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HIGHLAND MESSENGER.

ASHEVILLE

Friday Morning, June 30, 1843.

A great portion of the present Whig party of this country were, for eight or ten years, the fast friends and warm supporters of Gen. JACKSON. Then the General contended that as "Providence had filled our mountains with minerals and given us a climate and soil suitable for growing wool and hemp, and these being the great materials of our national defence, they ought to have extended to them fair PROTECTION, that our manufacturers and laborers might be placed in a fair competition with those of Europe." He then contended that there was "too much labor employed in agriculture," and that "it was time we should, instead of feeding the paupers and laborers of England, feed our own." This was Jackson, in 1824 and up to 1832. Now it is precisely the doctrine of the Whigs. Who have changed?—They, or the General and his present professed friends and admirers? The Whigs now, as then, contend for a Revenue Tariff, without the public lands, which they believe will be itself adequate protection. So once contended Gen. Jackson and a great portion of the present Democratic party.

A learned doctor has given his opinion that *light lacing* is a public benefit, as it kills off the foolish girls, and leaves the wise ones for women.

This we clip from an exchange paper, without knowing from whom it sprang, nor indeed do we care; but we are pretty sure the girls will join with us when we express the opinion that it is from the cankered heart of some jilted old bachelor. We should like to know what business certain editors have continually to be croaking about ladies' bustles, bishops, lacing, and the like? Just as though they themselves were faultless in matters of dress. If they do not go with strapped pants, laced waist-coats, and coats that will not meet around them by three inches, it is because they are not able to afford it, and rail at the ladies more through envy than otherwise. Stay, boys, the ladies are better judges of what's what in matters of dress than you are, and if they decree a thing shall be so or so, you had better not risk your popularity by opposing them.

A rich reward. HOB. ISAAC HILL, of N. Hampshire, a genuine Locofoco of the "original panel," some time since happened to fall into a controversy with F. P. Blair, editor of the Washington Globe, and in refreshing the memory of his quondam friends, with divers matters and things pertaining to gone-by days, discourses as follows:

"Why, Mr. Blair, you and your partner in the last four years, have received directly from the Treasury for printing for the several Departments of the Government, very near or quite HALF A MILLION OF DOLLARS, or more than FOUR HUNDRED DOLLARS for each working day in that time! Of this sum nearly or quite one half was net profits, over and above all expenses."

In reference to this disclosure, made by the Hon. Ex-Senator, the Philadelphia Forum very justly makes the following remarks:

"This is being pretty well paid for advocating Democracy and sustaining the party. Does Mr. Blair expect to get as much more if Mr. Van Buren is elected? Papers and editors thus paid, are unsafe guides for the people: they are no more to be relied on than a lawyer who gets his fee for arguing a cause. But what lawyer for a fee of five hundred thousand dollars would not argue that white was black, and black was white? Blair came to Washington as poor as a church mouse. He now rides in his carriage, gives expensive and brilliant parties, and has become as rich as Cræsus. If the Locofoco party should succeed in electing their candidate for President, 'the Globe man' will probably add about half a million of dollars more to his wealth; at least he expects to do so, and hence this zeal in the cause of Mr. Van Buren and Locofocism!"

One William H. Jones, of Perry county, Alabama, was recently sentenced to the penitentiary for ten years, for whipping one of his negroes so cruelly as to cause his death.

The escape.

The following interesting "Tale of the Sea" appeared some time since in the Boston Miscellany. It was written by a gentleman of that city, well known to the mercantile community, and is founded on an incident which actually occurred a few years ago, during a voyage to the East Indies.

I had just turned over in my berth, in hopes to resume a very pleasant dream the thread of which had been broken by some noise on deck, and was about closing my senses to external objects, when a cry of "Sail, ho!" caused me to jump up and make haste on deck. I met Mr. Tompkins in the gangway, coming down to call me.

"Where is she, sir?"

"On the lee beam."

"A ship?"

"No, sir, I believe a schooner, but I can't make her out."

"Steward, hand up my glass."

The day had scarcely dawned, and by the grey and uncertain light, unassisted by the glass, I could only make out an object; but the moment I put the telescope to her, I saw a schooner with raking masts, standing to the South Westward, with square-sail set. We were heading South, close hauled, with a light air from the Eastward, memorably expecting the Trade Wind. As the day dawned more perfectly, and we were perceived by the stranger, his square-sail came in, and he hailed his wind with such velocity that I did not hesitate to pronounce him a slaver or a pirate, which indeed are synonymous terms in blue water.

"Call all hands, Mr. Tompkins, hoist our colors."

"Aye, aye, sir."

The stranger showed Portuguese colors in answer to ours. This did not relieve the anxiety which had seized on me the moment I had a fair view of the schooner, for that nation was still actively engaged in the slave trade, and we were just in the track of outward bound vessels to the coast of Africa, and the Cape de Verd Islands, also, where they often touch to refresh and refit. Our crew, consisting of only ten men, besides officers, cook, and steward, were soon mustered aft.

"I have called you, my boys," said I, "to state my intentions with regard to that vessel to leeward, which I suspect to be a rogue. We will prepare for as stout a resistance as possible. If he is honest I shall see by your actions which of you I can depend upon, and there will be nothing lost; and if a rogue we must take it for granted that if we give up like cowards, we shall still have our throats cut; and as this is to be our fate, whether we resist or not, if he boards us, let us make up our minds to sell our lives as dearly as possible;—and remember, men, one man devoted to a good cause, is able to best off a dozen engaged in robbery and murder." They gave a simultaneous shout of approbation, and went forward again, apparently in good spirits.

It was now broad daylight, and we could plainly perceive that the stranger gained to windward though he drooped astern a little, rendering it somewhat doubtful whether he was much superior to us in sailing. Our bonny barque was reputed a first rate sailer on the wind when in her best trim; but she was pretty deeply laden with a full cargo of cotton bale goods and about \$100,000 in specie, and it is not to be supposed we could sail with a clipper schooner on the wind, or any other way. Our ship's armament consisted of two six-pounders, twelve muskets, and the same number of boarding pikes, and a brace or two of pistols; my private armament consisted of a good rifle, a large ducking gun, a double-barrelled Joe Manton, a pair of duelling pistols, and a patent pistol capable of discharging six balls in its many seconds; and I accounted myself a good shot with all of them.

At eight o'clock it was nearly calm, the chase about two miles on the lee quarter, and heading directly for us.

Mr. Tompkins, chief mate, was a six-footer, a real down east Yankee, who had been mate of the ark, for all I knew, and who was equal to any man in that capacity; and although he might be taken for twenty years of age, it seen going aloft, there were people who had known him at least that time as chief mate. He always obeyed orders promptly, never failed to have an answer ready, and exacted from all under him the same prompt and strict obedience that he paid to his superior officer. The second mate, Mr. Turner, was a young man of good education, looking forward to promotion, and promising to do a honor to himself as a commander, after a few more years of experience. My crew were all active young, and the cook, (or Doctor as he was called) was a real live specimen of a first-rate runaway Virginia slave; he could cook as well as he could fiddle, and of a Saturday night he would amuse all hands by a tale, a possum hunt or a deer drive. Having now described our crew, our vessel, and all we know of the stranger, I will hasten to put the patient reader in possession of the facts for which he is anxiously looking. My orders were as follows, and they were obeyed in as short a time as I shall take to write them: "Mr. Tompkins, load the small arms, one ball and four buck-shot in each; look to the flints; also load the great guns with round and canister."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Doctor, put two iron bolts into the fire, and keep them red hot, and fill your coppers with boiling water. Mr. Turner, muster all the hats and pea-jackets, and stick

one of each on a handspike near about the ports; it will make them think that we are well manned; and trim up all the ports, sir, and put a log of wood out of each, and give them a dab of black paint. Mr. Tompkins, send old Brown to the helm and tell him to steer small."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"These arrangements being completed, I went down below and loaded my arms; and on examining the 'Doctor,' I found he was quite familiar with that implement of death, the rifle: I accordingly gave him my flask and bag of balls, and other materials, telling him I should call upon him to load for me when the time came."

"Oh, never fear, Massa, give us breeze and him not catch us so easy," said he, grinning from ear to ear, and whetting his long knife on a stone.

I put a ball and four slugs into my double barrel, and a handful of buckshot into my ducker, and quantum sufficit of balls into the pistols. I had scarcely made these arrangements when Tompkins called.

"He's sweeping his bow off, sir, and I reckon he's going to slap 'long Tom' into us."

I jumped on deck, and as it was now dead calm, it was too evident this was his intention.

"Down flat upon deck, every soul of you!" shouted I. "All obeyed except Tompkins, who coolly looked through the glass."

"There, she flashes, sir, and in another instant a heavy shot whistled through our maintop-gallant sail."

"He shoots well, that's a fact," said Tompkins.

I looked at the smoke lazily curled away, and saw that he had not the same flag flying. "Tompkins, what's that at his peak?"

"It looks, sir, like a red shirt with the Doctor's head on it, and a couple of bones rigged across his chin."

"Sure enough, it was a red flag, with a black Death's-head and marrow bones painted on it. I cannot say that I felt relieved at these symptoms; my mind was made up that we were lost, and it remained only for us to die game. There seemed nothing short of Providence to save us; if it remained calm, he would bore us through with his long gun; if it breezed up, he could out-sail us."

"Mr. Tompkins, keep an eye to him, and let me know of any movement. Mr. Turner, stand on the weather studding sail, all ready to run out; perhaps we can out-sail him off the wind when the breeze comes."

This order was scarcely obeyed, when Tompkins reported, "They are getting a tackle on the fore yard and another in the main rigging, sir; hoist out their launch and board us!" "I like that, Mr. Tompkins, for the rascally captain and half his crew will come in her, certain of an easy prey; but if my aim don't fail me, few of the boat crew will return, be they more or less." Mr. Turner, hoist those two guns up on the poop deck at once, for if we want them at all, it will be over the stern. Are you a good shot, Mr. Tompkins?"

"When I was younger, sir, I was called a leetle the best shot in Kennelcunk, and I guess I could fetch a turkey at a hundred yards now, with a straight rifle."

"Then, sir, do you take charge of the twelve muskets, and let Jim load for you as fast as you fire, while the Doctor and I will keep my own tools busy."

The pirate's launch was now manned, and pulling ten oars for us lustily, while a group of men were collected forward and in the stern sheets of her, perhaps twenty or twenty-five altogether, scarcely a mile astern, and as we were almost entirely becalmed, she gained rapidly on us. There was no occasion to call the people aft to give my orders, for they were collected round the captain with anxious faces and blanched cheeks.

"If they succeed in getting alongside, boys," said I, "we will retreat with our arms into the cabin, and let them board us; we may clear the decks; if not, I shall reserve my last pistol for the powder magazine, which is at hand, and we will all go together, and disappoint the rascals. But I trust it will not be necessary to come to that. Nail down the focesscuttle, Mr. Turner; if they get alongside, mind, every one retreat to the cabin, or die like a dog on the deck if he pleases."

"There, they shout, sir, and pull ahead as if after a whale," said the mate; "and here comes a little breeze too, perhaps it will strike us before the villains get near enough."

"They are in range of the rifle, sir."

"No, sir, wait until they get near enough to be sure of the leader—within an hundred yards. There she breezes, thank God!"

"Good full," Brown, and nothing off. We have the breeze before the schooner, but it is very light yet, and the launch gains fast. Now, Doctor, stand by, mind you ram the balls home, be cool, never mind the patches. Stand by Tompkins, aim at the group in the bow, while I take the stern,—are you ready?"

"Yes, sir."

"Fire!"

And down went the rascal at the tiller, and one also at the bow.

"Load her quick, Doctor, and let me give them Joe Manton; in the meantime, fire away, Tompkins, as fast as you please, only take good aim—be cool."

"Cool as a cucumber, sir."

My double-barrelled gun dropped once on in the water, and caused some confusion in the after part of the boat. "Put it into

them, sir; we have not lost a ball yet—Give me the rifle, Doctor."

"Yes, sir, he all ready. I spit on de ball for luck."

This discharge caused them, with the increasing breeze to lay on their oars an instant, and then pull round for the schooner, with only six oars out. Three cheers, my lads, and fire as long as you can reach them. There, the schooner begins to feel the breeze. Mr. Turner, run up the weather studding-sails, keep her off two points, for he must pick up his boat. There, she breezes, thank Heaven! "Steady, Brown, steady."

"Steady, sir."

"Keep her straight, for your life!"

By the time the schooner had picked up her boat and hoisted her on board, we had gained a mile or two, and we were now going eight or nine knots, with a free wind.

"Watch her close, Tompkins; let me know if she gains on us."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Mr. Turner, we are a little by the stern; carry everything portable chock, carpenter's chest, harness cask; roll those two after casks forward—be lively, sir. Swab those two guns out, Doctor, we'll have another gab at them yet, I fear, for he sails like a witch."

"Yes, sir, him going to Africa for ivory and gold dust—that's what they call nigger trading."

"She gains, sir, but slowly; he hasn't got the best of the breeze yet, perhaps."

"So, that will do, Mr. Turner; now get a small pull of your weather top-sail and top-gallant braces. Well, sir,—well, all!"

"They are hoisting that great square sail, sir, and she springs to it like a tiger."

"Mr. Turner, slack a little of your top-mast and top-gallant back stays to wind-ward—carefully, sir, not too much, and then send all hands chock forward—every pound will help."

"Four bells, sir, hold the reel."

"No, never mind the bells nor the reel, Tompkins; what use is it to us now? Keep your eye on the schooner, and let me know when the six pounders will tell on him; we may shoot away his topmast, by good luck."

"Aye, aye, sir."

Tompkins was so mechanically correct in everything that he would no doubt have brought his quadrant on deck, and observed for the sun, if it had been noon, and I had not interfered. He was cool as possible, and his conduct seemed to put nerve into the men.

"He gains, fast sir; I can see the red cap on the rascal at the helm—let me give him a shot, sir."

"Well, sir, fire away, if you think you can reach him. Doctor, bring your log-roller, and when I give the word, touch her quick!" So, lift her breech a little mite, Tom—so, so—stand by—give it to her! and away went our little shot, which struck the water about two-thirds of the way to the schooner.

"Lead up again, sir, and I will try my luck, for it must be a mere chance shot that does him any harm."

"Stand by, Doctor, and when I give the word, touch her quick—fire!"

The shot struck the water just under the bow.

"Now for the other gun; I shall do better. Ready? Fire! His topmast totters! it falls!"

A spontaneous cheer from our crew seemed to assure us of safety. "Give me the glass, boy. They are cutting the wreck away as fast as possible, still determined to overhaul us. Keep off two points, round in the weather-braces a pull—run out that lower studding sail—be handy, lads—"

Watch the rascal, Mr. Tompkins, with the glass, and let me know if we gain on him."

"Aye, aye, sir."

The breeze was now fresh, well on the quarter; and we were sure to gain on him until his topmast could be replaced, which, with a large and active crew, bent on revenge, would cost him but an hour's work.

"She drops, sir, she drops; I can but just see that nigger's head on his flag; half an hour ago I could see the marrow-bones."

"Very well, sir, let the people now get a bite of dinner, for we shall have more work to do yet, to get clear of him, if we do at all."

"I don't know what more we can do, sir, unless we grease the bottom," said Tompkins, with a smile.

"We have yet one principal resort, my dear sir, and will go at it the moment we get something to work upon, if he gains again on us."

Tompkins put in a new quid of tobacco, of which he had made uncommonly free use that morning, and by that only did he show any signs of anxiety."

"Get your dinners, Mr. Tompkins and Mr. Turner; I can't go down to eat while that fellow is dogging us."

"Aye, aye, sir."

It was now about one o'clock, and the schooner dropping slowly, while preparations to fit a new topmast were actively progressing. In ten minutes all hands were again on deck, anxiously watching. As Tompkins came on deck I heard him say to Turner:

"Consarn me if I know what the old man is going at; we've done all human nature can do, and he's not given to praying."

"How long, Tompkins, will it take him to catch us, when he makes all sail again, at the rate he gained before?"

"Three or four hours, sir. He will be alongside before sunset, I reckon."

"By two o'clock his top-sail and top-gallant-sail were again set; and in twenty minutes more, his studding-sails, royal and ring-tail, and it was evident that he began to gain space, though now four miles astern."

"Mr. Tompkins, we will now try our last resort."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Break open the hatches, saw the rail and bulwarks off abreast of them, and tumble up those bales as fast as possible."

"This idea had evidently never entered into the head of any one of the crew or officers; and the long faces with which they had seen the pirate gain on us, were instantly changed for faces full of hope. In ten minutes the cook and second mate had sawed off the rails and bulwarks, the hatches were off, and the bales coming up faster than any ever before came out of her, and overboard."

"Look well to your trim, Mr. Tompkins; do not take too many from one side. Send Jim on the poop to keep an account of the number as they pass by. Over with them, boys, you are new working for your lives." But no encouragement was necessary, for the men, stripped to their trousers only, worked like tigers.

"Mr. Tompkins, cut away this stern boat, every little helps; let her go, sir, at once—that's it. These large bales will oblige him to steer wild, or run against them."

"We continued this work for nearly an hour, before we began perceptibly to gain on the schooner. But by four o'clock, he had dropped more than half a mile; yet to make sure, we did not abate our exertions until after five o'clock, when 400 out of 1000 bales had been thrown over.—During the operations I could hardly refrain from laughing at the remarks which escaped from the men, after we began to gain."

"Huzza, boys!" said one, "over with them, the underwriters are rich."

"Watch there, watch," cried another, as he rolled a bale over, "them will do for him to buy niggers with!"

"I wish my old woman had a bale of that," said the doctor.

As soon as the pirate discovered that we were gaining, he gave several shots of his long Tom, but the distance was too great, and by sunset he was hull down from the poop; a few minutes after, he hauled in his square-sail, and rounded to; and, when last seen, was very busy picking up the bale goods, which would no doubt come in play, though not quite so acceptable to him as the dollars would have been, sweetened with our blood. At dusk, we could but just discern the villain, still lying to.

"See all secure in the hold, Mr. Tompkins, and put on the hatches, and as we have a steady trade-wind let her go till midnight, south south-west; and let all hands get some rest. I must do the same, for I am nearly done up."

The excitement being over, I was nearly prostrate, and after thanking God with more fervor and sincerity than I ever prayed before, I threw myself into my berth, but had a feverish and dreamy sleep, till twelve o'clock, when my trusty mate called me according to orders.

"Twelve o'clock, sir!"

"How is the wind and weather?"

"Fresh trade, sir—clear and pleasant—moon just rising—going nine, large."

"Take in the lower studding-sail, Tompkins, and haul up south by east, if she'll go it good full."

"Aye, aye, sir."

It is sufficient to inform the patient reader that we saw no more of the pirate, made much better progress, now that our bonny barque was in ballast trim only. We finished our passage without further trouble. Many were the jokes cracked by all hands, as they talked over the events of that day of excitement.

The underwriters not only paid for the cargo thrown overboard at once, on receiving the news, but on learning the particulars, voted a piece of plate for me, and a gratuity in cash for the mates and men of equal value.

GREAT FIRE AT FALL RIVER.—A fire broke out on Thursday night, at Fall River, about half past twelve o'clock, in the new iron works of Col. Durfee, and others, which were entirely consumed. Loss about \$50,000, partly insured. This was an immense building, three hundred feet long and one hundred wide. The whole was a vast sheet of flame at one time, which lit up the whole heavens.—Boston Courier,

[Correspondence of the Phil. U. S. Gazette.]

New-York, WEDNESDAY, P. M.

The transactions in Cotton amount to about 600 bales, at prices about 1c. below those of the early part of last week; Flour sells freely at \$5 a \$5 1/2 for Western; Georgetown, \$5 1/2 a \$5 25; Stocks low; Corn drops a little, 1200 bushels New-Orleans sold at 54; Northern 57; small parcels Wheat bring 113 a 115; large quantities at 103 a 110; Brazil Coffee has improved and sales are freely made at 64 a 84; other descriptions more active.

DARBY'S COURTSHIP.—"Good afternoon. Squire Jones?"

"Good afternoon, friend Darby, come walk in."

"Well, Squire, how is your lovely darter, Sal, to-day, and the rest of the family?"

"Why, they're all up and about, particularly Sal, she is very hearty, has a good appetite and eats a right smart chance; and the way she smokes her old pipe is the right way, and sing—Lord man, she sings like a martingale. Oh, she is a buster!"

"Well, Squire I'm glad to hear so much in praise of Sal, for I love her mightily, and mean to court her too."

"Why, that's plain, honest and clever—I'll go and call Sal."

Sure enough he did, and she soon made her appearance.

"How are you Sal," says Darby.

"Oh, sorter middling. How do you feel Mr. Darby?"

"Why Sal, I aint well—I'm love sick."

"Oh hush, you don't say so—well do tell me who she is?"

"With that I sorter sidled up to Sal, and Sal she kinder stilled off."

Says I, "Sal, don't be no damnation skiterish, for you are the very gal I'm arter."

"Get out you don't say."

"Yes I do, and I'm in as hard earnest as ever my old dog Lion was at a coon."

"That pleased her mightily, and she kinder tussled her head and looked as proud as some of your town gals do when they git in a ball room."

Says I "Sal will you have me?"

"I reckon as how I will—you dont catch this child refusing to do that thing when she has a good chance?"

"So off we went to the parson's and Sal and I got married, and now we live a kinder happy together as can be, only sometimes she hawls off to me."

"Mr. Darby don't be a spittin your tobacco juice on the fire dogs, and the sticks your foot on the fender. May I be burnt if I can keep any thing decent for you—plague take all tobacco chawers, say I."

And the way she raps my toes with the tongs when she sees my feet on the fender is no ways common, I tell you—however I live as happily as I can expect with a woman—that's the fact—Post.

A Yankee trick.

From Sargent's Tales we insert the following, for the purpose of reminding the ladies of "olden times." It was the way in which Sniwel the tailor cured his wife who began to love the critter when she was "nussin." It is related thus:

"Crispy Sniwel the tailor's wife, got a gain as bad as any on 'em; but Sniwel pooty much bruk her on it. Yee see he put a metic in it. She was upon gin then. So she went to Merrick's shop, and told him his gin didn't agree with her, and got some brandy. Sniwel watched her motion, and she'd no sooner got into the house than, unbeknown to her, he put a metic into that. So she went to Merrick's shop again and told him his brandy served her just as bad as the gin did.—So she got a little Jimsky; and 'twas't in the house half an hour after Sniwel had a metic in that too. She got, that way, to think that spirit wasn't just the thing for her stomach, but she never suspected the least thing about the metic. About a month arter, a dozen wimmen, may be more, kum to spend the art'noon at Mrs. Sniwel's house. So yee see, as she had the goods stuff'd by her, as couldn't make no use on't herself, on account of her pettikle weak stomach, and as most on 'em was aill'm somehow, took a little now and then as a moden, she treated 'em all, and was as liberal with it as if 'twas of no more vally than rain water. Some on 'em took brandy, and some on took Jimsky. But it didn't make a mite o' difference which it was they took. It sot 'em a chat. 'Then, one arter another, they began to feel a little the equaly; and at last, they got a gain every one on 'em.—Such a time, Sniwel says he never heard 'em tell on. He was a workin' in his shop at the beginnin' on it. So when he heard the first noise, he peeped through the key-hole, and said he thought he should 'adied a laughin'. So he run back into the shop, for fear they should suspect somthin', and he fell to work cuttin' a pair o' regimental snags for General Tweezer; but he laughed so, that he spoilt the breeches, and cut 'em by mistake arter parson Dearin's measure, so that the General couldn't 'agit into 'em at no rate arter they were made up; and being a bright yaller, they wouldn't 'aben the thing for a minister no how. So yee see 'twas a total loss.

"But the end of the joke wasn't like to come out so pleasant. Several on 'em had a narrer squeak on't, and old Miss Hawks' enomast wrenched herself to death. But the best of the haul I'm soon to tell ye.—Not a soul of 'em ever suspected the leastest trick; and Merrick got such a bad name for sellin' liker that wasn't genuine, that he lost 'most all his custom in our town arter that. Sniwel got confoundedly scart, for arter a while he thought it was such a good story he couldn't keep it to himself no how; so he told it round to one and another, and at last it got to Squire Pronk's ears, and he told Sniwel that if old Miss Hawks, who was aill'm a long spell, should happen to pop off afore the year was out, 't would be manslaughter as sure as fate. How he meant taken a drop since that day. A number on 'em hasn't. So good's come out on't arter all. I reckon there's a good many folks that don't like the name o' taken spirit, now the Temperance Society has got 'em headway, and yet they take a drop well enough too; so I reckon they take aill'm, and sends for the doctor a purpose."

VERY LATE FROM RIO DE JANEIRO.—The brig Pauline arrived at this port on Wednesday from Rio de Janeiro, whence she sailed on the 9th May. We are indebted to an esteemed friend for the annexed extract of a letter, dated