

Superior to all these must be considered the method of Alphabetical Writing, which will form an article for our following and last Number.

Wrong Estimation of the Professions.—We think there is one radical error in American society, viz: a universal disposition to underrate the mechanical profession, when contrasted with what are termed the "learned professions," and with almost all other avocations.

Does the rich and respectable mechanic, the artizan, the architect, he who rears our public and private edifices, the builder of our ships, and the constructor of our canals and railways never permit a course of conduct in himself, which goes directly to take away from the respectability of the profession by which he has gained all he possesses? When he comes to decide upon the path his sons shall pursue, is it not too often the case that an overweening disposition is displayed to make them lawyers, doctors, ministers, merchants, anything but to bring them up to the respectable calling of their parents?

And let us ask, is not the same thing true of every other class in the community?

The sons of American citizens must be educated for *gentlemen*. They must not learn a trade, or an art, upon which they can always depend for a respectable living. This would be to lower rather than to raise them in the scale of public opinion; and hence it is, that thousands and thousands and thousands of boys are crowded into "the professions" and "behind counters," to become, in the end, genteel paupers, living upon the products of other men's labors, rather than relying upon their own hauds for an honest living.

We repeat, it is the wrong estimate of the comparative respectability of the different pursuits, that causes so dangerous an error. We would not stifle genius nor deride learning, nor do we entertain the least disrespect to any profession; but we would have our sons taught to believe and made to feel, that it is far more honorable to learn some handicraft, by the practice of which they can live in independence and honor, than to crowd into the overflowing ranks of professions, which will not yield their bread, and which but too often lead to the entire prostration of the better feelings of the human heart, is low cunning, duplicity and knavery.

Who are the props and pillars of our public edifice? Who are the bone and muscle of society? We say, the mechanics and husbandmen of the land. From the ranks of these, too, have sprung statesmen, philosophers and sages, who have shed imperishable lustre upon the

age in which they lived. If the amount of useful intellectual attainments could be correctly estimated, we entertain no doubt that the ranks of the intelligent mechanics and agriculturalists would carry off the palm by immense majorities.

Then why should the almost universal efforts to disgrace these professions, by a simultaneous rush into other ranks, any longer prevail? Better, infinitely better, would it be, that our hardy, athletic youth should shroud their axe and away beyond the mountains, than, by a false pride and false estimate of true respectability, they should be thrust into wrong channels, to disease society, and weaken the bonds of the body politic. There they might live in the true nobility of nature, cultivate their own fields, and slumber beneath their own cottages, and perhaps become the founders of new communities of moral, physical and intellectual grants.—*Philadelphia Mirror*.

DISCONTENT.—How universal is it; We never yet knew the man who would say "I am contented." Go where you will, among the rich and the poor, the man of competence or the man who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow, you hear the sound of murmuring and the voice of complaint. The other day we stood by a cooper, who was playing a merry tune with his adze around a cask—"ah" sighed he, mine is a hard lot—forever trotting around and round like a dog, driving away at a hoop. Heigho, sighed a blacksmith, in one of the late hot days, as he wiped the drops of perspiration from his brow, while the red hot iron glowed on his anvil—"this is life with a vengeance! melting and frying one's self over a burning fire." "Oh that I were a carpenter," ejaculated a shoemaker, as he bent over his lap-stone, "here am I, day after day, wearing my soul away in making soles for others, cooped up in this little 7 by 9 room—heigho!" "I am sick of this out door work," exclaims the carpenter, "broiling under a sweltering sun, or exposed to the inclemencies of the weather—if I were only a tailor!" "This is too bad petulantly cries the tailor, "to be compelled to sit perched up here, plugging my needle all the time—would that mine were a more active life." "Last day of grace—banks won't discount—customers won't pay what shall I do!" grumbles the merchant, "I had rather be a truck horse—a dog—any thing!" "Happy fellows!" groans the lawyer, as he scratches his liver over some perplexing case, or fellows! some dry, musty record—"I than cudgel I had rather hammer, its vexatious queries brains on through all the ramifications ton." And so are complaining of their of society—finding fault with their peculiar calling. If I were only this that or the other, I should be content, is the universal cry—any thing but what I am. So wags the world—so it has wagged, and so it will wag.

We have no idea of writing a sermon on the subject—and the preaching in the world would not persuade men out of their habit of grumbling. Like food, it is necessary to

their existence—they must grumble or die. —Were we called upon for a definition of man we should say, *Man is a grumbling animal*. Paley says he is a bundle of habits. We opine that grumbling is the greatest stick in the bundle. Only thing of a man going through he world without a murmur—without a sigh—satisfied with his allotment—the weather—the times—his food—his clothing, and invulnerable to the few thousand little ills which go to bother a man's soul out, only think of it! But the age of miracles has gone by

Farewell to Steam!—There seems no limit to the surprising inventive faculties of our countrymen. We learn by the *Freehold (N. J.) Inquirer* that on the 8th Dec. and following days there will take place at that town under the direction of an examining committee, a series of experiments with a new propelling power for Railroads, invented by Mr. U. Emmons of that town, and called the Spring Power Locomotive. The speed is computed at from 90 to 100 miles per hour! and that entirely effected by springs, of which there are 500 in the Locomotive. No danger of explosions here.

Newspapers.—Every thing under Heaven increases in price except newspapers. Beef and pork, flour and butter, sugar, tea and coffee, salt fish and onions, dry goods and yet groceries, fuel and rent, buckwheat and wash women, are all advanced in price. But newspapers, that most indispensable and no-getting-along-without-it article—the rum and substance of man's existence, remains *in statu quo*.

An important experiment has been made at Montpelier, Vermont, in a drill hole 800 feet deep from which it appears that for every 80 feet descent, heat increased at the rate of one degree. According to this, the heat not far from the earth's surface is sufficient to hold every substance in a melted state, and its whole interior must be a mass of boiling liquid. This may explain many natural phenomena, hitherto not fully accounted for.

Sir Thomas More used to say to his children—"Let virtue be your amusement your sauce."

—R. D.

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HALIFAX, Dec. 30, 1836.

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