The North Carolina Whig.

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

VOLUME 10. CHARLOTTE, N. C., APRIL 2, 1861. NUMBER 1.

MRS. T. J. HOLTON,
EDITRESS AND PROPRIETRESS.

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. No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editor.

Advertisements inserted at One Dollar per square (14 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.

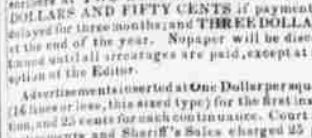
Persons when sending in their advertisements must mark the number of insertions desired or they will be inserted until forbid and charged accordingly.

☞ Postmasters are authorized to act as agent.

J. G. WILKINSON & CO.
DEALERS IN
WATCHES, JEWELRY,
SILVER and PLATED WARE,
AND
FANCY GOODS, &c.
No. 5, 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, Wm. 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 SALE ROOM
In the Store of David Parks, Esq., now occupied by the
BRANCH 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 HOMAN
Will have charge of the Manufacturing Department, Since 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 will always be kept on hand.
R. F. D.
October 2, 1860. 27tf

NOTICE!!

HAVING sold out our entire stock of Furniture, &c. to Robert F. Davidson who, together with his brother, W. Lee Davidson, expect to continue the same 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. 28tf

MARKET HOUSE.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his former customers and the public generally, that he has opened a HOUSE, under the above name, and 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, Domestics, 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 Colored 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. ☞ Dinner served at all hours. Call and see. 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. 28tf

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 done, their goods being bought at reduced rates and at such prices as they feel confident the House in the State can compete with.
They are offering 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 one of the 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 roofing, Guttering, &c. done with despatch

Poetry.

THE OLD STORY.

BY AGNES HOWARD.

Come sit by me, Katy, and tell me
Of what we was talking last night,
When you stood at the gate till the moonbeams
Had quenched all the stars with their light?

You came back with cheeks growing crimson,
And eyelashes glittering with tears,
And a smile, which, half sad, half triumphant,
Still over your sweet mouth appears.

Did he talk of the beauty of summer?
Or did he praise the wild rose's perfume?
Or speak of our arbors so rustic,
Where woodbine and jessamine bloom?

"He told you a story!" Oh! Did he!
Well, Katy, dear, tell it to me,
"You've almost forgotten it?" Almost!
How very much flattered I be!

You say that you "think I may guess it!"
Yes Katy, the story I know,
'Tis an old tale, yet always a sweet one,
I'm certain you found it so.

'Twas new in the first days of Adam,
When, wand'ring through Eden's fair bowers,
In Eve's little ear it was whispered,
While she, blushing, played with the flowers.

You're blushing too; what is the matter
Why what are you crying about?
Your grandfather told your grandmother
The very same story, no doubt.

Just three little words tell this story—
What thousands of hearts they have thrilled,
How many with joy they have gladdened?
How many with sorrow have filled!

These three little words are.. "I love you!"
You see, 'tis the very same tale
That you heard there last night by the woodbines
Beneath the bright moon's silver veil.

Don't say I know nothing about it—
You know very well it is true;
And Katy, dear, tell you not tell him
The same story that he told you?

Miscellaneous.

[From Arthur's Home Magazine.]

My Friends who Married.

BY MARGARET.

During the past year two of my young friends were married; and the different ways in which they have begun the world are so suggestive, that I will bring them before the reader. My young friends are daughters of two of our citizens, in moderate circumstances, yet living in a very comfortable way, and enjoying not a few luxuries. In fact, the families to which they belong, are of that genteel class of people who live quite up to their income. The daughters, in these families, were educated with ideas of life, quite beyond the ability of any men with moderate means to sustain; and yet, they all looked forward to marriage and domestic establishments. The gentlemen who visited them, were clerks, or young professional men, who had their fortunes to make. Few of these were bold enough to think seriously of matrimony, except as a thing remote in the future; that is, after they had realized the fortunes they hoped to gain, and by means of which they could support a modern domestic establishment.

One of my young friends was named Florence Lee. Her hand been sought by Edward Marks, whom I knew very well as a person always handsomely dressed on the street or in company, and of very pleasant manners, though superficial. He was clerk in a wholesale store on Market street, and received a salary of twelve hundred dollars a year. I called to see Florence a few weeks before her marriage. Her thoughts were full of the approaching change, but her mind did not realize its nature, nor the responsibilities it involved, in any adequate degree.

'Do you go to housekeeping' I asked.

'Oh yes, she replied.

'Have you selected a house?'

'Yes; and where do you think it is?'

'In this neighborhood' I asked.

'Oh, no. Edward has taken one of those nice houses on Green street. You've seen them, with the little gardens and iron railings in front.'

'What is the rent?' I asked, a little gravely, for the declaration took me by surprise.

"Five hundred dollars, I think, Edward said."

It was not for me to object; so I said nothing, as I could not approve of the payment of five hundred dollars, out of a salary of twelve hundred.

I went away feeling rather sober for my friend. No practical common sense ideas seemed to have penetrated her mind, and I could not help feeling that the young man she was about to marry, had as little forethought as herself. It was plain, that he was one of those, who are ambitious to begin life in the style of men who have fought their way up to competence through a long series of years.

The other friend to whom I have referred—her name was Lucy Bell—was engaged to a young physician, Dr. Elwood. The Doctor had been in practice about three years, and his prospects were encouraging. Outside of his practice, which yielded him a thousand dollars, he had an income of about three hundred, the rent of some property in a neighboring town, left to him by a relative. I saw Lucy frequently before her marriage, and one day asked her in regard to her future prospects, putting the same questions I had asked of Florence.

"Do you go to housekeeping?"

"Yes," was her smiling answer. "The Doctor has rented three rooms in the house where he has his office, and we shall live there. He has laid up five hundred dollars, and we can furnish handsomely on this and have something over."

"What will be your rent for these rooms?"

"A hundred and fifty dollars. The Dr. pays a hundred for his office in the basement; so the whole rent for office and dwelling will be only two hundred and fifty dollars; which will not be extravagant."

"No," I answered, "You and the Doctor cannot be charged with that sin. For one, I commend your prudence. It is much easier to begin in a humble way, and rise gradually, as means increase, to a higher position. But to commence life with a dash, and then have the mortification of a break-up and a come-down, is by no means agreeable. I'm glad to find one sensible couple in this day of blind folly and extravagance. Live for right and duty, and not for the eyes of silly people.

My two young friends were married in due time, and each began the world in her own way—one fashionably, and for her position extravagantly; the other quietly and prudently. Both began life as real and earnest. Months passed, and I visited them occasionally. Last week I called on both Florence and Lucy. The house of Florence had been furnished at the cost of not less than two thousand dollars. Velvet carpets, brocatelle furniture, lace and damask window curtains, statuettes and costly ornaments, decorated the parlor. The chambers were also furnished extravagantly for one possessing no more means than her husband. As Marks belonged to that class of showy young men who spend as fast as they earn, it is presumable that he had very little laid up on his wedding day. The inference was fair, that in furnishing after this style, he had gone in debt. Florence kept two servants to take care of this house, while she lived an idle life. She talked of the opera, amusements, dress, party-giving and party going, as if they were life's highest aims.

During my call, which was near dinner time, her husband came in. He did not look so cheerful as when I last saw him. The smile faded more quickly around his mouth; his eyes fell from mine as I looked at him steadily, with something troubled in their expression. Florence seemed to observe this dullness in her husband's countenance, I thought, and a shadow came over her face.

"No wonder," I said to myself, "you have obtained, but you cannot enjoy; the cost of all this elegance is too great. You, Edward, know well that this cannot last. That five hundred dollars rent, expensive clothing, parties and other extravagances, are consuming more than your annual income; that the money borrowed to furnish your house has not been returned, and that the prospect of such return, grows more and more discouraging every day. Debt instead of diminishing increases, rendering domestic disaster certain, and only a question of time. How strange that one of your age and observation should have committed so fatal a mistake!"

I remained out a few minutes after Edward's return, and went away feeling sad at heart for the error my young friends had committed—an error so destructive of happiness. Like thousands around them, they had let regard for external appearances, instead of right considerations, determine their actions and already the fine gold of their life was dimmed. They had a house, but not a home. There was beauty around them, but no tranquility in their hearts. They had committed the great mistake of trying to bring the world's spirit into their home, instead of shutting out the world, and treating it rather as an alien than a friend and confidant.

A day or two afterwards I called on Lucy. She still occupied the two rooms in which her married life began. Plain, but very neat and tasteful, was everything around her. I found her sewing, and as she lifted her eyes on my entrance, the sweet tranquility of her face touched my spirit almost like a benediction.

"Still in your modest home," I said. "You and the Doctor are not ambitious."

"Ambitious of what?" she answered, as she held my hand and looked at me with a gentle smile.

"Ambitious of an establishment. It isn't the way of the world, now-a-days, for young married people to hide themselves away in a couple of rooms, as you and the Doctor are doing. Why don't you take a large house, furnish it handsomely, and give parties? That's the modern style. Young people begin now, as to expenses, where their parents leave off. There are not many young ladies who would consent to be cooped up in this way."

"I am a wife," was her quiet, firm answer, "and love my husband. I did not marry the world, and therefore owe it no allegiance. It has no right to say to me, 'set up a fine establishment and ruin your husband into debt, and therefore, I do not heed its injunction. If it turns from me, well; I can do without its favors, if they are to be had only at this cost. My husband's interests and peace of mind are more to me than all the world has power to give."

"Well answered, Lucy," I replied, "you have begun right and will have your reward. A handsome establishment is a poor compensation for a husband in debt. He can have no true enjoyment of life; is exposed to temptation, while care, anxiety, and fear, too often extinguish love. I pity most young men who marry now-a-days, for they do not get companions and helpers in the way of life, but drags and burdens; and they too often fall in the way, overwhelmed by misfortunes which prudence, economy, and denial of pride would have avoided."

The lesson is for you fair maidens and youth. If true love be in your hearts marry; but marry for yourselves, and not for the world. If you would be happy and prosperous, begin life according to your means, and let the world think and say just what it pleases. In any case, people will think better of you for doing right than for doing wrong; for being prudent instead of extravagant; modest and retiring instead of emulous in fashionable display. So take, I pray you, the lesson to heart, that it may be well, and not ill with you, in the time to come.

Learn to hold thy tongue. Five words cost Zacharias forty weeks silence.

Adventures of a Green-horn.

The train from Grafton due at 11:40 A. M., under the management of the gentlemanly, amiable, popular, and efficient Conductor, Capt. Scott, a few days since, stopped at one of the way stations to take a couple, newly married.

Both were young, and both were verdant, having been raised in the wilds of Western Virginia. Neither of them had ever been five miles away from home. They had heard of railways, locomotives, steamboats and hotels, but had never experienced the comforts of any of the afore-mentioned institutions. Jeems and Lize had determined on this, the most important event in their lives, to visit the city and see the world, particularly the portion of it known as Parkersburgh. No wonder that they were amazed and delighted when the train of beautiful crimson cars, following the locomotive, came in sight.

"These your trunks!" said the baggage master.

"Well, I sorter calkilate them's 'em," said Jeems.

The trunk (a spotted hair trunk) and a very old-fashioned valise were soon in the baggage car, followed by Lize and Jeems.

"I'll be darned if railroads aint a fine thing," said Jeems, seating himself on his luggage, and carefully holding up the tail of his light bodied blue, adorned with resplendent metal buttons, out of the dust. "Lize, set here by me."

"Come out of that," said the baggage man; "you are in the wrong car."

"The deuce I am! D'ye 'spose I don't know what I'm 'bout? These are my traps, and I calkilate to stay where they are. Keep quiet, Lize; they say we're got to fight our way through the world anyhow, and if that chap with the cap on wants anything of me, why I'm his man. Don't want any of ye fooling 'round me."

Here the Captain interposed and explained matters, inasmuch as Jeems consented to leave his traps and follow the captain. What was his delight when he surveyed the magnificence of the first-class passenger car, into which he was ushered. His imagination had never, in its wildest flights, pictured anything half so gorgeous. He was aroused from the contemplation of the splendor around him by the shriek of the iron horse.

"Jew Whilikens! what in thunder's that?" exclaimed Jeems.

"That is the horse squealing when they punch him in the ribs with a pitchfork, to make him go along," said a sleepy-looking individual, just behind him.

"Look here, stranger," said Jeems, "I know you think I am a darned fool; maybe I am, but there's some things I know, and one of 'em is, you'll get your mouth broke, if you don't keep it shut. I don't say much—"

Just at this moment they found themselves in Egyptian darkness, and then was heard a scream almost equal to that of the engine from Lize, as she threw her arms around the neck of Jeems.

"I knew it! I knew it!" exclaimed the sleepy looking individual; "we're all lost, every mother's son of us. We can just prepare to make the acquaintance of the gentleman in black, who tends the big fire down below."

"O Lord, Jeems, what will become of us! I felt skeery about getting on the outlandish thing at first."

"Keep quiet, Lize! hollerin' won't do any good now. If you know any prayers, now's your time to say it, for both of us."

"What's the matter here!" said the astonished conductor, coming up just as the train emerged once more into the light.

"That's just what I'd like to know," said Jeems, when he saw that Lize and himself were safe.

"We've just passed through Eaton's tunnel," replied our polite Captain. "How far are you going?"

"Well, I reckon we'll stop at Parkersburgh."

"Show me your tickets, if you please."

"Sartinly; Lize, you got some with you? Let this gentleman look at 'em."

Lize drew a piece of white paper from her reticule, and, with a smile, handed it to our friend the Captain, who read:

THE PLEASURE OF YOUR COMPANY IS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.

"What's this?" asked the Captain.

"Way, that's one of the tickets to our wedding; that's what you asked for, hain't it?" asked the somewhat surprised Jeems.

"WHAW! HAW! *haw, haw!*" was the discordant sound that arose from the seat of the sleeping looking individual.

A bland smile passed over the face of the Captain, as he explained his meaning to our verdant friend. He had no ticket, but willingly paid his fare, and the train sped on towards its destination. But wonders did not cease here.

In due time the train stopped at the big depot in this city. Amidst the confusion of strange noise, and a Babel of discordant voices, our friends landed on the platform.

"Bus, sah! Bus, sah! Free for the United States," said the sable porter of our uptown house. "Lady take a bus, sah!"

"Well, I rather spose she won't from anybody but me—I reckon I'm able to do all in that line she wants, and more too."

"Go the Swan House, sah! Right across the street—best house in de city. This way, sah! Any baggage? Have it sent to your rooms in a few minutes."

In a short time Jeems and his bride found themselves in one of those comfortable rooms on the second floor of that well ordered establishment, the Swan House. The baggage was sent up with the usual promptness, and our friends were soon making their toilet for dinner. Jeems took coat and boots off in a jiffy, Lize's hair fell gracefully over her shoulders.

"That's a deuced pretty tossel!" said Jeems, eyeing the bell cord, "wonder what it's for' (catching hold of it.) Look! it works up there on some sort of thingumbob. I'd like to have that tassel to put on my horse's head on the next muster day; see how it works!" said he, giving it a pull.

"Presently the door opened, and the sable face of one of Afric's son thrust into the room, with the inquiry, "Ring, sah?"

"Ring! ring what? You black spel' ef you don't stop looking at my wife, and makin' such a face, I'll wring your head off!"

"Wait a minute," said Lize. "What's the name of the man that keeps this tavern?"

"Sidley, marm."

"Then tell his lady that she needn't to go to any extra fixins on her account, for we are plain people," said the amiable bride.

"As they used to say in our debating society," interrupted Jeems, "I'll amend that motion by saying, you can tell 'em to give us the best they've got. I'm able to pay for it, and don't care for expenses."

"Tee he! Tee he!" was the audible reply from the sable gent, as he hurried down stairs.

Dinner came, and was dispatched with a relish. Jeems and his bride took a stroll over the city, seeing the lions and the sights until supper time, which, being over, they retired to their room, the gas being lit by the servant, who received a quarter for his services. Jeems was the last in bed, and, according to the rule in such cases, had to put out the light, which he did with a blast from his lungs.

The noise in the street had died away, and quiet reigned in the Swan House. The young man on the watch dozed in his chair. The clerk (rather corpulent) was about to retire, when he thought he smelt gas. Some one came down stairs and said he smelt gas. The guests (some of them) woke up and smelt gas. Much against his will he proceeded to find the leak out. It seemed stronger in the neighborhood of the room occupied by the bride and groom. Clerk concluded to knock at the door.

"Who's there?" came from the inside.

"Open the door, the gas is escaping."

"Gas! what gas?" said Jeems, opening the door.

"Why, here in this room. How did you put the light out?"

"Blew it out of course."

"You played hob."

Our amiable clerk came very near saying a bad word, but, remembering that there was a lady in the case, or rather in the bed, he checked his rising temper, and having fit the gas, proceeded to show Jeems the mystery of its burning, as follows:

"You see this little thing here? Well, when you want to put it out, you give it a turn this way, and when you want to make it lighter, you give it a turn this way. Serious consequences might have resulted if it had not been discovered. It might have suffocated us all. Now, be careful next time."

"Much obliged. But how the devil did I know that the darned stuff was 'scapin'" responded Jeems.

"Didn't you smell it?" said the clerk.

"Pears to me I did smell it," said Jeems.

"Lize, I'll be darned if I didn't think it was you, kase I never slept with a woman before."

"Well, Jeems, I thought it was you that smelt that way all the time. I was just wunderin' of all men smelt that way. It 'peared strange, but then I didn't know nothing about it," was the response of Lize as she turned over for a nap.

The red in our clerk's face grew smilingly redder, as it reflected the light of the burning jet, and a roguish twinkle lurked in the corner of his eyes, as he turned off the gas, and all was dark, and our friends were left alone in their glory. A sound of suppressed mirth was heard in the reading room for a few moments, and all was still.

Two Views of the Case.

Judge C——, U. S. Senator from Vermont, related to us a good anecdote the other day, illustrative of abolitionism. The morning he was leaving home to enter upon his duties in this city, a straight-faced deacon, who, looking upon the whole South as a great pandemonium, called on him and said:

"Now, Judge, I want you to do all in your power to abolish slavery."

"Well," said the Judge, "how shall I proceed?"

"Oh, I don't know, but, you must abolish it. It is a damnable curse, and must be abolished. You know more about law than I do. The church is my stronghold, but you understand national matters, Judge, and can devise some plan, and I know it."

"The only way I see to abolish it," said the Judge, "is to buy all the slaves and set them free."

"Well, go in for that, have a law passed that the North shall buy them, and then this trouble will end. Yes, go in strong for that, Judge."

"Just as you say, deacon. I will agree to it in a moment, and will stand my share of expense. Here is Woodstock with three hundred inhabitants, and this town would be called upon for 6,000,000 dollars—and I will urge it before the Senate."

The deacon opened his mouth, then his eyes, allowed his tongue to escape from one corner of his head, and tapped impatiently on the floor with his foot. As the Judge was leaving the room the deacon's power of speech came to him, and he called out.

"Oh, say, Judge, I guess you'd better let slavery alone, the black devils are better off South than up here in this cold climate!"

There are several such dreams in the country.—*States and Union.*

A YEAR TEXT.—Mr. Spurgeon opened his sermon on Sunday morning, January 6th, by reminding his congregation of the fact that on the opening Sabbath of every year he always receives from a veteran warrier in the Lord's hosts, a series of Scripture which he accepts as his New Year's text, and which after being printed becomes the motto of the congregation for the following year. The text for 1861 was, "Continue in Prayer, and watch in the same with thanksgiving"—Col. 4: 2.

A BASKET OF CHIPS.

A GOOD STORY.—The following excellent story is told of Mr. Sheaf, a grocer in Portsmouth, N. H

It appears that a man had purchased some wool of him, which had been weighed and paid for, and Mr Sheaf had gone to the desk to get change for a note. Happening to turn his head while there, he saw in a glass, which swung so as to reflect the shop, a stout arm reach up and take from the shelf a heavy white oak cheese. Instead of appearing suddenly, and rebuking the man for his theft, as another would thereby loosing his custom forever, the crafty old gentleman gave the thief his change as if nothing had happened, and then, under pretence of lifting the bag to lay it on his horse for him, took hold of it—he exclaimed—

'Why, bless me, I must have reckoned the weight wrong.'

'Oh, no, said the other, you may be sure you have not, for I counted with you.'

'Well, well, we won't dispute the matter, it is so easily tried,' said Mr S., putting the bag into the scales again. 'There, said he, 'I told you so—I knew I was right—made a mistake of nearly twenty pounds,—however, if you don't want the whole you needn't have it—I'll take part of it out.'

'No, no,' said the other, staying the hands of Dr S., on their way to the string of the bag. 'I guess I will take the whole.'

And this he did, paying for dishonesty by receiving the skim milk cheese for the price of wool!

A THOUGHT FOR THE YOUNG MEN.—More may be learned by devoting a few moments daily to reading than is commonly supposed. Five pages may be learned in fifteen minutes, at which rate one may peruse twenty-six volumes, of two thousand pages each, in a year. You say you have none to guide you. The best scholars and men of science will tell you by far the most valuable part of their education is that which they have given themselves. Volumes have been filled with the biography of self taught men. Think of Franklin, the Printer, of Lee, the shoemaker; of Herschel, the musician, of Donald, the weaver, of Turner, the painter, of Burritt, the blacksmith. Love learning and you will be learned. Where there is a will there is a way. Begin at once, to take time before the forelock, and remember that it is only the first step that costs, and, having begun, resolve to learn something every day. Strike the blow and avoid the weakness of those who spend half of their life in thinking what they shall do next. Always have a volume with you which you can catch up at each odd minutes as are your wont. It is incredible, what a total has been made, how much real knowledge may be acquired by these broken fragments of time, which are like the dust of gold and diamonds.

☞ A certain political speaker was addressing a large assemblage in Virginia, and denouncing vehemently against proscription of foreigners, when his eyes fell upon a little German Jew, a peddler of ready made clothing, who seemed to be very much impressed with the argument of the orator, greedily swallowing everything he uttered. This was too good an opportunity not to make the best of, and, looking the peddler full in the eye, he exclaimed, "Furriner, didn't you come to this country to escape from the tyrannical downtrodden, and oppressed of Europe? Didn't you flee to these happy shores to live in a land of freedom, where the great right of suffrage is guaranteed to all. Didn't you, furriner?" He paused for a reply, when the little peddler squeaked out, "No sir; I comes to dis country to sell sheap ready-made clothing!" The astonishment of the orator, and the shouts and roars of the multitude cannot be described. This finished the harangue.

A BIG BITE.—While walking down Trade street, last Sunday evening, the subscriber came up with two negro boys, aged respectively ten and fifteen years. The younger one carried an apple in his hand, and the elder one was using all his eloquence to obtain 'just one bite' of it.

'Well,' said the younger one, finally, 'I'll give you jes one bite, but don't you take no more'n jes one bite.'

The larger one took the apple, opened a mouth that would have been creditable to a hundred and fifty pound cat fish, and brought it down on the fruit, leaving a very small share on the other side.

'Handy, Jim!' said the little one, looking up at the operation with astonishment, 'you take the apple and give me the bite'.

—Love is as natural to a woman as fragrance is to a rose. You may lock a girl up in a convent—you may confine her in a cell—you may cause her to change her religion, or forswear her parents—these things are possible—but never hope make the sex forego their heart worship, or give up their reverence for manliness, for such a hope will prove as fruitless as the Greek slave and as hollow as a bamboo.

☞ Dr. Johnson, being once in company with some scientific sharpers, one of them having accused an absent friend of resorting to tricks, he observed, "It is, perhaps, after all, much better for a lady to reduce her own checks, than to allege other people's character."

A rather sensitive young man of our acquaintance, rarely relishes an allusion to a peculiarity of his family because his name was Ann, as he says it ought always to be an indefinite article. He was lately in grammar school, where a necessary requirement is to live up to the precepts.

"It is a very embarrassing thing to get married," said aunt Bethany.

"Yes, but it's a great deal more solemn not to be," said her niece.

"Bob did you hear my father gets married again next Easter." "No, Tom I did not. Does he get an old woman?" "No sir-ee! He gets a new one."