The North Carolina Whig.

"Be true to God, to your Country, and to your Duty."

VOLUME 9. CHARLOTTE, N. C., FEBRUARY 19, 1861. NUMBER 47.

MRS. T. J. HOLTON,
PUBLISHER.

TERMS:

The North-Carolina Whig will be afforded to subscribers at TWO DOLLARS in advance; TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS if payment be delayed for three months; and THREE DOLLARS at the end of the year. Newspaper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editor.

Advertisements inserted at One Dollar per square (16 lines or less, this sized type) for the first insertion, and 25 cents for each continuance. Court advertisements and Sheriff's Sales charged 25 per cent higher; and a deduction of 33⅓ per cent. will be made from the regular prices, for advertisers by the year. Advertisements inserted monthly or quarterly, at $1 per square for each time. Semi-monthly 75 cents per square for each time.

Persons when sending in their advertisements should give the number of insertions desired or they will be inserted until forbid and charged accordingly.

Postmasters are authorized to act as agents.

J. G. WILKINSON & CO.
DEALERS IN
WATCHES, JEWELRY,
SILVER and PLATED WARE,
AND
FANCY GOODS,
No. 3, Granite Range, opposite the Mansion House,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
Attention given to Repairing Watches & Jewelry.
June 7, 1860. 13tf

R. W. BECKWITH
HAS CONSTANTLY ON HAND
WATCHES, JEWELRY,
PLATED WARE, &c.,
OF THE BEST ENGLISH AND AMERICAN MANUFACTURE
Call and examine his stock before purchasing elsewhere.

FURNITURE!
AT
CHARLESTON PRICES.

HAVING PURCHASED THE ENTIRE STOCK OF
FURNITURE
of J. M. Sanders & Co., and associated with me my brother, W. Lee Davidson, we intend to carry on the business under the firm of
DAVIDSON & BROTHER,
in all its branches, at the old stand of J. M. Sanders & Co.,
UNTIL THE FIRST OF JANUARY NEXT,
when we expect to open
A SMALLER HOUSE
In the Store of David Parks, Esq., now occupied by the
BRANH BANK OF THE STATE.
A Full Stock of Furniture,
OF ALL KINDS,
May always be found at this Establishment, and we pledge ourselves to
Sell as Low as the same articles can be bought in CHARLESTON, or any other Southern City.
MR. FRANKLIN HUMPH
Will have charge of the Manufacturing Department, where work desired will be promptly attended to, and repairing of any kind neatly done.
ROBT. F. DAVIDSON.

N. B.—Having taken the Agency of "FISK'S METALIC BURIAL CASES," I can always be kept on hand.
R. F. D.
October 2, 1860. 23tf

NOTICE!!
HAVING sold out our entire stock of Furniture, &c., to ROBERT F. DAVIDSON a who, together with his brother, W. LEE DAVIDSON, expect to continue the above business at
Our Old Stand,
under the firm of
DAVIDSON & BROTHER
We cordially commend them to our friends and customers who may wish anything in that way, and hope they will extend to them a patronage as liberal as we have heretofore received at their hands.
J. M. SANDERS & Co.
October 2, 1860. 23tf

MARKET HOUSE.
THE subscriber respectfully informs his former customers and the public generally, that he has opened a HOUSE, under the above name, nearly opposite Messrs. Otts & Williams, two doors below Messrs. J. Y. Boyce & Co., where always may be found a full assortment of
Family Groceries,
Vegetables, Butter and Eggs, Chickens, Figs, Candies, Raisins, Nuts, Pickles, Preserves, Wines, &c.
Superior Tobacco and Segars,
Crockery and Glassware,
Hats and Caps,
Ladies & Gentlemen's Shoes,
Calicoes, DeLaines, Shirtings,
Domestic, Ticking, &c,
and numerous Fancy Articles, all of which will be sold at the very lowest price for Cash or Barter.
F. W. AHRENS.
N. B. In addition to the above, I intend to fit up by the 1st of November, a large and comfortable Room for my Customers, where a Lunch may also be had at any time. It will be my aim to merit a share of public patronage.
F. W. AHRENS.
N. B. The highest prices paid for Butter, Eggs, Chickens, Cabbage Potatoes and other Produce.
Call at the Market House.
F. W. AHRENS.
October 16, 1860. 30tf

Chambers, Barnes & Co.,
Factors and General Commission
MERCHANTS,
CHARLESTON, S. C.

MERCHANT TAILORING
FULLINGS, SPRINGS & CO.
HAVE also added to their Ready made Clothing Stock, a Merchant Tailoring Department, to which they call the especial attention of their many friends and customers.
They intend making this department second to none in the State, either in style and quality of Goods, or in the manufacture of Garments.
At all times will be found a good stock of Black and Cabmere Cloths, English, French and American Cassimeres, and a variety of Vestings. Also, an assortment of
ROCK ISLAND CASSIMERES,
They feel confident of their ability to undersell any other house in the State, from the advantages they have in getting their goods.
Their goods are bought by the quantity, by one of the Firm who resides in the Northern markets, which gives him the opportunity of taking advantage of the prices of goods, thereby saving at least
Twenty-Five Per Cent
To the consumer. 37 Dimes saved are Dollars made! So try us.
E. FULLINGS,
JNO. M. SPRINGS,
September 25, 1860. 27tf

GREAT SACRIFICES
OF
FALL AND WINTER
GOODS,
JUST RECEIVED FROM
NEW YORK,
BY
GOODMAN & EIGENBRUN,
TRADE STREET,
OPPOSITE
OATES & WILLIAMS.
WE respectfully inform the citizens of Charlotte, and surrounding country that we are prepared to offer
GREAT INDUCEMENTS
IN
CLOTHING,
STAPLE AND FANCY
DRY GOODS,
Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, &c.
AND A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF
GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS.
ALSO,
A large stock of Ladies and Gentlemen's
SHAWLS AND CLOAKS.
Please call and examine our Goods before purchasing elsewhere.
GOODMAN & EIGENBRUN.
October 2, 1860. 29tf

FALL OPENING
New Store, New Goods!
AT
Leowenstein & Bro.
NEARLY opposite the Court House, where they have an extensive stock of
DRY GOODS,
CLOTHING,
BOOTS, SHOES HATS,
AND
CAPS,
and a large variety of
DOMESTIC GOODS
AND
GROCERIES.
Persons will do well to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere.
LOEWENSTEIN & BRO
October 9, 1860. 29tf

THE GREAT
CLOTHING EMPORIUM.
FULLINGS, SPRINGS & CO.,
DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF
READY MADE CLOTHING
FURNISHING GOODS.
Hats, Caps, Trunks, Valices, &c.
Fullings, Springs & Co.
WOULD call the especial attention of their friends and patrons to their
NEW STOCK OF CLOTHING
now opening. They think they can offer greater inducements to buyers than they have ever made, their goods being bought at reduced rates and at such prices as they feel confident no House in the State can compete with.
They are selling very nice
CASSIMERE SUITS
from $12 to $25. All manner of
CASSIMERE PANTS, CASSIMERE, SILK, MATALASSE AND VELVET VESTS, OVER COATS,
Of all grades and styles.
The above Goods cannot be surpassed in style and make, having been manufactured under the constant supervision of more of one firm.
FULLINGS, SPRINGS & CO.
September 25, 1860. 27tf

JOHN T. BUTLER,
PRACTICAL
WATCH and CLOCK
MAKER,
JEWELRY &c.
OPPOSITE KERR'S HOTEL,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
(Late with R. W. Beckwith.)
Fine Watches, Clocks and Jewelry, of every description, repaired and warranted for 12 months.
October 16, 1860. 30tf

S. T. Wriston,
MANUFACTURER of, and dealer in Plain and Japanned Tinware, Stoves, Wooden Ware, Brooms, Brushes, &c., in South wing of Springs' Corner Building.
Job Work, such as rolling, tightening, &c., done with despatch.

Poetry.

Our Native Land.

God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storms and night,
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might.

For her our prayers shall rise
To God above the skies,
On him we wait!
Thou who hast heard each sigh
Watching each weeping eye,
Be Thou forever nigh!
God save the State!

Bless Thou our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storms and night!
When the wild tempest rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do Thou our country save,
By Thy great might!

Miscellaneous.

[From Peterson's Magazine.]

CHECKMATED.

I.

IT was the winter of 185–, when Paul Morphy was running his triumphant career in Europe, and ducal chess-players were writing to their friends to come and see the eighth wonder of the world. The victories so nobly gained and modestly worn, drew the eyes of all America upon the youthful champion, and a national pride mingled with the enthusiasm for his genius. The love of chess received a fresh stimulus throughout our land; clubs were organized in every little town, and the game absorbed more than ever the attention of its votaries. In B——, a large village on our central railway, raged an especial furor; and Henry Ballard, the best player in the place, enjoyed, on a small scale, the delights which Mr. Morphy tasted in their fullness. It was one of Emma Fairfield's greatest troubles that she understood nothing whatever of chess. She could indeed learn the names and movements of the seperate pieces, but there she paused. She had no more powers of combination than a baby, and invariably received fool's mate from her opponent. How it vexed her to be so stupid after all the pains Henry had taken to teach her!

Poor little Emma! there was another lesson she had learned much more thoroughly from her handsome instructor. She hardly acknowledged to herself how perfect she was becoming in it, or dared to hope that she was not alone in her proficiency.

Affairs were in this condition, and Henry coming almost every evening to play dutifully with Emma's father, and allow himself to be beaten once in awhile for the sake of making himself welcome, when a new personage appeared upon the scene. Zara Maxwell, with whom our little heroine had an old school friendship, came to pay her a visit of some weeks.

Zara was hardly what you could term a pretty girl, yet for all practical purposes was quite as well off as if she were beautiful. It was of no manner of consequence that her nose turned up and her eyes were green—that her complexion was sallow and her mouth too wide. She managed those verdant orbs with more effect than you or I could conjure out of the brightest hazel, or the sweetest blue; she had a way of drooping the long, black lashes over them that made them look, as Emerson says, like "wells that a man might fall into;" indeed, more than one unfortunate had so fallen—figuratively speaking. The sallow complexion brightened as she talked; magnificent teeth dazzled from beneath the full, red lips, and the *nez trouvée* became the most piquant spiritual feature imaginable. In dress she almost equaled a Frenchwoman; every defect was concealed, every beauty heightened. Her *savoir faire* was unapproachable; she made more of the scanty black tresses with which nature had endowed her, than Emma could of her magnificent profusion of brown hair. For the rest, she had been got up without any undue proportion of heart and conscience, though with her usual art she contrived to pass for having a larger share of each commodity than many of her compeers.

Such was the individual, who, provided with an ample wardrobe and plenty of pocket money, alighted one afternoon at Mr. Fairfield's door, and received the warmest welcome from our guileless little Emma.

The friends had a great deal of ground to go over in the way of reminiscences, spirit stirring recollections of times when they had broken bounds, evaded school tasks, and made themselves generally obnexious to teachers and principal. Emma, indeed, blushed a little at the remembrance of some of these wild pranks, and was fain to confine herself to more quiet themes.

"What has become of Tom?" she asked. "You know she used to lead the school."

"Tom! my dear," said Mrs. Fairfield; "pray what was *he* doing in a young ladies' seminary?"

Emma laughingly explained that this was an abbreviation of Miss Thomas' patronymic; all the girls were called by their surnames, which were shortened as much as possible. "I was Fairy," she said, "and Zara was never called anything but Max."

"A very unlady-like habit," remarked good Mrs. Fairfield, rather severely. "I wonder Mr. Roberts permitted it."

"Indeed, mamma, I think it would have puzzled him to prevent it; not that I admire it very much *now*; but we must allow a little for the high spirits of school girls."

"And so this Miss Thomas led the school," continued Mrs. Fairfield. "What was she particularly distinguished for? Mathematics or music, or general scholarship?"

"Neither, mamma; she was the dullest girl in the seminary, as far as books were concerned. She 'led' because she had handsomer dresses, and more sets of jewelry than any one among us."

Mrs. Fairfield was astonished, as well she might be, at such a criterion of superiority. It was certainly well for her peace of mind that she had not been admitted "behind the scenes" at the school where she had placed her daughter. Emma, however, had come out uncontaminated from its influences; was just as obedient to her parents as if she had never considered it a brilliant thing to break rules, just as truthful to the world at large as if she had never deceived that young lady, the under teacher. Still it is an ordeal which few characters can pass through, and to which it is unwise to subject our children at the most impressible period of their lives. Miss Maxwell had not come from it unscathed, and having gone from school directly into the sphere of a vain and wordly minded mother, was not likely to have any of its pernicious lessons superseded by juster and more elevated ideas.

Of course the two girls were not together long before Mr. Ballard's name was mentioned between them, and though Emma flattered herself that she had been exceeding discreet, and spoke of him just as she might of any agreeable acquaintance, her dear Zara saw the state of affairs in a minute. (The young lady's name, by-the-by, was set down in Family Record and early school books as "Sarah;" but she had adopted the Eastern appellation as more suited to her style and taste, and her mother, readily falling in with the whim, she became Zara, except to her grandmother and one or two old-fashioned cousins.) A few judicious inquiries elicited the further facts that Henry was a lawyer with fair and increasing practice; that he was an only son, his father being a member of Congress and one of the richest men in the place—and consequently, as Miss Maxwell remarked to herself but not to her friend, was a very desirable *partie*.

"It would be odd, really," she soliloquized, "if I should meet my fate here in the interior. Let me see—we are in February now; there will be plenty of time to get everything through and be ready to go to Washington with father next December. However, I will wait till I see the individual himself. Perhaps he is awkward, or weak, or ill looking. I don't rely much on poor little Emma's judgment; her heart is too much in the matter to leave her eyes quite clear—and a husband who has any of these defects is not what I am going to take up with now. Time enough for that when the market gets duller."

II.

The next evening, which brought Mr. Ballard to be reviewed by the fair Zara, by no means tended to banish her schemes concerning him. Chess was ignored for a time in compliment to the guest, and the young man proved himself so agreeable, and was at first sight so handsome that his enslaver rejoiced in the prospect of her conquest. Very few doubts as to her ultimate success troubled her mind; Emma was, parently the most formidable rival, and an amiable little milk-and-water thing like her was of small account.

So Miss Maxwell laid close, though wary seige to the desired fortress. When Mr. Fairfield, impatient for his accustomed solace, drew Harry away from the girls to the chess-board, she watched the game with absorbed interest, and her remarks were so judicious, so pertinent as it progressed, that Mr. Ballard, thinking he betaid in her a "foeman worthy of his steel," challenged her to a trial of skill. Many were her protestations of ignorance and unwillingness; she only played a little for amusement, knew nothing of the game as a science, was entirely unfit to compete with so practiced a player. However, she allowed herself to be overpersuaded. She was well aware of the *opportunities* which chess affords; the sort of *tete a tete* feeling it induces; the occasions for the display of a white hand and sparkling rings as they hover over the board uncertain what move is wisest; in particular, the chance which those eyes would have for execution, whether hid under their long lashes they contemplated the game, or were thoughtfully lifted to the opponent's face, as if to read there his intentions.

"I warn you, Miss Maxwell," said Harry, as they took their places, "that you are not to expect any gallant concessions whatever; I shall play my very best."

"That is right," she replied. "A fair field and no favor," and the game began. It lasted long; was very tedious, thought Emma, who sat by industriously employed in crocheting, and cast ever and anon a glance at the board, vainly endeavoring to comprehend what they were about. The players seemed to find it interesting, as did Mr. Fairfield, who watched them intently, offering counsel now and then, or applauding an especially brilliant move. The contest was at last decided in Harry's favor.

"We are more nearly matched than I supposed," remarked Zara. "I don't despair of conquering you yet, Mr Ballard. A little time and patience will do it, I think."

"And practice," added Mr. Fairfield. "You must keep that up with me, Miss Maxwell; we shall have fine opportunities during these long mornings."

Zara felt by no means inclined to waste her prowess of various sorts on an old gentleman, her friend's father, but had no resource, except to reply that she should be delighted, and should count much on the improvement to be gained in contending with such an adversary.

"After all," she thought, "one can endure a few dull games when there is a sufficient object in view. My handsome host's eyes didn't quite see through my little speech, I take it; there are other victories worth trying for besides those at chess; and if I don't much mistake I shall say, 'mate' to him at that game before long. He's one of that impulsive kind that won't hesitate a great while about the important move; he'll not be quite as cool and cautious as he was to-night. How handsome he is! what eyes! Really, if I were a sentimental, silly sort of thing like dear little Emma, I should almost be in love with him! I'm afraid she will be a good deal disappointed—but we must all work for ourselves in this world."

Miss Maxwell's labors were prosecuted with zeal, and she flattered herself with every hope of success. The long morning games with Mr. Fairfield were something of a tax to pay, to be sure, but vanity ere long rendered them very tolerable. Your thorough-bred flirt is never above desiring the notice and approval of any member of the opposite sex, and Mr. Fairfield was a very well-preserved and good-looking old gentleman. Zara rehearsed, for his benefit, all the airs and graces which were to be used in the evening with killing effect on Harry; glanced up, looked down, displayed her white hands and whiter teeth in the most bewitching manner. The result of it was, that Mr. Fairfield thought her a pleasant sort of girl, though rather given to affectation and grimaces, and not to be mentioned in the same week with Emma.

Meanwhile the person whose good opinion was just now dearest to both the friends, offered his attentions in the most impartial manner. If he drove Zara out in the afternoon, he danced with Emma at some little gathering in the evening; at home, if he played chess with the dark eyed stranger, he sang with the blonde haired friend. An onlooker would have found some difficulty in determining where his regards were really fixed. Indeed, it was a matter of discussion among the village maids and matrons more than once.

"I know it's Miss Maxwell," said little Kate Wells. "Who would look at any one else when she was by!"

"Why, do you think her so very handsome?" asked her friend, Mystilla Myers.

"No; but so stylish, which is better."

"Well," said Mystilla, "I am not quite certain. Emma is a sweet, pretty girl, and there is something very winning in her manner."

"Depend upon it," spoke up Mrs. Myers, the mamma, "that he'll have neither of them. When a young man behaves so that you can't tell where his attentions belong, they mean just nothing."

"That would be *too* bad," said both the girls; "it is enough to disappoint one of them." For with the amiable instinct of the sex or—who knows?—an intuition of what their own conduct would be in similar circumstances, they assumed that Harry had only to ask and have. To be sure, the course of things does often enough bear out this assumption in reference to any tolerably pleasing young man.

Meanwhile the fair Zara was troubled hopes on many things, chief of which was her own unoubted power of charming. But she, had other causes—certain looks and tones—the way in which his eyes met hers now and then as she glanced up perplexedly from the board; the tender manner in which, when she spoke of going away soon, he had said he could not bear to think this was the *last* visit she would make them; oh! and a dozen little speeches; not the words so much, but the fashion in which they were uttered. How different his manner to Emma—nothing of that gallantry, that insinuating grace—he never paid her a single compliment; only treated her in a polite, quiet way, just as he might have done if she had been her own mother.

"Do you know how much Harry admires you, Zary?" asked Emma, one night, as she combed out her long hair preparatory to "retiring," as they say in Rockland.

"No, I am not aware of the exact measure," returned Zara, with assumed indifference. "How much? Half of what he bestows upon you?"

"He says that your manners are the most fascinating he ever met with—and that he never saw such eyes in any human countenance."

"Really," said Miss Maxwell, pretending pique; "*such* eyes! any *human* countenance! I am much obliged to Mr. Ballard. What member of the animal kingdom have my poor *opia vesicles* the honor to resemble? The cats, I suppose. Yes, that must be it—they're just the color. 'Oh, soft eyes! sweet constant eyes!' The Spaniards are the only people, Emmy, who can appreciate my verdant orbs—but I did not think Mr Ballard would be cruel enough to speak his mind so plainly. I shall remember it."

And she did, as also the fact that when, a day or two before, she had asked if he preferred blue eyes or hazel, he had answered with some nonsense about eyes that were so hidden by their long lashes, that you never could make out what their true color was. Also, she recalled, with much inward exultation, the fact that she had not a single compliment in return to report to Emma; Harry never commented upon *her* looks in any way. Zara had occasionally stretched her conscience a trifle when the compliment was going on, by inventing some for the other party if she did not happen to have heard any; but to night she did not feel inclined, and let Emma go to rest without giving her anything to dream upon.

But it so happened that her little friend did not suffer from this lack of complisance; Harry had been generous himself, and given her quite enough to think of. There had been some behind the scenes of which Miss Maxwell was not quite in the secret; looks that expressed more than gallantry—tenderness, words that meant something beyond admiration—affection. In particular there had been an evening when Zara was out riding with a merry party, and Emma had remained at home with a headache—but before eight o'clock had given welcome to unexpected, though not ungenial company. It was all over—the blushing, the declaration, the confession—in the course of an hour or two, and before Zara returned, Harry was well out of the way, and everything as quiet as if no particular event had taken place. Emma could not speak at once of a subject so dear, so sacred even—that seemed as yet too precious for common life and use, and only to be pondered, dwelled over in solitude. Mrs. Fairfield, too considered a little reserve in such matters as becoming, and was not in the slightest haste to spread the knowledge of her daughter's conquest. So Zara, dear and trusted friend though she was, never in the least suspected the inward fund of sweet assurance, which, in Emma's case, rendered pretty speeches quite unnecessary, and enabled her to hear and repeat a compliment without the slightest twinge of jealousy.

Harry had indeed called Miss Maxwell fascinating; perhaps he might even have found her so, spite of the softer charms of his sweet little Emma, had he not with wonderful clairvoyance seen immediately through all her arts and graces into her real objects. It has been remarked with proverbial wisdom, that if you wish to entrap a person inclined to larceny, you must secure for the business an individual of the same propensities; Harry done in his time a little flirting on his own account, which doubtless made him quicker to detect the symptoms in others. If such a stylish sort of girl wanted to try her powers upon him, he was not the man to say her nay. There he was, let her see what she could do. He did not find the experiment unpleasant. You may take my word that these men, the best of them, never do; the very coquetries, which, if offered to others of their sex, would be set down as the height of unwomanly, repellant forwardness, somehow assume quite a different character when latished on their own sweet selves. "Bless the little minx!" says my lord in his heart; "she shows good taste, at any rate!"

So it chanced that Harry, in a very reprehensible manner, was exceedingly polite to his adversary, and even allowed her to think that the game was all in her own hands.

Some weeks had thus passed, and Miss Maxwell having received an urgent invitation from one of the dearest of her many dear friends, she concluded to accept it. She had latished an immense amount of ammunition on Harry, and was sure that every shot had told; at the final one, the news of her approaching departure, she was certain that the fort must surrender. She reserved it till a somewhat late hour of the evening, devoutly hoping that chance or destiny, or whatever deity presided over such matters, would give her a short time alone with him.

But no! Mr Fairfield watched the game absorbedly—for, as usual, they had taken to that soon after Henry's arrival—and Emma sat contentedly with her crochet and gave them an occasional word; while Mrs Fairfield sewed with neatness and dispatch on the last of the set of shirts she was making for her husband. She was a woman might that which her hands found to do.

The game went on rather languidly—and ended sooner than usual, though in the customary fashion, Harry remaining master of the field. Zara drew near the fire and sat there somewhat pensively—Mr. Fairfield retired into the depths of the evening paper—and then, as kind Fate would have it, both Emma and her mother left the room for a few minutes.

"You did not play with your usual spirit to-night," observed Harry, presently drawing his chair nearer hers; "I hope you are not feeling ill."

"Oh! no," she answered—"not ill—only perhaps a little depressed at the thought of leaving her friends—such kind friends as all of them had been. She was going the day after to-morrow.

"Going! and so soon!" it would have been very ungallant if Harry had thrown into this exclamation nothing but surprise; I wouldn't have you suppose him guilty of such a thing; his tone expressed regret—persuasion to stay longer.

"Yes, I am actually going," said Zara. "And who knows what changes may take place before I come again! Or I may never come—everything is so uncertain in this world."

"You must not give way to such depressing views," he replied, gently. "It would make me—yes—truly unhappy—to imagine that we were about to lose you altogether."

"We"—but, of course, that meant "I." There was just enough sentiment mixed up with Zara's prudence and management, to make her heart give a great bound as she heard these words, and the color rush into her cheeks as she wondered what would come next.

But—was ever anything so provoking!—there came Emma back again. Miss Maxwell sincerely wished that dear friend in Jerusalem, but she looked up and smiled very sweetly, saying,

"I have just been telling Mr. Ballard of my approaching departure, and how very blue I am at the prospect of leaving you."

"And I," said Harry, "should be quite as mournful if I believed the parting were to be a long one. But I hope another summer will see you here again. Not in this house, perhaps—I think, my dear Emma," taking her hand and drawing her forward—"we should have no further reserves with so intimate a friend. I sincerely trust, Miss Maxwell, that you will not refuse a visit to B——, next summer, and that you will spend your time agreeably with us." He looked at the blushing Emma in a way that fully illustrated his meaning if there had been any doubt it.

If the "Benicia Boy" had bestowed on Miss Maxwell's cranium a blow with one of those tremendous sledges which he is said to wield so easily, she could not have felt more stunned than she was, for one minute, by the most unexpected announcement. Being, however, a person of great presence of mind she recovered herself in the least, and offered congratulations in the most delicate and touching manner.

When alone, however, she almost stamped with disappointment and vexation.

"Beaten at every point!" she exclaimed; "all my mines and stratagems thrown away; thoroughly, unmistakably CHECKMATED!"

How many people go out of their spheres under good pretenses

A BASKET OF CHIPS.

A BAD NIGHT.—A gentleman was once dining with a friend, when a most dreadful storm arose. In hopes of abatement, the entertainment was prolonged to the latest possible hour; but at length it was over, and the storm showed no signs of ceasing, but on the contrary, grew worse and worse. The host insisted upon his guest's acceptance of a lodging for the night, in view of the impossibility of reaching home.

The guest complied, but in a few minutes was missed from the parlor. In half an hour he re-appeared, drenched with rain.

"Where have you been?" asked the host, viewing the singular object, which looked like a dog around the paws and a weeping willow about the head.

"I, said he quietly, shaking off the water, "I have been at home to tell my wife that, as it was such a bad night, I should not return."

NOTICE.—John Smith, blacksmith, and barber shop, horses, shoeing and shaving done here, ox mended, hair curled, bleeding and tooth-drawing and Farriery work. P. S.—All sorts, spirituous and other malt liquors according to the statute act, and if caught to be drunk on the premises. N. P.—Take notice—my wife keeps shade, and takes in needle-work, and polite art, and washing—teaches reading and riding and rythmetic, and other imaginations; and assists to learn dancing, sewing and mathematicks, and all other fashionable amusements.

A PRETTY EXPERIMENT.—An exchange says: "Take a sheet of paper, roll it up so that the opening at one end shall be large enough to take in the full size of the eye and at the other end let the opening be not half as large. Take it in the right hand, hold it between the thumb and forefinger; place the large end to the right eye, and look through it, with both eyes open to the light. You will see a hole clear through your hand! If you take it in your left hand it will be the same. You will in both cases be astonished to see that you have a hole in your hand.

A married couple who were notorious for their continual quarrels, changed their mode of life, and became as noted for their conjugal happiness. The old lady having been asked the cause of the change, replied: "The old man and I have got on well enough together since we kept the two bears in the house." "Two bears!" exclaimed the neighbor. "Yes, said she, "bear and forbear."

An Irishman traveling on one of the railroads the other day, got out of the cars fortunately the bell rang, and the train was off before he finished his pie and coffee. "Hould on!" cried Pat, as he ran like mad after the cars; "hould on, ye murthering old steam engine, ye've got a passenger aboard that's left behind."

A poor Irishman who applied for a license to sell ardent spirits in one of the provincial towns in England, being questioned by the Board of Excise as to a moral fitness of the trust, replied: "Och, and it's there ye are—sure ah it's not much of a character a man needs to sell whisky!"

Old Squire B—— was elected Judge to the Inferior Court of some county in the State of Georgia. When he went home, his delighted wife exclaimed,—Now, my dear, you are Judge, what then am I?—He replied, That same darned old fool you allers was."

A poor fellow says: "In an evil hour I became addicted to drink. From that moment I have been going down until I have become an outcast—loafer—a thing of no account; fit for nothing else but to be a member of Congress."

A facetious boy asked one of his playmates how a hardware dealer differed from a boot-maker? The latter, somewhat puzzled, gave it up. "Why," said the other, "because the one sold nails, and the other nailed the soles."

A writer of the last century quaintly observed that when the canons of the princes, began war, the canons of the church were destroyed. It was, said he, first the miter that governed the world, and then miters first Saint Peter, and then saltpeter.

Tom and Ned were talking over their travels, when Tom asked Ned—

"Was you ever in Greece?"

"No, but I fell into a thundering big tub of soap once, if you call that anything."

Said a certain individual to a wag, "The man who has raised a cabbage-head has done more good than all the metaphysicians in the world!" "Then," replied the wag, "Then mother ought to have the premium!"

"Julius, why didn't you oblige your stay at the seaside?" "Kase, Mr Smith, dey charge too much." "How so, Julius?"—"Why, de landlord charged de colored individual with stealing de silver spoons."

"Aunt it wicked to rob de chicken roost, Dick?" "Dat's a great moral question, Sambo, we hain't time to argue it now; hand down another pullet."

The joys of parents are secret, and so are their griefs and tears,—they cannot utter the one, and they will not utter other.

The girl who succeeds in winning the true love of a true man makes a lucky hit and is herself a lucky miss.

If a man were blown from a house top by a gale, would he regard it as a windfall?

"You be damned," as the miller said to the water-course.

Punch asserts that it requires an early start now-a-days for a man to get round his wife.

If a rude boy is call ed, is it proper to call a nigger boy a ladder?