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HIGHLAND MESSENGER.

A STREET BEFRE

had lately ! Fine time for fallowing up

land ! But, alas ! most of our farmers

through this country seem not to think of

ploughing until Murch or April, when it is

tco late to insure a good crop. Corn land

should always be ploughed if possible, in

the fall or early in the winter. One good

ploughing between the first of October and

the first of February is worth two in the

months of March and April. A farmer

will always be well repaid for ploughing his

corn land twice, and harrowing once, be-

fore planting, especially if the first plough-

Friday, February 10, 1848.

the capitol than with electricity, and partly to the fact that any and all appropriations of this character are apt to be laid hold of by aspiring demagogues at home and used to the prejudice of those voting in favor of them.

Typographical Very amusing typogra phical blunders will now and then occur in spite of the best proof-readers. The Belap (N. H.) Gazette speaks of Gen. Mc. as the gallant " bottle-scarred sol-" The writer probably intended to 07 What nice, warm, dry weather we say " battle-scarred,"-Sat. Courier.

of individuals.

07 Senator BAGBY, of Alabama, has been prevented from reaching Washington to attend the present session of Congress, by an indisposition produced by intemperance. The correspondent of the Mobile Advertiser says in conclusion of his remarks on that subject, " he is now recovering, and it is thought will be able to proceed to Washington in time to receive his mileage

ing be done in the fall. Oat, wheat or rye stubble turned under oon after the crop is taken off, will tend

greatly to improve the land. Always have a shelter for your stock cattle and a stable for your milk cows in the winter, if you wish to have " good luck" with the one and good milk from the latter. The manure saved in this way, will soon pay the cost of preparing the shelters. But we might almost as well " sing psalms to a dead borse as talk this way to most of North Carolina farmers-they are " too busy" to attend to such little matters.

ELECTRO-MAGNETIC TELEGRAPHS.

The committee to whom the subject was referred in Congress, have reported a bill to appropriate thirty thousand dollars for the purpose of testing the practicability and usefulness of the system of electro-magnetic Telegraphs, invented by Professor Monse, of New York, by constructing a line between such points and of such length, as will give the system a fair trial. Testimonials of the excellency of Mr. Morse's system, and of its superiority over all others which have been tried, are furnished in abundance, both from Europe and America. It is heartily approved by many of the most divers philosophical and literary societies of England and France. The idea of conveying intelligence by means of electricity has been entertained since the days of FRANK-LIN, but in two instances alone has any system been brought into successful operation. The plan of Professor Wheatstone has been for some time in operation under the Goverament of England, and readily and al. most instantaneously conveys intelligence to a distance of two hundred miles. Ano. ther system is in operation under the auspices of the Bayarian Government, and both of these, it is said, succeed well, though regarded as decidedly inferior to the one invented by Professor Morse. We hope that proper attention will be given this subject by the present Congress, as it is unquestionably one of great importance to the country, and one which we doubt not can be made abundantly successful. Thirty thousand dollars we regard as a small sum to be appropriated for this purpose ; though, perhaps, the Professor will be able, even with it, to demonstrate the practicability and utility of his plan. On subjects like this, our National Legislature has always, we think, been rather slow to act. To be sure we would not wish them to rush precipitatetly into appropriations of the public funds for any purpose ; but when scientific improvements which promise great good to the country are established almost beyond the reach of doubt itself, we see no reason why Congress should hesitate to act at once-promptly and efficiently. A mere chance alone has already prevented our being deprived of the advantages of Professor Monse's invention while its benefits would have been enjoyed by England ; and this, too, in consequence of a neglect on the part of Congress to give the subject proper attention when it was presented by the Professor in 1838. What has been the reason of the slowness of action which has too often characterised Congress on subjects like this, is hard to divine .---Parhaps it has been owing partly to the fact the members have been much better acquainted with the nature and properties of certain fluids kept about the restaurants of

In these " diggins" the former appella-tion would be quite appropriate to a number

for going and returning."

Death of an Editor We regret to learn that Mr. T. W. WHITE, so long and so favorably known as the editor of the Southern Literary Messenger, departed this life on the 19th ult.

RICHARD ALLEN, Esq., a very worthy citizen of Henderson county in this State, was recently killed by the fall of a tree .-He had walked out into his field while the wind was blowing very hard, and either a wind was blowing very hard, and either a go clean to his house. I'spect he's heard tree entire or a limb struck him and pro- that Brushy Creek Ned is here with his fidduced instant death.

JAMES CALHOUN, Esq., brother of the Hon. J. C. Calhoun, lately died at his residence in Abbeville District, S.C.

The Southern Planter .---- We have received the first number of an agricultural paper bearing the above title, published at Augusta, Ga, by Messrs. J. W. & W. S. Jones. It is published semi-monthly at one dollar per annum, invariably in advance. We will publish the prospectus hereafter.

67 Gov. MOREHEAD has summoned his council to convene in Raleigh on the 9th day of February, to advise with him in the appointment of members of the Literary and ternal Improvement Boards

MISCELLANEOUS.

Polly Peablossom's wedding. " My stars ! that parson is powerful slow a coming. I reckon he wan't so tedious getting to his own wedding as he is coming here," said one of the bridesmaids of Miss Polly Peablossom, as she bit her lips to make them rosy, and peeped into a small looking glass for the twentieth time.

"He preaches enough about the shortess of a lifetime," remarked another pouting Miss; "and how we ought to improve our opportunities, not to be creeping along like a snail, when a whole wedding party is waiting for him, and the waffles are get-ting cold and the chickens burning to a crisp.

"Have patience girls, may be the man's lost his spurs and can't get along any faster was the consolatory appeal of an arch look. ing damsel, as she finished the last of a banch of grapes.

" Or perhaps his old fox-eared horse has jumped out of the pasture, and the old gen-tleman has to take it a foot ;" surmised the fourth brides maid.

The bride used industrious efforts to apar patient, and rather indifferent amid the general restiveness of her aids, and would occasionally affect extreme merriment; but her shrewd attendants charged her with being fidgelly and rather more uneasy than she wanted folks to believe.

" Hellow, Floyd !" shouted old Captain Penblossom out of doors to his coperas

trowsered son, who was entertaining the young beaux of the neighborhood with feats of agility in jumping with weights. "Floyd throw down them rocks and put the bridle on Snip and ride down the road and see it you can't see Parson Gympsy, and tell him to hurry along, we are all waiting for him. He must think weddings are like his meetings, that can be put off to the 'Sunday after the fourth Sunday in the next month, after the crowd's all gathered and ready to hear the preaching. If you don't meet him

dle, and has taken a scare." As the night was wearing on, and no parson had come yet to unite the destinies of George Washington Hodgkins and " the amiable and accomplished" Miss Polly Pea-

blossom, the former individual intimated to his intended, the propriety of passing off the time by having a dance.

Polly asked her ma, and her ma, after arguing that it was not the fashion in her. time, in North Carolina, to dance before the ceremony, at last consented.

The artist from Brushy Creek was called in, and, after much turning and spitting and the screws, he stamped his foot and

struck up " Money Musk," and away went the country dance. Polly Peablossom at the head, with Thomas Jefferson Hodgkins as her partner, and George W. Hodgkins

repeated importunities, haid down his pipe, cleared his throat and sung,

"We marched on to the next station The Ingens on before did hide.

They shot and killed Bold Newman's nigger, And two other white men by his side." The remainder of the epic we have forotten.

After calling out for a chunk of fire and re-lighting his pipe, he dashed at once over into Alabama, in General Floyd's army, fought the battles of Calebee and Otassee over again in detail. The artillery from Baldwin county blazed away and made the little boys aforesaid think they could hear thunder almost, and the rifles from Putnam made their patriotic young spirits long to revenge the gallant corps. And the Squire was astonished at the narrow escape his friend had of falling into the hunds of Weatherford and his savages, when he was miraculously rescued by Timpochee Bar-mard, the Uchee chief.

At this state of affairs; Floyd (not the General, but the ambassador) rode up with a mysterious look on his countenance .-The densars left off is the middle of a set and assembled around the messenger, to hear the news of the parson. The old la. dies crowded up too, and the captain and the Squire were eager to hear. But Floyd

felt the importance of his situation, and was in no hurry to divest himself of the momentary dignity. "Well, as I rode on down to Boggy Gat

saw"-" Who cares what the devil you mw,

exclaimed the impatient Captain : " tell us if the parson is coming, first, and you may take all night to tell the balance, if you like afterwards.

"I saw"-continued Floyd pertina cionsly-

"Well, my dear, what did you see?" aid Mrs. Peablossom.

"I saw that somebody had tooken away some of the rails on the crossway, or they had washed away or somehow" " Did any body ever hear the like ?" said the Captain.

" And so I got down," said Floyd, "and bunted some more and fixed over the boggy place."

Here Polly laid her hand on his arm and requested, with a beseeching look, to know if the parson was on the way.

" I'll tell you all about it presently, Polly and then when I got to the run of the creek. then"---

"Oh, the devil," ejacula ted Captain Peablossom, " stalled again."

"Be still, honey, let the child tell it his wn way-he always would have his way you know, since he had the measles," interposed the old lady.

Daniel Newman Peablossom, at this uncture, facetiously laid down on the groud with the root of an old oak for his pillow, and called out yawningly to his pa, to next, with Polly's sister, Luvisa, for his "wake him when brother Floyd had crosspartner. Polly danced to every lady; then ed the run of the creek and arrived safely This ca at the parson's ed loud laug ter. Floyd simply noticed it by observing to his brother, "Yes, you think you'er mighty smart before all these folks," and resumed his tedious route to Parson Gympsy's with as little prospect of reaching the nd of his story as ever.

horsetrough and cut his leg to the bone with | into court !" and the laughter was general. a foot-adze, and can't come-O, dear !'

" I wish he had taken a fancy to 'a done it a week ago, so we mout a got a nother parson, or as long as no other time would suit but to day, I wish he had cut his- where she had bit it. The brideg-oom put

plaguy head off." "Oh, my husband," exclaimed Mrs. Peablossom.

Brushy Creek Ned, standing in the plazza with his fiddle, struck up the old tune of We'll dance all night, 'till broad day light,

And go home with the gals in the mornin." Ned's hint caused a movement towards the dancing room among the people, when the Captain, as if waking from a reverie, exclaimed in a loud voice, " Oh the devil what are you all thinking of ? Why here's Squire Tompkins, he can perform the cere. mony. If a man can't marry folks what's the use of being a squire at all 2"

Manna did not come in better time to the children of Israel in the wilderness, than this discovery of the worthy Captain.

It was as vivifying as a shower of rain on corn that is about to shoot and tassel, espe-

Squire Tompkins was a newly elected magistrate, and somewhat diffident of his abilities in this untried department. He expressed a hint of the sort, which the Captain only noticed with the exclamation-"Hoot toot !"

Mrs. Peablossom insinuated to her husband, that in her day the quality, or better sort of people in North Carolina, had a prejudice agin being married by a magistrate. To which the old gentleman replied-' None of your nonsense old lady-none of your Duplin county aristocracy about here now. The better sort of people, I think you say ! Now you know Car'lina ain't the best State in the country, no how, and Duplin's the poorest county in the State... Better sort of people, is it ! Quality ch ! Who the devil's better than we are? Ain't we honest ? Ain't we raised our children decent, and learned them how to read, write and cypher? Ain't I fou't under Newman and Floyd for the country ? Why, blame it we are the very best sort of people. Stuff, nonsense ! The wedding shall go on-Pol-ly shall have a husband." Mrs. P.'s cyc lit up, her cheek flushed, as she heard " the old North State" spoken of so disparagingly but she was a woman of good sense, and reserved the castigation for a future curtain lecture.

Things were soon arranged for the wedding, and as the old wooden clock on the mantle piece struck one, the bridal party were duly arranged on the floor, and the crowd gathered around, eager to observe every twinkle of the bridegroom's eye, and every blush of the blooming bride.

The brides maids and their male attend ants were arranged in couples, as in a cotillion, to form a hollow square, in the centre of which were the squire and the betrothng parties. Each of the attendants bore

a candle ; Miss Tabitha held her's in a long

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tried forty times." Then the Captain after "Parson Gympsy was digging in a new some person out of doors sung out " Come The brides maids spilt the tallow from their

candles all over the floor, in the vain attempt to look serious. One of them had a his hands in his pockets and took them out again ; the bride looked like she would faint -and so did the Squire.

But the Squire was an indefatigable man and kept trying. His next effort was-

" To all and singular to the sher"-Let's run ! he's going to lery on us," said two or three at once.

Here a gleam of light flashed across the face of Squire Tompkins. That dignitary looked around all at once, with as much self-satisfaction as Archimedes could have felt when he discovered the method of ascertaining the specific gravity of bodies. In a grave and dignified manner he said. "Mr. Hodgkins, hold up your right hand." George Washington obeyed, and held up his hand. "Miss Polly, hold up yours." Polly, in her confusion, held up the left hand. "The other, Miss Peablossom." And the Squire proceeded in a loud and composed manner to qualify them-" You and each of you do solemnly swear, in the presence of Almighty God and the present company, that you will perform towards each other all and singular the functions of a husband or wife-as the case may beto the best of your knowledge and ability, so help you God !"

" Good as wheat," said Capt. Peablos-m. " Polly, my gal, come kiss your iom. father, I never felt so happy since the day was discharged from the army and set out homewards to see your mother." Macon, Ga., 1842.

From the Princeton (N. J.) Whig.1

Gloomy musings. O, death ! when will thy ravages cease ? When thy voracious jaws be full ? Must human forms be vanished from earth, and we see our loved ones die, and nature herself expire in dreadful agony, ere this dart returns to its quiver, or thy bow is unstrung ? Ah! thy work commenced where time began, and can but end where eternity begins. But say, hast thou not inverted thy course in passing by the "old ones" of earth, to whom, even in all thy terrors, thou would'st still be welcome? But ah ! thou stoopd'at not always to conquer where victory is most easily gained; where the conquest would be most acceptable. Thou passest by the wretched sufferer for whom the world cares not, and to whom the " valley of death." with all its terrors, would be a sweet repose. Thou hast passed by the midnight assassin, thou hast watched the deeds of darkness he meditated in his cruel heart, and yet disturbed him not. O death ! if thou hast consistency, where is it ?-

Turn thou away from the check " where youth in sportive beauty dwells :" withdraw thy haggard presence from before the

John C. Colt. " Honor thy father and thy mother."

This wretched young man belonged to a re-pectable family in Connecticut. But he neve learned to obey his parents. He burst asunder all parental and Christian restraints, and gave way to his impetuous desires and passions. At length

he ran away from home. He roamed about the country, and went once to Texas. And now for ie result. Children, look at it ! In Cincinnati he seduced and then basely deserted a young woman, a widow. She died-a suicide. He then seduced another woman in Philadelphia, whom he carried to New-York, and lived with her as a kept mistress. To support her he reduced his means so that he was unable to pay an honest debt to a Mr. Samuel Adams. To pet rid of the payment, he murdered Mr. Adams, packed up his body in a box, and put it on board of a ship bound for New Orleans. He gave Mr. of a ship bound for New Orleans. He gave Mr. Adams' watch to his mistress, and this led to his datastion The wratched woman awake, one morning, to learn from the officers of the that the man with whom she lived in unholy union, was a murderer. He was tried-convie ed-and, after various appeals to other courts, he was sentenced to be exceduted on the 18th of Nov. last. He petitioned Gov. Seward for a pardon, but he refused to interfere with the sen the law. Desperate efforts were made by himself and his friends to save him from the merited death But all in vain. The law had him in its firm grasp,

But all in vain. The law had him in its him grasp, and it went steadily forward. From it there was no escape. He spent the night previous to the day appointed for his execution, in writing a letter, which he scaled and directed to be given to his (illegitimate] child, when old enough to under-stand its contents. In the morning, a clergyman spent several hours with him. At 12 o'clock his mistress, the mother of his child, came to his cell and they were married. What a marriage! The and they were married. What a marriage ! The gallows of the bridegroom standing at the window of the cell where the ceremony was performed. and himself on the very verge of the grave! He was left alone with his wife for an hour, and then requested to be left entirely alone till his last minute. A few minutes before 4 o'clock, (the time set for his execution;) the cell was opened and he was found-dead ! Some one had furnish ed him with a dirk-nife, which he thrust into his heart. He had turned the knife around till he had made a large gash, and the blood had flowed freely over his yet warm body. The gallows was deprived of its victim. He had gone to the presence of his God-a libertine-a

We commend this subject to the attention all our youthful readers. Sin often presents itself happine attractive form. It promises in an That is chosen ; but in the embrace it So it was with Colt. He would not be misery. So it was with Colt. He would not be governed by his parents. He was determined to be free ; and so he went down-down the declivi-ty of sin, most rapidly. He commenced with what the world calls trivial sins. As he progressed, he if sins. As he progressed, he became hardened, till he ended with murder and suicide. From the moment he disobeyed his father and spurned the counsels of his mother, he Perhaps it has been owing partly to the fact that in science, as well as every thing else, there has been much humbuggery and im-position, and partly to the fact that many of the members have been much better ac. Penny Prescher.

up and down in the middle, and hands all round. Next came Geo. Washington and his partner, who underwent the same process; " and so on through the whole, Deboll's arithmetic says.

The yard was lit up by three or four large lightwood fires, which gave a pic appearance to the groups outside. On one side of the house was Daniel Newnan Pea. blossom and a bevy of youngsters, who either could not, or did not desire to get into the dance-probably the former-and who amused themselves by jumping and wrestling. On the other side, a group of matrons sat under the trees in chairs, and discoursed of the mysteries of making butter, curing chickens of the pip and children of the croup, besides lamenting the misfor-tunes of some neighbor, or the indiscretion of some neighbor's daughter, who had ran way and married a circus rider. A few pensive couples, eschewing the "giddy dance." promenaded the yard and admired the moon, or " wondered if all them little stars were worlds like this." Perhans they may have sighed sentimentally at the folly of the musquitoes and bugs which were attracted round the fires to get their pretty little wings seorched, and lose their precious lives; or they may have talked of "true love," and plighted their vows for aught we know

Old Captain Peablossom and his pipe, during the while, were the centre of a circle in front of the house, who had gathered around the worthy man's arm-chair to listen to his "twice told tales" of "hair breadth 'scapes" of " the battles and seiges he had passed,"--for you must know the Captain was not a "summer soldier, and sun shine patriot," he had burned gunpow-der in defence of his beloved country.

At the special request of squire Tompkins, the Captain narrated the perilous adventures of Newman's little band among the Seminoles. How "Bold Newman and his men lived on Alligator flesh and parched corn, and marched bare footed through sawpelmetto; how they met Bowlegs and his warriors near Pain's prairie. and what fighting was there. The amusing incident of Bill Cone and the terrapin shell raised shouts of laughter among the young rood who had flooked around the wars. Bill, (the "Camden Bard," peace to his ashes,) as the Captain familarly called him, was sitting one day against. the logs of the breast-work, drinking soup out of a tarrapin shell, when a random shot from the enemy broke the shell and spilt his soup, whereupon he raised his head over bugger, you couldn't do that again if you death.

Mrs. Peablossom tried to coase him to 'jist" say if the parson was coming or not. Polly begged him and all the bridesmaid implored. But Floyd "went on his way

"When I come to the Piney.flat," he continued, " old Snip seed something white over in the baygall, and shy'd clean out of the road, and where he would have stopped, would be hard to say, if the impatient Captain had not interfered.

That gentleman, with a peculiar glint of the eye, remarked-" Well, there's one way I can bring him to a showing,' as he took a large horn from between the logs and rung a 'wood note wild,' that set pack of hounds to yelping. A few more notes, as loud as those that issued from Roland's horn at Roucesvalles,' was sufficient invitation to every hound, fice and cur of low degree' that followed the guests, to join in the chorus. The Captain was a man of good lungs, and ' the way he did blow was the way,' as Squire Tompkins afterwards very happily described it, and as there were in the canine choir some thirty voices of every key, the music may be imagined bet ter than described. Miss Tabitha Tidwell the first brides-maid put her hands to her ears and cried out, ' my stars!' we shall all

get blow'd away." The desired effect of abbreviating the essenger's story was produced, the prolipersonage in the copperas pants, was seen to take Polly aside and whisper something in her car.

"Oh, Floyd, you are joking ; you ought not to serve me so. Ain't you joking, bub? asked Polly, with a look that seemed to beg e would sny yes.

"It's true as preaching," he replied-the cake s all dough.'

Polly whispered something to her mothr, who th rew up her hands and exclaimed O, my l' and then whispered the secret to some other lady, and away it went. Such whispering and throwing up of hands and yes, is rarely seen at a quaker meeting consternation was in every face. Poor Polly was the very personification of 'pa ience on a monument, smiling at greet and yellow melancholy.'

"Ah, old man bad news !" said the wife with a sigh.

" Well, what is it ?" You are all getting the breast-work and sung out-" Oh, you, as had as Floyd, " tarrifying" a fellow

brass candlestick, which had belonged to Polly's grandmother, in shape and length comething resembling "Cleopatra's Needle :" Miss Luvisa bore a flat tin one ; the third attendant bare such an article as is usually suspended on a nail against the wall, and the fourth had a curiously devised something, cut out of wood with a pocket knife. For want of a further supply of condicaticks, the male attendants held naked candles in their hands. Polly was dressed in white, and wore a bay flower with its green leaves in her hair, and the whisper went round" " Now don't she look pretty ?" George W. Hodgkins rejoiced n a white satin stock and a vest and pantaloons of orange color; and the vest was straight collared, like a Continental officer's in the Revolution, and had cagle buttons on it. They were a fine looking couple.

When every thing was ready, a pause ensued, and all eyes were turned on the Squire, who seemed to be undergoing a mental agony, such as fourth of July orators feel when they forget their speeches, or a boy at an exhibition when he is to be prompted from behind the scene. The truth was, Squire Tompkins was a man of forms, but had always taken them from form books and never trusted his memory. cannon's mouth, and quits his native abores. On this occasion he had no "Georgia Justice" or any other book from which to read the marriage ceremony, and was at a loss how to proceed. He thought over every thing he had ever learned "by heart" even

"Thirty days hath the month of September. The same may be said of June, April, Novembe but all in vain-he could recollect nothing that suited such an occasion. A suppress-

ed titter all over the room, admonished him that he must proceed with something, and in the agony of desperation he began-" Know all men by these presents, that I'

-here he paused and looked up to the ceil. ing, while an audible voice in a corner of the room, was heard to say, "He's draw. ing a deed to a tract of land," and they all aughed.

" In the name of God, Amen !" he began a second time, only to hear another voice in a loud whisper, say-" He's making his will now. I thought he couldn't live long he looks so powerful bad."

" Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord"-

was the next essay, when some erudite gentleman remarked, "He is not dead, but sleepeth."

" Oh yes ! Oh yes !" continued the Squire. One voice replied, "Oh no ! oh no ! don't of the lips may let's;" another whispered, "Wo Ball!" days to come.

sparkling eye accustomed to look on lovelier things; injure not the gentle form where beauty lingers ; where virtue dwells : where hopes are buoyant. Hie thee to some other sphere-go to her who awaits thee-even her whom age and affliction have made willing to quit this mortal realm. Go to him who is confined in the solitary dungeon, and claim a controversy with that unfortunate individual, to whom all the joys of earth are denied ; who has no friend that could love him, no eye that could shed one sympathetic tear for his woos, no heart that could utter a single prayer for his safety while passing through the ' shades of death. Hie thee to the broken hearted, whose hopes have been early blighted, and there thou wilt be welcome. Stop not to palsy the heart where hopes are young; where the poisoned fangs of disappointment have never been felt. And now, O death, if thy aim Be youth, go where youth has gone to meet thee, even in all his pride, clothed in the warrior's garb, with his glittering spear to assist thee in thy cruel work. Go and meet him there, face to face; tell him that " to the victor belong the spoils." He fears thee not, his business is to die ; for this he wears the towering plume ; for this his sword is Then go where thou canst in justice go .----But thou hast been there already. You have turned to dust the mighty millions who followed Xerxes. Cæsar's armics felt thee on the plains of Rome-Miltiades on Grecian fields. Still thy course is onward, as it was, is, and shall be till time shall be no more, and angel's trumpets sound the funeral dirge of a fallen, ruined and annihilated world.

OT Upon the repeal of	the Baukrupt
Law, in the House of Repre	
vote stood	a de
For repealing it,	140
Against it,	71
But little doubt is entertain	ned that it will
meet the same fate in the Se	nate.
67 The manufacture of tending very rapidly in the V	
A Mrs. Sifer, wife of a f	

ghany county, Pennsylvania, was recently delivered of three children. An exchange paper calls this cifer-ing by the rule of three.

Words are things, as much as if they had the weight of lead or gold : let them, then, be used with caution. Upon the shutting of the lips may depend the comfort of many