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**TERMS.**  
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**MISCELLANEOUS.**  
From the Boston Evening Gazette.  
**The Two Officers,**  
OR  
**"THE TANNER AND THE SALT-BOILER."**  
BY ANN F. PORTER.

It is scarcely fifty years since the first settlement of Ohio. The "backwoods," as they were then termed, echoed for the first time the merry sound of the busy axe. A few years made a great change—the "clearings" were dotted here and there with picturesque log cabins, and the weary traveler, who for hours had followed the bridge path through the forest, halted the curling smoke from the mud chimney as a sure presage of a warm welcome, and a warmer supper of "ham and hominy." The perils of the Indian war and the close intimacy occasioned by life in the garrison, made the settlers feel their dependence upon each other and united their hearts as well as their interests. Nearly all of these pioneers were pilgrim sons, inheriting the stern virtues and brave hearts of their puritan fathers. Danger was perfume to their restless spirits, and the hard labor of clearing land, building their own houses and tilling their fields, even before they were cleared of stumps, gave vigor and energy to their bodies, and even were their few advantages to be gained by a life in the wilderness, they exchanged the cold winds and barren sands of our New England sea-shore for a dwelling amid the rich fields and fertile valleys that border upon the "La Belle Rivier." The first permanent settlement was made in 1783 at a spot on the river where the Muskingum, literally translated Elk Eye, rolls its tributary waters to the Ohio.

The traveler of this day, as he is hurried swift along by the almost magic power of steam, fails not to cast a lingering look upon this lovely spot and echoes the remark of each preceding observer, "What a delightful location the early settlers chose!" The place increased but slowly on account of Indian troubles. It first received its name in 1793—that year memorable in France for the tragic death of Maria Antoinette, and these sturdy sons of the forest, uniting with their stern nature a sympathy for the fair sufferer, gallantly called it *Marietta* in honor of that most unfortunate queen. Nearly all of the inhabitants resided in the garrison. This was a piece of ground in the form of a square, surrounded by an embankment of earth—on the top of which was a rude embrasure, composed of stakes driven into the ground at short distances from each other.

Within this enclosure were the houses, mostly built of unwhitened logs presenting rather a rude appearance to the eye accustomed to the neat and tidy dwellings of a New England village. But we will not despise them, for many a noble spirit has been cradled in those rude houses of the west and many a bright eyed merry girl has graced them with her presence. As some who peruse this may have never seen a log cabin allow me to push open the door, for the latch is loose and give them a peep into a domicile of primitive times. Start not, gentle reader, the hand of neatness and of taste has been here. Thank Heaven—the gifts of nature are lavished profusely upon all earth's children. It needs but the open eye to see their beauties, and the open heart to receive them. The sunbeams shine as brightly upon the rich, brown bark of those rough logs, as it does upon the fretted domes and gilded palaces of a monarch—the rose, twined over low door-way above your head gives forth its perfume as sweetly as when matured by high-born damsels, and watered from marble fountains. Above all, in the human heart here, that exquisite piece of God's workmanship, you will find more kindly impulse—more of the graces which dignify humanity, than in the crowded city where every thing seems calculated to call forth the selfishness and cupidity of men.

But I keep you too long at the door—see it near evening, and the mother has gathered her little flock around her—the board of floor is cleanly swept—the bed looks as if it received its finishing touch from the hand of a quakeress, and were it not for that sleepy little urethra, who has his hand upon the head board to draw it out, we should not perceive the trundle-bed beneath. But here are more bodies than can be comfortably lodged in two beds. Ah, but you perceive not all the conveniences of the place. Yonder is a narrow ladder. It leads to the loft—that is the resting place for the older boys. They need not, like the scientific Ferguson, go out into the open fields to watch at the stars, for the openings through the unshingled roof are but so many loop holes for the embryo astronomer. The rain and snow may give them some trouble, but these are only trifles to the buckeye boy. They were early inured to hardship, and taught by their brave mothers they were well prepared for the trials and emergencies incident to a new country. Little has been said of those noble women who accompanied the early settlers. Their names are unknown in romance or in song, but their meed of praise (and ought woman to ask more?) is, that "their children rise up and call them blessed." I have said that

these emigrants were all united in feeling and in action. Most of them were adventurous, energetic spirits, determined to seek and find a fortune. Industry was the watch word of all—and when trees were to be felled, stumps rooted out, log cabins rolled up, corn to be planted, and new lands to survey, who could be idle? But there were some exceptions. As the Indians ceased to trouble them, and pitched wig wags further towards the setting sun—and the rich land began to yield abundant crops, then temptations were presented to those who, too indolent to sow amid hardships and danger, were yet willing to reap when days of peace came.

Soon after the garrison was deserted—and houses began to be erected in different parts of the valley—there was quite a commotion in the settlement occasioned by the arrival of a family. As the boat neared the shore a group were collected to receive them, the men in their flannel frocks or hunting shirts, and the women in their fur-lined gowns and check aprons. But careless of personal appearance, they were impatiently waiting to welcome the strangers for a pilgrim from New England was hailed as brother from home.

A number of ladies were discerned in the stern, and one by her commanding figure and richer dress attracted their attention. As she stepped from the boat to the plank, she was supported by a gentleman in the garb of an officer who appeared to be her brother.

A veil partly concealed her features though it could not wholly hide the glances of a full black eye, as she raised her head to gaze at the crowd. The gentleman inquired for the house of Gen. Putnam, and being directed, passed quickly on with his charge—much to the disappointment of the wondering dames, and if truth be told, no loss to the chagrin of some of the lords of creation for the bewitching glance of a pair of fine eyes had made them wish for a further view of the fair face to which they had belonged.

Days passed and little was known of the strangers, save that the gentleman, who proved to be the lady's brother, had been sent out by government to transact business with the Surveyor General. His sister was his only remaining relative and being distantly connected with Gen. Putnam, she was placed under his care. She seemed studiously to avoid all intercourse with the inhabitants—and when reluctantly compelled by circumstances to be a partaker of their festive gatherings, it was a task rather than a pleasure. While her brother's merry laugh and cheerful manners made him a welcome guest in the humblest cabin, her haughty air seemed to chill even the happiest hearts around her, like a sudden frost upon the fairest flowers. Her dress was rich and tasteful, and her black hair formed a fine contrast to her complexion. The first glance pronounced her beautiful, the second detected a want of breadth and expansion in the forehead, the third discovered a "Je ne sais quoi" in her air and manner which made him turn with pleasure to the open browed, unsophisticated buckeye dandy at his side.

Such was Martha Ellis at her first introduction to western society. Her father was originally an industrious plodding shoemaker, but by great frugality, acquired wealth, married into a poor but aristocratic family, and died one of the richest merchants in New York. Martha lost her mother in early life, but not until she had imbibed some peculiar notions with regard to the distinction and importance to which wealth would entitle her.

Her father saw them with regret, and would often point her to his shoemaker's bench and tools which he carefully preserved to the day of his death, as a memento of the way in which he was first enabled to procure her the luxuries of life. But while Martha inherited her mother's pride and beauty, Henry possessed the liberal view of his father united to the refinements of education. He loved his sister devotedly, and when he followed the remains of his father to the grave, she seemed to be the only resting place of his affections. It was returned with all the warmth which a selfish and proud heart is capable, a warmth like that of the sun in winter, which falls obliquely upon the heart that it awakens no sleeping flower to beauty, and though it glides, scarcely melts the surface of the pendant icicle. Through the urgent entreaties of her brother, she was persuaded to accompany him to Marietta, little dreaming but that she should find a "select coterie," a circle of exclusives even there.

She was surprised at the primitive group on the shore, still more so when the General told her that they were the most respectable inhabitants. She could hardly believe it possible when she saw his own wife and daughters engaged in the domestic duties of the kitchen. It was fruitless to search for the aristocratic—for once they were found wanting. She found her position a most uncomforable one. Her cold and reserved demeanor was returned with double interest by the independent buckeyes. She urged her brother's return, but he always found a ready excuse for remaining, and was daily proposing some excursion of pleasure—generally, however, without success.

One day, however, a sailing party was proposed by the villagers to Blennerhassett Island, one of the many fairy spots sprinkled here and there upon the Ohio. It is about twelve miles from Marietta, and has since been memorable as the scene of Burr's defeat. None among the happy

group seemed worthy of Martha's notice, save a young man to whom her brother introduced her, as a former acquaintance in the city. His polished manners and brilliant conversation interested her, and for once she strove to be agreeable. She retraced the happy hours of city life, trod again the stately rooms, promenade Broadway, and was once more the heiress. She even condescended to converse awhile with Anna Perkins, the village favorite and frowned not when she saw her leaning on her brother's arm. Atherton was charmed with her beauty; and she, with a woman's instinct, perceiving her power, drew the silken chains yet lightly around him. A call was proposed for the next evening, and Martha had already promised herself to Atherton as a partner in the dance when the boat touched the shore on their return. Anna Perkins, who was the life of the party and seemed more animated and looked more beautiful than usual, was the first to spring to land, exclaiming as she did so—

"There is Monsieur's bake house—come, Miss Ellis, you 'parley vous' it sometimes, let's go and have a chat with the Frenchman."

A smile of contempt curled on Martha's lip, but before she had time to reply two men came from towards a boat and entered the bake-house. Their appearance indicated long travel, and the casual observer would see nothing remarkable in their exterior.

"There, look!" said Anne, as she touched Martha's arm, who knows but they are noblemen in disguise, from sunny France, come to visit their poor countryman all alone in the backwoods."

"Like enough, Miss Perkins! A French nobleman visit a baker! Those shabby boatmen would thank you well for your high compliment."

"Never mind," answered the gentle Anne, as she turned with light feet to the Frenchman's, "I'll go by myself and take my evening lesson, Bon Soir."

In a moment she was in the presence of the man of cakes. The old settlers well remember the place and its worthy proprietor.

As she entered, the two strangers were busily engaged, in making their bargain, or rather mourning over their disappointment in obtaining boat stores at the time promised. From her limited knowledge of French, she gathered that the poor baker, though he had worked hard all day, had not been able, for want of help to complete the required quantity. His eye brightened as she saw Anna enter. As soon as she understood the difficulty, in a trice her sleeves were rolled up, and her pretty hands and nearly half of her little plump arms were embedded in dough.

"Thank you, ma belle fille," said the elder of the strangers in a tone and manner which convinced Anna that he was no ordinary boatman; though notwithstanding her playful sally, she was much surprised at the discovery as would Martha herself have been. Pray don't bake that in your loaf," he added as he dropped a glittering ring in the sticky mass before him, "keep it as a remembrance of the Frenchman." Before she could disengage her hand from the bread to return the jewel, the stranger was gone.

"Ma foi! said the baker, as he gazed at it, 'a real diamond! no common boatman that, but a genuine French lord in disguise."

Anna was amusing herself with the surprise her narrative would cause to Martha, and perfectly assured that it was indeed a distinguished stranger, but she little dreamed until months after the fact was made known, that the bread buyer was none other than the heir apparent to the throne of France.

\* For further particulars of Louis Philippe's visit to Marietta, see a late work of Gov. Cass entitled "Recollections of the King and Court of France."

The next evening was a gay one for the village of M—. With less of gorgeousness than the poets ball, there was still a fair women and brave men assembled in the largest room the place could afford. And none gayer or more brilliant than Martha Ellis, and when her partner rose to lead the dance all eyes were turned in admiration upon them. Henry and our gentle Anna followed. The contest was great between the two girls. One like the splendid dahlia, attracting all eyes by its beauty, the other like a delicate violet, winning by its perfume. We gaze in admiration at the one, but place the other in our bosom. Atherton found new charms in his companion—his heart was won, and he determined to seek the first opportunity to disclose the state of his affections. But be ware ye of hopeful lovers, for 'Cupid is by side led.' Our hero was standing by the side of Martha in a retired part, for weary with the dance, they had withdrawn from the party some time before. He was giving an account of his journey and his business at the West. "I come," said he, "to see if a suitable place could be obtained for the erection of a tannery, being engaged in that employment."

He stopped, for Martha had suddenly ceased to be interested, and was looking curiously at her brother, who, with light heart, and lighter heels, was tripping it through the mazy dance with Anna, whose clear, ringing laugh and smiling face for the first time attracted Atherton's attention.

"A bright face and a merry heart that, said he, turning—a disposition like Anna's would throw gladness around a cloudy day."

"Mr. Atherton," said Martha, "I will thank you to speak to my brother and request him to come to me. Surprised at the altered manner of her who commanded, and yet obedient to her wishes, he crossed the room.

"Why, Henry!" she exclaimed, as a moment after he stood by her side, "why will you spend all your time and attention upon that simple girl? Here am I with no one to wait upon me but that odious Atherton. A tanner! I wonder I did not see it before—but look; his very face is an advertisement of hides and tallow, and he has the odour of rat vats in his speech. A flush mantled the fine, open face of Henry, as he said, "He is a dear friend of mine, and not the less so because he owns and superintends two or three extensive tanneries."

There was a little bitterness in his remarks, and how much was caused by Martha's first observation we know not, but certain it is that the cloud passed from his brow, as he caught the smiles of Anna, who was just then in the act of taking Sambo's stringed instrument to teach him to perform his part more to edification. Her white brow strongly contrasted with the sable hue of the African as she bent over his shoulder, and smiling, listened to the self-complacent remark of the musician. No, no, Misses, don't think to teach Sambo, who has played the fiddle these forty years in Old Virginia.

"Come," exclaimed Martha—"do let us get out of the place as fast as possible."

"I will accompany you home," said Henry, and indeed you are fatigued, and may view things with more pleasure in the bright sunlight of morning."

"I shall look with no pleasure upon mechanics," was the reply of the haughty girl as she drew her shawl around her and disappeared from the room.

We will not positively assert that such vulgar personages as listeners are often found in a hall room, but we are confident that not two hours passed before Atherton was knowing the conversation between the brother and sister. It was a bitter drop in his cup that night, but reason was stronger than passion in his well balanced mind, and it was not long ere he was led to feel that he had escaped a precipice, though he had been upon the "border of the brink."

But while pursuing the history of a few individuals, we had forgotten to speak of the rapid improvements in our village. That it had made some progress in civilization we have learned from the establishment of Monsieur's bakery. A log store had preceded, containing supplies for the inward and outer man, as the sign held forth, written in fair white chalk marks upon the wooden window shutter, "Dry Goods and groceries," also "A new supply of Dilworth's Spelling Books," "The Psalter, and 'The whole circle of the Sciences.' A tailor, goose in hand, arrived soon after, and ere long a smiling milliner hung out a bonnet from the window opposite the thriving tailor.

Such things were the sure precursors of busy times. One important building should have been first named, as it was the first to greet the traveler on his entrance to the village. I refer to the log tavern situated on the bank of the Muskingum, not far from its mouth. The creaking sign upon the branch of a buckeye tree near the door gave notice that there could be found "Entertainment for man and beast." It was a favorite resort for the inhabitants when the labors of the day were closed. The post office was in one part of the building, and once a week the mail made its appearance on horseback, carefully protected by one who feared not, even in those troublesome times, to follow the bridge path through the forest to the nearest post town some fifty or sixty miles distant. It was on one of these important evenings when the worthy innkeeper was in momentary expectation of the weekly budget, that a group had collected in the bar room. Gen. Putnam was there, wondering with the rest what would be the next news from Bonaparte. It was at the time when that man of blood was astonishing the world with his prowess. Their attention was suddenly attracted by the entrance of a tired way-farer, who craved supper and lodging. The General laid down his pipe, and as was his wont scrutinized the stranger. There was a look of satisfaction as he surveyed the expansive forehead, expressive, deep blue eyes and many forms of the young man before him. While supper was preparing, he seated himself on the long bench outside of the door, but in those early days, the stranger was soon made welcome. It was not long before he informed the group that hearing much of 'the West,' he had come to seek his fortune.

"This," said he, drawing a half dollar from his pocket, "is the last piece of money I have, but I suppose work is plenty. I have health and strength."

"But what are you willing to do?" "Anything that is to be done, sir," said the young man. "I suppose there are trees to be felled, and land to be cleared."

"You are the man for us," was the quick reply. "Come to my house to-morrow and you shall be supplied."

Erwin, for such was the name of the stranger, thanked the General and promised to be there by sunrise.

That night his sleep was sweet and his dreams like his waking thoughts, were filled with bright anticipations of fortune won by laborious exertions.

The next day found him domesticated in the General's family. The primitive simplicity of the times admitted all to the social

board. Of course he met Martha Ellis often. At first her beauty and polished manners surprised him, so different from any thing he expected to meet at the West. His manner toward her partook more of deference and respect than the rest of the household. It was quickly observed by Martha, and in 'pride of condescension,' she treated him with more attention than she was wont to give the hired men of the household.

In the mean time Henry had purchased a fine lot on the banks of the Ohio and was erecting a tasteful cottage. Notwithstanding the bitter words of his sister, and her earnest expostulations not to degrade himself, he had invited our friend Anna to share his hearth and heart.

A year flew by and brought some change to Erwin. He had become a great favorite among the enterprising men of the place. No new building was raised but his strong arm must aid, no land to be surveyed but his correct eye must place the line. But notwithstanding his prospects of success, he was at times melancholy and reserved. Many attributed it to his love of books—for it was known that he was the greatest reader in the place. The General's library was freely opened to him.

But there were deeper feelings at work in his heart. We have said, from his introduction to Martha he had been fascinated with her beauty. The object of his admiration was fully aware of it, and what woman's heart is proof against the homage of her personal charms. Even the proud heiress was moved, and her voice was lower, her eye wore a softer expression whenever she spoke of Erwin. Better had she shown more openly the proud heart that beat beneath this fair exterior.

"If she was not rich," thought Erwin, "I might have some feeble hope of winning her, but it is too presumptuous. The rich beauty will never condescend to accept the hand of the poor adventurer."

Such thoughts would often make him wish he had never seen her. Then again the kindness and familiarity of Henry would reassure him, and he ventured to indulge the hope that at some future day, if fortune favored, he might be found worthy to wear so rich a prize. He toiled early and late, taking no recreation save that of books. He frequently met Martha in the library, for she too, was a reader, and indeed possessed an intellect superior to most of the ladies of the place. It was a pleasant summer evening; Erwin had retired to the library, and was intently reading a volume of Shakespeare.

"What are you reading now?" said Martha, as she entered unseen by Erwin. She spoke in her blindest tone, for she had come to request some slight favor. He glanced from his book to her face, and thought her more beautiful than ever. "One wish, one hope possessed his mind. He turned again to the book—his eyes fell on the following words—"I must confess my true love—therefore pardon me." He read them aloud, and added:

"Think me not presumptuous to quote this as the expression of my own heart.—Perhaps, Miss Ellis, and the voice of the strong man trembled, 'perhaps I ought to have crushed those feelings long since.—But like polar star they have been to me as I hoped a guide to success. I felt with the prospect of such a prize, with the faint hope I should have said, I might one day win a name which even you would not despise to wear. Could you but lead me to hope that at some future day this attachment may be reciprocated, no effort shall be spared, no sacrifice will be considered too great;—he passed. Martha had stood in silence; astonishment and chagrin had filled her heart, but suddenly the expression of her face changed and a scornful laugh rung in the ear of the surprised and disappointed Erwin.

"Really, Mr. Erwin, you have presumed indeed; I trust your next love affair will be less inspiring and more successful."

With those words she walked haughtily away; Erwin stood as if petrified. A refusal he had feared—but to be scorned, insulted, was more than his spirit could brook. He felt what Mrs. Hemans has beautifully expressed:

"To make us idols and to find them clay."

The arrow entered deeply into his soul, but it drank not up its energies. "I can stay here no longer," was his second thought; retiring to his room he packed up his little store of clothing and the few books he possessed. He then went to Gen. Putnam and briefly stated that he had understood they were about constructing salt works upon the Muskingum, a few miles above Marietta, and added, "I think I shall go and offer my services." His friend and patron approved of his plan, and added, "Erwin, I expect one day to see you a distinguished man. The path is open before you; persevere; my best wishes attend you." The young man pressed his friend's hand and departed.

Not many years after this event a college was established in Athens, Ohio. It was the first in the state and great effort was made to sustain it. Erwin determined to avail himself of its advantages, though too old as he supposed to take a regular course. But summer found him busy boiling salt, and working with all the energy of his strong physical powers, and winter saw him immersed in study, and excelling all the other students in the rapidity of his attainments. Every thing seemed to be absorbed in the one strong wish to be a thoroughly educated man.

We will pass over an interval of some

years. Many changes have taken place since Martha Ellis stepped from the little boat of which we spoke at the commencement of this sketch. Ohio holds a high rank among her sister states. Cities have sprung up in the forest as if at the touch of Aladdin's lamp, and no where do we find more energy and public spirit than in the buckeye state. Her wise men are known in our councils, and her legislators teach wisdom. The traveler pauses to admire her fine roads, her produce-laden canals, and above all, her public institutions, for in the latter she is excelled by no state in the Union. Her agriculture, too, is worthy of notice. Within five miles of Marietta is a fine farm of eight or twelve hundred acres. It is noted for its extensive wheatfields, its fine cattle, and especially for the intelligence and liberality of its owner. In the porch, over which the woodbine had twined its graceful foliage, shooting its tendrils through the lattice work, 'shedding and sharing domestic love,' may be seen on a summer's eve, a middle aged lady surrounded by laughing girls and merry boys. The hair that once clustered in ringlets on her brow is now plainly parted upon the forehead, and we should hardly recognize the face now shaded by the matronly cap, were it not the same blue eye sparkling as joyously, and the same sunny smile dwells on the cheek of our fair Anna. A few gray hairs on the head of her husband, Henry Ellis, show that time has touched his brow, but his happy countenance tells that it has left no impression upon his heart.

Not far distant from this peaceful home lies the beautiful town of Somers. The passing traveler will not fail to admire a prettily mansion a short distance from the bustle and business of the place. It is in a spot beautiful by nature, and art has but added to its beauties. The school-boy in the street will tell you its owner with a smiling face, for his voice has often been raised for Erwin the Congressman, and the listener in the halls of Congress will recognize his lofty brow and speaking eye among the foremost of the choice spirits there.—It was at the close of one of his happiest efforts that he was met by his friend Henry Ellis, then a visitor at Congress.

"Ah! Erwin, the salt has not lost its savor!" "I trust not," said the eloquent speaker, his broad, good-humored countenance lightened by a smile at the remembrance of his salt boiling days. "But how are friends at home?"

"All well, save sister Martha," (the brother was happily ignorant of the secret cause which sent Erwin from his western home,) "she is much troubled with rheumatism, and this added to her unhappy disposition, makes her trouble enough. Poor girl! She had beauty and talents, and were it not for her 'over-estimating pride,' she might now be the happy wife of your friend Atherton there, member of the Committee of Finance and one of the wealthiest merchants of New York."

Erwin thought for a moment of his early love, then turned in fancy to his happy home and to his loved and loving wife, who was the light of that home, and secretly congratulated himself upon his escape. It was even as her brother had said. Martha Ellis, the once beautiful heiress, was a fretful, impatient old maid. Time had withered her cheek, but a more corroding finger than time had quenched the brightness of her eye and fed the worm gnawing at her heart. In her lonely room she sits in maiden meditation, fancy free, for no high born lover has ever yet laid his honors at her feet. Alone, among the many she walks the streets in her antiquated brocade, as stately and as stiff as the rustling robe itself.

**CINCINNATI.**—Don't you recollect this terribly long word in good old Noah Webster's good old spelling book, where it stood in the same category with those other juvenile jaw crackers, Canaliculus and Melancholicus?—It was a proud word your school-boy life—can you speak in your literary pursuits—see how you go in Chickaminicoon? "Baker," "Crucifix," "Ambiguity," the pictures "big A, little a, r, o, n, Aaron," and other stopping places of rote triumphant! I left behind—Chickaminicoon was the last stage before "grammar, the plus ultra of human learning!"

"Well, what and where in Chickaminicoon?" "We pause for a reply." Can one in ten thousand, among the millions who have studied Webster's spelling book, answer the question?

Chickaminicoon is an island on the coast of N. Carolina, 25 miles north of Cape Hatteras. Greenville, Pa.

"He's cut a Dido."—It is told in history that Dido, a queen of Tyre, about 870 years before Christ, fled from that place after the murder of her husband, and with a colony settled upon the northern coast of Africa, where she built Carthage. Being in want of land, she bargained with the natives for as much as she could surround with a bull's hide. Having made the agreement, she cut a bull's hide into fine strips, and tying them together, claimed as much land as she could surround with the long line she had thus made. The natives allowed the cunning queen to have her way, but when any body pulled off a sharp trick they said he had "cut a Dido," and the phrase has come down to our day.—Boston American.

A parish clerk of East Retford lately notified a vestry meeting of the parish, to determine what colour the church should be white-washed.

From discoveries made at Liverpool there is now no doubt that the recent conflagration in that town have been the work of a hand of diabolical incendiaries.

The cost to the country of the execution of our slave trade treaties, for the year 1842, is not less than £575,466.

There are 216 mechanics' institutions in England comprising 26,651 members and subscribers, of whom about one-half belong to the class of workmen.