn to dew without you, sooner or later."

"I dew think Deacon Pickleby," resumed the matron, "that this ere mare is tender-footed, and must be shoed afore long."

"Sartinly, as sune as I can get a blacksmith to dew it and take rye-meal for pay," answered the deacon. "The times are pesky hard."

It was only a few days after this conversation above recorded, that the pale-visaged youth referred to in the discourse between Deacon Pickleby and his wife came into the house while the old people were at breakfast, with a staff in hand, which he had just cut in the orchard.

"Come, Jabez, sit down; we have been waiting for you," said his mother; "and daddy has got a despot deal to do to day, besides picking the mill stones. You must jump round spry and do chores; take your tea, child, and some pork, potatoes and pickles, and apple sass; the deacon has just asked a blessing."

"Mother," said the young man, and his voice was tremulous, "I shant do any more chores here."

"What on airth is the matter with the boy?" said Deacon Pickleby, laying down his knife and fork, and raising his spectacles to give his fading vision unobstructed play upon the now glowing features of his son.

"I am of age, father," was the reply, "and I am going to seek my fortune; that stick I shall sling my bundle of clothes over my shoulder with, for I have got a long journey before me, and I cut the stick from the apple tree I planted; it will look like an old friend."

"Bring the big bible here, many," said the deacon, "and let us see if the boy is right."

As the old people had but one child, it was not hard to find where, in a black leaf, his birth was chronicled down; and it appeared that he was that day twenty-one years of age.

"Hadn't you better stay at home, Jabez," said the kindhearted old man; "I will give you one third of the profits of the mill, if you will stay and tend to it."

"No, child," said the affectionate mother, "you had'n't ought to leave daddy and me in our old age; you will stay, wot you?"

"I would do anything in reason," said the young man, "but you are comfortable and independent

here but there is not enough for all of us. I may get rich away west where every body is going."

After much and earnest argument pro and con, the old people became reconciled by stern necessity, and the careful mother left her tea untasted to fly and sputter about the house, to collect the shirts and darn the stockings of Jabez that he might depart on the following morning. It was a sleepless night which the good old folks passed previous to the morning of the parting.

When the wanderer was ready to leave his paternal home and had slung his bundle over his shoulder his mother, wiped away a falling tear, and compressing her skinny lips gave him a parting kiss.

Deacon Pickleby insisted that he should ride the young horse as far as the first turnpike gate, and he would accompany him, on the old nag, to bring back the half broken animal referred to.

At the great turnpike barricade, the deacon pronounced his parting benediction as follows:

"My son, I have endeavored to breed you up in the nature and admonition of the Lord; take heed that you dont stray into by and forbidden paths; dew as you would be done by, eschew evil company, cider, brandy, wicked, wimmin, flip and black strap, and above all, never gamble nor act sinful, and the Lord have mercy on you. Come back as quick as ever you get rich, and write your mammy a letter just as often as you can get a chance to send it without costing anything. Good by, Jabez, and try and hold up your head, and keep the tarve with human critters, and folks in general."

It would be tedious and fatiguing to follow Jabez Pickleby through all the sinuosities of his journey to the great west; but his arrival in a log village should not be passed over without notice. Having toiled outward with pedestrian independence, until within ten miles of the place of destination, our hero laid aside his worn and soiled garments at a house of private entertainment, and in his holiday suit prepared to take passage and end his journey in the next coach. His purpose was to make favorable impressions on those he designed to take up his abode among, in a strange land.

When the stage coach drew up in front of a two story double log cabin in Paintersville, Squire Gumsaw, a colonel of militia, came out, with his hat tilted a little to leeward, and with a domestic vear in his mouth, accented the strange gentleman, Mr. Jabez Pickleby, in familiar terms.

"Stranger, walk in; let me take your saddle-bags; this way sir, into the bar room; take a cheer and sit down. Fine seasonable weather, stranger; you are travelling I allow."

Having answered in the affirmative, the officious landlord of the Painter Inn proceeded to inquire into the particulars.

"You ar from old Virginny, I allow!"

"No, I am not," says Jabez, "I came from down east, near Hartford, in the State of steady habits."

"Well, stranger," was the reply, "you ar not to blame for being born in Yankee land; all sorts of people are welcome in our diggins, and I jest; naterly like the Yankees, they ar so slick in a heap of fixens about horse mills and carding machines. I reckon you have got a liddle sprinkle of patent rights, or may be you must have a few clocks coming on."

"No, sir," said Jabez, "I am looking for a school district; do you want to hire a master in the place?"

"I reckon we do, my honey," said Squire Gumsaw; "do you touch a loud or still school?"

"Just as the gentlemen please," said the stranger; "but loud schools are shers, in my country; I guess they had'n't ort to have any, the children make such a fuss, they can't hear themselves think."

"You have just fit down in the right trail," said the landlord, "we have finished dapping the slickest kind of a cabin, 18 by 23 feet, and all we want is a master; the Lord knows we have got a right smart sprinkle of children. Take a liddle lick, stranger, I'll thank you to tell me your name, and I'll introduce you to my emen."

Jabez Pickleby gave the inquisitive landlord his address, but declined taking any of the long green which was pressed on him with western frankness and well-meant hospitality.

"You are right, Mr. Pickleby," said Squire Gumsaw; "for the truck makes young people mighty kankankous; but I can take a power of blue ruing and never faze me."

Squire Gumsaw availed himself of the volunteer gathering which the arrival of the mail coach caused in the village, and kindly introduced the stranger to twenty of his neighbors. He assured them that although he was a full blooded Yankee, he had a heap of school master learning, and not a single patent right in his saddle-bags.

Before the village visitors left the tavern, it was agreed that a public meeting should be called, by advertisement in the 'Back Woods Baster', the weekly paper, which was issued every Friday.

When a little negro girl, in a clean apron announced supper, Squire Gumsaw whispered to Jabez Pickleby:

"Now skin your eye, stranger, for all sorts of chicken fixings, and flour doings, for my 'oman sent slow, when she spreads herself on Christmas fantadine; and the way she makes coffee is cruel; one of your three grain to the gallon truck, but fourth proof, it will bear up an egg."

At the town meeting, which was called for the purpose of electing a schoolmaster, a candidate stood forth, his own advocate for employment. His acquirements being inferior to those of Jabez Pickleby, the latter prevailed, and as a strolling player, or shooting dramatis star would observe, he obtained an engagement. His competitor could not acknowledge the propriety of the transaction, and insisted that his own hand was made unsteady by the 'speer' he had just gone through; and as for expyering, said he, 'Yankees beat all creation, any how it can be fixed.'

With the steady and laudable purpose of achieving greatness, Jabez Pickleby entered with spirit upon his duties of schoolmaster, and in a few months gained so much in the estimation of his employes; that their hearts overflowed with grateful emotions, while his pupils multiplied in number. He was not content to limit his exertions to the log cabin, where he governed the juvenile community. He devoted his leisure hours to the study of the law; and in a little more than two years, in a country where it is not unusual to find ready-made lawyers, as abundant as clothing in a shop,

shop, he entered upon the practice of his profession with eminent success.

One other bold and efficient measure Jabez Pickleby contrived to adopt, and that was the perpetration of matrimony. In the compass of three years after his arrival in Paintersville, he was joined in the holy bonds of wedlock with Miss Fawn Greenbriar, and a plantation of seventeen negroes.

After his marriage, the adventurer served two sessions in the legislature, and subsequently made a long stride into Congress.

When old Deacon Pickleby was advised of this last good fortune of his son, he lifted up his hands and uttered a prayer of thanksgiving with fervent and pious emotion; after which he devoted an entire day in inditing the following letter to the successful aspirant. His wife sat at his elbow all the time, knitting with spasmodic force on a pair of blue lambs wool stockings, which she designed as a present for the Congressman.

### To the Honorable Jabez Pickleby.

DEUTERUS SON:—By the blessing of providence, you be despoily prospered in the world. You, poor old daddy, when he was a boy had bit little skulm, but good moral instruction was goted out to him. I was taught to train up a child in the way he should go, and I did it, but I never expected to see him in the Federal kongress. Jabez, my son, don't be proud and lifted up, for there is no knowing what you may come to. You have heard toll of Aaron Burr and Benedict Arnold. Your mother's rumty pains are better and I have put a new duster whool into the mill. Suth Phelps has married Nabby Dobbs; he had too dew it to avoid cost. There has been a fine crop of garden sass and buckwheat this year.

I must admonish you agin temptation in the Federal city. They dew tell that it is a Babylon of a place, and that kongress-men never mind pains and penalties, and drink nigh on low gills of black strap, or somethin stronger, every day of their lives, and go to theatres and other carnalities. Dew for mercy's sake, Jabez, eschew evil company. I bought a new celkin quoss as soon as I heard you was married and guine to kongress, for I kalkilate you would bring your rich mamum hum to see our folks. Your mother has put up brass new curtains to the spare bed in the parlour and squirmed ribbins all around among 'em. She has got tew strings of blue and white birds' eggs hanging under the laking glass, and the brass andirons skowered up so that you can see your face in um.

When you git in the Federal city, dew try to give somethin to the widders and orfins of soldiers and sailors, that fout agin the Britons. I have got your grandfathers three cornered scraper, blue coat and buff facins, and his tew edged sword, and you can have 'em to wear in kongress. Your mother has darned up all the moth holes in the coat, so that she thinks it looks just as new as it did when lieutenant Pickleby wore it to the battle of White Plains.

I shall send you by male, a new pair of blue mixed stockings, and a pair of knit suspenders that are kinder easy for a polly-dickin to squirm about in. Your mother would send you a pot of picklen and a cheese but the stage driver says it is agin the law.

Read your bible, Jabez, study the laws of Moses, and don't repeat any on 'em; mind the ten commandments to, and the 'levenh likewise; and dont sell the birth-right of the yankee nation for a meas of pottage; and the day may hum when you will be a minister of a penitentiary, or a secretary of legation. I am your dutiful father,

PICKLE PICKLEBY.

Singular Excuse of a Jury.—A jury in the New York session, wishing to be excused serving on a jury, offered as an excuse, that he could not see without glasses five yards from his own nose, and as there was no law to compel him to wear glasses, he considered he had a sufficient excuse, as he could not give an enlightened verdict without seeing the faces and observing the manner of the witnesses. The court thought this excuse entirely invalid, as the gentleman then had his spectacles on, and without inconvenience could keep them on during the several trials; and as to there being no law to compel him to wear spectacles in court, it might also with equal propriety be urged that there was no law to compel a juror to wear his clothes in court. Being compelled to serve, he put his glasses in his pocket, and sat during the trial without them, and then attempted to raise an objection to the verdict because he could not see.

The court, however, rebuked him for depriving himself of the means of discharging his duty satisfactorily as he had sworn to do, and the gentleman sat down abashed.—Phil. Ledger.

A Misapprehension.—We recollect once being very much amused at the relation of the following anecdote, from the lips of a very amiable, and withal a very modest widow lady in New Jersey. Soon after her husband paid the debt of Nature, leaving her his sole legatee, a claim was brought against the estate by his brother, and a process was served upon her by the sheriff of the county, who happened to be a widower, of middle age. Being unused at that time to the forms of law—though in the protracted law suit which followed she had ample opportunity of acquiring experience—she was much alarmed; and meeting, just after the departure of the sheriff, with a female friend, she exclaimed with much agitation, "What do you think? Sheriff Prince has been after me!"

"Well," said the considerate lady, with perfect coolness, "he is a very fine man." "But he says he has an attachment for me," replies the widow. "Well, I have long suspected he was attached to you, my dear." "But, you don't understand—he says I must go to court." "Oh, that's quite another affair, my child; don't you go so far as that; it is his place to come to court you!"

We do not know who "writ" the following parody, but he evidently writes with "considerable feeling":

"Full many a bond of brightest gloss serene,  
The clear transparent waves of whiskey bear;  
Full many a m. l. lic drunk usen,  
And wastes his vigor in the midnight air!"

"Can you tell me, my son, what a jury of inquest is?"

"A jury of inquest are a body of men what sets down on a dead man to find out whether he are dead fur artin, or am only playing possum."

## ON THE NEGLECT OF MORAL SCIENCE.

It is the boast of the present age, that it is distinguished beyond any that has preceded, as an age of scientific improvement. Indeed, might we tread the self-complacent exultations which are breaking forth around us from almost every organ of public sentiment, we must be led to the conclusion that we really want but little of having reached the utmost limit of human knowledge; and that at no distant period, we shall be able to sit down satisfied, and

Nobly rest,  
Unanxious for ourselves, and only wish,  
As dutious sons, our fathers were more wise."

It is undoubtedly true, that in certain departments of science, whose importance to society cannot be denied, great proficiency has actually been made. But it is equally certain, that other branches of at least equal importance, have been, and still are, most surprisingly neglected. There is a strong tendency in the public mind to set up a false standard of utility; to regard nothing as truly valuable, which does not tend directly to replenish the store house of the cofler. And, shame on the spirit of the age! this test has been applied to science. Whatever has an immediate bearing upon the external circumstances—the physical condition of mankind, is studied with an intensity of interest. Here men can cheerfully

Labour all their days, and labour hard,  
And dying, sigh how little they have done."

But all beyond this is regarded as of little worth. The study of the powers of man—more especially of his moral powers—of the relations which he sustains in the universe of being; in a word, of the nature, the endowments, and the destiny of the unseen mind, is neglected, as of no practical importance. How strange, how passing strange, that such views should become predominant in society where there is light, and intelligence, abundantly sufficient to detect their fallacy. It would seem not reasonable to expect, that men, under such circumstances, would bestir above a grovelling devotion to mere physical pursuits and pleasures; and prompted by the "thirst of his immortal nature," would delight to study himself, and the sources of his happiness—to study the nature of Virtue, and to admire her loveliness—to study the relations of his being, and to cultivate a corresponding character. But the prevailing neglect of moral science, aside from its irrationality, is fraught with the most pernicious consequences. Some of its attendant evils it is proposed to notice.

And in the first place, we maintain that it exerts a most degrading influence upon society. The character and feelings of mankind inevitably become assimilated to their pursuits. What then must the character of that community become, where the value of every pursuit is measured by the paltry standard of mercenary interest? where the highest wisdom is to know the road to wealth, and the most perfect rectitude to walk in it with undeviating steps;—where man neglects the study of his noblest powers—seeks not to understand the nature and the claims of virtue—has no eyes to discern and no taste to relish the beauty of moral truth. Who does not see that under such circumstances, society must necessarily degenerate—that it must ultimately assume a character of cold, calculating, narrow-minded selfishness. It is asked, would you make every member of society mad with metaphysics, and bewildered with scholastic speculations? No; but we would have every man in the community a true philosopher; understanding perfectly his rank in the scale of being, and anxious mainly to act worthy of himself. With a society whose members were of such a character, the ideal state of Plato could bear no comparison. But all approximation to such perfection is absolutely hopeless, while the spirit of the present age prevails.

The degradation of society, however, is not the greatest evil attendant on the neglect of moral science. It causes almost an incalculable diminution of life happiness. For, after all, it cannot be denied, that he whose views center rise above mere physical pursuits and pleasures, can never be a truly happy man. He knows only the poor enjoyments of a sordid earthly mind; and society composed of men of such a character, is not only debased, but must unavoidably be wretched. The wise of other times, on this subject, at least seem to have apprehensions far more just than those which prevail at the present day. The philosophers of the Academic school, for example, evidently regarded the study of moral science as of all pursuits the most exalted to human, barren, and the most conducive to human happiness. They saw the great mass of mankind totally ignorant of the true relations of their being. They saw them blinded, by their ignorance, mistaking the true nature of happiness, and the means of its attainment, and under the chafing influence of selfishness, and enslaved by deluding passions, dragging out a miserable existence, drinking only at the unsatisfying stream of sensual pleasure.

They saw further, that nothing could elevate them from such a degradation, but a knowledge of the principles and obligations of virtue, of their own spiritual nature, and the high conditions of their existence. Hence they applied themselves with the most laudable devotion to the study of these interesting topics. With only the aid of reason, it was indeed as if one should attempt to scan the heavens with unassisted vision. Yet their attainments were sufficient fully to demonstrate the correctness of their views of the dignity and utility of the "Divina Philosophia." How much, then, of the real welfare of society is sacrificed at the present day by what may, perhaps not incorrectly, be denominated the materialism of the age.

How much might the tide of human happiness be augmented if, with the assistance of that moral telescope with which heaven has furnished us, the doctrines of moral science were fully developed, and understood and applied throughout society.

From what has now been said, it will be seen that the prevailing disposition to undervalue moral science, so far as respects ourselves, throws a shade over the future prospects of our country.—We love to think of our national existence and prosperity as perpetual. Other nations have done the same, and yet where are they? And here we may discover the worm which has sapped the foundations of many a political fabric, and laid their pride and honor in the dust. Here we may see what is the cause, which those who are ignorant of its nature are wont to denigrate the "futility of utopian to dream." There is no tempt-