

# Highland Messenger.

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

VOLUME II—NUMBER 51.

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

### The Slighted One.

"Man was made to mourn."

**PERMITS.**  
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 10th Number from the time of subscribing. If these terms will, in all cases, be strictly adhered to.

**LAWS OF THE U. STATES.**  
Passed at the second Session of the 27th Congress.

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION.

[PUBLIC—No. 18.]

**AN ACT** to amend the act of the tenth of March, eighteen hundred and thirty-eight, entitled "An act to change the time of holding the circuit and district courts of Ohio."

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the term of the circuit and district courts of the United States, in the district of Ohio, now required by law to be held on the first Monday of July, annually, at Columbus, shall hereafter be held at the city of Cincinnati; and all process and recognizances, and other proceedings taken or made, or made returnable at Columbus, at the said July term next, shall be returnable at the said term at Cincinnati; and the said circuit and district courts shall have power, whenever, in the opinion of the Judge thereof, it may be necessary for the convenient administration of justice, to hold an adjourned term of said district court at the city of Cleveland, in said district, at such time as he may think proper; and the said district court may make all necessary rules for holding such adjourned term of said court, and for the proper return of process.

WILLIE P. MANGUM,  
President of the Senate pro tempore.

JOHN WHITE,  
Speaker of the House of Representatives.

Approved, June 1, 1842.

JOHN TYLER.

[PUBLIC—No. 19.]

**AN ACT** regulating commercial intercourse with the port of Cayenne, in the colony in French Guiana, and to remit certain duties.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the provisions of the act entitled "An act regulating the commercial intercourse with the islands of Martinique and Guadeloupe," approved on the ninth of May, eighteen hundred and twenty-eight, admitting French vessels coming from and laden with articles the growth and manufacture of either of the said islands, are hereby extended to the vessels of the same name coming from the port of Cayenne, in the colony of French Guiana, so as to admit said vessels coming directly from said port of Cayenne, and laden with articles the growth or manufacture of said colony which are permitted to be exported therefrom in American vessels, to admission into the ports of the United States on payment of no higher duties of tonnage, or on their cargoes, as aforesaid, than are imposed on American vessels, and on like cargoes therein imported: Provided, That if the President of the United States shall, at any time, receive satisfactory information that the privileges allowed to American vessels and their cargoes in the said colony of French Guiana, by the articles of the Governor bearing date the fifth of December, eighteen hundred and thirty-one, and the twenty-eighth of December, eighteen hundred and thirty-three, and by the tariffs and regulations in force in the colony, have been revoked or annulled, he is hereby authorized, by proclamation, to suspend the operations of this act, and withhold all privileges allowed under it.

Those, therefore, who give themselves up wholly to grief act an unnatural part. They do not subvert the purposes of their creation—they deny themselves the only consolation, apart from the brutes, which belongs to their physical nature. But such an individual will plead in extenuation of his monstrous and continued sorrow, that he has been visited by some "peculiar misfortune." That is no valid excuse. They cut off heads in France, and where is there a more merry and careless people? A Frenchman invited to a ball, though beheld in the afternoon, would take his head under his arm and go to the ball in the evening. Every misfortune is peculiar. Every source of unhappiness sends us bitter waters; otherwise it would not be unhappiness. But why permit grief to overcome you? You thus chase from you those resources which are calculated to alleviate your grief; for it remains to be as true now, as in the days of Collins, that "pale melancholy" sits retired. Nobody cares to meddle with her. They eye aches when it is fixed on impenetrable blackness, and turns for relief to the soft green of the soul—the those cheerful hillocks on which the sun-beams rest as they glance through the foliage of leaves and blossoms. The world shrinks from those who can impart no pleasure.

Many a fair one has given herself up to all-devouring grief on account of disappointment in love. "She has been disappointed," is supposed to be a sufficient reply, when the sad and downcast eye, the trembling lip, and pallid visage have drawn the attention of a stranger to some neglected, forlorn maiden, who shrinks from the gaze of others, and sits in a distant part of the room, wrapped in a speechless sorrow, "like patience on a monument."

We knew a light-hearted damsel once, who had the misfortune to fall in love.—She fancied one, who was in most respects her inferior, and certainly so in point of sincerity. She gave him her heart embalmed in sighs, and its incense went up to him like the perfume of a holocaust from the plains of Israel. In return, he gave her fair words. He was without feeling, but he could discourse; he had no heart, for nature had worked it all up into tongue, and like the tongue of the serpent, it wrought only venom on those who placed dependence on the words which flowed from it. The maid became attached to him. She supposed that his admiration was equal to hers. It was not his intention to dishonor her, for that would have involved the possession of some feeling on his part. He had none. His vanity was gratified by her love, and he permitted her to love on. Why she did love him, was difficult to tell. An ordinary person, set off by a fashionable dress, was all he could boast of. In the course of a few months he left her and sought another dove.

Here was food for sorrow. Here was a maid forsaken—true love crossed, and a real loving heart betrayed! The sickly pall of grief fell over her visage. Her bright eyes became dim and wandering.—Her head drooped, and she secretly seemed sen-

sible of the presence of others. Her response to their words was faint and low. She was like a fading flower whose stem was bruised.

The case was a desperate one; for who can administer to a mind diseased, and last of all, diseased by hopeless love? She loved to sit for hours together, by the side of a running brook, with her eyes fixed upon the stream; and if a cloud came over the sky, and the drops of rain began to fall, it was slowly and carelessly that she moved off to a retreat in the very heart of the grove, where the thicket was blackest and securest. There she would sit and weep. She would repeat the name of him who had deserted her, as if there were no other names more musical—she would bring before her mind's eye his features, as if there were no other features more comely—and would ponder upon the fine things he had said to her, as if more ingenious and pleasing things did not remain to be said.

Thus for eighteen months she lingered on refusing to be comforted, and whenever a word was drawn from her, it breathed only of hopelessness of her lot, and the wretchedness of blighted existence.

Remarkable as the fact may seem, her runaway lover having visited distant lands, and become eloyed by the vanities of this gay world, did, most unexpectedly, return to the town where the *Melancholy dove* abided, presented himself to her, and repeated his vows in truth and sincerity. In this event, there was more truth than poetry, and this may also be said of the substantial puddings and tarts which graced the board on their wedding day.

Now seven long years have passed, and our plaintive desolate heroine, counts four bouncing boys when she ranges the dishes on the table. She is a notable house-keeper; and if her husband intrudes too carelessly on a washing day, or is guilty of any other inadvertency which seems to invade her province, her voice is lifted up against him with no uncertain sound. For his part, he is a valiant trencher man, and an enterprising grocer. His wife is careful of the peace, and sees that nothing goes out of the family in a profuse manner. She likes her husband for just what he is worth; she thinks him a "good provider" and a decent sort of a body, but she wishes him to keep on his side of the house, and she will manage her own affairs. She is so sure that since her marriage she has seen fifty men as good as he—when she is particularly angry she says better.

Sad, sorrowful, pining, and melancholy maids, if you cannot get husbands, you are free from many cares and anxieties—rejoice. Have you been deserted by a lover? mourn not, but arouse and seek some other source of enjoyment; for the sorrow you feel is the grief of inexperience. Had you married him, a few years would have shown you that your fine faculties were but the dreams of ignorance, and that he for whom we now mourn, was worth just so much and no more.

**One too many.**

It is all very well to talk of native princes, and paint them (when speaking to those who know nothing about them) as great monarchs, arms with uncontrolled powers of life and death, possessed of revenues and jewels far beyond the most glittering hopes of Christian kings, surrounded by lovely nymphs, gorgeously attired ministers, and every luxury that can inflame the imagination. But their true position is little known, little cared for by the majority of our countrymen, or they would cease to envy the borrowed splendor of these potentates, who are in reality nothing more nor less than state prisoners, forbidden to issue a single edict, unable to stir from their palaces, without the permission of the British resident, who is placed by Government at the court of each of these petty princes, for the purpose of watching and keeping them in good order.

This officer is bound to see that the monarch's salary (for the nabab only receives a certain income from the East India Company in lieu of his extensive revenues) is properly expended; that he meddles with no political affairs; that he confers no honors, receives no guests, without the authority of the British ruler. In order to withdraw his mind from dwelling on what he is, and what he might be, the resident encourages the prince in giving fetes, flying kites, (this they actually do for thousands of pounds,) forming hunting parties, and making a great fuss about little affairs. To prevent his highness from bribing any one, the said officer has the charge of the royal jewels, which he only gives out on state occasions. He manages to employ one-third of the nabab's servants, and keeps the swarc (or train) of elephants in his own grounds. In a word, a sovereign prince, reigning over a territory in British India, has about as much power as a state prisoner in the Tower, who, though flattered by an outward and apparent respect, cannot command a single moment of real liberty.

The greatest difference, however, exists between these potentates and those who have refused to submit to our rule. I remember well a scene which passed with one of the latter, when I was secretary to the resident of Morshedabad. An envoy had arrived from the nabab of — to the British resident, his mission having for its object the cession of a considerable territory to the East India Company.

The utmost secrecy was to be observed: at single word betrayed might ruin the whole

## Law against idleness.

Herodotus tells us that it was one of the laws of ancient Egypt that every man was obliged, once a year, to explain to the Chief Magistrate of his District the means by which he obtained his subsistence. The refusal to comply with this ordinance, or the not being able to prove the obtaining of an honest livelihood, was a capital offence. Similar laws were enacted at Athens by Solon and Draco.

In looking over the old Plymouth Colony and Massachusetts Bay Laws we find several analogous to the Egyptian and Athenian edicts. The first was passed at a General Court, held 4th June, 1639, and is as follows: "For the preventing of idleness and other evils occasioned thereby, it is enacted by the Court, that the Grand Jurymen of every town, shall have power within their several townships, to take a special view and notice of all manner of persons, married or single, dwelling in their several towns, and are suspected to live idly and loosely, and to require an account of them how they live, and such as they find delinquent and cannot give a good account thereof unto them, they cause the Constable to bring them before the Governor and the Assistants at Plymouth, the first Court of Assistants, after such delinquents shall be found out, that such course may be taken with them as in the wisdom of the Governor shall be adjudged just and equal."

In 1671, the annexed law was promulgated against "mispending of time":

"It is enacted by this Court, &c., that no person, house-holder, or other, shall spend his time idly and unprofitably, under pain of such punishment as the court of assistants shall think meet to inflict; and the select men of the several towns are hereby required to give a list of names of such as mispend their time, whether house-holders or others; and of all single persons that live from under family government, or will not be governed by their parents or masters where they live, that so the courts may proceed with them as the case may require."

In 1720, the Legislature of Massachusetts passed a law to prevent idleness, &c., which empowered the selectmen or overseers of the poor, with the assistance of two justices of the peace, "to set to work all such persons, married, or unmarried, able of body, having no means to maintain them, that live idly; and use no ordinary and daily lawful trade or business to get their living by," and further declares, "no single person of either sex, under the age of twenty-one years, shall be suffered to live at their own hand, but under some orderly family government." However these laws might be regarded in general by the loafers of the present day, it is very certain that they were at that time and under that state of society, productive of eminent success.—*Savannah Georgian.*

**A REMINISCENCE.**—In the year 1809, (June 7th,) the House of Representatives, by a decided and almost rigidly Democratic vote, adopted the following resolution:

"Resolved, That the Secretary of the Treasury be directed to prepare and report to this House, at their next session, a plan for the application of such means as are within the power of Congress, for the purpose of protecting and fostering the manufactures of the United States, together with a statement of the several manufacturing establishments which have been commenced, the progress which has been made in them, and the success with which they have been attended, and such other information as, in the opinion of the Secretary may be material in exhibiting a general view of the manufactures of the United States."

On the adoption of this resolution, which completed a "plan" for "protecting and fostering the manufactures of the United States," the four Southern Atlantic States voted as follows:

Virginia : : : : : Yeas 12 : : : : Nays 9

N. Carolina : : : : : 8 : : : : : 3

S. Carolina : : : : : 6 : : : : : 1

Georgia : : : : : 1 : : : : : 3

Total : : : : : 27 : : : : : 16

Here we find the almost entire vote of South Carolina given in favor of a "plan," the object of which was to foster and protect the manufactures of the United States. Now the same State repudiates the Protective policy—declares it unconstitutional and advocates the wildest of all wild schemes, "Free Trade"—*Wayne Co. Ind. Rec.*

**OLD MAIDS.**—A sprightly writer expresses his opinion of old maids in the following manner, and we cannot but admit that there is much justice in his remarks:

"I am inclined to believe that many of the satirical aspersions cast upon old maids tell more to their credit than is generally imagined. Is a woman remarkably neat in her person? 'She will certainly be an old maid!' Is she particularly reserved towards the other sex? 'She has all the squeamishness of an old maid!' Is she frugal in her expenses, and exact in her domestic concerns? 'She is cut out for an old maid!' And if she is kindly humane to the animals about her, nothing can save her from the appellation of 'an old maid.' In short, I have always found that neatness, modesty, economy, and humanity, are the never failing characteristics of that terrible creature, 'an old maid!'"

**TRUE.**—An obstinate man does not hold opinions, but opinions hold him.

## AN INCIDENT IN GEORGIA.

Some two years ago the writer of this article stopped at a town in one of the Southern counties in Georgia. Strolling about, he entered the grave yard. From a small, but chaste marble obelisk, he read this inscription:

A  
MOTHER'S MEMENTO  
TO THE MEMORY OF AN ONLY SON  
WHO FELL AT THE MASSACRE  
OF  
FANNIN'S REGIMENT IN  
MEXICO.

He felt an interest to learn the history of its erection. The story was briefly this: A youth of nineteen, the only son of a widowed mother—a boy whom she loved with all the fondness of maternal affection—was returning to his home from the University of Virginia, at the time Fannin was raising his regiment of Georgians for the Texian service. With southern ardor, and with all the chivalrous recklessness of youth, he volunteered for the campaign. He bravely addressed a letter to his mother the day he embarked, informing her of his destination, and his hope of being instrumental in aiding the independence of Texans.

Judgment of the mother's feelings when she received this letter. Without an instant's hesitation she departed for Charleston, and sailed from thence to Galveston, in hopes to overtake her truant boy. Unfortunately the schooner lost her foremast; and when the mother reached Texas, she found the regiment had marched a week before the scene of conflict. News finally came of the capture of Fannin and his forces by the Mexican army. Then came the intelligence of their massacre, by order of the tyrant, Santa Ana. Her boy was in the front rank, and among the first that fell! For a time she was deprived of her senses, and when she finally recovered, with a broken heart, she returned to her home in Georgia. She erected this obelisk in the memory of her son; and one afternoon, a short time after returning from the church yard, she was found dead, sitting in her arm chair, holding the miniature of her boy.—The mother's troubles were over!—*N. Y. Aurora.*

**A stump candidate.**

The "Alton Telegraph" says that all the "Western eloquence" that goes the rounds of newspapers once in four or five years, is of eastern production, got up by soft heads which would be blown away if exposed to a prairie wind. But here is a production of pure western growth, which we think as deserving the attention of amateurs and connoisseurs as any thing in the speaking line which has fallen under our observation. We copy it from the Charleston (Coles Co., Ill.) Courier:

CICELIAN.

Fellow-citizens of Coles county, the towns of Charleston and Salisbury excepted, on my own hook, without any particular solicitation of friends, or dread of enemies, I, David Woodall, resident of the hills of Embarras, declare myself a candidate to represent you in the next Legislature of this State.

"Fortune favors the brave," is an old maxim, and it may be applicable to your humble servant. I am out on my hook—I am opposed to the dictation of the town of Charleston, and the rival village, the town of Salisbury; and for the satisfaction of my readers, for fear they should not know where the latter is, I will point it out and give its locality: It is situated on the borders of the great highway from Norfolk's mill to York, or to give a more lucid and clear description—it is in the vicinity of the celebrated Steam and Root Doctor, Peter Garrison. Both these towns are for Conventions to meet at these places to nominate candidates. I am unwilling to submit my claims to either of these rival villages. In due time I will canvass the county and make known my sentiments. I am opposed to every thing like a town or stage coach. Towns were wholly unknown to the ancient Greeks and Romans; they are the invention of modern Whiggery, and places where they keep banks. Our antediluvian fathers lived in tents and went barefooted, and I am decidedly in favor of these premature usages. I am opposed to steam-boats, steam doctors, and all labor saving machinery. I drink my own liquor, and claw my own tobacco; I have made arrangements with my friend, George Tiff, the distiller, to procure a supply for all my friends and voters. I am anti-temperance, and opposed to a man making a slave of himself to join the temperance society, another invention of modern Whiggery, a substitute for Coon Skins and hard cider. In conclusion, fellow-citizens, let me assure you, that had I lived in the days of the Revolution, a time which tried men's souls, I would have been found in the foremost ranks, and have fought, bled, and died for my country, which I am willing to do should an opportunity occur, and which I did show myself willing to do when a soldier in the Black Hawk war.

"Another word in regard to my sentiments: I am opposed to enforcing the payment of debts by law, and am for doing as our antediluvian forefathers did, without constable or sheriff. I am also in favor of an equal division of property among the people. Should any person wish to know my sentiments more fully, I will be found at my cabin, three miles East of Charleston, six miles North-West of Salisbury, and one mile South of Tiff's stillhouse. DAVID WOODALL.

## DEACONS OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

In the days of Baillie Nichol Jarvie's father, the office of the deacon was esteemed no mean distinction. Two worthy incumbents, not far from the banks of the Ayr, happened to be invested with the above named dignity on the same day. The more youthful of the two flew home to tell his young wife what an important prop of the civic edifice he had been allowed to become; and, searching the "butt and the ben" in vain, ran out to the byre, where, meeting the cow, he could no longer contain his joy, but in the fullness of his heart, clasped her round the neck, and it is even said kissed her, exclaiming, "Oh, Crumrie, Crumrie, ye're nae longer a common cow now—ye're the deacon's cow!" The elder civic dignitary was a sedate, pious person, and felt rather "blate" in showing to his wife that he was uplifted about this world's honors. As he thought, however, it was too good a piece of news to allow her to remain any time ignorant of, he lifted the latch of his own door, and, stretching his head inwards, "Nelly!" said he in a voice that made Nelly all ears and eyes, "Giff ony body comes spierin' for 'the deacon,' I'm just owre the gate at John Tamron's!"—*Ayr Advertiser.*

**APPRENTICES, LOOK AT THIS.**—Some years ago, there was a shoemaker boy in the lower part of Cumberland county, New Jersey, who was remarkable for his love of reading. All his leisure hours were employed with a book, while his companions were passing theirs in idleness or worse idleness—the celebration of Cripplemas.—At length he took his stick and bundle and started for the southwest. Time passed on and the studious shoemaker continued his studies with vigorous and unabated zeal.—His companions, intent upon their amusements, had almost forgotten him; they continued their devotions to their patron saint for the best part of their weeks, and plied the awl and thread for the balance, unheeded by others because unrespected by themselves. And thus they will continue to reap the bitter fruits of misspent youth, until a welcome grave closes over them.—While John Henderson, their fellow apprentice, with the same chances, but a higher aim, is one of Mississippi's honored Representatives in the Senate of the United States. We say, follow his example, persevere in it and your triumph is certain.

"I see the villain in your face," said a western judge to an Irish prisoner at the bar.—"May I please your worship," replied Pat, "that must be a personal reflection, sure."

## THE MOST UNDESIRABLE OF MEN.

Mr. B.—, the resident, received him with honor in the large hall of his magnificent mansion, where he ordinarily held his durwan, or court. It was a magnificent chamber, floored with marble, and fitted up with several European looking-glasses. To do honor to the guest these mirrors were now uncovered, and the mats which occasionally covered the floor, were rolled up, and placed in a corner of the room. The conference had begun. Several points had been mooted and settled, when I remarked the envoy had fixed himself steadily on one of the glasses, as if he beheld some object of interest in it. He, however, made no remark, and went on conversing. The interview was nearly over, when he slowly rose, and walked towards the corner of the room. He saw the surprise of Mr. B.—. He read his astonishment at this strange proceeding in the midst of an important discourse; but he calmly turned round, and remarked:

"You will excuse me, great sir, if I am mistaken. You will, I hope, pardon me if I am correct in my supposition, and agree with me that my present act is dictated by justice and prudence. Those high in position cannot be too cautious."

The resident stared, unable to comprehend the proceeding.

"I may be mistaken; but I think not," added the native chief. Then suddenly drawing his dagger, he plunged it into one of the rolls of matting. A hollow, a deep groan issued from it as he quickly repeated the blow. Then turning, with a look of triumph and satisfaction, to Mr. B.—, he quietly said, "I knew it was so."

"You have killed some one. I am sure that cry proceeded from no beast of prey. It was a human voice I heard."

"Precisely," replied the other, without changing a single muscle of his countenance.—"precisely," and he coolly unrolled the mat, in the centre of which a corpse lay weltering in its blood.

"What have you done? You have murdered him."

"By stopping the slave's mouth, I have saved the lives of thousands. He will never attempt to betray his master again," added he, spurning the body with his foot.

"But I see, great sir, you don't like the sight of the wretch. If so, do not let us think of this little incident any more; but, with your leave, we will adjourn to another room."

The resident assented. The cession of territory was agreed on. The dead black man was thrown into the Ganges. It would have been *impolitic* to have made any stir about the matter.

**DEACONS OF THE OLD SCHOOL.**—In the days of Baillie Nichol Jarvie's father, the office of the deacon was esteemed no mean distinction. Two worthy incumbents, not far from the banks of the Ayr, happened to be invested with the above named dignity on the same day. The more youthful of the two flew home to tell his young wife what an important prop of the civic edifice he had been allowed to become; and, searching the "butt and the ben" in vain, ran out to the byre, where, meeting the cow, he could no longer contain his joy, but in the fullness of his heart, clasped her round the neck, and it is even said kissed her, exclaiming, "Oh, Crumrie, Crumrie, ye're nae longer a common cow now—ye're the deacon's cow!" The elder civic dignitary was a sedate, pious person, and felt rather "blate" in showing to his wife that he was uplifted about this world's honors. As he thought, however, it was too good a piece of news to allow her to remain any time ignorant of, he lifted the latch of his own door, and, stretching his head inwards, "Nelly!" said he in a voice that made Nelly all ears and eyes, "Giff ony body comes spierin' for 'the deacon,' I'm just owre the gate at John Tamron's!"—*Ayr Advertiser.*

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**APPRENTICES, LOOK AT THIS.**—Some years ago, there was a shoemaker boy in the lower part of Cumberland county, New Jersey, who was remarkable for his love of reading. All his leisure hours were employed with a book, while his companions were passing theirs in idleness or worse idleness—the celebration of Cripplemas.—At length he took his stick and bundle and started for the southwest. Time passed on and the studious shoemaker continued his studies with vigorous and unabated zeal.—His companions, intent upon their amusements, had almost forgotten him; they continued their devotions to their patron saint for the best part of their weeks, and plied the awl and thread for the balance, unheeded by others because unrespected by themselves. And thus they will continue to reap the bitter fruits of misspent youth, until a welcome grave closes over them.—While John Henderson, their fellow apprentice, with the same chances, but a higher aim, is one of Mississippi's honored Representatives in the Senate of the United States. We say, follow his example, persevere in it and your triumph is certain.

"I see the villain in your face," said a western judge to an Irish prisoner at the bar.—"May I please your worship," replied Pat, "that must be a personal reflection, sure."

**THE MOST UNDESIRABLE OF MEN.**

Mr. B.—, the resident, received him with honor in the large hall of his magnificent mansion, where he ordinarily held his durwan, or court. It was a magnificent chamber, floored with marble, and fitted up with several European looking-glasses. To do honor to the guest these mirrors were now uncovered, and the mats which occasionally covered the floor, were rolled up, and placed in a corner of the room. The conference had begun. Several points had been mooted and settled, when I remarked the envoy had fixed himself steadily on one of the glasses, as if he beheld some object of interest in it. He, however, made no remark, and went on conversing. The interview was nearly over, when he slowly rose, and walked towards the corner of the room. He saw the surprise of Mr. B.—. He read his astonishment at this strange proceeding in the midst of an important discourse; but he calmly turned round, and remarked:

"You will excuse me, great sir, if I am mistaken. You will, I hope, pardon me if I am correct in my supposition, and agree with me that my present act is dictated by justice and prudence. Those high in position cannot be too cautious."

The resident stared, unable to comprehend the proceeding.

"I may be mistaken; but I think not," added the native chief. Then suddenly drawing his dagger, he plunged it into one of the rolls of matting. A hollow, a deep groan issued from it as he quickly repeated the blow. Then turning, with a look of triumph and satisfaction, to Mr. B.—, he quietly said, "I knew it was so."

"You have killed some one. I am sure that cry proceeded from no beast of prey. It was a human voice I heard."

"Precisely," replied the other, without changing a single muscle of his countenance.—"precisely," and he coolly unrolled the mat, in the centre of which a corpse lay weltering in its blood.

"What have you done? You have murdered him."

"By stopping the slave's mouth, I have saved the lives of thousands. He will never attempt to betray his master again," added he, spurning the body with his foot.

"But I see, great sir, you don't like the sight of the wretch. If so, do not let us think of this little incident any more; but, with your leave, we will adjourn to another room."

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