

THOS. W. ATKIN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS OF THE MESSENGER: Two Dollars and Fifty Cents per annum in advance...

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Guessing Institute.

A steady son of New England found himself, recently, all alone, unknown, and "hard up" in New Orleans.

Yankee Doodle! come along! When fortune falls distressing.

Early next day, our hero and another odd-looking genius were seen on a ladder, nailing up a broad strip of canvass all across the front of a house on the Levee.

NU ORLEENS GESSING INSTITOOT.

GESSING TAUT IN ONE LESSON.

Only 25 cents.

The thing produced a sensation at once among sailors, peddlers, Levee laborers, and all sorts of stragglers.

In straggled an open-mouthed enquirer after the mysteries of guessing.

"Stranger, good morning, walk up and proscribe yourself as a true enquirer after the revelations of Geeseology.

One after another, as fast as he could dispose of them, the Professor found his customers sideling half shyly upon him all day long.

The Professor counted his receipts that night, finding a round sum to help him on West; and his "institoot" for a premium to his enterprising assistant.

A drover was robbed yesterday morning, at the drive yard hotel, in Callowhill street, of \$400 in money and \$800 in checks.

A Melancholy Picture.

Our readers recollect the brief notices which were published some time since, of the mortality at Woodville, Miss., caused by the yellow fever.

Our heart is heavy and almost desolate, our spirits die within us, as we sit down and think of the scenes of the last few weeks.

"We call, but they answer not again," and friendship and love in all their anguish seem constrained to inquire,

But the question falls without an echo, and no answer comes back from that shore where our friends that so lately walked these streets with us, have gone.

The terrible disease has robbed us of many of the very best citizens of which we could boast.

The saw, the plane, and the hammer grew still. Merchants' shops, up their stores, and walked home to die.

People fled their homes in flight and consternation. Every thing seemed to partake of the general terror.

The grass bid fair to spring up where merry feet had so recently gone down. Yet there was one road in which no grass grew.

The Seven Quarters of Life.

The seven ages of man have been proverbial; but in respect to the condition of the mind, there are granted to us but four periods of life.

A Love Chase.

The Portland Argus gives an account of a love affair which happened in that city recently, and which should be extensively circulated for the benefit of young marriageable dandies who are prone to fall in love at first sight.

The second Act opens at the depot, with the train about to start. The mother had entered the cars and confronted her daughter and her lover, by turns entreating the one to remain with her, and upbraiding the other for "swailing away an old woman's daughter."

Meanwhile time flew, and the moment of departure came. The mother was still beseeching—the daughter pouting—the lover frowning—when dame Fortune for once helped the matron and disappointed the maid.

Finding his egress through the door strangely prevented, he rushed to the window and with a \$3 bill between his fingers, endeavored to convey it to her.

It is an old proverb, "time and tide wait for no man," neither does the mail train for woman either. At this moment the starting time arrived, the bell tolled, the engineer let on the steam—the fireman grinned—the spectators laughed—and on went the train, with the itinerant, but without his victim.

AN HONEST MAN FOUND AT LAST.

The Albany Argus gives the subjoined notice of an individual living in that city. If all men were as conscientious, the world would be much better:

There is a man living in Albany for many years, who has gained a comfortable and honorable position, and is now worth \$100,000.

country. This which follows is the extract from his letter:

"We would further make you acquainted with what has just happened in Orooniah, among those Americans who are residing there. Quite a quarrel has taken place between the Bishops and people on one side and the Americans on the other, on account of the improper proceedings of the latter in the said town.

The above letter was communicated to us from a reliable source.—N. Y. American.

Bold Feat of a Virginia Maiden.

A correspondent of the Journal of Commerce, writing from Harper's Ferry, tells a story which is worth repeating. In the village of Charlestown, Va., a short time since, there was a Whig celebration.

MELANCHOLY DEATH.

Mr. Geo. P. Hathaway, of Bedford, Michigan, was married on the 9th ult. to Miss Harriet Cornell, of Erie, Michigan.

DARING ROBBERY.

As the Exchange clerk of the N. Liberties Bank, Philadelphia, was going his rounds on Tuesday, when in the neighborhood of 6th and Market street, he was seized by two men in the open street, and choked by one of them in such a manner as to prevent his giving alarm.

TROOPS OF THE REVOLUTION.

The number of soldiers furnished by each section of the country is as follows: By New England, 117,141; By the Middle States, 56,571; By the Southern States, 57,279.

LEGISLATIVE.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The following is the substance of the remarks made by Mr. Caldwell, of Burke, in reply to M. J. B. Shepard, on a motion to print 10 copies of the Governor's message for each member of the Legislature:

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Presidency, on account of his opposition to the Tariff.

Such a man, I am happy to say, the Whig party took no part in electing. The gentleman and his party did it—they are now welcome to their President, and to all they can make out of him.

Mr. Clay.

The Louisville Journal notices a rumor circulated there that Mr. Clay was very ill, and says: "We are happy to inform Mr. Clay's many warm and devoted friends that he not only enjoys most excellent health, but exhibits the same buoyancy of spirits that has so often distinguished him in many dark and trying hours during his long and eventful public life."

The certainty that Tennessee has cast her electoral vote for Clay and Frelinghuysen now proves that the loss of New York was the really fatal loss for that ticket.

Western Rivers.

After a long struggle, Congress voted to the West a beginning in the way of appropriations for our rivers and lakes. These appropriations are trifling as yet.

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