

THE MESSENGER.

VOL. III.—NUMBER 2.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., JULY 22, 1842.

WHOLE NUMBER 106.

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SALISBURY FACTORY.
This Establishment is in complete operation. The company are manufacturing Cotton yarn, Sheetings, Shirtings, and Osnaburg, of a superior quality, which they offer to the public at the lowest market prices. Merchants, and others, who will examine qualities, and compare prices, will find it to their interest to purchase.
Address, J. RHODES BROWNE, Agt.
Salisbury, Rowan Co., July 1, 1842. 104

Fourth Division.
HEAD QUARTERS,
Brownsville, June 30th, 1842.

GENERAL ORDERS—No. 2.
The Colonels commanding the different Regiments attached to the 19th Brigade, are hereby commanded to have their Regiments at their usual places of Regimental muster, prepared for inspection and review on the following days:
The Cherokee Regiment, 20th August.
9th Regiment, 25 "
8th " 29 "
6th " 30 "
4th " 31 "
By order of Major General A. F. Gaston.
A. T. DAVIDSON, Aide de Camp.
JNO. SEAWELL BROWN, Camp.

The Rev. ALBERT SMEDES,
Late of the City of New York.

HAVING opened his School for Young Ladies in the spacious and finely situated buildings, recently occupied by the Episcopal School in Raleigh, is prepared to receive accessions to the number of his pupils. It is his sincere conviction, that the advantages of this Institution, in respect to its order and discipline, to the health comfort and happiness of its pupils, to their cultivation of every graceful and ornamental accomplishment, and to their physical, literary and religious improvement, cannot be surpassed in any similar Establishment in the United States. The Right Rev. L. S. Ives, D. D. is ex officio, Visitor of the Institution.
The Rev. ALBERT SMEDES is the Rector and Proprietor. An experienced French Government teacher in the family, and every effort is made to encourage the Pupils to converse in the French Language.
The Department of music is under the care of M. BRANDT, an accomplished musician, who also resides in the Institution.
In his notice of this School, in his late Address to his Convention, our Bishop thus remarks: "All we ask for its success, is the patronage which the Institution may deserve. It has been established by individual enterprise, and rests upon individual responsibility. The Church, however, is not without a deep interest in its prosperity, which, I doubt not, her members will duly recognize, by securing for their children the benefits which have thus been provided for them at some risk, and self sacrifice."
Pupils, remaining during vacations, will be required to pay \$2.50 per week for their board.
Mr. SMEDES refers to the following gentlemen as his Board: Hon. Geo. E. Badger, Hon. John H. Bryan, Gen. Saml. E. Patterson, Wm. H. Hayes, Wood, Jr. Esq., and Major Charles L. Hinton.
Raleigh, June 24th, 1842. 91 105

For Board and Tuition, in English, \$100 per Session. For French \$12.50; for Latin \$25.00; For Painting and drawing \$15.00 per Session—all payable in advance.
Young Ladies furnish only Bedding and Towels.
The year consists of two sessions, the former commencing May 15th and terminating Nov. 24; the latter commencing Nov. 25th. Pupils, who enter the Institution after the first month of a session has expired, will be charged only for the date of their entrance.
Pupils, remaining during vacations, will be required to pay \$2.50 per week for their board.
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Raleigh, June 24th, 1842. 91 105

VALUABLE FOR SALE!
THE subscriber respectfully informs the public that he wishes to dispose of his property in Asheville, recently purchased from Col. Chunn. It is a beautiful and handsome situation for any gentleman wishing an up-country residence, and is susceptible of very neat and handsome improvement. The subscriber would here say, that he has already on hand all the materials necessary to any improvement that might be desired by the purchaser, which he will furnish on terms more easy and reasonable, than can be had from any one else in the country. It is unnecessary to give a description of the premises, as it will be entirely convenient for any one wishing to purchase, to see the property at any time, by either calling upon Dr. Hardy or Nicholas W. Woodfin, Esq., who are authorized to make a sale. The terms will be either one-third in cash, with a credit of three years for the balance, or, if the purchaser should prefer it, a credit of two years will be given on the whole amount, which may be secured to the subscriber, by bond and security from the purchaser, together with a lien upon the property.
Wm. F. McKESSON.
Asheville, June 17, 1842. 84-103

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA,
MACON COUNTY.

Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions,
JUNE SESSIONS, 1842.

THOS. RATCLIFF, Original Attachment
vs.
JOSEPH HICKS, levied on land and debts
in hands of garnishees.

The defendant is hereby notified to be and appear before the Justices of said county, at the next court to be held for Macon county, at the court house in Franklin, on the second Monday in September next, and there to reply and plead to issue, also judgment of condemnation will be entered against the property levied on, and debts in the hands of the garnishees.
Witness, J. K. GRAY, clerk of said court, at office, the second Monday before the last Monday in June, 1842.
J. K. GRAY, Clerk.
Pr. adv. \$5 50. 64w 104

Stray.
Taken up by Joseph G. Lusk, on the 25th of June, 1842, one DARK BAY ROAN MARE, with three white feet, black main and tail; some sign of the saddle on the back, a small star in the face; with a small blaze down to the nose; with some white on the inside of the right hind leg near the foot; about fourteen hands and three inches high; supposed to be eight years old last spring; repaired to be worth thirty-seven dollars. Taken up on Spring Creek, eight miles south of the Warm Springs.
R. P. WELLS, Ranger.
July 8, 1842. 105

MISCELLANEOUS.

**Hard times;
OR, PRACTICAL ECONOMY.**
BY MRS. THAYER.

One evening Edward Landon returned from his business, wearied and harassed in mind and body by the daily increasing difficulties that hung like a storm cloud over all persons engaged in trade. Stoppage had occurred in houses hitherto supposed to stand so firm as to defy all times, however unfavorable. Merchants met as usual, it is true, on 'change, but the bustling activity that formerly characterized such meetings, was exchanged for suspicious whisperings and anxious looks. Confidence between man and man was shaken, and nothing was heard but the cry of "hard times." Edward returned home on the evening alluded to, his spirits more than usually depressed, which even the happy home that welcomed him, the affectionate smiles of his wife, or the joyful voices of his children could raise. Ellen, with the quick eye of affection, detected the change in her husband, but waited patiently till the little ones had gone to bed, and then addressed him—

"What ails my husband to-night: what has happened to make him so dull?"
"Ellen, have you courage to bear a reverse of fortune?"
"I have courage to bear any thing with you and for you."

"God bless you, dear one! But you know little of the bitter reality of poverty."
"My husband forgets that it was his generous love that rescued me from poverty."
"Not such poverty, Ellen, as I fear you must now learn to bear. You have never wanted the comforts and even the elegancies of life. You have never lived without a servant."

"But I can, Edward. Whenever you tell me that it is necessary, you shall see that I can live without a servant. Have no fear for me; you know how bravely I can work. Do not explain your difficulties to me; let me know all the evil that you dread; keep back nothing. It is a mistaken kindness which leads a man, from fear of giving pain to his wife, to conceal from her the state of his affairs; or from a want of confidence in her strength of mind, to allow her to continue in a course of thoughtless extravagance, which hastens the evils he would conceal. Many failures might be avoided, if men would but be more communicative to their wives, and not keep every thing locked up within their own bosoms, because 'women don't understand such things.' They can learn to understand them, at any rate; and men would find their advantage in teaching them. A true-hearted woman cannot but feel interested for her husband. She will gratefully receive his confidence, and if she does not at first understand the technicalities of business, she will have an incentive to learn, that she may advise with her husband upon what equally concerns both. Open your heart to me, Edward; tell me all your troubles, and you shall see how, woman though I be, I will meet them unflinchingly."

"Why, Ellen, you are really eloquent. You shall know all. I will never keep any thing from you. There is a rumor abroad of an extensive failure in the city, which, if it proves true, will be inevitably followed by many others. I know that in that case, Henry's ruin is certain, and my business is so connected with his, that mine must shortly follow. My only hope now is that the report may prove false."

"Can nothing be done? Cannot the warning you have received be turned to account?"
"No, nothing can be done, unless I can raise a sum of money sufficient to answer the demands which will be immediately made upon me, and at the present crisis that is impossible."

"We can at least reduce our household expenses, and be prepared for the worst."
"Well, you understand about that better than I do: I leave it all to your judgment."

What a blessing is a good wife!—Well may they be called a crown to their husband. Edward's heart seemed lightened of half its burden, after his conversation with Ellen. A good night's rest restored his usual spirits and decision of character. He left his home in the morning, his mind relieved to meet the difficulties that threatened him, and to overcome or bear them manfully.—Well for him that he was so prepared, for he had trials to encounter that called for the firmness of which he was master. The report of the preceding day was too soon confirmed. The distress which ensued may be imagined. Hundreds whose prospects a few months before had been bright, were involved in utter ruin. Henry's failure, as Edward anticipated, soon followed, and his own came quickly after. So far the situation of the brothers was similar; their fortunes lost, their prospects darkened; a like gloomy fate seemed to hold them in thrall. But in Edward's heart there was a joy unknown to that of his brother, in the thought of his wife, his Ellen, who in weal or woe, he knew would ever smile his welcome home: Of her cheerful resignation to whatever fortune awaited them, he was equally certain, and this assurance kept alive hope in his soul. Already his fancy was sketching plans for the future, when his brother entered, his pale and haggard looks proclaimed the warfare within. He spoke as he entered—

"Oh, Edward, this is dreadful! What are we to do?"
"Do! why, as other men do, who are similarly situated. We have the consolation of knowing that no dishonor attaches to our name. We are unfortunate; but let us not despair; brighter days will come."

"But our families, Edward: what will become of them?"
"Why, Henry, this is unlike you. Are our families the only ones who, amid this general distress, experience a reverse of fortune? Cheer up, my brother; we must, as the song says, 'try again.'"
"How can you, Edward, talk so calmly upon such a subject? I thought you loved your family."

"And do I not love them? For my children, I would peril my life; and my wife, my beautiful devoted Ellen! Henry, if you knew the consolation she has afforded me during these trying times—the firmness, the fortitude she has displayed, when with faltering tongue I have told her my fears: her generous self-denials. If you knew my wife, you would not ask if I loved her."

"How then can you speak so calmly of distress, beneath which she may sink?"
"Because I know that she will not sink beneath it. I have unbounded confidence in her. You will see how she will meet the distress of which you speak. Thoughts of her children's blighted prospects may for a moment cause her lip to tremble, and a tear to dim her eye, but it will be only for a moment that she will allow regret for the past to hinder exertion for the future. Come let us go home."

"I cannot go home. Would that I could feel the same confidence in Amelia, that you do in your wife. I dread seeing her. I dread the burst of grief that will follow the announcement of our misfortune. I cannot go home. I cannot hear her reproaches."

"Reproaches! surely, Henry, you do your wife injustice. She cannot reproach you for the misfortunes which you had not the power to avert. She cannot be so unjust, so unfeeling."
"I do not know that it could be called unjust. You know Amelia had a handsome fortune from her father. It is but natural she should feel the loss."

"Undoubtedly she must feel it, but she must also feel that it is as great to you as to herself. Moreover no blame attaches to you."

Edward's representations were in vain; he could not prevail upon his brother to go home, until he offered to accompany him, and break the intelligence to Amelia. I will not attempt to describe the scene that followed her becoming acquainted with her husband's failure, and loss of property.—She absolutely raved, accused him of swindling and robbing her; called upon him to restore her fortune, to give her back her situation in society; declared that she would not live to be scorned and mocked at by her former friends. Henry at first endeavored to calm her, to represent to her his own innocence. She would not listen to him, and finally wearied and despairing, he seated himself, and bore in silence the reiteration with which she loaded him.

Edward turned with pity and disgust from the scene, and hastened to his own home. There all was peace. Though the whole world was dark and the horizon black with gathering clouds, there shone within his quiet home the undying light of affection.

Ellen had heard the bad news before he arrived, and was prepared to soothe and comfort him. She was not insensible to the extent of their misfortunes, nor the trials which awaited them, but she had been early taught to bow her head in uncomplaining resignation to whatever her Heavenly Father sent. The lessons learned from the lips and practice of a tenderly beloved mother were not forgotten in the hour of trial. She thought of her children deprived of the advantages which wealth procures, and she wept. Then came thoughts of her husband, of his disappointed hopes, of the disgrace which she feared his quick sense of honor would attach to this failure, how much he would need support and comfort; and she knelt at the footstool of her God and prayed for strength, not only to bear own trials, but alleviate those of her husband. As she prayed a calm fell upon her heart, and the remembrance of many blessings still mercifully spared to them, arose before her; and prayer commenced in supplication, was ended in thanks and praise.

She sought her children, and went with them to the little parlor, where, at evening, Edward was accustomed to find his family. She arranged the room to give it its ordinary appearance, drew up her work table to the fire, as if she had been employed as usual; and then joined the sports of her children.

Ellen was thus employed, when Edward entered. For a moment he had hesitated before opening the door. He heard the merry voices of his little children, and sweet tones of his wife. They were happy, and he must mar their happiness. His thoughts were becoming extremely painful, his oldest child asked his mother, "what father staid away so late for?" The answer determined him. "Your father, my child, will soon come, I hope. I cannot think why he stays so late,—then continuing, as if to herself, 'He surely does not doubt me; he cannot fear to tell me what has happened. I trust his confidence in me is not weakened.' Edward now opened the door, and she rose to meet him. "I am so glad you have come home," she said; "I know all, and am ready to redeem my promise, to bear any reverse of fortune for and with you. I have already given the servants warning. Poor things! I felt more for them at that moment than for my-

self. They all begged, that if I ever required them again, they might come back. I promised what they asked, but at the same time told them I had no idea that I should ever be in a situation to take them again. You shall see what a nice housewife I shall make."

The husband could not speak; a silent pressure of the hand he held in his, was the only answer.

A new way to raise the wind.
A young man in this city, several years since, found that his desires for the good things of this life, far exceeded his pecuniary means, and his credit like his coat, had become so threadbare that it was nothing worth. In fact no one was willing to trust, and so one day finding himself without a shot in the locker, he hit upon the following expedient to make a raise. On an open lot, in a part of the city where there were frequent passers by, lay a large heap of stones. To this place he repaired early one morning, with half a dozen stout Dutchmen whom he set to work removing the stones. With coat off, and shirt sleeves rolled up, he bustled about superintending them. As his friends passed by they looked and wondered. Every one wished to know what he was going to do? "Do," said he, "why don't you see, I am going to build; I'll have one of the finest houses in the city, in three months."

Fortunately the owner of the property was absent, and our friend was not disturbed in his plans. At night he paid off his Dutchmen with promises, and went his way. But the news had spread among his acquaintances like wildfire, that he had met with some good luck; nobody could tell exactly how, and that he was going to build a house, marry a wife, and settle down for life. The tradesmen were profuse in their offers of credit to any amount he might wish, and he as a matter of course availed himself of their kindness to a considerable amount.—He lived in clover for a few weeks, and then with a first rate outfit took his departure down the river. He has re-visited his native city several times since, and if any of his acquaintances chanced to ask him when his house would be finished, he would place his thumb upon his nose, and a gentle wave of his extended fingers would indicate that they had been gammoned.—Pittsburg Mor. Chronicle.

"GOING IT ALONE."—One of the Santa Fe prisoners, a Mexican named Martias Dias, arrived in this city a day or two since having made his escape from the calaboose in Santa Fe, in April, and then travelling the entire distance to Independence, Mo., across the prairie without a soul to accompany him!
According to his own story, he was at first liberated after the other prisoners were sent on towards the city of Mexico, as were also several other Mexicans who accompanied the expedition as servants. One of them had some ill-will towards Martias, and manifested it by informing the authorities that he was a regular Texian soldier, and had served a long time on the Mexican frontier with Col. Hayes in his spy company—a statement which was strictly true.

Upon this he was arrested, and confined during the winter in the calaboose at Santa Fe. In April, through some friends he obtained tools, and finally succeeded in digging out of his prison. By keeping hid in the day time, and travelling altogether at night he succeeded in reaching Taos, suffering greatly for want of food. At this place he took, without leave, a horse and mule, and being an excellent woodsman, and knowing the course towards the great Missouri trail he took that direction, and finally found it before reaching Bent's Fort, high up on the Arkansas. All this while he was without any other food than roots and herbs, had no arms, and with hardly any clothes to his back.

On one occasion, some thirty or forty Indians discovered him and made chase, but being on foot, they were unable to overtake him. On reaching Bent's Fort he obtained a supply of provisions and resumed his journey, finally reaching Independence, Mo., after a journey of twenty-six days. If his story is correct, he is probably the first traveller who has ever "gone it alone" across the immense prairies of the West; and how he escaped starving to death, or being picked up by the Comanches or Pawnees is almost a miracle.

Martias informed us that he heard it reported by his guard, at Santa Fe, that the traitor Lewis had been driven from Chihuahua by the foreigners there, several attempts having been made to his life which were unsuccessful. He had gone in the direction of the Pacific, where he was not known, and was probably at Senora. Lewis was well known at Chihuahua, having lived there several years previous to 1836—the year he first came to Texas.—N. O. Picayune.

In Manchester, the principal manufacturing town in England, there recently 2,600 families without a bed among them, and 8,600 persons were employed at twenty-six cents a week! Thus it is by the suffering and misery of the thousands the few lordling aristocrats of England are pampered and supported with luxurious enjoyment.—Delaware Rep.

Commodore Charles W. Morgan, commanding the United States squadron in the Mediterranean, was married in Marseilles, on the 7th ult., to Miss Julia Rich, daughter of the American Consul at Port Mahon.

Machine Poetry.
Attach the name of Hook to the subjoined article, and it would travel the rounds of the American periodicals, magazines and reviews; but as it is the production of "only an American," it has been honored by scarcely a half dozen Editors. In our opinion, Hook never penned any thing that contained a moiety of the merit found in this article from the pen of Mr. Nichols; and it is but one of the many gems that weekly flow from the same fount.

RHYME WITHOUT REASON.
A pretty deer is dear to me,
A hare has downy hair,
I love a hart with all my heart,
But who can bear a bear?
'Tis plain that no one takes a plane
To pare a pair of pears;
A rake, though, often takes a rake
And tears away the tares
That grow a grain against a grain,
Not caring for his cares.
A man, in writing 'rite,' may write
It right, and still be wrong;
For 'rite nor right, are either right,
And don't to Wright belong.
Beer often brings a bear to man—
Coughing a coffee brings,
And too much ale will make us ail,
As well as some other things.
That person lies who says he lies
When he is but reclining;
And when consumptive folks decline,
They all decline declining.
A quail won't quit amidst a storm,
A lough will bow before it;
We cannot rein the rain at all—
No earthly power reigns o'er it.
The dyer dyes a while, then dies—
To dye he's always trying,
Until upon his dying bed,
He thinks no more of dyeing.
The meet that man should mete out meat,
To feed misfortune's son;
The fair should fare on love alone,
Else one cannot be won.
A lass, alas! is sometimes false—
Of fault a maid is made—
Her waist is but a barren waste—
Though staid she is not staid.
The springs spring forth in spring and shoots
Shoot forward one and all;
Though summer kills the flowers, it leaves
The leaves to fall in fall.

I would a story here commence,
But you might find it stale,
So let's suppose that we have reached
The tail end of our tale.

The Presidency.
The "Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat," in stating that Mr. Calhoun's friends have put him in the field, notices a fact which has not, hitherto, attracted our attention. His friends, it says, have published a pamphlet in Washington, to help on his nomination, which has been scattered all over the Northern States, under the frank of Southern Loco Foco members of Congress, and from which the "Democrat" makes the following extract:

"As much as we may respect Mr. Van Buren, yet his imme, if rallied on again, would awake all the bitter prejudices that were enlisted in the last conflict. The personal pride of hundreds and thousands would be inclined to revolt under the sneers of those who would artfully reproach them for their want of consistency. We would be forced back, to a great extent, upon the old position of 1840. It would show more wisdom and policy in us to take the present issue, forcing the Federalists upon their measures, and thus compelling them to fight upon the defensive. Going into the contest under such circumstances, we could then spread out the glorious banner of the Constitution, with *Monopolies to none, Free Trade and equal rights to all*, beaming and flashing over its broad folds—and you would soon see the beacon fires of a deceived and indignant people kindling over a thousand hills throughout this wide spread land, and whilst it would not be long before the shouts of victory and triumph would proclaim to the world that the Goths and Vandals were driven from the Temple of our Liberties, and that the Republic was once more safe."

"Now the great question is, who can embody our principles? Who shall be the standard bearer of the Republican party in this great contest? Who will lead on our strength with most power?"
"We have one man eminently qualified for such a position. His age—his long and distinguished service—his thorough knowledge of our system of government—his splendid genius and spotless character—all make JOHN C. CALHOUN a man suited for this conflict."

Are you there, old True-penny? What—hold a caucus of a few members of Congress, without letting Col. Benton, Mr. Buchanan, and the real Democracy know it, and without giving Col. Johnson a white man's chance—and issue a manifesto, which never touches ground until it reaches Rochester, on the far side of New York, telling the people that Mr. Van Buren, and all the Democratic leaders are too weak to run, and that Mr. Calhoun, who so lately left the Whig ranks that Blair, of the "Globe," is obliged to keep guard on his tongue lest he should call him *Cataline* whenever he salutes him, is the only man for Democracy in this conflict! "Gentlemen, there's cheating round the board." Judge Saunders' Salisbury letter gave an inkling of this preference, but this is the first intimation of a caucus movement, of a section of the party! They are, however, in part right. The people have a vivid recollection of the evils brought upon them by Mr. Van Buren; though we have no doubt that Messrs. Brown, Strange, and their associates, consider all this as mere matter of moonshine, in comparison with what Democracy will have to swallow in Mr. Calhoun, when his political history comes to be examined.—Raleigh Register.

A Herd of Buffaloes.

It is said that a Yankee's ingenuity is adequate to any emergency, and whether coaxing a constabulary out of Congress, or catching goons, his brain ever teems with some huge plan, to circumnavigate the globe in anti-dispeptic pills. Some such ungodly scheme must have entered into the head of the hunters having possession of the buffalo herd now in this city. The history of their taking, as gathered from the owner is substantially as follows:

In April, 1841, a "native" residing somewhere this side of sun down, in Missouri, gathered together a company of seventeen men, twelve horses, four wagons, and fifty cows and calves, with an intent to traverse the immense plain near the Rocky Mountains, in search of young buffaloes.

After reaching the scene of operations, the hunters would select half a dozen of the fleetest horses and dash off, Arab-like to the plain. Espying a herd, they would hold up and cautiously approach the animals, keeping well to the leeward, as seamen say, to prevent the animals from taking alarm, which they usually do when the hunter is to windward. Once near enough, a rush is made among the herd, and by means of lassos, the Mexican mode of catching cattle with a rope, several of the creatures would be secured. The hunters aimed at the calves but if they missed them and happened to catch a tartar, that was likely to prove an ugly customer, the rifle was brought into request immediately, and the animal dispatched.

Such of the young as were secured would be taken to the encampment and domesticated by killing a calf belonging to one of the cows which they took with them, on their departure from home—the cow and her young offspring, at the same time, having been fastened to a stake to prevent escape. In a week the young buffalo would become so much attached to "mully," that it would be loosened and suffered to run at large with the cow, and from that time the two were inseparable. In this manner, after a period of four months, the whole were taken and domesticated. In a few weeks they will reach New York where if not disposed of, they will be shipped to Europe.

A TARIFF.—Mr. Arnold, of Tenn., recently stated a curious piece of history, in a speech in the House of Representatives. The Locofocos may be benefited by the light of reminiscence:

In 1823, there was an exciting contest for the election of U. S. Senator in Tennessee, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the expiration of Col. John William a term of service, Col. W. being a candidate for reelection. The Colonel, however, was an anti-tariff man, and therefore unpopular in many parts of Tennessee, and for the purpose of defeating him, Gen. Andrew Jackson was brought into the field—brought forward, (says Mr. Arnold,) "as I understood, as a protective tariff man," and the General, after a violent and close contest, was elected; and he did, what was expected of him—he voted, as did his colleague and bosom friend, Maj. Eaton, for the tariff of 1824, and it is said for the highest rates of duties proposed while the bill was in progress. In 1828, Gen. Jackson referred to these votes as an exposition of the opinions which he then held upon the subject. And yet, we are now told, that protection to domestic manufactures, whether direct or incidental, is a federal measure, which every "Democrat" is bound to oppose!

We have been not a little amused at an authentic account of a late interview between Col. Benton and the Postmaster General. Mr. B. walked to the department, and sent his name to the Postmaster General. "Show him in," said Mr. Wickliffe. Mr. B. strode in with even more than his usual swagger, and demanded, in a blustering and peremptory tone, the examination of certain papers. "You cannot see them sir," quietly remarked Mr. Wickliffe. "Why not?" almost roared Mr. Benton; "is it not the practice to allow gentlemen to examine the papers on file in the department?" "Yes, always," said Mr. Wickliffe, "but I shall not let you see them."

Mr. Benton thereupon rose and left the room in a tremendous rage, leaving the Postmaster General as calm and cool as a morning zephyr.—Louisville Jour.

The British Manufactures are counterfeiting the cotton fabrics of our Lowell Manufactories, in order to enable them to compete with us in foreign markets, where the duty is the same.

EQUIVOCAL.—"Boy, who do you belong to?" asked a gentleman the other day as he stepped on board a steamboat and saw a "darker" listlessly leaning on the guards.
"I did b'long to massa William, sir, when I come aboard; but he's been in de cabin playing poker wid de captain 'bove a hour; I don't know who I b'long to now."

"I am so tired," said the big wheel to the little one. "Who spoke?" said the little wheel to the cart. "Not me—I always hold my tongue," said the cart turning round the corner.—Boston Post.

The fellow who wrote that is not "up to the hub." A cart never has a tongue.—[Baltimore Sun.]
Did the nunny ever see an ox cart?—[Baltimore Clipper.]
Wheel away these jokes, and bar them up. We'll have that Boston Post man painted green.—[N. Y. Aurora.]