

Highland Messenger.

LIFE IS ONLY TO BE VALUED AS IT IS USEFULLY EMPLOYED.

VOLUME I.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

The poor Lawyer.

The Knickerbocker Magazine is again promptly before us; and what is more to our purpose, it is again overflowing with the good things from the first pens in the country.—Washington Irving's "Early experience of Ralph Ringwood," are continued with unabated interest.—This exciting story was well termed by the editor "a species of Moinjof of the west" for the lovers of Ralph Ringwood, are scarcely less sceptical than those of Moinjof himself. Here is the first introduction to the lovely maiden who was to have so great an influence on his after life.

"I had taken my breakfast and was waiting for my horse, when, in passing up and down the piazza, I saw a young girl seated near the window, evidently a visitor. She was very pretty, with auburn hair and blue eyes, and was dressed in white. I had seen nothing of the kind since I had left Richmond, at that time I was too much of a boy to be struck by female beauty. She was so delicate and dainty looking, so different from the hale, burrow, brown girls of the woods—and then her white dress! it was so dazzling! Never was a poor youth so taken by surprise, and suddenly bewitched.—My heart yearned to know her, but how was I to access her? I had grown wild in the woods, and had none of the habits of polite life. Had she been like Peggy Pugh, or Sally Pigman, or any other of my leathern dressed belles of the pigeon roost, I should have approached her without dread; nay, had she been as fair as Shurt's daughters with their looking-glass lockets; I should not have hesitated; but that white dress, and those auburn ringlets, and blue eyes had delicate looks quite daunted while they fascinated me. I don't know what put it in my head, but I thought all at once I would kiss her! It would take a long acquaintance to arrive at such a boon, but I might seize upon it by sheer robbery. Nobody knew me here. I would just step in and snatch a kiss, mount my horse and ride off. She would not be the worse of it; and that kiss—oh, I should die if I did not get it.

I gave no time for the thought to cool, but entered the house, and stepped lightly into the room. She was seated with her back to the door, looking out of the window, and did not hear my approach. I tapped her chair, and as she turned and looked up, I snatched as sweet a kiss as ever was stolen, and vanished in a twinkling. The next moment I was on horseback, galloping homeward, my very heart tingling at what I had done.

After a variety of amusing adventures, Ringwood attempts the study of the law, in an obscure settlement in Kentucky, where he delves night and day. Ralph pursues his studies, occasionally argues at a debating society, and at length becomes quite a genius, and a favorite in the eyes of the married ladies of the village.

"I called to take tea one evening with one of these ladies, when to my surprise and somewhat to my confusion, I found with her the identical blue eyed little beauty whom I had audaciously kissed. I was formally introduced to her, but neither of us betrayed any sign of previous acquaintance except by blushing to the eyes. While tea was getting ready, the lady of the house went out of the room to give some directions and left us alone. Heaven and earth what a situation! I would have given all the pittance I was worth, to have been in the deepest dell of the forest. I felt the necessity of saying something in excuse for my former rudeness; I could not conjure up an idea, nor utter a word. Every moment matters were growing worse. I felt at one time tempted to do so as I had done when I robbed her of the kiss—bolt from the room, and take to flight; but I was chained to the spot, for I really longed to gain her good will.

At length I plucked up courage on seeing her equally confused with myself, and walking despondently up to her I exclaimed: "I have been trying to muster up something to say to you, but I cannot. I feel that I am in a horrible scrape. Do have pity on me and help me out of it!"

A smile dimpled about her mouth, and played among the bushes of her cheek. She looked up with a shy but arch glance of the eye, that expressed a volume of comic recollections; we both broke into a laugh, and from that moment all went on well."

Passing the delightful description which succeeded, we proceed to the denouement of Ringwood's love affair—the marriage and settlement.

"That very autumn I was admitted to the bar, and a month afterwards was married. We were a young couple, she not much more than sixteen, I not quite twenty, and both almost without a dollar in the world. The establishment which was set up was suited to our circumstances; a low house with two small rooms, a bed, a table, a half dozen chairs, a half dozen knives

and forks, a half dozen spoons—every thing by half dozens, a little delph ware, every thing in a small way; we were so poor, but then so happy.

We had not been married many days when a court was held in a county town, about twenty-five miles distant. It was necessary for me to go there, and put myself in the way of business—but how was I to go? I had expended all my means on our establishment, and then it was hard parting with my wife so soon after marriage. However, go I must. Money must be made, or we would soon have the wolf at our door. I accordingly borrowed a horse, and borrowed a little cash, and rode off from my door leaving my wife standing at it, and waving her hand after me. Her last look so sweet and becoming, went to my heart. I felt as if I could go through fire and water for her. I arrived at the county town on a cool October evening. The inn was crowded, for the court was to commence on the following day.

I knew no one, wondered how I, a stranger, or and a mere youngster, was to make my way in such a crowd, and to get business. The public room was thronged with all the idlers in the country who gather together on such occasions. There was some drinking going forward, with a great noise and a little altercation. Just as I entered the room, I saw a rough bully of a fellow, who was partly intoxicated, strike an old man. He came swaggering by me, and elbowed me as he passed. I immediately knocked him down, and kicked him into the street. I needed no better introduction. In a moment I had a half dozen rough shavers of the hand and invitations to drink, and found myself quite a personage in this rough assembly.

The next morning the Court opened—I took my seat among the lawyers, but felt as a mere spectator, not having any idea where business was to come from. In the course of the morning a man was put to the bar, charged with passing counterfeit money, and was asked if he was ready for trial. He answered in the negative. He had been confined in a place where there were no lawyers, and had not had an opportunity of consulting any. He was told to choose from the lawyers present, and be ready for trial on the following day. He looked around the court and selected me. I was thunder-struck! I could not tell, why he should make such a choice. I, a feeless, perfectly unknown. I felt diffident, yet delighted, and could have hugged theascal.

Before leaving the court, he gave me one hundred dollars as a bag, as a retaining fee. I could scarcely believe my senses, it seemed like a dream. The heaviness of the fee spoke but lightly in favor of his innocence—but that was no affair of mine. I was to be advocate, not judge or jury. I followed him to the jail, and learned from him all the particulars of the case; from there I went to the clerk's office, and took minutes of the indictment. I then examined the law on the subject, and prepared my brief in my room. All this occupied me until midnight, when I went to bed and tried to sleep. It was all in vain. Never in my life was I more wide awake. A host of thoughts and fancies kept rushing through my mind: the shower of gold that had so unexpectedly fallen into my lap, the idea of my poor little wife at home, that I was to astonish her with my good fortune. But the awful responsibility I had undertaken, to speak for the first time in a strange court, the expectations the culprit had evidently formed of my talents, all these, and a crowd of similar notions, kept whirling through my mind. Tossed about all night, fearing the morning would find me exhausted and unaccompanied—in a word, the day dawned on me a miserable fellow.

I got up feverish and nervous. I walked out before breakfast, striving to collect my thoughts, and tranquillize my feelings. It was a bright morning—the air was pure and frosty—I bathed my forehead and my hands in a beautiful running stream, but I could not allay the fever heat that raged within. I returned to breakfast, but could not eat. A single cup of coffee formed my repast. It was time to go to court, and I went there with a throbbing heart. I believe if it had not been for the thoughts of my little wife in her lonely house, I should have given back to the man his hundred dollars, and relinquished the cause. I took my seat, looking, I am convinced, more like a culprit than the rogue I was to defend.

When the time came for me to speak my heart died within me. I rose embarrassed and dismayed, and stammered in opening my cause. I went on from bad to worse, as if I was going down hill. Just then, the public prosecutor, a man of talents, but somewhat rough in his practice, made a sarcastic remark on something I had said. It was like an electric spark, and ran tingling through every vein in my body. In an instant my diffidence was gone. My whole spirit was in arms. I answered with promptness and bitterness, for I felt the cruelty of such an attack upon a novice in my situation. The public prosecutor made a kind of apology.—This, for a man of his renowned powers, was a vast concession. I renewed my argument with a fearful glow, carried the cause triumphantly, and the man was acquitted.

This was the making of me. Every body was curious to know who this new lawyer was, that had suddenly risen among them, and beard the Attorney General at the very onset. The story of my debut

at the inn on the preceding evening, when I had knocked down a bully and kicked him out of doors, for striking an old man, was circulated with favorable exaggeration. Even my beardless chin and juvenile countenance were in my favor, for the people gave me far more credit than I deserved. The chance business which occurs in our courts came thronging upon me. I was repeatedly employed in other causes, and by Saturday night, when the court closed, and I paid my bill to the inn, I found myself with an hundred and fifty dollars in silver, three hundred dollars in notes, and a horse that I afterwards sold for two hundred dollars more.

Never did a miser glow more on his money and with more delight. I locked the door of my room, piled the money in a heap upon the table, walked around it, sat with my elbows on the table, and my chin upon my hands, and gazed upon it. Was I thinking of the money?—No—I was thinking of my little wife and home.

Another sleepless night ensued, but what a night of golden fancies and splendid air-castles. As soon as morning dawned, I was up, mounted the borrowed horse with which I had come to court, and led the other which I received as a fee. All the way I was delighting myself with the thoughts of surprise I had in store for my little wife; for both of us had expected nothing but that I should spend all the money I had borrowed and should return in debt.

Our meeting was joyous, as you may suppose; but I played the part of the infidel hunter, who, when he returns from the chase, never for a time speaks of his successes. She had prepared a snug little rustic meal for me, and while it was getting ready, I seated myself at an old fashioned desk in one corner, and began to count over my money and put it away. She came to me before I had finished, and asked me who I had collected the money for.

For myself, to be sure, replied I with affected coolness; I made it to court.

She looked me for a moment in the face incredulously. I tried to keep my countenance and play the Indian, but it would not. My muscles began to twitch; my feelings all at once gave way, I caught her in my arms, laughed, cried, and danced about the room like a crazy man. From that time forward we never wanted for money.

Last hours of celebrated Infidel.
But to speak more directly of the morals of leading infidels. Bolingbroke was a libertine of intemperate habits and unstrained lust. Temple was a corrupter of all that near him; given up to case and pleasure. Burrows, an eminent mathematician, was "rude, vulgar, and frequently immoral." "Intoxication and profane language were familiar to him. Towards the close of life, being afflicted with the stone, he would crawl about the floor on his hands and knees, sometimes praying, sometimes weeping." The morals of the Earl of Rochester are well known. Godwin was a lewd man by his confession, as well as the unflinching advocate of lewdness. Shaftsbury and Collins, while endeavoring to destroy the gospel, partook of the Lord's Supper, thus professing the Christian faith for admission to office! Woolston was a gross blasphemer.—Blosset solicited his sister-in-law to marry him, and being refused, shot himself. Tindal was originally a protestant, then turned papist, then protestant again; merely to suit the times; and was at the same time infamous for vice in general, and the total want of principle. He is said to have died with this prayer in his mouth: "If there is a God, I desire that he may have mercy on me." Hobbes wrote his Leviathan to serve the cause of Charles I; but finding him fail of success, he turned it to the defence of Cromwell, and made a merit of this fact to the usurper; as Hobbes himself unblushingly declared to Lord Clarendon. Need I describe Voltaire—prince of scoundrels, as Home was prince of scoundrels; in childhood initiated into infidelity; in boyhood, famous for daring blasphemy; in manhood, distinguished for a malignant and violent temper, for cold-blooded disruptions of all the ties and decencies of the family circle; for the ridicule of whatever was affecting, and the violation of whatever was confidential! Ever increasing in duplicity and hypocrisy, management, with age and practice; these whom his will attracted and his buffoonery amused, either disgusted or polluted by his loathsome vices.—Lies and oaths in their support were nothing to his man. Those whom he openly called his friends, he took pains, secretly, to calumniate; flatter them to their faces, ridiculing and reviling them behind their backs. Years only added stiffness to the disgusting features of his impiety, coldness to his dark malignity, and fury to his impetuous temper. Throughout life he was given up "to work all uncleanness with greediness." Such was the witty Voltaire, who, in the midst of his levity, had feeling and seriousness enough to wish he had never been born.—*Dwight on Infidelity.*

IS IT NOT TRUE!—An excellent writer of the past declares that the fast firm believers in the Gospel have a great advantage over all others—for this simple reason, that if true, they will have their reward hereafter; and if there be no hereafter, they can be but with the infidel in his eternal sleep, having had the assistance of an exalted hope through life, without subsequent disappointment—since out of nothing, nothing can arise—not even sorrow.—*Saturday Courier.*

The fatal Advice.
A TALE OF THE STAGE COACH.
Two gentlemen and a female, travelling in a coach together, the latter in answer to a question that had been proposed to her, said: "I never drank any spirit till about three years ago, just after my youngest child was born."

She uttered this reply in a suppressed tone of voice and with evident emotion.

"You have been married, then?" said the English gentleman.

"Yes, sir," she replied; "I was married eight years since."

"Is your husband living?" he inquired.

"I suppose he is," said she; "I have not seen him for more than two years, and I do not know that he will ever come back again."

At this moment the old Dutchman shook his head; and the woman bowed down her face. Her bonnet concealed her features, but tears were falling upon her cheek. After a brief interval, the Englishman resumed the conversation.

"I am fearful," said he, "that you have a bad, perhaps an intemperate husband."

His remarks seemed to summon her to the rescue; for whatever may be the nature of domestic strife, foreign interference is seldom welcomed by either party.

"No, sir," she replied, "I had as good a husband as ever lived, and there never was a more temperate man. He was a member of the Temperance society. My husband was a carpenter and worked as hard as any man, but he never took strong drink of any kind; and if I could only say the same thing of myself, we never should have parted."

"How did you first contract this habit?" said he.

"After my last child was born," she replied, "I had a severe fever, and was brought very low.—It seemed as though I never should recover strength. Our doctor, who was a skillful old gentleman, said nothing would raise me so soon as a little brandy. My husband asked him if nothing else would do as well, and was opposed to my taking it. But the doctor insisted upon it. It was not pleasant at first, but I soon began to relish it with sugar, and after a month's trial, I got myself into such a state, that I could not live without it. My husband was greatly distressed about it, and said he would not have it in his house. I then got it privately, and the habit got so strong upon me that I used to lie awake very often, thinking how good it would taste in the morning. I have often said, and say now, that I would give the world, if it were mine, to be cured of this hankering after strong drink. At last my poor children—"

"Poor little children!" cried the Dutchman, as he brushed away a tear from his eye.

"My poor children," continued the woman, "began to suffer, and my husband became desperate. At one time, he would coax me; and, after I had kept myself clear of it for a week or so, he would make me a present, though he could poorly afford it. At another time when I would hold out no longer, and he started and found nothing ready for dinner or supper, and the children crying, and his wife weeping for every thing, he would trip very lightly, and threaten to leave me.—I deserv'd it all," said she weeping bitterly; "and I have thought, if he would come back I would try to do better and leave it off, though I am afraid I should not be able to. I never thought he would really go away. He seemed, at last, to be giving the matter up. He let me go on pretty much as pleased. He used to take the elder children, upon a Sunday, to meeting, and leave me at home, for I was ashamed to go there, as folks began to take no notice of me. A few days before he went off he said very little to me, but seemed to be lumpy in his chest. I thought all this was done to save me; so I took no notice of it. He finally put his chest upon a wheelbarrow, and wheeled it away. Good-bye, John," said I, thinking he was not in earnest; and I was sure he was not when I saw him coming back in about an hour without it. I told him he had made a short voyage of it. He said nothing—a word—but took the children on his lap and kissed them and cried over them as if his heart would break.—His silence, and his taking on so, worried me more than all his threats. Next morning he asked me to take the three children and go with him to see his mother, who lived about a mile off. So I got ready. We had an old dog that watched round the house. My husband patted the dog—"Good-bye, Caesar," said he, and sobbed out as if he said it. I then began to fear he was going; and, as I thought how kindly he had always used me and what a miserable wife I had been to him, I could not help shedding tears. But I said nothing, for I still thought he only wanted to try me.—When we got to his mother's I saw the chest outside of the gate. We went in, and the old woman began to shed tears, but said not a word.—I thought he meant to leave me. He looked at the clock, and said it was about time for the stage to come; and turning to me, he took my hand, but it was some time before he could speak. At last mustering his feelings, "Fanny!" said he, "there is but one way to convince you that I am in earnest, and that is to leave you. I took you for better or for worse, but I did not take you for a drunkard, and I cannot live with you as such. You have often said you were willing to part and could support your-

self, if I would support the children, and you have agreed that they should live with their grandmother. I have sold my tools and some other matters, and raised a few pounds which I have placed in her care, for their use; and if God spares my life, they shall never want. When she writes me word that you have kept clear from this habit for six months, I will gladly come back, but never till then." While he was speaking, the stage arrived and I saw him leaning on his chest. I then had no longer a doubt. He kissed the children and his mother, and rushed out of the house. I followed him to the door. "O, dear John," said I, "do not go, John; do try me once more," but he never looked back; and the stage was soon out of sight. "He is a cruel, cold hearted man," said I, as I sat down on the threshold of the door. "Fanny," said his mother, as she sat wiping her eyes, "will you abide by these words at the judgment day?" "No," said I, after a short pause, "he is the kindest and best of husbands and fathers." "Then try," said she, "to kill the evil habit, and win back your happy fireside." "I will try," said I; "and I have tried, but how poorly I have succeeded, every person acquainted with me, knows too well."

When the poor creature had finished her narrative, which bore irresistible marks of truth, in the very manner of its delivery, the Englishman gave her the most admirable counsel. The old Dutchman turned round and gazed upon her, while the tears trickled down his weather-beaten features.

"Mine Got," he exclaimed, taking off his hat with an air of the deepest reverence, while he spoke, "ven vil dere pen an' end of dish accused trade! Ven vil a poly leave off selling de firs of holl to hish neighbor in exchange for de poor leetle childer's bread?"

The Western Stage Driver.
"I'd rather be a dog and bay the moon, than a stage driver," said a little muscular lump of humanity enveloped in a shaggy drab coat one cool November morning.

"May I be rained into a gun shop if I stand it," said the driver, mounting into the boot.

"Let me see," continued he, "quarter of tea for old mother Sniggs; a yard of blue ribbon for Miss Sally Sniggs; candy for Jim; Old Hark-away's dog pup; 50 loaves for Dr. Sangrado's feet—the particulars of the fight of Tom Wonder—election returns; see lawyer Squeezes—note to Higgins; and—I think that's all—get along there ye beauties." Crack goes the whip, and away rolls the stage down street, a comical little fellow, ripe for fun.—"Driver, halloo driver," shouted a purse old varmint, heeling it towards the coach, as fast as his thick legs could carry him. "I say—driver—when you made me run; in a bad humor this morning, eh—here's ten cents, get me a pound of smoking tobacco—Squeezes, make him throw in two pipes this time, and driver, be careful you don't break the pipes; and if this ain't enough money, ask him to trust me, and if he won't, just hand him the other odd change, and—" "Get along there!" crack, away they go, leaving the old man to finish his directions to himself. "I say, driver," said a passenger, peering out of the window a sinister looking phiz, "be careful you don't break the pipes; and driver," said another on the opposite side, "just hand him the odd change!"—Crack, crack, crack—whizz went the coach—driver getting into a real passion—crack!

"Halloo, driver, halloo, driver, you son of a mudgudgon; I've lost my hat—you've brushed out my eyes, halloo," roared the last mentioned unfortunate passenger. "Gently there, ye beauties, wo, wo, driver getting into a better humor, 'what's the matter there,' very quizzically inquired the driver, "Matter, zonks my nose is bleeding—matter! why you've rammed a tree top against my head, tore off my hat, and nearly made a—'" "Then keep your stop tray inside the coach," interrupted the driver. A general laugh from the passengers testified their approbation of the sport. "It's no laughing matter, gentle-folks, I assure you," said the unlucky fellow, "riding up behind the stage." "Hullo here, gentlemen," presenting himself beside the stage. A general and most simultaneous burst of risibility followed, which fairly shook the stage; it was long, loud, hearty; there stood the unfortunate fellow, the very picture of loquacious; the rim of his hat nearly stripped from its body, hanging under his chin, streaks of blood radiating from his nose, and looking the misery of 'wo; it defies description." When his countenance had put on a broad grin, [for laugh he must,] he looked so pleasantly ridiculous that the driver got into a good humor and "grinned misty" (as one of the passengers dubbed the unfortunate) got into the stage in the right trim for sport.

"Driver, how far is it to the next tavern? Driver, where do you change horses? Driver, where do we breakfast?—Driver, how far have we come? Driver, how far is it to breakfast!" Such, and a thousand other questions, with commissions from Mother Sniggs, Sally, and Jim, and tobacco for Ichabod Slops, render the life of the stage driver, if amusing, an irksome one.

DUELING ANECDOTE.—When the late James Hillhouse was in Congress, he was on a certain occasion challenged by a hot-headed member to fight a duel. Hillhouse replied that he would accept the challenge with the greatest pleasure, provided his antagonist would have the kindness to wait until he could send home to Connecticut for his "stun gun."—*Sat. Courier.*

Complete list of Laws,
Passed by Congress at the 24 Session of the 20th Congress, which terminated March 3, 1841.

An act making appropriations, in part for the support of Government for the year 1841.

An act making appropriations for the payment of Revolutionary pensioners for the year 1841.

An act making temporary provision for lunatics in the District of Columbia.

An act to authorize the issuing of Treasury notes.

An act to amend the act to authorize the State of Tennessee to issue grants and perfect titles to certain lands therein described; and to settle the claims to the vacant and unappropriated lands therein described, passed April 18, 1836.

An act making further provisions for the expenses of an exploration and survey of that part of the Northeastern boundary line of the United States which separates the States of Maine and New Hampshire from the British Provinces.

An act to further to continue in force the act for the payment for horses and other property lost in the military service of the United States.

An act making appropriations for the civil and diplomatic expenses of Government for the year 1841; (of which there was for the Post Office \$4,812,020.)

An act making appropriations for the Navy for the year 1841.

An act making appropriations for the Army for the year 1841.

An act making appropriations for the Indian Department and for treaty stipulations with the Indians for 1841.

An act making appropriations for the expense of a delegation of Western Seminoles Indians.

An act making appropriation for destitute Kickapoo Indians, and removing and subsisting the Swan Creek and Blue River Indians of Michigan.

An act for the relief of Wm. Tucker.

An act making appropriations for the support of the Military Academy for 1841.

An act to authorize a register to be granted to the schooner Amistad.

An act to incorporate the Washington Benevolent Society, in the District of Columbia.

An act to confirm land patents.

An act making appropriations for certain fortifications of the United States for the year 1841.

An act supplementary to an act to abolish imprisonment for debt in certain cases.

An act further to amend the act entitled an act to provide for taking the sixth census or enumeration of the inhabitants of the United States.

An act for the relief of Gordon S. Hubbard Robert A. Kenzie, and others.

An act supplementary to an act entitled an act to encourage the introduction and promote the cultivation of tropical plants. [For the benefit of the widow and children of Dr. Henry Perrine, killed by the Indians in Florida.]

An act to confirm to the State of Indiana the land selected by her for that portion of the Wabash and Erie Canal which lies between the mouth of the Tippecanoe river and Terra Haute, and for other purposes.

An act granting a pension to Leonard White.

An act for the relief of Wm. P. Rathbone.

An act granting a pension to Hannah Leighton.

An act for the relief of Jacob Seelye.

An act for the relief of Wm. Jones.

An act for the relief of Charles M. Keller and Henry Stone.

An act for the relief of Lieut. John E. Bishop.

An act for the relief John Carter.

An act for the relief of Joseph Bogy.

An act for the relief of Jean Baptiste Comens.

An act for the relief of Agnes Dundas.

An act for the relief of the heirs of Miguel Elava.

An act to refund the duties on the French ship Alexandre.

An act to amend the act entitled an act to amend the act approved May 13, 1830, entitled "An act to amend an act entitled an act to establish the judicial Courts of the United States."

An act for the relief of Avery, Saltmarsh, & Co.

Joint resolution to present incorporated universities, colleges &c. with copies of the catalogue of the Library of Congress.

The bill for the settlement of the claims of the States of Maine and Georgia for the services of their Militia, amounting together to about the sum of \$458,000, passed both Houses of Congress, and was enrolled and brought into the House for the signature of the Speaker just as the motion was made to close the session; which motion prevailing, it was not signed, and therefore did not become a law, although passed both Houses of Congress.

A gentleman travelling in Ireland, said to a very importunate beggar, "You have lost all your teeth." The beggar quickly answered, "Up it's time I'd part with 'em, when I'd nothing for 'em to do."

A widow said once to her daughter.—"When you are my age, you will be dreaming of a husband."—"Yes, mamma! (replied the pert beauty) "of the second time."