

Highland Messenger

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

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MISCELLANEOUS.

Jane Howard.

Miss Jane Howard was the daughter of a very wealthy merchant residing in the city of Baltimore.

Her personal appearance was truly possessing; but by the graces of her mind, polished as it was by the graces of a superior education, and the benevolence of her naturally warm and virtuous heart, rendered her an object of universal esteem and admiration, amongst all with whom she was acquainted. At a very early age she embraced the Christian religion, and most of her time was spent in promoting religious and benevolent objects.

In the fall of 1825, Jane, with her elder brother, embarked on board a packet for Charleston, S. C., for the purpose of visiting their friends. The captain of the packet was a man about twenty-five years of age. His person was comely and his manners agreeable, with the exception of one fault too common among sailors, was profane. The modesty of Jane's appearance attracted his attention: he gained an introduction to her by means of her brother, and was still more charmed by the sweetness of her conversation than he had been by the graces of her person.

It was not long, however, before an oath escaped his lips, which shocked the delicate sensibility of Jane.

She politely requested that he would desist from such language while she remained on board the vessel, to which he immediately consented, with deep chagrin. During the remainder of the voyage, the Captain's attention to Jane was rather increased than diminished.

He spent much of his time in her company, charmed and delighted with the modesty of her deportment, and the fascinating spell of her instructive conversation; but not another oath was he heard to utter, until he arrived in Charleston. They were now about to part, but Jane, feeling no small interest in the welfare of one whose unremitting attentions more than indicated his solicitude for her own, ventured to ask if he would grant her one request. The Captain, with all the enthusiasm of an infatuated lover, replied, that whatever request she was pleased to make, if possibly within his power, it certainly should be granted.

"Then," said she, "accept this Bible, and my request is that you read a portion of it every day."

He felt surprised, but considering that he had given his promise, he felt bound to fulfil it. In the fall of 1833, Jane went to spend the winter with her uncle, who resided in New Orleans. The first Sabbath after she arrived there, she accompanied her uncle and his family to church, and heard a sermon of uncommon interest, delivered with eloquence and religious pathos.

The minister was evidently a man of superior talents; his voice deep-toned and agreeable. His figures were applicable, though high-wrought and beautiful.

He possessed, in fine, the rare faculty of chaining an audience in almost breathless silence from the commencement till the close of his discourse. But Jane, whose tender heart was so exquisitely susceptible on the subject of religion, entered so deeply into the spirit of the sermon, that she entirely forgot, for a time, the distance which separated her from her friends, and all the circumstances by which she was surrounded, with the exception of the rolling sentences as they flowed from the lips of the speaker.

The meeting closed; and while Jane and her friends were waiting in their pew for the gale to be cleared, the preacher came down from the pulpit, advanced towards, and addressed Jane as follows:

"If I mistake not, I am addressing Miss Howard."

A confused succession of ideas fitted for an instant across the mind of Jane—but, recollecting herself, she politely replied,

"That is my name, sir, but I do not recollect to have had the pleasure of seeing you before."

"Perhaps you recollect having sailed from Baltimore to Charleston about five year ago, in the packet Thomas Jefferson, and of having given a Bible to the Captain."

"I do," she replied, "I recollect it well and if I mistake not, I recognize the Captain in the person before me. But can it be possible?"

"It is possible," he replied, "it is so—I am the man!—and I shall ever feel the deepest gratitude to you, Miss Howard, for the interest you manifest in my welfare.—That Bible, and the reading of it, has made me what I am."

I will not attempt to describe the feelings produced by this unexpected meeting. Suffice it to say, that the minister was invited home with them, and during the winter his visits were neither few nor far between.—In the spring he married Miss Jane, and they are now on a missionary tour among the dark benighted sons of India, where the blessing of Heaven is attending their labors in a wonderful manner, and many souls are brought to a saving knowledge through their instrumentality.

A Legend of the Tower.

(NOT LONDON.)

In the immediate vicinity of the pretty little town of Kells, stands one of those peculiar high round towers, the origin of which has so long puzzled the brains of antiquaries. It is invariably pointed out to the curious, as a fit subject for their contemplation, and may, in fact, be looked on as the great local lion of the place. It appears almost inaccessible. But there is a story extant, and told in very choice Irish, how two small dare-devil urchins did succeed in reaching its lofty summit; and this is the way the legend was done into English by one Barney Riley, the narrator, to whom I am indebted for its knowledge:

"You see, Master Robert, sir,—though its murdering high, and almost entirely quite equal in steepness to the old ancient Tower of Babel, yet, sir, there is them living now as have been at the top of that spire since the time when I know not of the spalesmen myself. It's grown up they are now, but when they want daw's-nesting to the top there, the little blackguards weren't above knee high, if so much."

"But how did they arrive at the summit?"

"That's the wonder of it! but sure nobody knows but themselves; but the scamps managed somehow or other to insart themselves in through one of their small loopholes—when little Danny Carroll gave Tom Sheeny a leg up and a back, and Tom Sheeny hauled little Danny up after him by the scruff o' the neck; and so they went squeedging and scrambling on, till, by dad, they was up at the tip top in something less than no time; and the trouble was all they had a chance o' getting for their pains; for, by the hokey, the daw's nest they had been bruising their shins, breaking their necks, and tearing their frieze breeches to tatters to reach, was on the outside of the building, and about as hard to get at as truth, or marcy from a thafe of a tythe proctor."

"Hubbabbow," says little Danny; "we are on the wrong side now, as Pat Murphy's carotry wig was, when it came through his hat, what will we do, at all, at all?"

"Divil a know I now. It would make a person swear after takin' tythe. Do you hear the vagabones? Oh, then, masha, bad luck to your cawings; its independence and nothing but it, to be shouting out in defiance of us, you dirty bastes. Danny, lad, you're but a little trifle of a gossoun, couldn't you squeedje yourself through one o' them holes?"

"What will I stand—or, for the matter o' that, as I'm by no means particular—sit upon, when I git out—that is, if I can?"

"Look here lad, bear a decent word—it will be just the dandy thing for ye entirely—go to it with a will, and make yourself as small as a little cock elven, and thin we'll have our revenge upon them aggravation thieves." How the puck he does it, nobody knows; but by dad, there was his little ragged, red pole, followed by the whole of his small body, seen coming out o' that trap loop there, that doesn't look much bigger than a button hole—and thin sitting astride the old bit of rotten timbers, and laughing like mad, was the tiny Master Danny, robbing the nests and shouting with joy, as he pulled bird after bird from their little feather-beds. "This is elegant," says he; "here's lashins of 'em."

"How many have you?" says Tom Sheeny.

"Seven big uns—full fledged, wid feathers as black as the priest's breeches on a Good Friday's fast."

"Seven is it?"

"It is."

"Well, then, hand them in."

"By no means."

"Why not?"

"Seeing they're as well wid me as you."

"Give me my half, then—that's your?"

"Aisy wid you; who's had the trouble and the chance of breaking his good-looking neck but me, Mr. Tim Sheeny?"

"Divil a care I care; I'll have four or I'll know why."

"That you'll soon do; I won't give 'em you."

"Aint I holding the wood?"

"By course you are; but aint I sitting outside upon it, and be the same taken un-seating my best breeches?"

"I bid you take care; give me four."

"Ha, ha! what a buck your granny was, Mister Tim Sheeny; it's three you'll have, or none."

"Then by the puck I'll let you go."

"I defy you to do it, you murdering robber."

"Do you! by dad, once more, give me four."

"To blazes wid you; three or none."

"Then there you go!"

"And at worse luck, sure enough he had, and that at the devil's own pace."

At this moment I turned my eyes in horror to the Tower, and the height was awful.

"Poor child—of course he was killed on the spot?"

"There's the wonder; not a ha'porth o' harm did the vagabone take at all at all. He held on to the little birds' legs like a

little noger; he was but a shimpoon of a chap, and what with the flapping of their wings and the soft place he fell upon, barring a little thrille of stunning, and it may be a small matter of fright, he was as comfortable as any one could expect under the circumstances; but it would have done your heart good to see the little gossoun jump up, shake his feathers, and shout at the top of his small voice, 'Tim Sheeny, you thief, you'd better have taken the three—for d—in the daw do you get now!' And so ends the legend of the Round Tower.

POWER OF A SWORD-FISH.—A piece of wood was cut out of one of the fore planks of a vessel, the Priscilla, from Pernambuco, now in the port of Liverpool, through which was stuck about eighteen inches of the sword-fish. How it came there needs not to be explained. The force with which it must have been driven in affords a striking exemplification of the power and ferocity of the fish. The spot in which the vessel was struck was about half way between the commencement of the coppering and the keel. Penetrating the copper, the sword had made its way first through the outer plank of Scotch larch, three inches square, a half in thickness, then, traversing an open space of ten or twelve inches, it had encountered another plank of oak, and about four inches in thickness, which was also pierced, the point of the sword coming clean through to the other side. What renders this feat the more surprising is, that the Priscilla is quite a new vessel, this having been her first voyage. Capt. Taylor, her commander, states that when near the Azores, as he was walking the quarter deck at night, a shock was felt which brought all hands from below, under the impression that the ship had touched upon a rock. This was, no doubt, the time when the occurrence took place. A great number of whales had been seen playing about the vessel the day before, and it is probable that the sword-fish, which is deadly enemy to the whale, had mistaken the Priscilla for one of the objects to which it was in chase; in other words, it had thought her "very like whale." On the passage home the vessel was observed to leak a great deal, on which account, after discharging her cargo, she was hauled into the graving dock, and having undergone an examination, the discovery was made as to what had happened. The plank had been split as pierced, so that, though the sword remained in the aperture it had made, it was not sufficient entirely to keep out the water.—*Liverpool Courier.*

MORE CONSISTENCY.—The Locofoco party in the Alabama Legislature have resolved, in solemn Caucus assembled, to "stand or fall with the present Banking system of that State"—a system as rotten, as corrupt, as injurious to the interest of commerce, and fatal to all hope of a sound currency, as the wit of man could devise. The State Bank is the creature of the Legislature; its capital is little else than the credit of the State (which is none of the best at present) and it is managed by men elected, not for their business qualifications, or their integrity, but for their politics, and their skill in electioneering, and liberality in treating the members of the Legislature.—Its notes are now from 15 to 20 per cent. discount in New York; and it is regarded at its own doors as notoriously insolvent.—Such is the Bank which this Bank-hating party takes to its bosom, and avows its determination to stand or fall with!

CANINE SAGACITY.—The Jewelry Store of Messrs. Panner & Cooly, at Utica, took fire in the second story, two lads were sleeping in the Store, and a dog was also there. The latter, on discovering the fire, commenced barking furiously, of which they were conscious, but being in a state of partial suffocation and dreamy stupor, had not the power to move until finding barking ineffectual in waking them, the dog sprang upon the bed and commenced pulling the clothes off of them, and pawing and wounding one of them in the breast, which restored him to consciousness in time to see the flames burst through the ceiling over head, and run crackling along the wall and partition of the room, composed of thin and dry boards, setting fire to their clothes by the bed side, and filling the room and the whole building almost to suffocation with dense smoke; they both sprang simultaneously upon the floor and succeeded in extinguishing the fire before much damage was done and without making an alarm.

AGES OF NEWSPAPERS. It appears from a compilation of Mr. P. L. Simons, of Chester, that the oldest existing London papers are the "English Chronicle," or "Whitehall Evening Post," which was started in 1774; the "St. James' Chronicle," 1761; and the "Morning Chronicle," 1759. The oldest existing papers are, "Lincoln Mercury," 1692; "Birmingham Gazette," 1741; "Chester Courant," 1738. The oldest newspaper in Ireland is the "Belfast Letter," which was commenced in 1747. In Scotland the "Edinburgh Evening Courant," is the oldest paper, having been published in 1705.—*Cork Reporter.*

A TEA PARTY.—The Temperance Societies in New York think of celebrating the approaching anniversary of Washington's Birth-day by a general Tea Party, over which the ladies of the Moral Reform Society will preside. It is to be a familiar, social gathering, at a cost which will enable the poorest to participate.

Our Railroad Construction.

Our railroad has been published by Cassa, Esq., Civil Engineer, in which he details the causes which have conducted to the failure of many of the railroads in the United States.—The essay embodies much information, and we proceed to furnish some of its statements. According to Mr. E. there are completed or in progress of construction, between 3,000 and 4,000 miles of Railroads in the United States. On these there have been expended during the last ten years more than \$100,000,000; and for its maintenance of which there are now required annual appropriations of several millions, in addition to the loss of interest on this vast capital. Of these works some few have sustained themselves and paid dividends to their stockholders. The receipts of some others are sufficient to keep them in repair and pay the interest on their cost. But of the balance, comprising between 100 and 200 railroads, having an aggregate length of some 2,000 miles, the capitals may be regarded as positively sunk, and many of the companies insolvent. Mr. Elletts says that this disastrous result is not the consequence of attempting improvements in positions where the trade and travel were insufficient to authorize the necessary outlay of capital, but a thorough disrespect for first principles.

"The object of a railroad is," he says, "to convey passengers and produce, and the first question which every company about to embark in such an enterprise should propose for examination is: What is the amount of trade and travel to be accommodated? for this amount furnishes as the value of the object sought by the improvement, and ought to prevent us from paying more for it than it is worth. And the second is: What should be the location and character of the road, and the character of its furniture for the economical accommodation of the trade which it is found may reasonably be anticipated? These are the essential questions for solution; but as obvious as the necessity for their investigation may appear, they have rarely, if ever, been systematically examined preparatory to engaging in the labor of construction. The amount of trade to be accommodated is never yet governed by the plan, location and extent of any public work. All such enterprises in this country, and indeed nearly all the railroads in the world, are common impressions, and every important sign of imitation of one common standard. They are all struck, as it were, with the same die, and belong to the same set. The same width of track, the same length of rail, the same weight, and cars of the same magnitude, prevail on the roads between the great cities of Europe, which carry half a million of tons, and some hundreds of thousands of passengers every year, and on those of the obscurest districts of the United States, where the very persons, and as much trade, will scarcely be witnessed in the course of half a century."

"There is," he adds, "scarcely an engine on any railroad in the country which is not competent to the movement of more than a hundred tons; and if such an engine make but two trips a day, and convey always a full train, it will carry nearly 100,000 tons in the course of the year. Now there are nearly two hundred railroads in the U. States, which are provided with all the locomotive power, and nearly all the means of doing a much greater business than this, and which have not the tenth part of this amount of business to do. There are few railroads in the country over twenty-five thousand tons of freight are carried in the course of a year. Here, then, is a great error.

The road and its appurtenances are a piece of machinery contrived to perform a certain duty, but so proportioned by unskilful workmen as to be ten times larger than is necessary; and consequently ten times the capital is consumed in its construction, and nearly ten times heavier expenses than are really needful are constantly incurred to keep it in operation."

He follows out the subject still further, and then adds a word in reference to the remedy: "It should," he says, "be the business of every company, first, to ascertain the trade and travel on the line where it is proposed to operate; and next, to build the road, and stock it with reference to the amount of business previously determined."

If, he adds, "the company can afford at but eighteen or twenty passengers a day, let them make a light wooden road, avoid the use of iron nearly or quite altogether; make no embankments or excavations, and follow very closely the undulations of the soil as they occur under a skilful location of the line. Let them calculate at every point the expense of removing obstacles, and never lay out more money to reduce a grade than the value of the additional power necessary to carry the eighteen or twenty passengers over it. Let them put on engines of half a ton, one ton, or two for freight, instead of ten or twelve tons, with power only adequate to the certain accomplishment of the duty to be performed, and let them provide cars as light as one-horse pleasure-carriages."

Such a road, in ordinary cases, would cost from one to two thousand dollars a mile, instead of twenty thousand; such engines would cost but five or six hundred dollars a piece, instead of six or seven thousand; and such cars could be made for two hundred dollars, instead of twelve hundred. Let them build a car and engine shed, twenty feet square, at a cost of fifty dollars, instead of laying out all along the line some thousands for that purpose. Instead of a host of agents to keep up the road, to watch the track, to clean out ditches, repair embankments, feed the vast engines, and move the huge cars, let them employ one faithful hand as engineer, conductor, fireman, and treasurer; and another, if the road be not very small, as superintendent and general commissary.—*Penn. Inquirer.*

EMPTY TREASURY. We find in the Boston Post the following remarks:

"The Treasury of the United States is bankrupt! And this, too, in eight short months after the accession of the Whig party to power!"

If our respected contemporary had said "in two months after the Whig party came into power," he would have been quite as near correct. This outcry against the present Administration for the emptiness of the Treasury is rather ridiculous than otherwise.

"Misses, I want a new broom, if you please, mam."

"A new broom, Betsy, where is that which you have been using?"

"It is all worn out to the handle, mam."

"Worn out, indeed! what shocking carelessness! Why Kitty, your predecessor used it for nearly two years; and now you, who have not had the broom in use a month, complain that it is worn out!" Shocking extravagance.—*U. S. Gazette.*

FIRE-PROOF ROOFS. Take white wash and alum and put one pound of the latter to one gallon of the former, and give the roof one or more coats, and hot coals will have no more effect than cold ice.

The White Pelican.

Ranged along the margins of the sand bar, in broken array, stand a hundred heavy-bodied pelicans. Gorgeous tints, all autumnal, enrich the foliage of every tree around, the reflection of which, like fragments of the rainbow, seems to fill the very depths of the placid and almost sleeping waters of the Ohio.—The subdued and ruddy beams of the orb of day assure me that the Indian summer has commenced, that happy season of unrivalled loveliness and serenity, symbolic of autumnal life, which, to every enthusiastic lover of Nature, must be the purest and calmest period of his career. Plunging themselves, the gorged pelicans patiently wait the return of hunger. Should one chance to gape, all, as if by sympathy, in succession open their long and broad mandibles, pawing lazily and ludicrously.—Now, the whole length of their largest quills is passed through the bill, until at length their apparel is as beautifully trimmed as if the party were to figure at a rout. But mark, the red beams of the setting sun tinge the tall tops of the forest trees; the birds experience the cravings of hunger, and, to satisfy them, they must now labor. Clumsily do they rise on their columnar legs, and heavily waddle to the water. But now, how changed do they seem! Lightly do they float; and they marshal themselves, and extend their line, and now their broad paddle-like feet propel them onwards. In yonder nook the small fry are dancing in the quiet water, perhaps in their manner bidding farewell to the orb of day, perhaps seeking something for their supper. Thousands there are, all gay; and the very manner of their mirth, causing the waters to sparkle, invites their foes towards the shoal. And now the pelicans, aware of the faculties of their scaly prey, at once spread out their broad wings, press closely forward with powerful strokes of their feet, drive the little fishes towards the shallow shore, and then, with their enormous pouches, spread like so many bag nets, scoop them out, and devour them in thousands.—*Audubon's Ornithological Biography.*

Peter Pindar.
Dr. Walcott's writings were very productive. Those who condemned his satire, purchased his works to laugh at his wit.—An old acquaintance once remarked, when the Doctor offered him his hand, that he hardly knew how to take it, he felt so angry with him for abusing the king.—"Pooh, pooh!" said Peter, "I bear no ill-will to his majesty—God, bless him! I believe him to be a very good man; but I must write upon the characters that the world are interested in reading about; I would abuse you, but I should not get any thing for it!"

Walcott always declared that the booksellers had been cheating him publicly for years, and that at last he got the best of them by stratagem. He had offered to sell his copy-right of all his works for a life-annuity. The negotiation took place in the month of November, and the doctor always appointed the evening for the time of meeting the booksellers. He had an habitual cough, and walking out in the evening fog increased it. When he arrived at the place of his destination, he could never speak until he had taken a full glass of brandy, and then remarked that "it made little difference what the annuity was, as it would soon be all over with him. They were of the same opinion. The bargain was made, "And," continued Peter, "after I mixed water with my brandy, the spring came on and I lost my cough." This always pleased him to the end of a very lengthened life; and after he had signed the very last receipt he observed, "He was sure they had wished him dead long ago, and he should have done the same had he been in their place."

Having called upon a bookseller near Paternoster Row to inquire after his own works, he was asked to take a glass of wine. Dr. Walcott consented to accept of a little negus, as an innocent morning beverage, which was instantly presented to him in a cocoa-nut goblet, with the face of a man carved on it. "Eh, eh!" says the doctor, "what have we here?" "A man's skull," replied the bookseller, "a poet's for what I know." "Nothing more likely," rejoined the facetious doctor, "for it is universally known that all booksellers drink wine from our skulls."

WORTH TRYING. A writer in the New England Farmer states that potatoes that are frozen ever so hard, if taken in that state and immersed in water heated to the boiling point, (provided they have not previously undergone the operation of freezing and thawing) are as good and palatable as if untouched by frost.

THE PHYSICIAN'S CANE. It was formerly the practice among physicians to use a cane with a hollow head, the top of which was of gold, pierced with holes, like a pepper-box. This top contained a small quantity of aromatic powder or of snuff; and on entering a house or room where a disease, supposed to be infectious, prevailed, the Doctor would strike his cane on the floor to agitate the powder, and then apply it to his nose.—Hence all the old prints of physicians represent them with canes at their noses.

A FATHER'S IMPULSE. When Lord Erskine made his debut at the bar, his agitation almost overpowered him, and he was just going to sit down. "At that moment," said he, "I thought I felt my little children tugging at my gown, and the idea roused me to an exertion of which I did not think myself capable."

STATE OF THE COUNTRY. A close observer of public events, and one who loves and has honorably served his country, being usually at Washington, thus writes, under date of the 16th ult., his sad impressions:

"The country is strangely out of joint; a President seeking one week a re-nomination from the Locofocos; the next from the Whigs; a Congress passing a great relief measure in the summer by a majority of thirty odd, and repeating it by a like majority in January; States repudiating their debts; an empty Treasury; Cincinnati and Louisville under the dominion of mob; the House of Representatives daily resolving itself into one. In view of all this, I can only pray, God save the country! I'm sick!"

STAGE BAGGAGE.—A correspondent of the Boston Post relates the following as an evidence of the obliging disposition of the Yankee drivers:

"As Mr. J., the driver, was proceeding from Boston, not long since, a woman called to him to take a bedstead on top, without unloading it! He told her he would oblige her the next time he came along, but he could not then, as he had engaged to take on a wind mill a little ways ahead, and as he had a large cradle on the top at the time, he was afraid he should not have room. Proceeding a mile farther he was requested by a woman to wait till she had finished her washing and ironing. He told her he often had to wait for the women to do their ironing, but he could not stand washing and ironing both!

A MODERN BULL.—The great Agitator being lately pestered by a stranger for his autograph, returned the following answer: "Sir—Yours, requesting my autograph, is received. I have been so bothered with similar importunities, that I'll be blast if I send it. Your obedient servant, J. DANIEL O'CONNEL."

ACTING-SERGEANT.—Look here, Sambo, you got that quartic dollar you owe me!" "La, Cuff, no—money so scarce, so many stoppages in Mobile, there ain't no money in circulation."

"O sho, Sambo; what the nashun you got to do wid Mobile? Nigger, pay up, pay up."

"Well, look here, Cuff, I hear massa tell more dan twenty men dat same tale, and I ain't see no gemman treat him like you do. Act like a gemman, if you is a nigger."—*N. O. Picayune.*

STEALING A "BANK SECURITY."—A person was lately brought before the police court, Boston, for stealing a dog belonging to the Suffolk Bank. The Times wittily calls this stealing a "bank security."

THE GALLON LAW.—An old fellow in Rankin county, (says the Vicksburg Whig) lately made the following argument against the law. "I'm agin it, because suppose a man's got two dollars, and he wants some sugar and coffee for his wife and children. Now he can't buy less than a gallon of whiskey, and that costs two dollars. Well, wha's his wife and children to do for sugar and coffee?"

We look on this as conclusive.

WHAT DID YOU CATCH?—I and Joe Buntin went a-fishin' t'other day, Ben."

"Well, and what did you catch?"

"Oh, considerable."

"I'll bet, if the truth was known, you did not catch a fish."

"Why no, not exactly fish; but we both caught cold, and I ain't got over mine yet."

A POLITICIAN'S CONFESSION.—A noted politician was recently caught by a friend in the act of perusing the Scriptures. Upon asking him what particular portion of the good book he had selected for examination, he replied with the utmost naïvete:

"I am reading the story about the loaves and fishes."

A GOOD RULE. A man who had climbed up a chestnut tree, had by carelessness missed his hold of one of the branches, and fell to the ground with such force as to break his ribs. A neighbor going to his assistance remarked that had he followed his rule in these cases, he would have avoided the accident. "What rule do you mean?" said the other, indignantly. "This,"—said the philosopher, "never come down a place faster than you go up."

PURITY OF HEART. Purity of heart is, of all virtues, the most elevated. A Greek maid being asked what fortune she would bring her husband, answered, "I will bring him what is more valuable than any treasure—a heart unspotted, and virtue without a stain, which is all that descended to me from my parents."

A WONDERFUL TELESCOPE. An Irishman was speaking of the excellence of a telescope. "Do you see that wee speck on the hill yonder? That, now, is my old pig, though it is hardly discernible, but when I look at him with my glass it brings him so near that I can plainly hear him grunt."

England, Ireland and Scotland have an aggregate population of about twenty seven millions. Out of this not more than six hundred thousand are allowed to vote.

The discoverer of Electro-magnetism is a black smith in Rhode Island; and the most learned linguist in the United States, is also a son of Vulcan, working at the anvil.