

# Highland Messenger.

"Life is only to be valued as it is usefully employed."

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

### No Fiction.

When James the II. abdicated the crown, Lord D——, who was strongly attached to that monarch, determined to share his fortunes, and became a voluntary exile from his native country, with an amiable wife and a numerous family of children, consisting of one son, the heir of his titles and estate, with five daughters; for whom a taste for the reigning pleasures of the age, and a close attendance on the court, prevented his making the provision to which their life entitled them. His lady solicited his return with the energy of conjugal affection; she represented to him the necessity there was for inspecting his affairs, as his son was yet a minor, and the infirm state of her own health made it too probable they would very speedily need his assistance to guide them through a world beset with many dangers to inexperienced youth. Nature had been liberal in her gifts to this nobleman; she had endowed him with true courage, a strict sense of honor, and very tender feelings. The first of these qualities had led him to defend the unfortunate king as long as his bravery could be of service; and the high notions he held of honor, prevented his deserting him, when regard to his own interests would have dictated such a step as highly prudent. The just idea he had of what was due to a deserving wife, and such a numerous offspring, occasioned many struggles in his breast, and at length determined to quit a cause in which he could no longer be useful, in order to retrieve his own affairs, which he was but too sensible were in a very unpromising state. He quitted the unfortunate king with assurances that his sword and fortune were at his devotion whenever his affairs required the assistance of either, and returned to his seat——, where his lady had informed him she had retired. To his great concern, he found her in a state that threatened a short continuance in life. She was surrounded by her children, whose innocent prattle served to amuse the hour of solitude.

The sight of those so dear to him, for some time deprived Lord—— of the power of utterance; and though his wife had reason to expect the long desired interview when it arrived she was unable to support it, and fainted away before she could express the pleasure she felt at his return.—The usual methods restored her to life; but it was not in the power of medicine, or the tenderness of a devoted husband she adored, to repair a constitution broke with the long and unremitting solicitude she had felt during his absence. In short Lord—— had the affliction to lose his wife about two months after his return. This misfortune sunk very deep, and he determined to alleviate it by a close inspection of his affairs, and a strict attention to forming the minds of his children. An examination into the state of his fortune convinced him that it would be highly necessary to sequester himself from the world in order to secure a decent competency for his daughters the youngest of whom was now about sixteen. To make retirement pleasing he endeavored to cultivate in each of his children not only a taste for painting, music, and reading, but fondness for observing the productions of nature, and improving her works whenever her liberal hand required assistance. They imbibed his taste; and he observed his son advancing towards manhood with a promise of every virtue that could render him worthy the esteem of good men. As the ladies divided their time between the inspection of their domestic affairs and improvements of their minds, the evening never brought languor with it; nor the morning a wish for the return of night.

One day as each were differently employed, a servant informed my Lord that a man, whose appearance bespoke him a miller, desired to be admitted to his presence. Lord——, supposing it to be one of the neighbors who had some favor to request, ordered him to be shown into the room. The servant announced his entrance; which, indeed was necessary, for he had been entering the cottage of a ploughman, made an awkward bow, and then twirled his dusty hat.

"Have you any commands with me friend?" inquired my Lord, observing his rustic friend was in no haste to speak.

"Why, and please your honor, I've been told your house was main vine, and I've wish to see it, if I thought you'd not be angry." "There is nothing curious (replied Lord——) in my dwelling; but if it will afford you pleasure, friend, you are welcome to view it." "Thank ye my Lord (says the honest Wheatstuf), but to

peak the truth, I'm more inclined to see your pretty lasses, for I'm told they be main handsome, and a wounded man's o' em." "Do you mean my daughters?" says Lord——. "I do, replied the miller. My Lord, willing to indulge the rustic humorist, ordered them to be called.—The servant had whispered the oddity of the visitor, and the ladies entered the room with high diversion. The miller surveyed each with an attention that excited their curiosity; and after expressing his approbation of their persons and behaviour, in a manner truly laughable, threw his hat, as if partly by accident, at the youngest, saying, "That is the lass for me." After which, with many apologies for his boldness, he withdrew, with an air less rustic than that which he entered.

The scene afforded matter of conversation amongst the ladies. The youngest, who had been distinguished by the miller, received the ironical congratulations of her sisters with great good humor, and my Lord sometimes joined the mirth. About a month after the servant of the Earl of L—— presented his Lord's compliments and intention of waiting on him that morning. As Lord—— had held no intercourse with the nobleman, he was rather surprised at the message, but returned a polite answer; telling his daughters that as it would be near the dinner hour before the Earl would take his leave, if they could provide a genteel entertainment, he would press his stay. The ladies replied, they would try their best; and towards noon the Earl, with a splendid equipage, but small retinue, arrived. He accepted, with apparent pleasure, Lord——'s invitation to dinner; and at the repast seldom withdrew his eye from the lovely Sophia, the youngest of the ladies. After dinner, when they were withdrawn, "My Lord (says the Earl) if not disagreeable to you, I should esteem myself supremely happy to gain the heart of Miss Sophia; she has beauty, without seeming conscious of it; but that is the least of her charms, since, if I am not deceived, her heart is a stranger to pride and coquetry. I know the education you have given your daughters to be such, as will render them rational companions to men who have a higher relish for sentimental pleasures, than those that are in this age pursued with avidity by the young of both sexes, of every rank. Have I your consent to endeavor to render myself agreeable to that amiable lady?"

A proposal of this kind, from a person of the Earl's character, rank and fortune, could not fail to be highly pleasing to Lord——, who replied, "I am truly sensible of the honor done me by this proposal, and flatter myself that your Lordship is not deceived in the opinion you form of my daughter; but it is necessary to inform you that the injury my fortune suffered by so long a banishment from my native country, makes it impossible for me to give them suns equal to their birth. To supply this deficiency, I have endeavored to qualify them for being useful members of society, and to instill into their minds a relish for true domestic happiness, rather than a taste for the splendor of high life." "I applied the method you have taken for the real happiness of your family (returned the Earl); and since your Lordship has stated no objection to my proposal, must beg leave to be introduced to your daughter as a man who has the highest sense of her merit, and who wishes to contribute to her happiness by every means in her power."

Lord—— then conducted the Earl into the apartment where the ladies were; and introducing him to Sophia informed her of his gen'ral intentions. This lovely girl, had, arising dinner, surveyed him very attentively, thought his person graceful, and his manners engaging, but had not the least suspicion of the motives of his visit.—She received his proposals with an air of modesty that charmed him; and it was with reluctance that he took leave of this amiable family. His impatience to see again the object of his affections, made him renew his visits as soon as possible, and he had the pleasure to find his suit accepted.

After the necessary preliminaries were settled, the Earl pressed Sophia to fix on an early day for the completion of his happiness. The evening before that fixed for tying the indissoluble knot, as they were sitting in Lord——'s library, the conversation happened to turn to poetry; the Metamorphoses of Ovid were mentioned.

"You see there, (says the Earl, addressing himself to Sophia,) the amazing power of love!" "Were I to believe all the poets says (replied the young lady, blushing,) I should believe that passion to have more influence over the great personages of antiquity, than it has on the present race of either sex.—Nay, they tell us the Thunder himself condescended to assume a mortal form for the sake of visiting a favorite female. Heroes have submitted to the habit of peasants; and——" "Do not confine all your transformations to past ages, (said the Earl, interrupting her) for to my knowledge the blind urchin very lately reduced a peer of this realm to a dusty miller, and he would have gladly remained in that humble state had there been no other means of obtaining the hand and heart of the most amiable of her sex."

Observing their surprise, the Earl continued: "Extraordinary as the step I took to discover whether the character of my Sophia bore for affability and sweetness of temper was a just one, you must give me leave to assure you that my passion was not of the romantic cast. Certain that we discern more of the real temper of persons of

condition by their behavior towards their inferiors, than to those of an equal rank, I hit on that expedient to select from a family whose principles I esteemed, the woman I designed should share my life and fortune."

Sophia's looks spoke her feelings; the Earl led her to the altar the following morning; and Lord—— had not only the satisfaction to see his youngest daughter so happily and advantageously disposed of, but in a very short time bestowed the other four on men of rank and merit. His son, when arrived at maturity, answered the expectations formed of him in his youth; and the close of his life might be justly pronounced happy.

### [From the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.]

#### Incident in Buffalo Jail.

One bright summer morning of the same year (1837) the friend of whom I spoke in my former communication, was passing to his warehouse, when he was accosted by a young gentleman whose dress and address bespoke him a Southerner, who requested to be shewn to the principal forwarding houses, as he wished to intercept some stolen goods. He frankly told his name, Mr. S. of Georgia—said as he was travelling on the Ohio river, he met with an interesting woman about 50, with a daughter of 15, who appeared to be in the greatest sorrow; and as they seemed without company, he addressed them, and the lady told her story thus—

Twenty years before, she had left England and friends, with her young husband, with many hopes of happiness in the western world. The profits of a lucrative dry goods business supported them handsomely. In due time, five children surrounded their daily board, and all went well with them.—But hopes of more gain induced him to leave his home in the winter of each year, and transact business in New-Orleans.—The first winter he provided well for the family—in the succeeding ones his attention grew less; he came not home for the summer; still his letters were kind, and he regretted that the expenses of living in New-Orleans prevented his gathering his family together. Dark and distressing reports reached her that he had another wife. His creditors in New York advised her to take his favorite daughter and go to him.—This she did, but only arrived in New-Orleans in time to hear the sad news that he had left the day previous, with his pretended wife and her boy, taking with them a large amount of goods and money. The unhappy woman, determined to see her husband once more, followed him up the river.

When she met Mr. S., her money was nearly exhausted. He advised her to return to New York, and offered to come here, and if possible intercept the husband and the goods, and send word to New York if she wished his creditors to come. By a singular chance he made inquiries of the very man in whose warehouse the goods were stored, and the very one to assist him in his generous undertaking. The goods were secretly stored in a new place.—The next day, a bluff good looking Englishman called to enquire for them, and seemed much disappointed at not finding them. Letters were despatched to the wife and creditors to lose not a moment in coming here. The man with his pretended wife and her boy, took board in Washington street to await the arrival of the goods.—They remained a week, in which time, a writ was served on him. He escaped out of the back window of his boarding house, and ran towards Black Rock. The sheriff followed him accompanied by Mr. H. to identify him. He drew a pistol at them, and made great resistance, but was taken to the Court House, and thence to the jail, followed by his pretended wife, who heaped imprecations on the heads of all concerned, and held her frightened boy fast by the hand, for fear he would answer any questions. This woman was well known as the keeper of a soda shop in New-Orleans, and report said she bore about her a large amount of gold and bills, quitted in her skirt. She was dressed with the greatest splendor, and her and her boy wore a gold watch given him by his *soi-disant* father, who had borrowed it of his daughter, telling her that they did not wear silver ones in New-Orleans. It was the last gift of her grandmother, sent her from England.—Alas! into what hands had it fallen!

The next day after his imprisonment, the true wife arrived with his daughter and creditors. They staid at the U. S. Hotel, while Messrs. S. and H. made arrangements for an interview in the jail. They left the ladies outside the entrance, and told the prisoner that his creditors had arrived. He seemed greatly agitated, and walked to the window for some water. He paced back again—and his wife and child were before him. His emotion was now terrible to behold. From his wife he could not be recoiled, but he drew his daughter toward him, sat down and took her on his knee. Not a word was spoken. He smoothed the daughter's hair back from her comely forehead, and groaned aloud. She was grown almost to womanhood, and the very counterpart of the fair English girl he had taken from her home twenty years before; and that girl, worn and wasted, stood a matron by his side, and he dared not speak to her.

At last the wife laid her hand on him and said, "William James, how could you deceive me so?" He arose, and put his arm around her, his hair stood on end, big drops coursed down his cheeks, and his Herculean frame shook with emotion. At last he gasped out, "How is our little Willy?"

"Your pot was well," she replied, "when I left him, but my utmost exertions have not kept him from being both cold and hungry since you deserted us. I have been to New Orleans, and found that while I and my family had been living in poverty, you have hired a fine house for another woman and her child! I come see you for the last time—farewell!" With another groan, he gently pushed her from him, and signed for the guards and the jailer to take her away—and they parted thus, for ever!

The next morning his creditors visited him. He told them that the bulk of his goods were on the Ben Sherrod, and the news was received that she was blown up—that his clerk and goods were lost. He wished them to take the remainder, and divide them with his wife. His only hope was, never to again see her whom he had so much injured on this side of the grave. By the kindness of the creditors, and the exertions of Messrs. H. and S., Mrs. James departed, with many thanks for New York, with about one thousand dollars, which she invested in a small shop. The wretched husband, with his guilty partner and her boy departed for Canada, where, it is presumed, the evils of her guilt support them.

These facts I had from Mrs. James herself, on board a North River boat; and she seemed to think a special Providence raised her up two such disinterested friends as the Messrs. H. and S. to aid her in having one more look at her wretched husband, and making provision by which she could honestly maintain his children.

[From the Crescent City.]

#### The Traveller's Story.

A party of travellers, we among the number, were seated around a blazing fire, in a tavern upon one of the Alleghany Mountains. The coach had broken down, and per force we were detained until the next morning.—We had finished a substantial Virginia supper, and each one with his feet on the fender, and a cigar in his mouth, ruminated upon the storm without and the warm cosy comfort within. Each one in his turn told a story or related an anecdote, and at last the joke came round to a hollow-checked individual, who until then had remained silent.

"Gentlemen," said he, fixing a piercing grey eye upon one of the company—a Spaniard, who uninvited had drawn his chair up to the fire, "some ten years ago I came near being murdered in this very house."—At this moment the Spaniard got up and was going out of the room, when the narrator arose, and locking the only door in the room, put the key into his pocket, took the Spaniard by the arm, leading him up to an old picture, surmounted by the English coat of arms in gilt work, run his finger along the motto—

"Honi soi qui mal y pense."

said, displaying at the same time the butt end of a large pistol, "evil be to him who evil thinks." The Spaniard smiled, and said he did not feel well, but the stranger swore that no man should leave the room until he had finished his story. Requesting us not to be amazed at his conduct he proceeded.

"Some ten years ago," said he, "I was travelling over these mountains on horseback, and I staid at this very house. The landlord was extremely obsequious in attending to my comfort, and after supper he requested me to join him in a bottle of wine. Nothing loth, I consented, and before midnight four empty bottles stood on the table, and he was acquainted with all my business. I very imprudently remarked, in the course of conversation, that I had a large sum of money in my valise, and he politely informed me that he would take care of it for me until the morning. Although somewhat intoxicated, I did not apprehend of leaving it in his charge, and wishing him good night, I took my valise in my hand, and retired to bed.—After I had undressed, I placed my pistols under my pillow, and carefully, as I thought, examined the room. I laid myself down, and soon sunk into a fitful sleep. I suppose it must have been two hours after when I awoke, and collecting my scattered senses, I endeavored to think what I had been about.—Suddenly I detected a noise under my bed. What was my horror when I observed a small piece of carpet, stretched along my bedside, moved as though something was under it. A cold perspiration started from every pore; but, thank God, I had presence of mind enough to prepare for the worst. Grasping a pistol in my right hand, and hiding it under the bed clothes, I feigned to be asleep. In an instant afterwards I saw a trap-door, which had been concealed by a carpet, cautiously lifted up, and I beheld my landlord, with a dark lantern in his hand, directing his glittering eyes toward me.—Still I moved not; but as he turned his back to put the lantern on the floor, I fired, and——"

"You killed him, did you not?" shrieked the Spaniard, almost jumping from his seat.

"Silence, till I have finished!" said the stranger, and again he touched the butt end of his weapon. "The instant that I fired, the villain fell. I started up, and merely pulling my overcoat on, snatched the lantern that he had dropped, crept cautiously down, with my valise in my hand, to the stable. It was a bright moon-shiny night, and I soon saddled my horse. I galloped ten miles, when I met a party of wagoners, and in their company I returned to the house; but despite of our rigid search, not even so much as the villain's body could be found. When I once put my hand upon

him, if it cost me my life, he shall die the dog's death."

The stranger arose, and caught the Spaniard by the throat. Tearing open his shirt-collar, he showed the mark of a wound on his neck! We need say no more. Three weeks after that, Jose Gomez was hanged in the city of Cumberland, upon his own confession of having murdered no less than five travellers in that very room!

#### A Yankee in Russia.

We copy the following from one of Mrs. Child's "Letters to a Friend," now published in the A. S. Standard:

The following is the substance of the story as told by Mr. Dallas at a public dinner given him at Philadelphia, on his return from Russia, in 1838:

One day a lad, apparently about nineteen, presented himself before our ambassador at St. Petersburg. He was a pure specimen of the genus Yankee; with sleeves too short for his bony arms, trousers half way up his knees, and hands playing with coppers and tenponny nails in his pocket. He introduced himself, by saying "I have just come out here to trade with a few Yankee notions, and I want to get sight of the emperor."

"Why do you wish to see him?"

"I've brought him a present all the way from Ameriky. I respect him considerable, and I want to get at him, to give it to him with my own hands."

Mr. Dallas smiled, as he answered, "It is such a common thing, my lad, to make crowned heads a present, expecting something handsome in return, that I'm afraid the emperor will consider this only a Yankee trick. What have you brought?"

"An acorn."

"An acorn! what under the sun induced you to bring the emperor an acorn?"

"Why, just before I sailed, mother and I went on to Washington to see about a pension, and when we were there, he thought we'd just step over to Mount Vernon. I picked up this acorn; and I thought to myself, I'd bring it to the emperor.—Thinks, says I, he must have heard a considerable deal about our Gen. Washington, and I expect he must admire our institutions. So now you see I've brought it, and I want to get at him."

"My lad, it's not an easy matter for a stranger to approach the emperor; and I'm afraid he will take no notice of your present. You had better keep it."

"I tell you that I want to have a talk with him. I expect I can tell him a thing or two about Ameriky. I guess he'd like mighty well to hear about our railroads and free schools, and what a big swell our steamers cut. And when he hears how well our people are getting on, may be it will put him up to doing something. The long and short on'tis, I shant be easy till I get a talk with the emperor; and I should like to see his wife and children. I want to see how such folks bring up a family."

"Well, sir, since you are so determined upon it, I will do what I can for you; but you must expect to be disappointed. Though it will be rather an unusual proceeding, I would advise you to call on the vice-chancellor and state your wishes; he may possibly assist you."

"Well, that's all I want of you. I will call again, and let you know how I get on."

In two or three days, he again appeared and said, "Well, I've seen the emperor and had a talk with him. He's a real gentleman, I can tell you. When I gave him the acorn, he said he should set a great store by it; that no character in ancient or modern history he admired so much as he did our Washington; he said he'd plant it in his palace garden with his own hand, and he did it—for I seen him with my own eyes. He wanted to ask me so much about our schools and railroads, and one thing or other, that he invited me to come again and see his wife; for he said she could speak better English than he could. So I went again yesterday; and she's a fine knowing woman, I tell you; and his daughters are nice girls."

"What did the Empress say to you?"

"Oh, she asked me a sight of questions. Don't you think, she thought we had no servants in Ameriky! I told her poor folks did their own work; but rich folks had plenty of servants. 'But then you don't call 'em servants,' said she; 'you call 'em help.' 'I guess ma'am, you've been reading Mrs. Trollope?' said I—'we had that book aboard our ship.' The Emperor clapped his hands, and laughed as if he'd kill himself—'you're right, sir,' said he, 'you're right.' We went for an English copy, and she's been reading it this very morning.' Then I told him all I knew about our country, and he was mighty pleased to stay in these parts. I told him I had sold all the notions I brought over, and I guessed I should go back in the same ship. I bid 'em good bye all round, and went about my business. Ain't I had a glorious time! I expect you didn't calculate to see me run such a rig?"

"No, indeed I did not, my lad. You may well consider yourself lucky; for it's a very uncommon thing for crowned heads to treat a stranger with so much distinction."

A few days after, he called again, and said, "I guess I shall stay a spell longer. I'm treated so well. Tother day a grand officer came to my room, and told me the Emperor had sent him to show me all the curiosities; and I dressed myself, and he took me with him in a mighty fine carriage, with four horses; and I've been to the the-

atre and to the museum; and I expect I've seen about all there is to be seen in St. Petersburg. What do you think of that, Mr. Dallas?"

It seemed so incredible that a poor, ungainly lad, should thus be loaded with attentions, that the ambassador scarcely knew what to think or say.

In a short time, his strange visitor re-appeared.—"Well," said he, "I had made up my mind to go home; so I went to thank the Emperor, and bid him good bye. I thought I could not do no less, he'd been so civil.—Says he, 'Is there any thing else you'd like to see, before you go back to Ameriky?' I told him I should like to get a peep at Moscow; for I'd heard considerable about their setting fire to the Kremlin, and I'd read a deal about Gen. Bonaparte; but it would cost a sight o' money to go there, and I wanted to carry my earnings to mother. So I bid him good bye, and come off. Now what do you guess he did, next morning? I vow he sent the same man, in regimentals, to carry me to Moscow, in one of his own carriages, and bring me back again, when I've seen all I want to see!—And we are going to-morrow morning, Mr. Dallas. What do you think now?"

And sure enough, the next morning the Yankee boy passed the ambassador's house, in a splendid coach and four, waving his handkerchief, and shouting "Good bye!" "Good bye!"

Mr. Dallas afterwards learned from the Emperor that all the particulars related by this adventurous youth were strictly true.—He again heard from him at Moscow, visited by the public officers, and treated with as much attention as is usually bestowed on ambassadors.

The last tidings of him reported that he was travelling in Circassia, and writing a journal, which he intended to publish.

Now, who but a Yankee could have done all this!

#### Maternal Heroism.

On the 27th of January, 1795, a party of Indians killed Geo. Mason at Flat creek, about twelve miles from Knoxville, Tenn. During the night he heard a noise at his stable and stepped out to ascertain the cause, and the Indians coming between him and the door intercepted his return.—He fled, but was fired upon and wounded. He reached a cave about a mile and a quarter from his house, out of which, already weltering in blood, he was dragged and murdered. Having done this, they returned to the house to despatch his wife and children. Mrs. M., unconscious of the fate of her husband, heard them talking to each other as they approached the house. At first she was delighted with the hope that her surrounding neighbors, aroused by the firing, had come to her assistance. But perceiving that the conversation was neither in English nor German, the language of her neighbors, she instantly inferred that they were savages coming to attack the house.

The heroine had, that very morning, learned how the double trigger of a rifle was set. Fortunately, the children were not awakened by the firing, and she took care not to awaken them.—She shut the door and barred it with benches and tables; and took down the well charged rifle of her husband. She placed herself directly opposite the opening which would be made by forcing the door. Her husband came not, and she was too well aware that he was slain. She was alone in darkness. The yelling savages were without pressing upon the door. She took counsel from her own magnanimity, heightened by affection for her children, that were sleeping unconsciously around her. The Indians, pushing with great violence, gradually opened the door sufficiently wide so attempt an entrance. The body of one was thrust into the opening and just filled it. He was struggling for admittance. Two or three more directly behind him, were propelling him forward. She set the triggers of the rifle, put the muzzle near the foremost and in such a direction that the ball after passing through his body would penetrate those behind. She fired. The first Indian fell; the next one uttered the scream of mortal agony. This intrepid woman saw the potency of profound silence. She observed it. The Indians in consequence were led to believe that armed men were in the house. They withdrew from the house, took three horses from the stable, and set it on fire. It was afterwards ascertained that this high-minded widow had saved herself and children from the attack of twenty-five assassants.

Eleazar Fennor.—The rudeness so well re- proved from the convivial board and often affords an opportunity for a repetition of the story:

Lord Kelly, celebrated in the last age for his love of music, was 'not only witty in himself, but the cause of wit in others.'—Mr. A——B——, a Scotch advocate, a man of considerable humor, accompanied by great formality of manners, happened to be one of a convivial party, when his Lordship was at the head of the table; after dinner he was asked to sing, but absolutely refused to comply with the pressing solicitation of the company, at length Lord K—— told him he should not escape; he must either sing a song, tell a story, or drink a pint bumper.

Mr. B——, being an abstemious man, chose rather to tell a story than incur the forfeit. "One day," said he, in his pompous manner, "a thief in the course of his rambles, saw the door of a church invitingly open; he walked in, that even there he might be hold of something useful; having secured the pulpit cloth, he was retreating, when lo! he found the door shut. After some consideration, he adopted the only means of escape left, namely, to let himself down by the bell rope; the bell, of course, rang; the people were alarmed and the thief was taken just as he reached the ground. When they were dragging him away, he looked up, and emphatically addressed the bell, as I now address your Lordship: 'Had it not been, said he, for your long tongue and your empty head, I had made my escape.'"

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