

Highland Messenger.

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

VOLUME II.—NUMBER 30.

ASHEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA, FRIDAY MORNING, JANUARY 28, 1842.

WHOLE NUMBER 82.

"HIGHLAND MESSENGER."

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, BY
J. H. CHRISTY & CO.,
Publishers of the Laws, Treaties, &c., of the U. S.

TERMS.

This paper is published weekly, at Two Dollars and Fifty Cents per annum, in advance; or Three Dollars, if payment be delayed after the receipt of the Fifth Number from the time of subscribing. If these terms will, in all cases, be strictly adhered to.

No subscription discontinued (except at the option of the publishers) until all arrears are paid. If advertisements will be inserted for One Dollar per square, for the first, and Twenty-five Cents for each subsequent insertion. A liberal deduction will be made from the regular prices for advertisers by the year.

MISCELLANEOUS.

[From the Magnolia.]

The Chief of the White Feather.

A TALE OF FLORIDA.

It was on a calm summer's evening in the month of June, 1834, that a youth might have been seen lying at full length upon the bank of the Coosa river, seemingly occupied by no pleasant thoughts. His person was rather tall, and moulded with the utmost symmetry; his complexion a dark brown, though retaining enough of the copper color to mark his Indian descent, for he was one of those half-breeds who are so quickly destroying the aboriginal race of American Indians. His long black hair, unlike that of most of his race, was of a silky fineness, and floated in luxuriant masses down his shoulders. His dress was simple, consisting of a hunting shirt, leggings, and moccasins, made of deer skin, while a white turban set jauntily upon his head, completed his attire. He wore no ornament, save a medal of silver, which dangled loosely round his neck. His countenance was strictly aquiline, his mouth was small, and when his lips parted, there might be seen teeth, equally sized, and of an ivory whiteness. But the strongest marked feature about him was his wild, restless eye, which during his musings would sparkle with a brilliancy that was beautiful, yet startling to behold.

After some time he gave vent to his thoughts. "Never," said he, starting from his recumbent position, "no, I will no longer stay, to be the foot ball of men whose spirits are subdued by the accursed fire-water of the whites, and who, in their drunken revels, call me bastard, and deny me the privileges of the lowest warrior, at a council, a dance or a ball play. True it is, I am not of pure descent, but that is my misfortune, not my fault. Why was I torn from my father? Why was I not allowed to stay with him who would protect me? My mother—Oh! my mother! and here the big tears coursed thick and fast down his manly cheeks, "the Great Spirit has taken you in kindness, nor allowed you to witness the insult heaped upon your orphan boy. Oh, Manito, thou who rulest the Heavens, and directest the actions of men, for good or evil, direct me now—and here I swear, that should the changes of life ever bring me in contact with the accursed destroyers of our race, with this good arm I will avenge the wrongs of my brethren. Hear me swear! A loud peal of thunder broke above his head, and the forked lightning shivered into a thousand pieces a noble pine that stood near, but he only smiled, and said "Manito has heard and approves my oath. "Now, continued he, "one look at my mother's grave, and then farewell my tribe forever."

"I will plunge into the recesses of Florida;—surely here among the red men, are those whose desire of revenge is not wasted away, by this cursed instrument of destruction, more fatal by far than the rifle or the hatchet."

Pulling his belt closer round his waist, and seizing his rifle, with hasty strides, he approached the village. Carefully avoiding the wigwams and proceeding round the outside of them, he came to a small enclosure, which was a number of rude boards placed by some relation, to mark the spot where rested the ashes of a loved one. In the far corner of the enclosure was one which showed that more than ordinary care had been bestowed upon its production. The grave was newly-fenced round with small pine rails, and the board, painted white, showed in black letters the name of Nar-a-mat-lah, aged 36 years. Not a weed was to be seen within the enclosure, but the tall grass waved majestically over the grave, while at the head bloomed a single white rose. Upon this grave the youth prostrated himself in all the abandonment of grief, and for some moments were heard his stifled sobs and groans, which plainly showed his heart-felt misery.

"Who now," said he, "will tend your grave—Oh! my mother—who will root out the noxious weeds from your resting place, and water the rose your orphan's affection has placed at your head?" After a pause, during which his sobs broke forth too strong for utterance, he slowly raised from the grave, and taking a fond, farewell look, turned away with these simple words—"Farewell and forever! I will avenge your wrongs!"

Retracing his steps to the village, he cautiously entered one of the huts, and taking a wallet from a peg in the wall, he filled it with dried venison and parched corn, and slung it round his neck. Then replenishing his powder flask, and taking his hatchet from a corner beneath some skins of bear and deer, he turned and left the hut.

As he was leaving the hut he encountered some of his brethren, who were returning from town, whither they had been to sell skins and venison. They were all inebriated, and seeing him they set up a loud whoop, and sprang toward him. He endeavored to avoid their notice, but finding that impossible, he turned and faced them. They danced around him, and in an insulting manner held up their bottles, and calling him bastard and white livered, bade him drink with them. With a calm and friendly voice he told them to leave, and not provoke him, for more than one knew what his temper was. But disregarding his words they pressed round him, and one more daring than the rest, with an insulting expression towards his mother, laid his hand upon him. With a sudden start he threw the drunken savage to the ground, with such force that he lay for some moments stunned and motionless. The fall had in some measure sobered him, and when he came to his senses, quicker than thought, he sprang to his feet, and drawing his knife, threw himself upon the youth, who had barely time to drop his rifle, when he found himself in the grasp of his brawny opponent.

But his quick eye had detected the design and he was prepared,—with one hand he clutched his antagonist's throat, and held him off, while with the other, he endeavored to disarm him. Disregarding the wounds he was momentarily receiving, his motive seemed to be to conquer without harming him. Finding this impossible, and seeing but one way to save his own life, he endeavored to wound so as to disable his opponent. But as his knife pierced the side of the savage, his foot slipped, and falling forward, the knife entered to the haft, and the drunken sot fell dead at his feet. The other Indians, who had till this moment stood passive, satisfied that their revenge would be gratified by the death of the youth whose opponent was one of the most muscular and bravest of the tribe, when they witnessed his fall, with a shriek of rage, sprang toward the youth, who hastily seized his rifle, and with a whoop of defiance, bounded away with an agility that baffled the efforts of his drunken pursuers. After a short run, he relapsed into a walk, and gave himself up to reflection. "I was wrong," said he, "to become a destroyer of my own race,—but Manito will forgive the unintentional deed. I could have borne their taunts upon myself, but the desecration of my mother's memory, and a blow—Never! There is too much of the red warrior's blood flowing in my veins for that." With this assurance, he pursued his way slowly along in a southern direction; once, and once only, did he pause and look back from the brow of a hill near the village, and as his eye rested upon the far corner of that lone burial place, a deep and bitter sigh came from the depths of his heart, and again he proceeded on his lonely way.

We will now transport our reader to a beautiful spot on the border of the With-lacoochee. It was a calm moonlight night, and nought was heard save the song of the Whip-poorwill and the ominous hooting of the Night-owl. Upon the bank sits one who might be deemed the goddess of the scene. Beautiful as a fairy, with a form of which Venus might have been proud, was the only daughter of the aged Chief of the then small tribe of the Seminoles,—Chara-tah, or the gentle fawn. She was ripening into womanhood, and a more beautiful being never struck mortal eye. As she sat musing upon the pleasures of the coming morning, when there was to be a grand trial of skill in the Indian games, of which her hand was the prize to be awarded, a footfall was heard; she sprang to her feet, and with flashing eye confronted the intruder. "Who is it," said the maiden in a haughty tone, "that dares follow the daughter of Ko-mat-lah, and pry into her thoughts?" "Forgive me, maiden," in a low sweet tone, said the new comer; "I am a stranger, hungry and wearied—long, long, has been my journey, and of a surety I knew not that you were here." At the sound of the voice, she dropped from her commanding position, and at the mention of hunger, all the woman rose in her soul. "Come hither, poor wanderer," said she, "be who you may, this is no time for questions. I will give you food and a resting place." With these words she led the way, and the youth followed her for a short space through the grove. They then emerged into an open place where the village was situated. Not a light was to be seen, save now and then a gleam from a drowsy water-fire. They crossed the square and entered a hut, where, with her own hands, she set before him food and drink, and as he satisfied the cravings of hunger, bent upon him a look of inquiry, which seemed to relapse into tenderness. After he had finished his meal she enquired "Of what nation are you?" "A Creeke," was the reply. "Ah! has the news of our grand trial reached you also? and have you come so far to match yourself against the bravest and best of the red men of Florida?" "I do not understand your meaning," said the youth. "Does not my brother know that to-morrow there is to be a trial of skill, and my hand the prize to be given the victor?" "Manito, I thank thee," said the youth, with a look of joy—"and does the White Swan think one so poor and lowly as I can enter?" "It is open to all," said the maid; "my dear father will surely let you try your skill." For such a prize, thought the youth to die in the attempt would be bliss. "Will my brother try for the hand of Chara-tah?" asked the maiden. "Yes, though the trial should be led to death," was the reply. "It

is well, Manito prosper you," ejaculated the maiden, and pointing to some skins whereon he was to lie, she left him to repose.—As she slowly moved to her own dwelling she murmured to herself, "He is come! the one I have seen in my dreams. He is come! The Great Spirit has guided here to make his daughter happy. He will succeed and to-morrow's noon shall see me his bride." She then retired to her couch.—The form of the youth hovered near her, and her sleep was calm and peaceful.

At dawn of day Chara-tah rose, and rousing the youth from his heavy slumbers, she led the way to her father's hut, and on entering, said, "here is a young warrior from the Creeks, who would fain contend for the hand of Chara-tah—my father will let him?" and advancing to the old man, with a look of such sweetness that he could deny her nothing, she put her arm about his neck and fondly kissed his cheek.

"Come near me, young warrior," said the aged chief. "How many summers have passed over your head?" "Scarce sixteen," was the reply. "And your father?" "Alas! he is one of that accursed race who would drive us from our hunting grounds and the graves of our ancestors. He deceived my mother; and basely left her. Some three moons since, she drooped and died. My tribe have nearly been destroyed by the fire-water of the white man, and the brand of base born has long been set upon me. I bore it patiently while my mother lived, for her sake, but when she died, I had no tie to bind me to them. I swore to avenge her wrongs, and sought for red men whose desire for liberty and revenge had not been washed away by the liquid poison of the white robber."

Tears rolled from the eyes of Ko-mat-lah and his daughter, during his recital, and when he had finished, the old man spoke. "Here be thy home, poor orphan; thou art now my son. Thou shalt enter our games and if successful the hand of Chara-tah is thine." The countenance of the youth lighted up with a glow of satisfaction, and he mentally promised himself the possession of the Flower of the Forest. And Chara-tah too, what were her feelings? a mixture of hope and fear. Hope, that he whom she loved might prove successful, and fear that the superior strength of some of his antagonists might overpower him. She had imbibed all the superstitious ideas of the aborigines, and often in her dreams had seen the shadowy form of the youth, and from the first moment she saw, loved him.

There was one among the young warriors of the village whose prowess and daring had long been celebrated among his own and neighboring tribes, and his many victories had gained him the name of Oh-mat-lah—or the Invincible. It was also known that he dearly loved the Gentle Fawn and although many young warriors entered it was more for the sake of the sport, than the hope of carrying away the prize from him. Oh-mat-lah was a large muscular young man, somewhat older than our youth, but unlike him, he had never been tainted with an association with the whites. The purest of the royal Indian blood flowed through his veins, and being from youth inured to the woods, had acquired a strength and agility which none but those accustomed to it can ever attain. His form was faultless, but his countenance bore a morose and haughty look, which was not relieved by his wild, restless eye. A deep scar extended from his left eye to his chin, which he had received in some encounter with the foe, added to the chilly sultriness of his appearance. He had long and deeply loved the Fawn; but a spirit so gentle could have no satisfaction at the prospect of a union with one whose temperament was so totally different from her own. Oh-mat-lah knew the maiden loved him not, and it was with savage joy that he heard the maiden's hand was to be the prize; for he judged surely there was no one who could successfully contend with him. "Yes," said he, "this haughty beauty, who has so often repulsed my offers, shall at last be mine, whether she will or no,"—and with this assurance he had lain his head upon his rude couch the night before, and dreamed of future happiness.

With the rise of the sun began the assemblage of old and young, and never was seen a merrier gathering than that day presented themselves at the village of Ko-mat-lah.

At length one of those rude horns made from the conch, summoned the contending parties to the bank of the river, where first of all there was to be a swimming match. One by one the warriors took their places upon the bank, each one resolving to do his best, and more than one prayer ascended to the Great Spirit for assistance in the contest for the Fairest of the Fair.

At length Komatlah appeared leading his daughter to witness the sport. All eyes were turned towards the stranger who accompanied them. His appearance at once bespoke for him a welcome. Oh-mat-lah saw him, and fear instantly sprang up in his heart. The youth proudly took his place at the foot of the line, and with one look at Chara-tah, nerved himself for the contest. The conch again sounded, and with a plunge as of one vast body, the whole line disappeared beneath the waters. One by one they reappeared, all but Oh-mat-lah and our hero, whose stay was so prolonged that the spectators began to fear some accident had happened to them. The heart of Chara-tah sunk within her. She buried her face in her hands and wept. A shout of joy recalled her senses, and looking up she saw her lover and Oh-mat-lah had risen nearly side by side, far ahead of all the

others, and each was straining every nerve for victory. Now one, then the other would shoot by—the opposite shore was nearly gained, and still Oh-mat-lah was foremost; when with an effort almost miraculous, the youth shot by him and landed first on the opposite bank. A loud shout that echoed and rang again and again through the woods proclaimed his success, and Chara-tah, leaning her head upon her father's shoulder, wept for joy. But the heart of Oh-mat-lah was big with vengeance. To be beaten in her sight, and by a stranger and a boy too, was too much, and when he rose upon the bank, he was almost tempted to throttle his frail antagonist upon the spot. But his spirit failed him and he contented himself with saying, "This is but one trial, I shall prove victor in the rest, and then for Chara-tah and revenge!"

The parties recrossed the river in canoes, and joyous and hearty was the reception which awaited the victor, for young and old envied Oh-mat-lah, and rejoiced to see him beaten. The youth had eyes and ears for but one, and a smile from Chara-tah did more to nerve his heart, than all the noisy congratulations of the rest. The next trial was shooting the arrow.

The target was placed at the distance of one hundred yards, and each silently took his place. They were to shoot three arrows, those nearest the centre being victorious. Shot after shot was made, but none had played more than one arrow within the inner ring—Oh-mat-lah's turn arrived, and he stepped into the ring, and quickly drew his arrow from the quiver, and fixing it to the bow-string, he prepared to shoot.

A casual observer would have pronounced his demeanor as cool as if nothing was at stake. But a closer examination would have discovered a restless wandering of the eye, and a nervous trembling of the limbs unknown to the warrior before. It might have been late; time will show. Slowly raising his bow to the height, his eye ran quickly along the arrow, and a sharp twang announced its flight. It was seen transfixed trembling within the inner ring, and a finger's breadth from the centre. His second was placed between his first and the centre, and his third also in the ring. All three might have been covered with a hand. He slowly turned towards his opponent, with a sardonic smile, which seemed to imply, I am here conqueror at least. Not a muscle of the youth's features was discomposed, but with a stately step he took his place and fixed his arrow. His eye then strayed to where the chief and his daughter sat. One look was sufficient, for he knew his own skill. Raising the bow to his eye, he took sight, and the arrow was quivering in the centre spot. A loud shout proclaimed the interest the crowd took in the young stranger. A second arrow split the first from heel to point. Another and a louder shout proclaimed the joy of the multitude. His third and last struck scarce half a finger's breadth from the others, and again the welkin rung with shouts of the children of the Forest. Oh-mat-lah stood trembling with rage. At first he thought to fly the detested place forever; but should he, the pride of his tribe, allow himself to be beaten, and by a boy, before the contest was but half finished? No.

"At least," said he, "I am the strongest and can outrun, or in the wrestling despatch him." But his star was at its zenith, and the Great Spirit had sent a champion to save Chara-tah from a life of sorrow.—Such was the joy of the spectators that it was with difficulty the youth could extricate himself from the crowd who closed round him, each anxious to grasp the hand of the strange victor. The conch now sounded for the running match. The ground prepared for the match was of an oval shape, shaded by blazing the trees. The youth seized his chance and ran slowly round the course to ascertain the advantages of the ground. The distance to be run was twice round the course. There were but four of all the warriors who started; these were Oh-mat-lah, Ob-li-go-so, Chi-o-gee and our hero.

The signal was given by Chara-tah, and they bounded off like arrows from the bow. Oh-mat-lah took the lead, followed closely by the other two, our hero bringing up the rear. The first round had almost been accomplished, and as yet our hero had not reached the rest. As they passed the place where sat the chief and his daughter, a smile of malicious joy overspread the countenance of Oh-mat-lah, as he looked over his shoulder and saw the distance the youth was behind. But his joy was short-lived; a look of despair from Chara-tah seemed to rouse our hero, and with a bound like the stricken deer, he passed the two hindermost, and ranged up with Oh-mat-lah.—Now came the tug of war. Now one, now the other, shot ahead; three-fourths of the course was passed; yet neither had the advantage—now less than twenty yards were to be run, and every nerve was strained, and as they passed the stand the noble form of our youth was seen a clear yard ahead of his opponent. The ground shook with the acclamations of the crowd, and the victor of three trials again appeared to receive a smile from Chara-tah. Now indeed was the chance of Oh-mat-lah almost gone; his spirit was almost subdued, and the desire for revenge almost overpowered the wish for the hand of Chara-tah. He entered, it was true, upon the wrestling match, but it was only with the hope that by some lucky chance he might take the life of the youth, and thus being second in all he might yet claim the prize. Revenge was the motive that actuated him.

After a pause, to allow the combatants to rest and regain their wind, the signal was given for the wrestlers. By the Indian rule, any hold is allowed, save the throat and hair, so that no undue advantage is given to the large over the small man.—Twelve warriors appeared for the match. The sport went on with varied interest, till but Ob-li-go-so, Oh-mat-lah, and our hero were left. Ob-li-go-so threw his gage, and Oh-mat-lah, with Indian cunning, pretended to lace his moccasins, so that our youth was obliged to take the gage. This he did to save his own wind, as whoever was the victor was obliged to wrestle with him.—The youth stepped blithely into the ring, and but a few seconds elapsed when the gigantic Ob-li-go-so measured his length on the ground. A shade might have been seen to cross the brow of Oh-mat-lah, but he sprang quickly into the ring and confronted the youthful victor. A short but severe struggle ensued, when Oh-mat-lah seized him with a grip of iron by the throat, and for a moment the life of the youth seemed in jeopardy. A groan of horror broke from the crowd, and more than one young warrior leaped the pallings to rescue him, for all perceived the base purpose of Oh-mat-lah. But with the strength of despair, the youth tore himself from his grasp, the blood streaming down his lacerated neck, and with a mighty effort, threw him to the ground, with such force that he lay stunned, and placing his foot upon his neck, turned to the crowd with a look which seemed to say, "What is your will?" "Kill—kill the coward!" he burst simultaneously from every lip. But gently taking his foot from his prostrate foe, who had now recovered, he raised him, and led him passive to where the Chief sat, and without a word released him, and retired.

"Begone, coward!" were the words of Ko-mat-lah, whose eyes sparkled as of old, when he spoke, "never more show your face in my tribe. I disown you—and may the Great Spirit deal more mercifully with you than you would have done with your stranger youth." Without a look or a word, Oh-mat-lah shrunk away, and left that peaceful village, and retired far away South, among the everglades. Ko-mat-lah then, turning to the youth, said, "Young stranger, receive the reward of your prowess—become the chief of our tribe; and the hand of Chara-tah is thine." With these words, he placed a white feather in the youth's turban, while the plaudits of the assemblage gave proof of their acquiescence in this act of Ko-mat-lah. The youth was adopted their War Chief; and in after years, when the war broke out between the Whites and his tribe, how well he kept his oath, till by a stratagem he was entrapped, the world will bear witness, for who has not heard of

OSCEOLA.

THE CHIEF OF THE WHITE FEATHER.
Fort Mellon, Sept. 16, '41.

A LAWYER OUTWITTED. Several years ago, a young gentleman went to consult a certain attorney how he might carry off an heiress. "You cannot do it with safety," said the counsellor, "but I'll tell you what you may do—let her mount a horse and hold a bridle and whip; do you then mount behind her, and you are safe—for she runs away with you." The counsellor, however, was sufficiently punished for his quibbling advice, when next day he found that it was his own daughter who had run away with his client.

"THAT IS ALL I GET." Two neighbors met, one of whom was exceedingly rich, and the latter in moderate circumstances. The latter began to congratulate the first on his great possessions, and on the happiness which he must enjoy, and ended by contrasting it with his own condition. "My friend," said the rich man, "let me ask you one question: would you be willing to take my property and take the whole care of it for your board and clothing?" "No, indeed!" "Well, that is all I get."

Why is a young lover popping the question like a tailor running a hot goose over a suit of clothes? We knew you'd guess it. Because he is pressing a suit!

The eyes of the idle man are apt to look into a neighbor's pockets—for he who will not live by honest industry, will be ready to supply himself by other men's means.

NEW WORDS. The coinage of new words is by no means confined to our new and go-ahead country. In the recent debates in the British Parliament, Sir Robert Peel expressed a doubt "whether free trade in corn would produce a great fixity in price;" and Lord John Russell spoke of the "finality" of certain propositions touching the corn laws. The word "lengthy" also is not of unrecent use by the English debaters and the London press.

Oh, Cupid, don't you know
You ought to have a lickin'
For plaguing little children so,
And your arrows in them stickin'.

AMUSING PASTIME. "May I get married, ma?" said a nice, plump girl of fifteen to her mother, the other morning.

"Married!" exclaimed the astonished matron, "what put such an idea into your head?"

"Little Sally, here, has never seen a wedding, and I'd like to amuse the child," replied the obliging sister with fascinating nativete.

Matters of course.
There are certain things in this world which have so uniformly turned out in the same way, that nobody dreams of their resulting in any other way. In short, they are set down as "matters of course,"—i. e. events have always happened from the same cause, or attended by the same circumstances, or produce the same effects. For example:

When a bank suspends specie payments it is always done for the public good, as a matter of course.

If the said bank becomes irretrievably insolvent, and is forced to liquidate its affairs, the directors publish a card stating that the assets are amply sufficient to pay every thing, as a matter of course.

People who put any degree of confidence in such statements are always deceived and disappointed, as a matter of course.

When a man commits a murder or a forgery, or runs away with his neighbor's wife, and is detected and tried, he is proved to be insane, as a matter of course.

When a fire occurs, whether it proves destructive of property or not, it is the work of an incendiary, as a matter of course.

When a man is detected in some act of unmitigated rascality, which must destroy his reputation forever, he requests the public to "suspend their opinion," as a matter of course.

When such information comes, if at all, it exculpates every body from blame, as a matter of course.

When a young lady has had five or six offers of marriage, and having rejected them all, finds herself "turning the first corner," with a small chance for the future, she is generally satisfied that good husbands are not always coming along, as a matter of course.

When a quick medicine is invented, it is tremendously pulled, as a matter of course.

But every body who believes one half that is stated of its wonderful virtues, gets egregiously humbugged, as a matter of course.

When a man becomes debased, cheats his neighbor, gets drunk, gambles, flogs his wife, and 'turns up Jack,' if rich, he is a gentleman, as a matter of course.

When a man is compelled to work for a living, though honest, virtuous and intelligent, he is deemed by the rich unworthy of their society, as a matter of course.

When a distinguished politician has been loaded with abuse, and denounced as a prostituted demagogue, or "Cataline," by a party, if he turns a summer-set and joins his enemies, they forthwith pronounce him a statesman, and praise him up, as a matter of course.

When he deserts them, however, he never was a statesman, as a matter of course.

When a man steals a hundred thousand dollars—oh! it would be cruel to 'slash' the gentleman, as a matter of course.

When a woman, whose face is a scare-crow, accidentally inherits a fortune—Oh, she's a beauty, as a matter of course.

Every man of intelligence and common sense is a subscriber to a newspaper, and if he is honest he pays his subscription punctually, as a matter of course.

DISTRAINING FOR RENT. "Spoken of Turkey," we heard an extensive tale yesterday. It was told us by the doctor. A man up town on going to dinner a day or two ago, found a magnificent turkey, weighing fifteen or twenty pounds, smoking hot on the table. As he smacked his lips in anticipation of his pleasure, he happened to recollect that he had himself purchased a pair of ducks in market that morning, and began to wonder how they became transformed into the dish before him.

"Ben," said he to the boy waiting upon him, "where the devil did this turkey come from?"

"Why, sar, replied Ben, "dat ar turkey is bin roostin' on our fence dis tree night, and dis mornin' I seize him for de rent ob de fence!"

A great negro that! We have a shrewd suspicion that he understands the laws of Turkey much better than his master.

A gentleman remarkable for having a great deal of lend in his forehead, called one morning on a lawyer, who asked him what news?

"Why," said he, "I dont know, my head is confoundedly out of order this morning."

"That is extraordinary news, indeed," said the lawyer.

"What an extraordinary thing for a man to have the headache!"

"No sir, said he, "I do not say that, but for so simple a machine to be out of order is extraordinary indeed."

THE SUPERIORITY OF WEALTH. A rich upstart collector of the revenue, once asked a poor but witty person, if he had any idea what kind of a thing opulence was. "It is a thing," replied the man, "which can give a rogue the advantage over an honest man."

"I have been to the tailor's shop, mamma. What dreadful smart fellows them tailors must be."

"What makes you think so, child?"

"Oh! because they have worked the tops of their thimbles all off."

SCENE—a boarding house. Dick to the landlord—"Mr. W., have you a piece of steak there that is rare?" Landlord—"Yes, sir, we have a very good steak today." Dick—"Well, that's rare enough!"