

Highland Messenger.

A Weekly Family Newspaper, devoted to Religion, Morality, Politics, Science, Agriculture and General Intelligence.

VOL. III. NUMBER 37.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., APRIL 7, 1843.

WHOLE NUMBER 141.

Published weekly.
BY J. H. CHRISTY & CO.

This paper is published at Two Dollars a year in advance—Two Dollars and Fifty Cents in six months—or, Three Dollars at the end of the year. (See prospectus.)
Advertisements inserted at One Dollar per square for the first, and Twenty-Five Cents for each continuation. Court Orders will be charged twenty-five per cent. extra.

HIGHLAND MESSENGER.

ASHEVILLE, MARCH 28th, 1843.
Messrs. McAnally & Roberts:

Gentlemen—You will confer a favor on me by inserting this note in your next number of the Messenger. On my return home yesterday from the courts of the western part of the circuit, my attention was called to an article of yours in reply to one in a late number of the Rutherfordton Intelligencer, on the subject of the approaching Congressional election in this District. While you both seem to concur in the opinion that it is too late now to attempt to hold a convention to reduce the number of Whig candidates in the field, you express some regret that there should be any division in the ranks of our own political party. In this matter I am aware that you express the feeling of many citizens of the district.

When I was formerly a candidate, there was some complaint against me on the ground that my coming out had a tendency to "split the party." In order that I may not be blamed again for that cause, I desire to state what occurred during the former canvass. Two years since, when Mr. GRAHAM and myself had been but one week in the field as candidates, an attempt was made, during the week of Haywood court, to prevent our both continuing on the track. Several Whigs—some of whom were for Mr. GRAHAM, and others inclined then to support me—pressed me strongly to withdraw at that time; provided he would agree to decline at the expiration of the term then about to commence.

After a good deal of conversation, I at length told them that I felt it my duty, urged as I was, reluctantly to yield my political preferences to the wishes of my individual and personal friends; but added that it would not be right to require Mr. GRAHAM to agree to decline a re-election; at all events, as it was possible that such a state of things might exist at the end of two years as to render it proper for him to be again a candidate. I informed them that they were authorized on my part to say to him that I would then withdraw and allow him to run without opposition, provided he would agree to decline being a candidate at the end of two years, if his political friends should then think it expedient for him to do so. The proposition was accordingly submitted by some of these individuals to Mr. Graham and by him at once rejected, and as I was informed he added that he would "neither buy out or sell out." From the terms in which his reply was couched, he seemed to regard himself as possessing a vested estate in the office, and as I thought the proposition a reasonable one, that a man who had occupied a station for ten years should consult the wishes of his supporters before he asked to be continued for a longer term, I felt under no sort of obligation to give way to him. If, therefore, any evil should result from two Whigs running in the District, the fault at least is not mine. I have on the present occasion taken the field under the firm conviction that a decided majority of the citizens of the District are unwilling that Mr. GRAHAM should longer be the Representative for reasons which I expect to lay fully before the public during the ensuing canvass. In so doing, I merely exercise that right which belongs to every citizen of the State. From Mr. GRAHAM's circular, I perceive that he on the 4th of March announces himself a candidate, some days earlier than I did. Of this I do not complain at all. I hope, however, that I shall not be censured in any quarter for yielding to the solicitations, not merely of those who formerly sustained me, but also of a very large number of Mr. GRAHAM's old friends, who declare themselves unwilling to sustain him any longer.

Respectfully, yours,
T. L. CLINGMAN.

Mr. Webb will much oblige me by giving this note one insertion in the Rutherfordton Intelligencer.

Mortality of Cattle and Hogs.

Messrs. Editors: I know not how it may be in your part of the world, but all through the vicinity in which I live, for miles, there seems to be a sort of "day of judgment" amongst cattle and hogs. I presume there never was a year here in which more hogs and cattle had died, than in the present. The coldness of the season, lice, scarcity of food, &c., &c., have been the cause of the loss of much stock; but then there are numberless cases where both cattle and hogs have died where they daily had plenty to eat, and were in good order. Some persons have lost from six to fifteen head of cattle, and from 10 to 40 head of hogs. The diseases of the cattle, I am not particularly acquainted with, but in the hog line, I have some experience. They are first observed to be falling away and growing poorer; then they seem to experience a difficulty of breathing, and catch very long breaths, or breathe very slowly, then they take a dry cough, which is followed by frequent efforts to throw up, but without any avail. This is succeeded by great debility and weakness, which is followed by loss of appetite or inability to swallow which naturally in two or three days terminates in death. I gave my hogs corn a plenty, administered brimstone, tar, copperas, slops, potatoes and oats, cut off their tails, lanced their tongues, split their foreheads, &c., &c., but all to no effect. From the time I put them up, they continued growing poorer and poorer, till nothing was left but skin and bones. Some of them I threw over the fence, where they lay without ever attracting the attention of a dog or buzzard, or decomposing for four and six weeks—so poor do they become before death. If any of the hog doctors, or M. D.'s who read the Messenger know of any cure for such complaints, they will, doubtless, confer a great favor on our community by communicating their remedies through its columns. I can form no satisfactory conclusion in my own mind, what is the cause of the epidemic, nor can I remove the disease by any knowledge or skill I have, therefore, I remain, as ever, respectfully,
J. M. E.

FOR THE MESSENGER.

A New Invention.

Messrs. Editors: It has been said that there is "nothing new under the sun," and however good this may seem to be, I think there is one exception to be found to it in Henderson county. Man is an inventive being, always contriving, improving, changing and progressing. I am about to relate one of the most ingenious, simple, striking, labor-saving, economical, and puzzling contrivances that has ever been discovered since Grimes pushed the bull off the bridge! A gentleman of this county of considerable tact and wealth, distinguished for many small things as well as large, has completely set at defiance all straw-cutters, boxes, &c., by his unexampled ingenuity. He manoeuvres in this way: He takes a bundle of oats, unties it, then lays a layer of about twelve straws North and South, then twelve more East and West, then twelve in a diagonal line and so on till the whole bundle is crossed and piled, so that scarcely any two heads will be together, then he "unmuzzles the ox" and if they can eat the heads without eating the straw, they will do more than oxen was wont to do in olden time! Never let it be said again that there are not wise men in Henderson county, N. C. No, never! The inventor, as soon as this meets his eye, ought to apply at once for a patent, so that his rights may not be infringed upon! Respectfully,
J. M. E.

FOR THE MESSENGER.

Mortality of Cattle and Hogs.

Messrs. Editors: I know not how it may be in your part of the world, but all through the vicinity in which I live, for miles, there seems to be a sort of "day of judgment" amongst cattle and hogs. I presume there never was a year here in which more hogs and cattle had died, than in the present. The coldness of the season, lice, scarcity of food, &c., &c., have been the cause of the loss of much stock; but then there are numberless cases where both cattle and hogs have died where they daily had plenty to eat, and were in good order. Some persons have lost from six to fifteen head of cattle, and from 10 to 40 head of hogs. The diseases of the cattle, I am not particularly acquainted with, but in the hog line, I have some experience. They are first observed to be falling away and growing poorer; then they seem to experience a difficulty of breathing, and catch very long breaths, or breathe very slowly, then they take a dry cough, which is followed by frequent efforts to throw up, but without any avail. This is succeeded by great debility and weakness, which is followed by loss of appetite or inability to swallow which naturally in two or three days terminates in death. I gave my hogs corn a plenty, administered brimstone, tar, copperas, slops, potatoes and oats, cut off their tails, lanced their tongues, split their foreheads, &c., &c., but all to no effect. From the time I put them up, they continued growing poorer and poorer, till nothing was left but skin and bones. Some of them I threw over the fence, where they lay without ever attracting the attention of a dog or buzzard, or decomposing for four and six weeks—so poor do they become before death. If any of the hog doctors, or M. D.'s who read the Messenger know of any cure for such complaints, they will, doubtless, confer a great favor on our community by communicating their remedies through its columns. I can form no satisfactory conclusion in my own mind, what is the cause of the epidemic, nor can I remove the disease by any knowledge or skill I have, therefore, I remain, as ever, respectfully,
J. M. E.

MISCELLANEOUS.

How Bertha was jealous, and why.

BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

Love sketches generally end where this begins—but young married people afford, perhaps, the very best material for the heroisms, heroines, and heroes of the fireside sketch. The altar, the ring, the declaration of the tie indissoluble, (errors and death excepted) are generally looked forward to as the pleasant catastrophe of tales. 'By the Author of the Turtle-Dove.' Let us look a little beyond, and describe how Bertha was jealous, and then we will see why.

When Charlie found his little wife persuading him very earnestly on the—let me see—the first evening of the third week after marriage not to go out and leave her alone, we are compelled to acknowledge that prattling as she pouted the request, he thought it was very unreasonable. For twenty-one days and nights she had been to him as his shadow. She could not pass his counting-room even, without looking in, and taking him away with her—and strange to say, her walks always carried her to precisely that part of the city where it was situated; though she met no other of her own sex there, except not a very handsome, and not exceedingly young woman, who sold knickknacks to such beardless young men as cannot pass an apple without trying their teeth in it; and who seem to serve no particular purpose in society, except to support the hucksters of flour, disguised in fat, aforesaid. Now this continual attention was very well the first day. It was rather pleasant the second. It was endurable the third. By that day every clerk in Charlie's store, and likewise the black porter, and the carman who displayed the provincial English of 'a car to hire,' in front of his door, had reached the conclusion by ocular demonstration that he had married a beauty. On the fourth day her presence was tolerable—on the fifth—listen and learn, young wives and affectionates—the negative particle was absolutely affixed in the young husband's mind to the word endurable, when her pretty hand upon his shoulder tipped him out of his balance of debt and creditor, as he was poring over the ledger. If such a thing were possible in the honey moon, we should be inclined to say that Charlie was ashamed of his wife.

Watch little sis at the dinner table. She devours mentany that me large orange in the desert is served—but it is not proper that she should express one word of affection for the tempting fruit. Schooled in strict observance of etiquette, she talks 'only with her eyes.' It has fallen to her lot—and now see her take vengeance upon it for her past assumed indifference. She has not the glimmer of an idea of the moral that is to be read in her little innocent hypocrisy antecedent to possession, and her frank and somewhat nauseating (the prettiest children are pretty pigs) devotion to it when it is rolled to her place. By and by she will grow up, if her fond parents' hopes are realized. The apple of her eye will then become somebody worth talking about we trust, a husband worth having. While that husband is merely a husband elect, she will pretend before witnesses to the same indifference that she acted toward the orange. When he becomes a husband indeed, she will be unlike most young women—certainly unlike Bertha—if she do not revenge herself upon her husband as she did upon the orange—at any rate while the moon lasts. There—we promised a sketch only, and have already written a dissertation.

Reverens a moutons—sheep indeed.—Charlie certainly looks the character. It is the tenth day—constant in her walk as the ghost of Grim—true to her hour as his monesthy, she has daily, Sundays excepted, stepped into her husband's place of business, all wreathed in smiles—to surprise him with a visit. The porter outside the store asks the carman what's o'clock. The carman looks up the street as if for a sign of the hour, and discerning a particular bonnet, says 'two.' That a prettier time piece could not be well found than Mrs. Bertha Bent is a fact. The clerks inside who yawn at the undigested indigestibles which they have bolted at their dinners, drive their pens with a fresher zeal as they discover by her appearance how much it is past meridian, and rejoice at the immediate commencement of their principal's now daily protracted dinner hour. The youngest boy thrusts his tongue into his cheek as he bends over his paper; the next almost hems aloud; the next opens both eyes wide and then winks with the two. One is seized with a fit of coughing, the periodical fit occurring daily just at that hour, and no other; and all of them act as if an epidemic frog had jumped from throat to throat, producing excitation by the whole company—suppressed at first—but as the frock of Bertha sweeps the threshold on her way out—rising by a regular crescendo, till master and lady out of hearing, it swells to the full diapason of a loud guffaw.—Pompey Porter outside throws a Jim Crow balance and hums a ditty; and the carman lets off his mirth by giving the negro a touch with a crack of his whip, like a wasp sting.

Scrub, in the comedy, is not so great a fool after all. 'I knew,' he said, 'that they were talking about me—for they laughed comsumedly.' Conscious that he deserved to be laughed at, Scrub's process of ratiocination was as correct as it was

MISCELLANEOUS.

How Bertha was jealous, and why.

BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

Love sketches generally end where this begins—but young married people afford, perhaps, the very best material for the heroisms, heroines, and heroes of the fireside sketch. The altar, the ring, the declaration of the tie indissoluble, (errors and death excepted) are generally looked forward to as the pleasant catastrophe of tales. 'By the Author of the Turtle-Dove.' Let us look a little beyond, and describe how Bertha was jealous, and then we will see why.

When Charlie found his little wife persuading him very earnestly on the—let me see—the first evening of the third week after marriage not to go out and leave her alone, we are compelled to acknowledge that prattling as she pouted the request, he thought it was very unreasonable. For twenty-one days and nights she had been to him as his shadow. She could not pass his counting-room even, without looking in, and taking him away with her—and strange to say, her walks always carried her to precisely that part of the city where it was situated; though she met no other of her own sex there, except not a very handsome, and not exceedingly young woman, who sold knickknacks to such beardless young men as cannot pass an apple without trying their teeth in it; and who seem to serve no particular purpose in society, except to support the hucksters of flour, disguised in fat, aforesaid. Now this continual attention was very well the first day. It was rather pleasant the second. It was endurable the third. By that day every clerk in Charlie's store, and likewise the black porter, and the carman who displayed the provincial English of 'a car to hire,' in front of his door, had reached the conclusion by ocular demonstration that he had married a beauty. On the fourth day her presence was tolerable—on the fifth—listen and learn, young wives and affectionates—the negative particle was absolutely affixed in the young husband's mind to the word endurable, when her pretty hand upon his shoulder tipped him out of his balance of debt and creditor, as he was poring over the ledger. If such a thing were possible in the honey moon, we should be inclined to say that Charlie was ashamed of his wife.

Watch little sis at the dinner table. She devours mentany that me large orange in the desert is served—but it is not proper that she should express one word of affection for the tempting fruit. Schooled in strict observance of etiquette, she talks 'only with her eyes.' It has fallen to her lot—and now see her take vengeance upon it for her past assumed indifference. She has not the glimmer of an idea of the moral that is to be read in her little innocent hypocrisy antecedent to possession, and her frank and somewhat nauseating (the prettiest children are pretty pigs) devotion to it when it is rolled to her place. By and by she will grow up, if her fond parents' hopes are realized. The apple of her eye will then become somebody worth talking about we trust, a husband worth having. While that husband is merely a husband elect, she will pretend before witnesses to the same indifference that she acted toward the orange. When he becomes a husband indeed, she will be unlike most young women—certainly unlike Bertha—if she do not revenge herself upon her husband as she did upon the orange—at any rate while the moon lasts. There—we promised a sketch only, and have already written a dissertation.

Reverens a moutons—sheep indeed.—Charlie certainly looks the character. It is the tenth day—constant in her walk as the ghost of Grim—true to her hour as his monesthy, she has daily, Sundays excepted, stepped into her husband's place of business, all wreathed in smiles—to surprise him with a visit. The porter outside the store asks the carman what's o'clock. The carman looks up the street as if for a sign of the hour, and discerning a particular bonnet, says 'two.' That a prettier time piece could not be well found than Mrs. Bertha Bent is a fact. The clerks inside who yawn at the undigested indigestibles which they have bolted at their dinners, drive their pens with a fresher zeal as they discover by her appearance how much it is past meridian, and rejoice at the immediate commencement of their principal's now daily protracted dinner hour. The youngest boy thrusts his tongue into his cheek as he bends over his paper; the next almost hems aloud; the next opens both eyes wide and then winks with the two. One is seized with a fit of coughing, the periodical fit occurring daily just at that hour, and no other; and all of them act as if an epidemic frog had jumped from throat to throat, producing excitation by the whole company—suppressed at first—but as the frock of Bertha sweeps the threshold on her way out—rising by a regular crescendo, till master and lady out of hearing, it swells to the full diapason of a loud guffaw.—Pompey Porter outside throws a Jim Crow balance and hums a ditty; and the carman lets off his mirth by giving the negro a touch with a crack of his whip, like a wasp sting.

Scrub, in the comedy, is not so great a fool after all. 'I knew,' he said, 'that they were talking about me—for they laughed comsumedly.' Conscious that he deserved to be laughed at, Scrub's process of ratiocination was as correct as it was

MISCELLANEOUS.

How Bertha was jealous, and why.

BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

Love sketches generally end where this begins—but young married people afford, perhaps, the very best material for the heroisms, heroines, and heroes of the fireside sketch. The altar, the ring, the declaration of the tie indissoluble, (errors and death excepted) are generally looked forward to as the pleasant catastrophe of tales. 'By the Author of the Turtle-Dove.' Let us look a little beyond, and describe how Bertha was jealous, and then we will see why.

When Charlie found his little wife persuading him very earnestly on the—let me see—the first evening of the third week after marriage not to go out and leave her alone, we are compelled to acknowledge that prattling as she pouted the request, he thought it was very unreasonable. For twenty-one days and nights she had been to him as his shadow. She could not pass his counting-room even, without looking in, and taking him away with her—and strange to say, her walks always carried her to precisely that part of the city where it was situated; though she met no other of her own sex there, except not a very handsome, and not exceedingly young woman, who sold knickknacks to such beardless young men as cannot pass an apple without trying their teeth in it; and who seem to serve no particular purpose in society, except to support the hucksters of flour, disguised in fat, aforesaid. Now this continual attention was very well the first day. It was rather pleasant the second. It was endurable the third. By that day every clerk in Charlie's store, and likewise the black porter, and the carman who displayed the provincial English of 'a car to hire,' in front of his door, had reached the conclusion by ocular demonstration that he had married a beauty. On the fourth day her presence was tolerable—on the fifth—listen and learn, young wives and affectionates—the negative particle was absolutely affixed in the young husband's mind to the word endurable, when her pretty hand upon his shoulder tipped him out of his balance of debt and creditor, as he was poring over the ledger. If such a thing were possible in the honey moon, we should be inclined to say that Charlie was ashamed of his wife.

Watch little sis at the dinner table. She devours mentany that me large orange in the desert is served—but it is not proper that she should express one word of affection for the tempting fruit. Schooled in strict observance of etiquette, she talks 'only with her eyes.' It has fallen to her lot—and now see her take vengeance upon it for her past assumed indifference. She has not the glimmer of an idea of the moral that is to be read in her little innocent hypocrisy antecedent to possession, and her frank and somewhat nauseating (the prettiest children are pretty pigs) devotion to it when it is rolled to her place. By and by she will grow up, if her fond parents' hopes are realized. The apple of her eye will then become somebody worth talking about we trust, a husband worth having. While that husband is merely a husband elect, she will pretend before witnesses to the same indifference that she acted toward the orange. When he becomes a husband indeed, she will be unlike most young women—certainly unlike Bertha—if she do not revenge herself upon her husband as she did upon the orange—at any rate while the moon lasts. There—we promised a sketch only, and have already written a dissertation.

Reverens a moutons—sheep indeed.—Charlie certainly looks the character. It is the tenth day—constant in her walk as the ghost of Grim—true to her hour as his monesthy, she has daily, Sundays excepted, stepped into her husband's place of business, all wreathed in smiles—to surprise him with a visit. The porter outside the store asks the carman what's o'clock. The carman looks up the street as if for a sign of the hour, and discerning a particular bonnet, says 'two.' That a prettier time piece could not be well found than Mrs. Bertha Bent is a fact. The clerks inside who yawn at the undigested indigestibles which they have bolted at their dinners, drive their pens with a fresher zeal as they discover by her appearance how much it is past meridian, and rejoice at the immediate commencement of their principal's now daily protracted dinner hour. The youngest boy thrusts his tongue into his cheek as he bends over his paper; the next almost hems aloud; the next opens both eyes wide and then winks with the two. One is seized with a fit of coughing, the periodical fit occurring daily just at that hour, and no other; and all of them act as if an epidemic frog had jumped from throat to throat, producing excitation by the whole company—suppressed at first—but as the frock of Bertha sweeps the threshold on her way out—rising by a regular crescendo, till master and lady out of hearing, it swells to the full diapason of a loud guffaw.—Pompey Porter outside throws a Jim Crow balance and hums a ditty; and the carman lets off his mirth by giving the negro a touch with a crack of his whip, like a wasp sting.

Scrub, in the comedy, is not so great a fool after all. 'I knew,' he said, 'that they were talking about me—for they laughed comsumedly.' Conscious that he deserved to be laughed at, Scrub's process of ratiocination was as correct as it was

MISCELLANEOUS.

How Bertha was jealous, and why.

BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

Love sketches generally end where this begins—but young married people afford, perhaps, the very best material for the heroisms, heroines, and heroes of the fireside sketch. The altar, the ring, the declaration of the tie indissoluble, (errors and death excepted) are generally looked forward to as the pleasant catastrophe of tales. 'By the Author of the Turtle-Dove.' Let us look a little beyond, and describe how Bertha was jealous, and then we will see why.

When Charlie found his little wife persuading him very earnestly on the—let me see—the first evening of the third week after marriage not to go out and leave her alone, we are compelled to acknowledge that prattling as she pouted the request, he thought it was very unreasonable. For twenty-one days and nights she had been to him as his shadow. She could not pass his counting-room even, without looking in, and taking him away with her—and strange to say, her walks always carried her to precisely that part of the city where it was situated; though she met no other of her own sex there, except not a very handsome, and not exceedingly young woman, who sold knickknacks to such beardless young men as cannot pass an apple without trying their teeth in it; and who seem to serve no particular purpose in society, except to support the hucksters of flour, disguised in fat, aforesaid. Now this continual attention was very well the first day. It was rather pleasant the second. It was endurable the third. By that day every clerk in Charlie's store, and likewise the black porter, and the carman who displayed the provincial English of 'a car to hire,' in front of his door, had reached the conclusion by ocular demonstration that he had married a beauty. On the fourth day her presence was tolerable—on the fifth—listen and learn, young wives and affectionates—the negative particle was absolutely affixed in the young husband's mind to the word endurable, when her pretty hand upon his shoulder tipped him out of his balance of debt and creditor, as he was poring over the ledger. If such a thing were possible in the honey moon, we should be inclined to say that Charlie was ashamed of his wife.

Watch little sis at the dinner table. She devours mentany that me large orange in the desert is served—but it is not proper that she should express one word of affection for the tempting fruit. Schooled in strict observance of etiquette, she talks 'only with her eyes.' It has fallen to her lot—and now see her take vengeance upon it for her past assumed indifference. She has not the glimmer of an idea of the moral that is to be read in her little innocent hypocrisy antecedent to possession, and her frank and somewhat nauseating (the prettiest children are pretty pigs) devotion to it when it is rolled to her place. By and by she will grow up, if her fond parents' hopes are realized. The apple of her eye will then become somebody worth talking about we trust, a husband worth having. While that husband is merely a husband elect, she will pretend before witnesses to the same indifference that she acted toward the orange. When he becomes a husband indeed, she will be unlike most young women—certainly unlike Bertha—if she do not revenge herself upon her husband as she did upon the orange—at any rate while the moon lasts. There—we promised a sketch only, and have already written a dissertation.

Reverens a moutons—sheep indeed.—Charlie certainly looks the character. It is the tenth day—constant in her walk as the ghost of Grim—true to her hour as his monesthy, she has daily, Sundays excepted, stepped into her husband's place of business, all wreathed in smiles—to surprise him with a visit. The porter outside the store asks the carman what's o'clock. The carman looks up the street as if for a sign of the hour, and discerning a particular bonnet, says 'two.' That a prettier time piece could not be well found than Mrs. Bertha Bent is a fact. The clerks inside who yawn at the undigested indigestibles which they have bolted at their dinners, drive their pens with a fresher zeal as they discover by her appearance how much it is past meridian, and rejoice at the immediate commencement of their principal's now daily protracted dinner hour. The youngest boy thrusts his tongue into his cheek as he bends over his paper; the next almost hems aloud; the next opens both eyes wide and then winks with the two. One is seized with a fit of coughing, the periodical fit occurring daily just at that hour, and no other; and all of them act as if an epidemic frog had jumped from throat to throat, producing excitation by the whole company—suppressed at first—but as the frock of Bertha sweeps the threshold on her way out—rising by a regular crescendo, till master and lady out of hearing, it swells to the full diapason of a loud guffaw.—Pompey Porter outside throws a Jim Crow balance and hums a ditty; and the carman lets off his mirth by giving the negro a touch with a crack of his whip, like a wasp sting.

Scrub, in the comedy, is not so great a fool after all. 'I knew,' he said, 'that they were talking about me—for they laughed comsumedly.' Conscious that he deserved to be laughed at, Scrub's process of ratiocination was as correct as it was

MISCELLANEOUS.

How Bertha was jealous, and why.

BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

Love sketches generally end where this begins—but young married people afford, perhaps, the very best material for the heroisms, heroines, and heroes of the fireside sketch. The altar, the ring, the declaration of the tie indissoluble, (errors and death excepted) are generally looked forward to as the pleasant catastrophe of tales. 'By the Author of the Turtle-Dove.' Let us look a little beyond, and describe how Bertha was jealous, and then we will see why.

When Charlie found his little wife persuading him very earnestly on the—let me see—the first evening of the third week after marriage not to go out and leave her alone, we are compelled to acknowledge that prattling as she pouted the request, he thought it was very unreasonable. For twenty-one days and nights she had been to him as his shadow. She could not pass his counting-room even, without looking in, and taking him away with her—and strange to say, her walks always carried her to precisely that part of the city where it was situated; though she met no other of her own sex there, except not a very handsome, and not exceedingly young woman, who sold knickknacks to such beardless young men as cannot pass an apple without trying their teeth in it; and who seem to serve no particular purpose in society, except to support the hucksters of flour, disguised in fat, aforesaid. Now this continual attention was very well the first day. It was rather pleasant the second. It was endurable the third. By that day every clerk in Charlie's store, and likewise the black porter, and the carman who displayed the provincial English of 'a car to hire,' in front of his door, had reached the conclusion by ocular demonstration that he had married a beauty. On the fourth day her presence was tolerable—on the fifth—listen and learn, young wives and affectionates—the negative particle was absolutely affixed in the young husband's mind to the word endurable, when her pretty hand upon his shoulder tipped him out of his balance of debt and creditor, as he was poring over the ledger. If such a thing were possible in the honey moon, we should be inclined to say that Charlie was ashamed of his wife.

Watch little sis at the dinner table. She devours mentany that me large orange in the desert is served—but it is not proper that she should express one word of affection for the tempting fruit. Schooled in strict observance of etiquette, she talks 'only with her eyes.' It has fallen to her lot—and now see her take vengeance upon it for her past assumed indifference. She has not the glimmer of an idea of the moral that is to be read in her little innocent hypocrisy antecedent to possession, and her frank and somewhat nauseating (the prettiest children are pretty pigs) devotion to it when it is rolled to her place. By and by she will grow up, if her fond parents' hopes are realized. The apple of her eye will then become somebody worth talking about we trust, a husband worth having. While that husband is merely a husband elect, she will pretend before witnesses to the same indifference that she acted toward the orange. When he becomes a husband indeed, she will be unlike most young women—certainly unlike Bertha—if she do not revenge herself upon her husband as she did upon the orange—at any rate while the moon lasts. There—we promised a sketch only, and have already written a dissertation.

Reverens a moutons—sheep indeed.—Charlie certainly looks the character. It is the tenth day—constant in her walk as the ghost of Grim—true to her hour as his monesthy, she has daily, Sundays excepted, stepped into her husband's place of business, all wreathed in smiles—to surprise him with a visit. The porter outside the store asks the carman what's o'clock. The carman looks up the street as if for a sign of the hour, and discerning a particular bonnet, says 'two.' That a prettier time piece could not be well found than Mrs. Bertha Bent is a fact. The clerks inside who yawn at the undigested indigestibles which they have bolted at their dinners, drive their pens with a fresher zeal as they discover by her appearance how much it is past meridian, and rejoice at the immediate commencement of their principal's now daily protracted dinner hour. The youngest boy thrusts his tongue into his cheek as he bends over his paper; the next almost hems aloud; the next opens both eyes wide and then winks with the two. One is seized with a fit of coughing, the periodical fit occurring daily just at that hour, and no other; and all of them act as if an epidemic frog had jumped from throat to throat, producing excitation by the whole company—suppressed at first—but as the frock of Bertha sweeps the threshold on her way out—rising by a regular crescendo, till master and lady out of hearing, it swells to the full diapason of a loud guffaw.—Pompey Porter outside throws a Jim Crow balance and hums a ditty; and the carman lets off his mirth by giving the negro a touch with a crack of his whip, like a wasp sting.

Scrub, in the comedy, is not so great a fool after all. 'I knew,' he said, 'that they were talking about me—for they laughed comsumedly.' Conscious that he deserved to be laughed at, Scrub's process of ratiocination was as correct as it was

MISCELLANEOUS.

How Bertha was jealous, and why.

BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

Love sketches generally end where this begins—but young married people afford, perhaps, the very best material for the heroisms, heroines, and heroes of the fireside sketch. The altar, the ring, the declaration of the tie indissoluble, (errors and death excepted) are generally looked forward to as the pleasant catastrophe of tales. 'By the Author of the Turtle-Dove.' Let us look a little beyond, and describe how Bertha was jealous, and then we will see why.

When Charlie found his little wife persuading him very earnestly on the—let me see—the first evening of the third week after marriage not to go out and leave her alone, we are compelled to acknowledge that prattling as she pouted the request, he thought it was very unreasonable. For twenty-one days and nights she had been to him as his shadow. She could not pass his counting-room even, without looking in, and taking him away with her—and strange to say, her walks always carried her to precisely that part of the city where it was situated; though she met no other of her own sex there, except not a very handsome, and not exceedingly young woman, who sold knickknacks to such beardless young men as cannot pass an apple without trying their teeth in it; and who seem to serve no particular purpose in society, except to support the hucksters of flour, disguised in fat, aforesaid. Now this continual attention was very well the first day. It was rather pleasant the second. It was endurable the third. By that day every clerk in Charlie's store, and likewise the black porter, and the carman who displayed the provincial English of 'a car to hire,' in front of his door, had reached the conclusion by ocular demonstration that he had married a beauty. On the fourth day her presence was tolerable—on the fifth—listen and learn, young wives and affectionates—the negative particle was absolutely affixed in the young husband's mind to the word endurable, when her pretty hand upon his shoulder tipped him out of his balance of debt and creditor, as he was poring over the ledger. If such a thing were possible in the honey moon, we should be inclined to say that Charlie was ashamed of his wife.

Watch little sis at the dinner table. She devours mentany that me large orange in the desert is served—but it is not proper that she should express one word of affection for the tempting fruit. Schooled in strict observance of etiquette, she talks 'only with her eyes.' It has fallen to her lot—and now see her take vengeance upon it for her past assumed indifference. She has not the glimmer of an idea of the moral that is to be read in her little innocent hypocrisy antecedent to possession, and her frank and somewhat nauseating (the prettiest children are pretty pigs) devotion to it when it is rolled to her place. By and by she will grow up, if her fond parents' hopes are realized. The apple of her eye will then become somebody worth talking about we trust, a husband worth having. While that husband is merely a husband elect, she will pretend before witnesses to the same indifference that she acted toward the orange. When he becomes a husband indeed, she will be unlike most young women—certainly unlike Bertha—if she do not revenge herself upon her husband as she did upon the orange—at any rate while the moon lasts. There—we promised a sketch only, and have already written a dissertation.

Reverens a moutons—sheep indeed.—Charlie certainly looks the character. It is the tenth day—constant in her walk as the ghost of Grim—true to her hour as his monesthy, she has daily, Sundays excepted, stepped into her husband's place of business, all wreathed in smiles—to surprise him with a visit. The porter outside the store asks the carman what's o'clock. The carman looks up the street as if for a sign of the hour, and discerning a particular bonnet, says 'two.' That a prettier time piece could not be well found than Mrs. Bertha Bent is a fact. The clerks inside who yawn at the undigested indigestibles which they have bolted at their dinners, drive their pens with a fresher zeal as they discover by her appearance how much it is past meridian, and rejoice at the immediate commencement of their principal's now daily protracted dinner hour. The youngest boy thrusts his tongue into his cheek as he bends over his paper; the next almost hems aloud; the next opens both eyes wide and then winks with the two. One is seized with a fit of coughing, the periodical fit occurring daily just at that hour, and no other; and all of them act as if an epidemic frog had jumped from throat to throat, producing excitation by the whole company—suppressed at first—but as the frock of Bertha sweeps the threshold on her way out—rising by a regular crescendo, till master and lady out of hearing, it swells to the full diapason of a loud guffaw.—Pompey Porter outside throws a Jim Crow balance and hums a ditty; and the carman lets off his mirth by giving the negro a touch with a crack of his whip, like a wasp sting.

Scrub, in the comedy, is not so great a fool after all. 'I knew,' he said, 'that they were talking about me—for they laughed comsumedly.' Conscious that he deserved to be laughed at, Scrub's process of ratiocination was as correct as it was

MISCELLANEOUS.

How Bertha was jealous, and why.

BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

Love sketches generally end where this begins—but young married people afford, perhaps, the very best material for the heroisms, heroines, and heroes of the fireside sketch. The altar, the ring, the declaration of the tie indissoluble, (errors and death excepted) are generally looked forward to as the pleasant catastrophe of tales. 'By the Author of the Turtle-Dove.' Let us look a little beyond, and describe how Bertha was jealous, and then we will see why.

When Charlie found his little wife persuading him very earnestly on the—let me see—the first evening of the third week after marriage not to go out and leave her alone, we are compelled to acknowledge that prattling as she pouted the request, he thought it was very unreasonable. For twenty-one days and nights she had been to him as his shadow. She could not pass his counting-room even, without looking in, and taking him away with her—and strange to say, her walks always carried her to precisely that part of the city where it was situated; though she met no other of her own sex there, except not a very handsome, and not exceedingly young woman, who sold knickknacks to such beardless young men as cannot pass an apple without trying their teeth in it; and who seem to serve no particular purpose in society, except to support the hucksters of flour, disguised in fat, aforesaid. Now this continual attention was very well the first day. It was rather pleasant the second. It was endurable the third. By that day every clerk in Charlie's store, and likewise the black porter, and the carman who displayed the provincial English of 'a car to hire,' in front of his door, had reached the conclusion by ocular demonstration that he had married a beauty. On the fourth day her presence was tolerable—on the fifth—listen and learn, young wives and affectionates—the negative particle was absolutely affixed in the young husband's mind to the word endurable, when her pretty hand upon his shoulder tipped him out of his balance of debt and creditor, as he was poring over the ledger. If such a thing were possible in the honey moon, we should be inclined to say that Charlie was ashamed of his wife.

Watch little sis at the dinner table. She devours mentany that me large orange in the desert is served—but it is not proper that she should express one word of affection for the tempting fruit. Schooled in strict observance of etiquette, she talks 'only with her eyes.' It has fallen to her lot—and now see her take vengeance upon it for her past assumed indifference. She has not the glimmer of an idea of the moral that is to be read in her little innocent hypocrisy antecedent to possession, and her frank and somewhat nauseating (the prettiest children are pretty pigs) devotion to it when it is rolled to her place. By and by she will grow up, if her fond parents' hopes are realized. The apple of her eye will then become somebody worth talking about we trust, a husband worth having. While that husband is merely a husband elect, she will pretend before witnesses to the same indifference that she acted toward the orange. When he becomes a husband indeed, she will be unlike most young women—certainly unlike Bertha—if she do not revenge herself upon her husband as she did upon the orange—at any rate while the moon lasts. There—we promised a sketch only, and have already written a dissertation.

Reverens a moutons—sheep indeed.—Charlie certainly looks the character. It is the tenth day—constant in her walk as the ghost of Grim—true to her hour as his monesthy, she has daily, Sundays excepted, stepped into her husband's place of business, all wreathed in smiles—to surprise him with a visit. The porter outside the store asks the carman what's o'clock. The carman looks up the street as if for a sign of the hour, and discerning a particular bonnet, says 'two.' That a prettier time piece could not be well found than Mrs. Bertha Bent is a fact. The clerks inside who yawn at the undigested indigestibles which they have bolted at their dinners, drive their pens with a fresher zeal as they discover by her appearance how much it is past meridian, and rejoice at the immediate commencement of their principal's now daily protracted dinner hour. The youngest boy thrusts his tongue into his cheek as he bends over his paper; the next almost hems aloud; the next opens both eyes wide and then winks with the two. One is seized with a fit of coughing, the periodical fit occurring daily just at that hour, and no other; and all of them act as if an epidemic frog had jumped from throat to throat, producing excitation by the whole company—suppressed at first—but as the frock of Bertha sweeps the threshold on her way out—rising by a regular crescendo, till master and lady out of hearing, it swells to the full diapason of a loud guffaw.—Pompey Porter outside throws a Jim Crow balance and hums a ditty; and the carman lets off his mirth by giving the negro a touch with a crack of his whip, like a wasp sting.

Scrub, in the comedy, is not so great a fool after all. 'I knew,' he said, 'that they were talking about me—for they laughed comsumedly.' Conscious that he deserved to be laughed at, Scrub's process of ratiocination was as correct as it was

MISCELLANEOUS.

How Bertha was jealous, and why.

BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

Love sketches generally end where this begins—but young married people afford, perhaps, the very best material for the heroisms, heroines, and heroes of the fireside sketch. The altar, the ring, the declaration of the tie indissoluble, (errors and death excepted