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TERRITS.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

Barnaby Diddleum.

Slocum and his neighbors-the honest pork stealer—Impudence extraordinary— The Irishman in a quandary—The pig end the puppy—the devil in a two bushe!

have before mentioned my old neigh-Tim Slocum, and the great zest with ich he always enjoyed a joke. He liked hearty laugh so much, that he would soon lave it at his own expense, than not to see it at all. Tim lived in a remarkably sest neighborhood. Nearly all his neigh-ins belonged to the church; indeed they en so exceedingly pious, that they could rdly engage in an ordinary conversation t interlarding their language with raseology. Like the hypocrite Pollock, 'in scripture terms and sold and lied. But not.

the very atmosphere which d was filled with piety, still s surethere were rogues somewhere him, for nearly every night did he miss from the barrel in his cellar. He knew shom to suspect. If he should mention besself his neighbors, ten to one but he pig? Bible. So Tim concluded he might say nothing, but watch the closer .ere all were saints he knew not whom to et, he therefore tried to preserve the t secresy till such a time as he should convinced by ocular demonstration, who thisf was. He was not long kept in nse. One night at about eleven o'clock occasion to go to his cellar_after a ofcider, he was not a little surprised discovering one of the elders of the ch in the very act of filling a bag from in's pork barrel. Tim stood riveted to not with astonishment; expecting evstant to see the thief fall on his knees place for mercy; but his surprise

ous are as bold as a lion,' at the same thrusting his hand in the barrel and ing forth another piece of pork! The joke was too good to be lost. As roared with laughter, at the same time ing, 'You infernal weezel-faced, scoundrel, your impudence cats the devil by fifty per cent. It is a effect curiosity, and worth paying for;

well be imagined when the elder, with

timonious twang exclaimed, 'The

he the bag of pork in welcome, you have 'And,' said Tim, as he afterwards frewently related the story with a hearty ag, placed it on his shoulder, and with a mely sanctified walk, marched out of the ame door he came in at, merely saying, good night neighbor Slocum.'

Tim once had an Irishman employed on

firm, but after several years he became much of a toper, that Tim was obliged scharge him. He afterwards became little more steady and obtained an employ ment at a Mr. Clarke's, a couple of miles only of Tim's residence. It so happened at on a certain occasion, Mr. Clarke beamethe fortunate owner of a fine litter of long dogs of a peculiar breed. He was miles to present on the first to the first mions to present one to a friend of his, he resided a mile south of our village; so decting a favorite whelp, he placed it in a ag, and writing a line to his friend, gave to Pat with the necessary directions, at same time charging him not to stop on way. Pat started, but having to pass ouse of Tim Slocum, the recollection whose excellent whiskey, was not to be ithstood by a gentleman of Pat's taste, he ade a halt there. Tim soon learned what at had in his bag, and while the latter reat into the cellar to replenish Tim's whis-ey bottle, Tim dexterously slipped out the

og and substituted a pig of about the same reight. Pat returned from the cellar, took good pull at the whiskey bottle, and proceeded on his journey, totally unconcious of the strategy of the he strange metamorphos which had taken lace in his bag. Arriving at the place of nation be produced the letter, and the tleman was much pleased to learn that in friend Clarke had sent him a dog of the eal New Foundland breed.

'Take the fittle fellow out gently,' said

a gentleman addressing Pat. The Irishman put his arm in the bag, and somewhat startled at hearing a grunt, then a squeal; but when the animal a brought to the light and a pig respectively. Pat could not help exclaiming brought to the light and proved to be a

'Holy Virgin! if it isn't, a pig may I be

minutes, I'll break every bone in your body and I'll serve your master the same sauce when I catch him.'

St. Patrick, the animal was a puppy when

and how the devil be has changed to a pig, bates me all out, unless, as I believe, he is the devil himself."

Of course, the poor fellow could do no wonderful news to his quandam master Tim Slocum. Tim listened with much apput back to its old quarters. Pat took a strong glass of whiskey and started once more with the bag, which he tremblingly said, ' he was sure contained the devil him-

On his arriving home he was accosted by his master, who was surprised at perceiving something in the bag.

Why, Pat, what have you brought in the bag ?

Sure and its the animal what you was bit would be have it.

! Not have it?' Why it is the likeliest

Whelp or no whelp, your honor, but bless me if it wasn't a pig when I got there, and no little kicking did I get for that same.' 'A pig! What do you mean, you stu-pid scoundrel, to call that beautiful dog a

'Faith, and you turn him out, and if he's not a pig, I'll cat every ounce of him, not bartin his tail.

Clarke seized the bag and rolled the

from their sockets as he staggered back, and raising both hands exclaimed, ' By the

It was impossible for Clarke to fathom the mystery; but all his attempts to get Pat to repeat his journey, were fruitless, for he swore he would now require a hundred mases to save his soul from purgatory, for having carried the devil six miles on his shoulder, and he would not do it again if his dying mother should command it.

In a few days the mystery was fully excked flee when no man pursueth, but the laugh did the anecdote give rise to; but copy for this purpose.

Put to this day believes or professes to be. The Hon. H. Clay was re-elected Prelieve, that Tim's story is 'fiction entirely, an as Tim recovered from his surprise, and that as sure as St. Patrick drove the dents of the last year were re-elected, with six miles in a two bushel bag.

> How to ascentain the age of Horses .- An es teemed correspondent requested us to publish di-rections for discovering the age of horses. The following answer must suffice for this month—

when we find a better we will give it:

In purchasing a horse, not the least important
matter is to be able to tell his age. In transfers of ordinary farm and saddle horses, great impo-sitions are often practiced upon the credulous and uninitiated purchaser. To prevent this, to as great an extent as possible for the future, is the object of this communication to the public. The most certain means of ascertaining the age of a horse is to examine the changes which take place with the teeth. The twelve front teeth begin to shoot in about two weeks after the colt is foaled. These are called colt teeth and are shed at differ ent periods and replaced by others. When the colt is about two years and a half old, the four middle ones come out; in about another year four others are lost—and in another year, or when the horse is four and a half years old, the fou last are shed. These last are replaced by what are called corner teeth. They are hollow, and have a black mark in their cavity. They are scarcely visible, and the cavity deep, where the horse is four and a half years old; they begin to fill when he is six and a half, and the mark continually diminishes and contracts till the horse seven or eight years old, when the cavity fills up and the black mark is obliterated. The horse year. The two in the lower jaw begin to appear when he is between three or four years old and these in the jaw five or six months after. They continue very sharp pointed till six. At ten, the upper seem blunted, worn out and long, the gum leaving them gradually; the barer they are the -From ten to fifteen, it is difficult to tell the horse's age—it is sufficient to know that given to horses generally, the conclusion will be a safe one that he is worth but little.

TOUCHING INCIDENT.—During his speech in Fancuil Hall on Christmas evening, Mr. Hawkins related an instance of the terrible effects of intemperance which had recently come under his observa tion in Worcester county. A victim of this appetite had driven his family from his miserable habitation and had parted with every thing he could sell, unand had parted with every thing account sen, di-til only a faithful dog was left, who kept his mas-ter from freezing by lying on his feet at night. The wretched man, to gratify the demon of thirst that raged within him, killed his dog, sold his skin to a tanner, and with the proceeds went to his hut, and held his last revel in drunkenness, and in the morning was found dead, from intem-perance and cold. The faithful dog was no longer there to keep warmth and life in him; and when the coroner came to hold an inquest, the only food found in the place was a half pint of meal.

A pig! To be sure it is, you rascally knive, exclaimed the gentleman in a rage, supposing that Clarke and his servant were thus attempting to insult him—and if you to not take it up and leave this place in two

THE PRINTER'S APPRENTICE .- A young man was once apprenticed in this city as a printer. He boarded at the house of his Pat protested both to his own and his father, who was in easy circumstances, but master's innocence, and swore 'as true as who required his son to pay for his board from the avails of special perquisites which he left home,' but the enraged gentleman furnished his fellow apprentices with a liberwould not listen for a moment, but giving al supply of funds for pleasure. This the him a kick, the effects of which he felt for young man thought was hard; but when he the next half hour, started him towards his was of age, and master of his trade, his father called him and said : " Here my son Pat trudged towards bome in a dreadful is the entire amount of the money paid to less than stop on his return, and tell the fellows had contracted bad habits in the ex-

quandary. 'Sure,' said he to himself, 'I me for your board during your apprentice-saw my master on the puppy in the bag, ship; I never intended to retain it, but have reserved it for your use; with it I give you as much more, as a small capital to commence business." The wisdom of the old man was now apparent to the son. His penditure of similar perquisites which the father had withheld from him, and were now parent astonishment, and when Pat had con-cluded his story, he could offer no possible explanation. While Pat stepped to the well for a pitcher of cool water, the young well for a pitcher of cool water, the young ions in apprenticeship are miserably poor, vicious and degraded The same man has told me that he never

was but once in a theatre. On that occasion he had been persuaded to go by his fellow laborers, who were accustomed to it, and who furnished him with a ticket. On taking his seat in the box he remembered that it was precisely the hour his mother was accustomed to retire for prayer, and he well knew that the burden of her prayers embraced the salvation of her children .after sending to the gentleman; a divil a He rushed from the room, and never returned to it. Those sons are privileged who have praying mothers, and fathers to disciwhelp in the country. Why would be not pline and restrain them. Faithful parents like to warrant him, though. nake their children to be blessings to the

Colonization Society, &c.

honored in their children?

The twenty-fifth annual meeting of the American Colonization Society was held in the Fourth Presbyterian Church of this city on the 18th inst. The Hon. H. Clay was whelp out upon the floor. There! what do you say now, you Irish blockhead? the meeting, and the Rev. Wm. Hawley, Pat's eyes looked as if they would start one of the Vice Presidents, presided. The annual report was read, from which it apand raising both hands exclaimed, 'By the pears that the cause of Colombiation is in a bid for the distance and a half—going—going." highly prosperous condition, both in this and a half—going—going." highly prosperous condition, both in this country and in Africa. The report, howcountry and in Africa. The report, how-ever, will soon be published, and will speak

The Rev. C. C. Vanarsdald, of Philadelphia, at the request of the Executive Committee, delivered a highly interesting and impressive discourse on the life, character, and death of the late Thomas Buchanan, Governor of the Commonwealth of Liberia, which will doubtless shortly be published, plained by Tim Slocum, and many a hearty as the Board of Directors have requested a

snakes from Ireland, he carried the devil the following changes, viz. Major General Winfield Scott was appointed, vice Major General Macombe, deceased; the Rev. President Wayland, of Rhode Island, vice N. Brown, Esq. deceased; and the Rev. Thomas E. Bond, D. D. of New York, and the Rev. A. Alexander, D. D. of New Jersey, were added to the number.

After the Society adjourned, the Board of Directors met and continued in session two days, during which time much business was transacted.

A very respectable number of delegates appeared from the different State Societies though several of the States entitled to delegates were not represented.

The Executive Committee laid before the Board a letter from Hon S. Wilkeson, which they received in December last, tendering his resignation as a member of the Executive Committee; whereupon it was

1. Resolved, That the resignation of ludge Wilkerson be accepted. 2. Resolved, That the thanks of this

Board be presented to Judge Wilkerson for his arduous services while General Agent of this Society and a member of the Executive Committee, and especially for his devoted and gratuitous aid during a period of confidence, with the most ardent wishes for his future welfare.

Committees were appointed on the finanstate of the colony, and other subjects, and

On motion of Mr. Whittlesey, it was Resolved, That it is expedient to appoint for the present year a Corresponding Secretary, whose duty shall be defined by the Executive Committee, and whose services shall be under their control.

Whereupon the Rev. R. R. Gurley was unanimously elected to that office.

The following gentlemen were elected embers to that office. The following gentlemen were elected

nembers of the Executive Committee for he ensuing year, viz: W. W. SEATON, R. S. Coxe. H. LINDSLY, M. St. C. CLARKE,

H. L. ELLSWORTH, R. R. GURLEY. The re was no person appointed to fill the station occupied during the past year by Judge Wilkerson.

After the transaction of much business of a minor character, the Board adjourned. The greatest harmony prevailed during his affairs. the meeting, and much good is expected to "I have

[From the New Orleans Picagune.] A horse story.

Some newspaper celebrity has been bestowed upon an original bit of drollery, called "A Theatrical Auctioneer," promulgated first in this paper, some ten or twelve months ago. From the same humerous source we have another bit of facetia, though not of so sparkling a character as the other.

Our jocose Boston auctioneer was called upon one day by a country horse-dealer from Vermont, who wished to dispose of a rse. He was one of those distinctive aracters peculiar to the section, with a countenance strangely indicative of both simplicity and shrewdness.

"I say," said he, "I want to see the auctioneer, that auctions off horses here on

Saturday. "I'm the individual," said the auctioneer

what can I do for you?" "Well, I've got a horse I want to sell provided I can get enough for him; don't want nothing more than his value, neither. He's a good one, though just now he's a little thin; but I reckon he ought to sell pretty smartly.

" Very good; will you have him advertised?"

" Well, I guess I don't know about that. What do you ax?" "One dollar first insertion; fifty cents

for every time after." 'That's tew dollars for three times;

reckon you may put him in the newspaper once, stranger, and after that led him slide.' Very good; what color is he?"

" Rather brown than otherwise." " Is he sound?"

"Sound! O, sound as a dollar-shouldn't

"All right; I'll advertise him and sel world, and crowns of glory to themselves. him on Saturday. Have your "critter" at Who does not honor the parents who are the mart by 12 o'clock."

"I jest want to tell, Mr. Auctioneer, I should like to have the animal limited at Annual Meeting of the American fifteen dollars; but you may let him go for

> "Exactly! and you won't take a great deal more than is offered for him, will vou?

"Well no, I'm not dispositioned to be hard any how; I rather calculate not." Saturday came, and one dollar and a half bid for the horse. "How much more do I hear? One dollar and a half is only

the Vermont horse-dealer into the ear of the knight of the hammer.

"Gone!" shouted the auctioneer, and down went the old horse at a dollar and a After the sale the horse-dealer was the

first one up at the desk for a settlement. "Well, I recon it won't take long to settle up this little trade of mine about the

horse," said he.
"Not long," said the clerk, "there's your account of sale; you have to pay us just fifty cents more than the horse brought.

"Po-litical de-struction!" exclaimed the Vermonter, with a humorous affectation of astonishment. Then with a satisfied manner he continued, "It's cheap enough!there's a fifty cent piece. Cheap enough! I couldn't a gin him away at no price, and it would have cost two dollars and a half to Ch'ge Mrs. T. for cab hire when she could bury him. Just a half dollar sayed. Good morning, Mr. Auctioneer. Cheap enough.

Only half a dollar. A DOMESTIC SKETCH ADAPTED TO THE TIMES.

We dined with our friend Tomson the other day. It was 'the first time we had been to see him since he quit his large house in Walnut street, and moved to his present | with this calculation : small one. Every thing looked comfortable enough about his new dwelling, except Mrs. Tomson? and she declared there was not room to turn about in such a little hole. Tomson, however, had borne his reverses with admirable fortitude and good humor, considering how immensely rich he was or was supposed to be-which is the same thing-a few years ago. Misery loves company. It is one thing to fail or curtail, now a days, when nearly every one is doing the same thing; but it was quite another thing four years ago, when all the world rode a preat difficulty and embarrassment, and high horse. To return to our friend Tom-hat he be assured of their high respect and son—his lands, his loans, have turned out to have no more substance than the lather of Glen's saponaceous compound. fourteen sections in Indiana and Illinois tial transactions of the year, the general are, from some cause or other-remote-

ness from the market, prevalence of milk made reports entirely satisfactory to the sickness in the neighborhood, or something of this kind-worth less than the original government price. The Hug-a-mug and Derrydown rail road loan, and the stock of Fligflap bank, in which he was interested to the amount of forty-eight thousand dollars, are now quoted so low that he considers them worth little or nothing. But as we remarked when we sat down

to diener, " every thing has so depreciated in value that no man can tell what he is worth," and so we place no estimate uponproperty. We have said the house is comfortable-and so it is. He has persuaded Mrs. Tomson to part with a few of the most splendid articles of her furniture, purchased within the last five years, because Mrs. Tomson has the good taste to see that they do not become her present contracted establishment. As we were dining the conversation was partly about the change in Mr. Tomson's style of living. We have always been very intimate, and he tells us all about

"I have told Mrs. Tomson," said he, in the course of the talk, "at least one hun-

dred times within the course of the last month, that I find that our expenditures must not exceed two thousand five hundred dollars a year." "I will vouch for your having said so a thousand times," rejoined our hostess. "I hear nothing but retrenchment, economy and reform! The cry is as loud and frequent in this house as it used to be among the Harrison men before the election." Mrs. Tomson then addressed herself to us in particular :- "Why, sir, I -but no-it would cost eighty-seven and a half cents-and so he must economize, and now we have no ice cream!" After the delivery of this speech, Tomson took out his pocket book and made a memorandum

We remarked that the streets had not looked very nice recently, and ventured to suggest that the new city administration had not yet got warm enough in their places to take a peep out of the windows and see what a dirty condition are the thoroughfares. To this remark Mrs. Tomson assented, and added that, for her part, she regretted nothing so much as the giving up of her carriage. "Indeed," she added 'I hate cabs-but this morning I was out shopping, and the streets were so unclean that I got in one in Second st. and rode home" "Were you ured, my dear, so that you could no walk?" asked Tomson. "No: but I didn't want to walk, and the cab was only twenty-five cents." Tomson took out his pocket book and made another memorandom in it.

"You were out, my dear, shoppig this morning, you say. What did you buy ?" inquired Tomson. "Nothing at all: I inquired Tomson. "Nothing at all; I saw fifty things I wanted, but I knew you would begin a lecture about economy the instant you should see them." "Well, I admire your self-denial in buying nothing. Nothing! Oh, no. I bought this little pink plush cravat for myself-the cheapest thing I ever saw; they ask a dollar and a quarter in Chesnut street for the same article, and what do you think I gave for it?" "Well," replied Tomson, "have you not a pink silk one, and do you need this new one?" "Not posifively-but then it was only three quarters of a dollar." Tomson took out his pocker book and made another

memorandum in it. "Well, Mrs. Tomson," said we, " you certainly have not given your husband cause to lecture you to-day on retrenchment, economy and reform, if three quarters of a dollar is the amount of all your shopping. "Stop," exclaimed the lady; "I have not shown you one purchase I made-cheaper than the plush cravat. Do you see this pair of mitts? what do you think I gave for the heat, it is not likely to crack. them?" We could not guess, but Mr. Tomson asked of what use they were .-"Oh, none at all," answered his wife: but they are so pretty and so very cheap. I gave only half a dollar for them." Tomson again took out his pocket book and under them grinds out the threads.

"Tomson! what are you writing in that book?" we asked inquisitively. "Well, I is injured by laying in woolens. will show you," said he, and then placed the book in our hands, when we read, in up in papers, and put in dry places during pencil, the following entries:

Credit J.T. for ice-cream not bought, 874 cts. for pink plush cravat, not want-

for mitts, not wanted,

only

81 50 After we had examined these entries, during which time Mr. and Mrs. Tomson sat silent, he took the book, wrote something more in it, and then returned it to us,

\$1 50 Multiplied by 365, the whole number of days in a

year. 8547 50—Five hundred and forty-sever

dollars and fifty cents a year "You see," said Tomson, "only twenty-five cents, only seventy-five cents, only half a dollar, is at the rate of more than five hundred dollars a year out of my pocket-more than one fifth of the sum that I am able, as an honest man, to spend,-and all for things not wanted!"

It was time for us to go-when Mr. Tomson had concluded this remark; so we left him and the imprudent Mrs. Tomson. But we remembered the last item in the pocket book again-" only half a dollar," and we thought if all our friends, in these hard times, would only remember how few cents a day make a hundred dollars a year, they would look well at it before they would spend " only half a dollar."

THE DRUNKARD'S WILL.-I leave to society a nined character, a wretched example, and memory that will soon rot. Heave to my parents, during the rest of their

decrepid state, can sustain.

I leave my wife a broken heart, a life of wretch. edness, a shame to weep over me, and premature

death. I give and bequeath to each of my children poverty, ignorance, a low character, and the re-memberance that their father was a monster,— Baltimore Clipper.

FREEMASONRY IN ENGLAND .- " His Royal High. ness the Duke of Sussex, it is said, is about to resign the Grand Mastership of the Ancient Or der of Freemasons, and it is also rumored that his Royal Highness Prince Albert will be offered

The Hartford Eagle thinks that the members of Congress had better get up a fistical agent to do their fighting. If two mem-bers get by the ears, let the agent flog them looks as if he had too much Illinois stock in both, and thus " equalize the exchanges." I him.

We call attention to the following article, which we find in the South-Western Christian Advocate. And with the editor we exclaim what a shame! what a burning shame! Yet, here is one thing we have long noticed :- wherever a man is long in the habit of making or dealing in spirits, he is sure to involve either himself or some of his children-we rarely see it fail. As asked Mr. Tomson to order a quart of ice a proof of it, scores of instances might be cream. He knew you would dine with us brought forward in this section of the country; and how illy he deserves to be called father, who will sacrifice the virtue, morals, character, and every true interest of his child, both here and hereafter, for the sake of paltry gain! for the sake of a few fourpence-ha'-pennies!

A YOUNG TOPER. Dr. S- called at our office a few days since, and related to us the following fact, which occurred within the range of his practice during the last few weeks:

An infant, about two years old, was strangely diseased. The doctor was called on for medical advice. He examined the patient, and found it in a helpless condition. It was bloated and swollen until it presented a very unnatural appearance. In the course of examination, the child called for a dram! This at once aroused the doctor. and he made particular inquiry into the matter, when the father informed him that the child was in the habit of taking large quantities every day. The father kept liquor for sale; and whenever he supplied his customers, he gave the child a small portion, until it acquired a love for the poison, and could drink it in large quantities without any apparent inconvenience. The secret was told. The doctor prescribed strict temperance rules, and the child has recovered, and is doing well. Many children are made drunkards by their parents before they are taken out of the leading strings. What a shame! what a pity! No wonder so many sons prove a curse to their parents, when they train them from infancy to love ardent spirits. Parents, be watchful.

Valuable recipes.

Those who make candles, will find it a great improvement to steep the wicks in ime; they will burn clear, and the tallow will not ' run.'

Brittania ware should be first rubbed gently with a woollen cloth and sweet oil. then washed in warm suds and rubbed with soft leather and whiting. Thus treated, it will retain its beauty to the last.

New iron should be very gradually heated at first; after it has become inured to It is a good plan to put new earthen ware

into cold water, and let it heat gradually until it boils, then cool again. The oftener carpets are shaken the long-

er they will wear; the dirt that collects Do not wrap knives and torks in woolens -wrap them in a good strong paper. Steel

Brass andirons should be cleansed, done

the summer. It is easy to have a supply of horse radish all winter. Have a quantity grated while the root is in perfection, put it into bottles, fill it with vinegar, and keep it corked tight .- Western Farmer.

A SINGULAR WEASEL STORY .- A friend ives us the following story, the truth of which is vouched for. Two gentlemen, who were passing near the cemetery recently, observed a weasel and a rabbit whose singular movements attracted their attention. They were "eyeing" each other very intently, at a short distance from the observers. The weasel was evidently aiming to drive the rabbit into a wall that he might entrap him. The rabbit, not liking the appearance of things, seemed to avoid his adversary. The two creatures kept their stations for some time, casting horrible glances towards each other, and neither being willing to move lest the other should gain, some advantages. The ground was covered with light snow, which was several inches deep. Suddenly the weasel disappeared—the observers did not notice the direction he took. The rabbit, perhaps, suspicious still of the movements of his adversary, and not knowing in what direction to look for him, and fearing that he might fall into his devouring jaws, kept still upon the spot. In a few moments on the spot where the rabbit stood, the weasel and rabbit were seen in deadly conflict. The latter became the victim. The observers approached the spot; the rabbit was dead, and the weasel had " taken to his heels." On examination it was found that the weasel had entered the snow at the place where he was first seen, and worked his way beneath it and come out again exactly under the unwary rabbit. By this cunning course he had succeeded in capturing him -L. Courier.

CRUELTY TO A LOCOFOCO. A well known individual (now a resident of Kentucky.) who once went abroad to dispose of the State stocks of Illinois, and managed, by means best known to himself, to make one hundred thousand dollars out of the transaction, was exhibiting a fine blooded horse, not long since, near this city. "Come, gentlemen," said he, " I gave \$20,000 for this horse in Europe. I should like to know your opinion of him." "Well," said a