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WHOLE NUMBER 157.

TERMS.
This paper is published at Two Dollars and Fifty Cents in advance—or, Three Dollars at the end of the year.
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HIGHLAND MESSENGER.
ASHEVILLE:
Friday Morning, August 4, 1843.

OUR NEW VOLUME.

This week we issue the first number of the fourth volume of our paper. If our readers think that the past has been characterized by many imperfections, we have only to say, that, in that particular, we exactly agree with them in opinion; so let it all pass, while we look at what will probably be the result of the mysterious future.

The reader will find on the last page of this paper the commencement of a Biographical Dictionary of the most illustrious American characters, from the earliest period in American history up to 1835. It has been compiled with great care and no little labor by one of the editors of this paper, and may be relied on for correctness. It is alphabetically arranged, and will, we think, be found valuable for reference. The publication will be carried on in this volume until it shall be completed; and this will offer an additional inducement to subscribe for the paper at the commencement of the year.

When we shall have published the biographical sketches which we now have in manuscript, and which come down to 1835 we design to continue it down to the present time, adding a sketch of distinguished living American characters.

A considerable portion of the present volume will be devoted to agricultural matters, and designed for the benefit of the farming portion of the community. This is a branch of business with which we profess to be, to some good extent, practically as well as theoretically acquainted. We shall continue to write and publish what we may deem important to the public interest, on the various questions of national policy, and discuss general, rather than local or party, politics.

We earnestly wish to bear a humble part in advancing the general and true interests of our common and beloved country, and are deeply conscious that this is to be done only by the maintenance of sound political policy, correct morals, persevering industry, and a constant practice of economy. Vice will receive no countenance from us, no matter in whom, or where, or under what circumstances it may be found; and we shall oppose whatever we may think calculated to injure the public weal, without regard to names, sects, or parties.

But stay—we will promise no more, but let the reader wait and judge for himself.

THE ELECTION.—The Congressional election comes on this week, but too late for our paper to report the result heretofore. We think of issuing an extra to-morrow (Saturday) evening or soon Monday morning, stating the result so far as heard from.

☞ A jolly, fun-loving old fellow popped into our office the other day, and occupied us with "Well, sir, I want to get hold of your paper again. I subscribed for two years, but the last year I did without it, and I can't stand it any longer—here's the money for another year. Send on my paper again!"

That's what we call doing the thing nicely.

☞ We saw the main eastern mail going out from this place the other day tied on the back of a loose horse. At least we met it in this plight a short distance from the village.

THE WEATHER.—For some time past there has been much rain in these parts—a little almost every day. Fine for corn and potatoes, but unfavorable for housing oats and hay.

☞ We see it somewhere stated that, since 1802, Washington city has had twelve mayors, and that five of them were printers. If it be true, printers cannot complain of a want of attention in those parts. But upon second thought it is by no means strange, as Washington has been a most excellent place to fatten printers, and a well liked purse has always been a pretty good passport to office.

☞ Mr. Van Buren was quite sick some time since. Hope he is better by this time, however.

MISCELLANEOUS.

[From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.]
Ensign Martyn's First Scrape.
I was just nineteen when I saw myself gazetted to an ensigncy in her majesty's—th Highlanders. What a proud day that was for me! My kind, good parent gave me *carle blanche* on that princely of all talors, Buckmaster, and I hastened up to London, determined to avail myself of it to the utmost. My outfit was splendid.—My epaulets would have suited a captain; my claymore was at least three inches longer, and my satin scarf six inches wider than the regulation; and I sent to Scotland for a Cairngorm brooch, as large as a saucer, to loop the latter up with. Before I had time to show off in my uniform, I was ordered to join the depot of my regiment—then, alas! entombed in the depths of Ireland. With many a sigh, I was obliged to relinquish dear Cheltenham in all its gaiety. One consolation, however, remained, which was, the certainty that my departure would occasion the most profound grief to some half-dozen belles. On my arrival in Dublin, I devoted a few days to see all that was to be seen, and then started to join my depot, which was quartered in Birm. or Parsonstown, as it is sometimes called, chiefly celebrated for a huge statue of the famous Duke of Cumberland, and a superabundance of young unmarried ladies. I was agreeably disappointed in the barracks, which are handsome and commodious. In truth, I had landed on the Green Isle with not a few of the English prejudices which are so generally entertained against Ireland. I was received with the utmost cordiality by my brother officers, and for many weeks could not help feeling a slight degree of pride when a soldier saluted me. The well-appointed mess, too, had its charms, where all was light-hearted gaiety and badinage.

About a month after I had joined, I received by post the following letter:—

STOCKWELL STREET, GLASGOW,
July 3, 1839.

My Dearest Love,—A glad and happy woman was I to see you had succeeded in your endeavors to get the appointment you have so long been trying about. Your own name, too, in print. Your mother was sore overcome with joy. But just to think you at last an offisher. Well, William dere, you were in the right, I never saw, instead of staying here, drawn teeth for a sixpence, and bleedin and blisterin for sometimes nothing at all. I wood have wrote to you long ago, but that you wood like some littel time to settle down, and get things made comfortable for mes in baraka. Rife to mee, my dere husband, and say when I am to cum to you, for I am werrying to sea you once more; for yere is a long time to levee yure wife and bairns; but as our neybor Jenny Haivers sais, a' is for the best. Yure mother is quite well; only her site not quite as it used to be. No more at present, but hopin too here from you sine.

Yure lovin wife, in doth,
ISABELLA MARTIN.

The babys ar wet.

This elegant epistle, directed to Mr. William Martin, Esq.—th regiment, Parsonstown, was folded in the most original manner, and closed with a red water, which bore the unique and humble impression of a thimble. I examined the precious *morcaux* minutely, and was not long in determining from whom it came. "Some more of Lucy's confounded tricks; another of his numerous boxes," I exclaimed; and I resolved to answer it in a manner conforming. As nearly as I can recollect, I wrote as follows:

Adorable Isabella,—Your letter has given me the greatest pleasure to your too long separated husband. Come, dearest, immediately, and complete my happiness.—Without thee, life even a barrack-room—embellished as it always is, with uppersed walls, two wooden chairs, one small table, and half a peker—could not long be supportable. In the midst of my brother officers, a set of unfeeling youths, who dance, ride, shoot, and smoke cigars, without a single thought of matrimony, I only sigh and think of thee—these whose elegance and accomplishments I have never seen equalled in all my wanderings. Come then, my angel, and never more be parted from—Your affectionate husband,

WILLIAM MARTIN.

Mrs. William Martin,
Stockwell Street, Glasgow.

This rhapsody I carefully assigned to the letter-servant, being quite confident it would soon find its way back to the author of Isabella's fond effusion. At mess that evening, I fancied I detected a lurking smile of intelligence pass between Lucy and Power; I kept my own counsel, however, quite pleased with having paid them off with their own coin. A few weeks elapsed, and the angelic, deserted Isabella, and her epistle, had been consigned to oblivion; when, very early one morning, Duval, my Swiss valet, entered my bedroom, and, with an expression of curious and unaccountable meaning, announced that a lady wanted to see me.

"A lady wishing to see me!" I cried: "A lady wishing to see me, and at this time in the morning! Impossible!"

"Framment!" exclaimed Duval, with that indelible shrug with which foreigners contrive to convey volumes. He was evidently highly elated at the unexpected

honor done me, and kept bustling about, arranging, rearranging, folding and unfolding, every article of my toilet, apponages and uniform.

Recovering, by an effort, my composure and breath, I desired Duval to look out my most becoming morning costume, restricting his services to at least twenty minutes. [I may, by the way, remark, and every ensign in her majesty's service should profit by the hint, that it is invariably the best plan to allow your valet to choose your dress. For his own sake, he will take care to dress you well.] Of my four morning gowns, he selected a rose-colored satie one. An embroidered dove-colored cashmere waistcoat and velvet slippers completed a costume which he deemed worthy of the occasion. Entering my sitting-room, I gave one hasty glance at a rich silk dress; blushed, (remember I was but nineteen,) made a profound bow, and handed the lady a chair. But, instead of quietly seating herself, she rushed toward me with the energy of a dancing bear, and the rapidity of the Falls of Niagara, and giving me a warm embrace, exclaimed, "Dear, dear, Wully!" in a tone, and with an accent, the vulgarity of which was unequalled. Judge of my astonishment!—It was too dreadful. I extricated myself as well as I could, and sunk half fainting on the nearest chair. The idea rushed into my mind, that, in my apartment, and in propria persona, there was present—the of the well-spelt letter. It had not been a trick after all! An instant sufficed to make me fully sensible of the awkward scrape into which I had got, and at least a portion of its consequences, including the merciless jokes to which it would necessarily subject me at mess, and the more grave regard which it might extract from my commanding officer. I mentally execrated the rash folly of answering such a letter in such a style, and swore to think I was only made aware of this by experience.

"Eh, Wully, how very brav ye've turned sin' ye was made an offisher! but I daursay ye'll not deny that I'm weel yut on myself, and fit to be seen as your wife ony day." My friends saw that before I came awa, for we hak mair sense than no ken that ye wad like to see me desent-like when ye introduced me to your brother offishers and their ledies. Eh, truly, how glad I am to be here at last, and see my sin Wully again!"

Such was the address of my fair visitor, as she proceeded herself of my easy chair, and arranged herself in it with an air of the greatest possible freedom.—Though sigh confounded with the horror of the occasion, I could not help taking a hasty glance of the being who seemed to have come on purpose to torment me, and beheld a coarse woman about thirty, overloaded with divers-colored finery, and bearing an aspect in which vulgarity was strangely relieved by an appearance of eccentricity. She had a large face, of fair complexion, slightly marked with small-pox, no eye-brows or lips, but a profusion of wiry ringlets; and I could observe, even at that moment, that, while all the rest of her clothes were of silk, she wore white woollen stockings and thick-soled shoes. She was evidently a woman of humble rank, and I make no doubt, had actually been deserted by some sort of husband; but then I—unfortunate I, William Martyn, Esquire, of her majesty's—th—was not the man!

"Madam," said I, "this seems to be a strange mistake on your part—" but ere I could complete the sentence—

"Oh, nae mistak' ava," she broke in. "How can ye gang, Wully, to say that? Hae I no been sair enough tried already by your leaving me sae lang wi' the bairns, and are ye no gaun to be kind too me noo, and mak' a' odds events?"

"But, madam, you are mistaken, if you suppose me to be your husband. I never saw you in my life before, and you must ought to know, from my appearance, that I am not the man."

"Eh, did ony body ever hear the like o' that!" she exclaimed; "to gang and say that you are no my man after a'! This very hair here—our ain young Wully—wad ken ye, let-a-bee myself, if it had na been that he was only a sookin wean when ye gaed awa." And here she pointed to a member of the company whom I had not before observed; namely a boy of about five years old, who was making strenuous efforts to get hold of my epaulets, as they lay on the table, fortunately beyond his reach.

"If this is your son, ma'am," said I, "I think he is rather a witness against than for you, as he shows that it must be several years since you were married.—Now, I am only nineteen last birthday, and, so far from being married years ago, I do not intend to be married for years to come."

"Ah, but ye're my ain Wully for a' that," said she; "nae doot something different fra what he was when ye kept the 'pothecary shop i' the Stockwell; but then it's ony your braws that has changed ye. We a' ken that fine feathers make fine birds, and that, in fact, as Jenny Haivers says, dress is every thing. I'm no sure but some o' my ain auld neebors wad scarcely ken me, noo that I'm a dressed-up offisher's ledy. But ye've just the some bonny dark hair and whiskers that ever ye had, and the vera same rollin ce that first wan my paur virgin heart, wae me that, has been a deserted meeserable woman for four lang year for want o' ye. Ah, Wully, it was an ill turn to gang awa

leavin wife and bairns to take care o' themselves, and scarcely write a scrape o' a pen to me sin' syne. But let a' bygones be bygones, noo that I've gotten my Wully again, as the sang says. Someho, I aye thought ye wad get on to be something after a', for ye had aye a notion a' being up in the world; and glad am I to find that I hinna been mista'en."

All this was addressed to me with such an accompaniment of cooing and ingratiating looks, winks and smiles, as would have, at any other time, made me expire with laughing. Alas! I felt but little disposition to mirth at that moment. Like Frankenstein, when visited at home by his monster, I could think of no better course than to leave my tormenter in possession of the field. It happened, too, that I was engaged that morning to breakfast with Major Ellis, the commanding officer at our depot, and to accompany him afterwards upon a shooting excursion. There was, therefore, little time to argue out the matter with my new Glasgow friend, or to take measures of any other kind to assure her of her error, or to get quit of her. This led me to a wrong step, which I afterwards had reason to repent of, though I did it for the best. With the hope of keeping her absurd story quiet, I asked her to remain in my lodgings till my return, under the care of Duval, who undertook to get breakfast ready immediately for her and her little boy. Then hastily accounting myself for the field, I proceeded to Ellis's lodgings.

In the course of our forenoon's walk, Ellis shot beautifully, and quickly filled his bag; but I, though reputed his equal, missed every bird I aimed at. This excited his surprise, and in connexion with sundry other marks of confusion in my conduct, induced him to ask if any thing was the matter with me. I had previously determined to keep my own secret, but it now occurred to me that it might be as well to make a confidant of the Major, as it was not impossible that he might yet have something more to do with the case. I therefore related to him the whole circumstances, only entreating that he would not communicate them to Mrs. Ellis, or to any other person, unless as a corrective to any less faithful version of the story which might become public. He agreed to this, and we returned late in the morning to dress for mess. Inquiring for my unlucky visitor, I was informed by Duval that Madam Martyn—I think the woman's eye twinkled as he pronounced the name—had left my rooms soon after breakfast, and had not since returned. It was almost with satisfaction that I found the immediate presence of the incubus taken off; but I could not suppress a dread that worse was yet to befall me. No sooner had I entered the antichamber, which served our mess as a drawing-room, than I became mortally aware that the whole affair was blown abroad. My appearance was the signal for a universal peal of laughter, in which Major Ellis himself could not help joining. Inquiries after Mrs. Martyn's health, comments on her youth, beauty, and elegant style of speech, met me on every side. I was overwhelmed and stunned, inasmuch that I scarcely knew which of my foes to face or reply to, or whether it would be most advisable to treat the matter seriously or to take it as a joke. As the dinner proceeded, I heard nothing but lamentations that they were likely so soon to lose me as a regular member of the mess; but all agreed, with mock solemnity, that husbands ought to dine with their wives, if wives they had, and that many officers were improved by domestic life, though it was not the case with all. I soon ascertained that the fearful woman, on leaving my lodgings, had found her way to the quarters of the commanding officer, where, Ellis himself being from home, she had obtained an interview with Mrs. Ellis, and made her acquainted with the story, following it up with the most strenuous assertions that I was her missing husband, with no change but what dress and improved manners might easily account for. Mrs. Ellis, a sharp, lively Irishwoman, fond of a joke, and rather held in terror on that account in the regiment, took up the case in a moment, and with a serious air assured the stranger that there was no fear but that she would see her righted, supposing that she could make good her claim. Though, of course, feeling no doubt of my innocence, she could not suppress so glorious a quiz against the fine young ensign, but immediately commenced a round of morning calls, to laugh it all over with the other ladies of the depot. In short, long before our return from the shooting excursion, "this strange story of young Martyn and a lady from Glasgow" had been repeated to everybody connected with the regiment.

I returned home that night with a burning heart, furious with my brother officers, at Mrs. Ellis, and, above all, at my odious Scotch visitor. At an early hour next forenoon, I had a note from the Major, begging me to step across the way, and when I obeyed the summons, the first object which met my eye in his parlor was the frightful Isabella. Mrs. Ellis received me with an affectedly rigid and serious air, as if she felt that things were looking very bad for me; and even Ellis was scarcely so cordial as usual. I saw that I was to be put upon trial, but thought it best to submit to the inquest with a good grace.

"Well, Martyn, this is really a strange circumstance. Here comes a lady (a slight elevation of the eye-brows at the word la-

dy) from Glasgow, to join you as your lawful wife. She insists that you are her husband, and I must say it is odd that you should have written a letter acknowledging her as your lady, and requesting her to come to you. I know you say that you thought her epistle a hoax of your brother officers; but how am I to be sure of this?"

I could not believe him half in earnest; but his address was annoying in any shape in which I could take it, and I hardly knew how to treat the matter, so ridiculous as once serious had it become.

"I assure my dear Major," said I, "that I have given you a candid account of the affair of the letter. I wish my hand had been burnt when I wrote it; but certainly it was only with a view to turn back a bad joke upon its authors. If it has been the means of bringing this lady so far from home, I am sorry for it, and I shall be happy to make a proper reparation for the consequences of my unlucky *jeu d'esprit*."

"Aih, ye're just my ain Wully, now," interrupted the fair claimant, or plaintiff, as I may rather call her in the present circumstance. "Come, come, my dear, acknowledge me for your ledy at ance and make nae mair work about it. Aih, Wully, Wully, did I ever think to be disowned by ye, when lang syne ye used to court me on the Sunday nights, walking along the Gallowgate, or when we were livin' scoazily in our bit back shop in the Stockwell after we were married! It has been a sair weddichood to me sin' syne this four lang year: but ye'll make it a' up to me yet. And the bairns, paur things, we'll haem a brought here; and they'll be sae glad to see their papa again. The best o' our days are before us, Wully, my dear, if ye'll only listen to reason, and own me as your lawfu' wedded wife, as I am."

"Come, now, Martyn," said Mrs. Ellis, with the face which I knew she always had when bent on tormenting any poor wretch with her wit; "if this lady is really Mrs. Martyn, why not say so at once! we'll all be glad to see her in the regiment; and consider what a lot of young recruits she brings with her. I would say it is most likely you are her husband, as I never knew any wife who might not have sung, as Mrs. Gordon sometimes does—

Well would I my true love ken,
Among ten thousand Highlandmen.
Certainly she should know best. And really it would be a great hardship to have come all the way from Glasgow, in search of a missing husband, and not get him after all. I fairly let you know I'm of Mrs. Martyn's party."

"My dear Mrs. Ellis," said I imploringly, "this is really no jesting matter, for the poor woman has surely been sufficiently deceived already. Upon my soul, I'm sorry for her, and I'll give her enough to pay for the expenses of this expedition, and a little more, if she'll only go back and trouble me no more. My family is not known to any one here; but I have only to write to Cheltenham to get evidence of my having been a boy at Sandhurst at the time when this lady alleges I was keeping shop with her in some confounded street in Glasgow."

"Well," said the Major, "let us hear what Mrs. Martin says to this."

"Oh, oh, what a hardened heart he has!" blubbered forth the lady in question. "To offer me siller to gang awa and no trouble him, when I'm his married wife, as sure mem, as ye're your ain gude gentleman's! That's what I ca' adding insult to injury; mem; and nae honest woman can stand it. Isn't his name the same? And did we no hear, first, that he had got or was gettin' into the service, and then see him put into the papers as a full ensign in the—th; and then, was na there my letter answered by him as my dutifu' lovin' husband, and a' the rest o' it. And is he no the vera man, there where he stands—joost the exact hicht, the ecendental face and figure—a' the same, in fact, but the bits o' fine claes he's got on noo, as right he should. My friends never misdooted that he was my man when they saw the letter, and that was the reason they made up a lock o' siller to fit me decently out as an offisher's ledy; but hae nae I the evidence o' my senses into the bargain? Oh, Wully, ye're surely my ain man, and the bairns' father, and I can nae longer keep frae fawing i' your arms, strong and mannae hae her way."

And, ere I was aware, the fair tigress had actually precipitated herself upon me, and taken me firmly round the neck, while her slobbered face and dirty, crumpled-up handkerchief reposed upon my bosom. It was the most embarrassing situation imaginable, for I was obliged to give her some support, to save the poor creature from falling; and on the other hand, there stood Mrs. Ellis declaring that it was the most affecting reconnaissance and reunion she had ever beheld. Was ever a gay young ensign in such a dilemma before? But I was now beginning to be a little savage at my situation, and strong and decisive measures were evidently becoming necessary.

"Woman!" I said, "take yourself away from me, and give up this shocking humbug, or I'll have you taken before a magistrate, whatever Major Ellis may say or do. I'm not to be hoaxed any longer in this way, I assure you. So be off, I tell you again. Do you hear me?"

But the poor creature had before this time fainted in my arms, a clear proof, at least, that she fully believed me to be her husband, though how she could mistake a mere stripling for a man who, from her own account, must have been at least thirty,

was what I could not account for on any theory consistent with her possession of common reason. There, however, was she in a genuine swoon, brought on evidently by the intensity of her feelings.—Things had now reached a most distressing crisis to all of us, and even Mrs. Ellis seemed affected. Between concern for my own honor, the sense of the ridiculousness of my situation, and pity for the unfortunate woman, I knew not what to do or say—when, just as my burden was coming to bear sense, entered Curran, my groom, with a look which from the first I thought a herald of relief, and addressing himself to Major Ellis, said, "Plaze you, sir, I think we've found the real husband. We've been on the puzzle all the morning, ye see, about this mighty odd business, and now we've sure got light on't."

"Well, my good fellow, tell us what you know."

"Why, then, Major, this lady's right enough about her husband having joined the—th; but sorra a right she is about the man; that's all. It's not Ensign Martyn at all, d'ye see, but William Martin, a poor private, like myself, in Captain Gordon's company."

"Can it be possible?" was the simultaneous exclamation of the whole party, excepting Mrs. Martin, who seemed to listen in a kind of credulous bewilderment.

"By the powers, it's as true as my name's Phil Curran. We thought the fellow looked rather queer this morning, and his wishing to be excused from parade confirmed us, your honor. So, Bill, says we, what if you are that lady's husband or sell of thee? And he looked quite red, then, your honor. So we all fell upon him for deserting so swate a creaturo and her four small childer into the bargain, and it all ended in his not being ablo to say he was not the woman's husband, sorra take him for a skulker as he is."

"Bring up the fellow here instantly," cried the Major, "and we'll have the affair settled one way or the other at once."

While this order was in the course of being executed, I learned that private Martin was a superior sort of man, though of reverend manner, who was supposed to have seen better days, and to have enlisted under want. He had conducted himself since he joined the regiment with so much propriety, that all his comrades thought him in the fair way of that promotion for which an education somewhat better than theirs seemed to qualify him. No one had any thing to say against him, except that he kept himself much apart from his comrades, though they excused, in consideration of his having once been better than they. All this was stated in presence and hearing of Mrs. Martin, who said, "Weel, it'll be a sair dooncome if my man's only a pretvat; but yet it's better to hae a man o' some kind, than be a widow bewitched, that's neither flesh, fish nor gude red herrin'—Jenny Haivers herself wad allow that."

Martin soon appeared, and, when confronted with the fair lady of the Stockwell, looked as sheepish as I ever saw any man look in my life. It was rather odd that he did bear a considerable resemblance to me, though I flatter myself, at a decent long interval in some respects.

"Now madam," said Ellis, "will you please say if either of these men is your husband, and which of them?"

"Aih, tosh, Major, I'm sure that ano' o' them mayn be the man; but it's ill to say whilk ane it is. The ensign's sic a bonny lad, and sae like what my Wully was when I married him, that I could mainly swear he's the thing yet. But again, when I take a look o' the other ane, faith I believe I've been mista'en, and this is my Wully after a'!"

"To cut this matter short," said Martin, "I confess myself to be this woman's husband. I can only say, in excuse of my conduct, that it was misfortune in business which first made me leave her. I had some hopes of finding a new opening in Ireland, where I had some friends, and came here to see after it, but was disappointed. Instead of being able to send for my wife and children, I was in the greatest poverty myself, being only employed sometimes as a clerk by butchers. From shame, I ceased to write to her; and besides, I heard that her brother, who was in tolerable circumstances, had taken charge of her. At last I was obliged to enlist as a common soldier. Yet still I intended, if I ever got promotion, to ask her to join me. This is the plain truth, an' the whole truth, I assure you, gentlemen. I am really sorry that Mr. Martin has been put to so much trouble. It is partly owing to my wife being not so sharp in the judgment as you all must have seen. If he considers this and my own misfortunes, I hope he will excuse us both."

"A-weel, weel, Wully," said his wife, shaking him by the hand, (how cool, compared with the accolade she bestowed upon me!) "we'll just make it a' up, and I'll sell my braws, and take up my quarters i' the barracks, and aibins ye'll be as good an ensign yet as Mr. Martyn there, and sae I may be an offisher's ledy after a'."

Matters were now accommodated to the satisfaction of all parties, and it only remains for me to say that we soon got Mrs. Martin and her blooming progeny comfortably settled. Martin had since got a couple of cheques across his name, and his wife wishes them beyond competition.—Lucy and Power were confoundedly quizzical upon me for a month or two; but I now all pretty well blown over, and a bosom of true Mrs. Martyn is yet in the destiny.