W Marshal

The North Carolina Whig.

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

VOLUME 10. CHARLOTTE, N. C., APRIL 9, 1861. NUMBER 2.

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.

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

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J. G. WILKINSON & CO.
DEALERS IN
WATCHES, JEWELRY,
SILVER and PLATED WARE,
AND
Musical Instruments.
No. 5, Granite Range, opposite the Mansion House,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
Attention given to Repairing Watches & Jewelry.
June 7, 1859. 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
PLANK 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 HORAH
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," they 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 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. 28tf

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. Oates & Williams, two doors below Messrs. J. Y. Bryce & 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,
Pant-stuff, 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
☞ Twenty-Five Per Cent ☜
To the consumer. ☞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. 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 no 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,
JEWELLER, &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.

ROCK ME TO SLEEP.

The subjoined poem—we know not who wrote it—is one of the most beautiful we have ever seen. We do not envy the heart which does not thrill to its wild and tender music.—*Exchange.*

Backward, turn backward, oh, Time in your flight,
Make me a child again, just for to-night!
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore—
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair—
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Backward, flow backward, oh, tide of years!
I am so weary of toils and of tears—
Toil without recompense—tears all in vain—
Take them and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay,
Weary of flinging my soul wealth away—
Weary of sowing for others to reap;
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, oh mother, my heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded—our faces between—
Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I to-night for your presence again!
Come from the silence so long and so deep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Over my heart in days that are flown,
No love like a mother's love ever has shone—
No other worships abides and endures,
Faithful, unselfish, and patient, like yours:
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and world-weary brain;
Slumber's soft calm o'er my heavy lids creep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep—

Come let your brown hair just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again as of old—
Let it fall over my forehead to-night,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light—
For with the sunny edged shadow care wears,
Hap'ly will throng the sweet visions of yore,
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear mother! the years have been long
Since I last hushed your lullaby song—
Sing them, and unto my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been but a dream;
Clasp to your arms in a living embrace,
With your light tresses just swept by my face,
Never to waken—oh! never to weep—
Rock me to sleep mother—rock me to sleep!

The words were written by Florence Percy, and were subsequently set to music by an eminent American composer, whose name we do not remember. It is a beautiful Ballad and is winning its way to hosts of admirers. We are glad of the success, for it is but seldom that words and music are so happily wedded together as in this instance. It deserves a place on every piano.—*Nashville Banner.*

Miscellaneous.

MARTIN MABURY:
OR
THE BOY'S OATH OF VENGEANCE.
A LIFE LESSON.

"GET OUT."

The man who said "Get out," stood upon the upper step of a fine house in a thriving town, and a terrible frown was upon his brow. He was a merchant in a small way, or what is generally termed in the country—a "store keeper." He was well-to-do in the world; of middle age, and quite proud.

The person who was thus peremptorily ordered by Peter Gooch to "get out" was a boy—a fair-haired, bright-eyed boy, of fourteen years. His lips trembled as he stood upon the graveled walk and gazed the man in the face, and a fiery glow suffused his handsome features. He held a small bundle in his hand, which he clutched with nervous force.

"Get out," repeated Mr. Gooch.

"I am going, sir," the boy said, proudly; and then sinking his voice to a low, passionate tone, he added, "But let me tell you sir, that I will yet live to be revenged upon you! As sure as both lies, and I have sense and reason left, I WILL HAVE VENGEANCE!"

"Get out," thundered the man, making a demonstrative movement with his foot.

The boy spoke not another word, but turned quickly away, and was ere long beyond the bounds of the village. He walked on until he reached a small valley, out of sight of any human habitation, and here he sat down upon a stone, by the roadside.—Thus far he had borne up without a quiver, even; but his heart broke down now, and resting his brow upon his little bundle, he began to cry. He had not sat long thus when he realized that some one had taken a seat beside him. He looked up, and saw a white haired old man—a man covered with the dust of travel, and whose wet brow and labored breathing told that he was worn and weary.

"Why do you weep thus, my child!" the old man asked, in a weak tremulous tone.

The boy pondered a moment, and then answered—

"Because I have been abused, sir."

"Abused! And who has done this?"

"Peter Gooch did it, sir. He has abused me a long while."

"Peter Gooch! Who is he!"

"He keeps a store in the village."

"What village?"

"The one just over the hill here—Dayville."

"And how has he abused you my child!"

"In every way. He has beaten me, and cursed me; and called me names; and made me sleep in the barn; and made me go without my supper; and—and——"

"That's enough, my son. And now tell me why Peter Gooch has done this."

"He has done it because—because——"

"Speak plainly, and be not afraid that I shall do thee harm. Now tell me all."

The boy hesitated a while, and finally said—

"I never meant to do wrong—I always tried to do right, but he wouldn't let me. Sometimes I would get angry and sulky, and he and his wife would both cuff me about. I couldn't be a dog, so they made me ugly.

"They succeeded in making you betray a wicked spirit," said the old man, meaningly.

"Would YOU tamely bow down to stripes, you did not deserve?" the lad asked quickly, and with a flushed cheek.

A cloud crossed the deeply furrowed feature of the aged man, and his lip quivered. He bowed his head a moment, and when he looked up there was a bright drop upon the long, gray lashes.

"My son," he said with strong emotion, "I have been obliged to bow to many a stripe, aye—[illegible] simply because I deserved it, or would not, now when I was young."

"But no one would bow to such stripes as have been put upon me," the boy returned warmly. "I wouldn't submit. I won't submit. I have sworn," he continued, growing more ardent, "to have revenge upon that proud man; and revenge I'll have!"

"What sort of revenge do you contemplate?" the worn traveler asked in a quiet tone.

"I don't know yet; but vengeance for all the wrong he has done me I will have, if I have to wait for years. My father died long ago—I can hardly remember him—My mother took care of me until I was ten. Then she died and the town gave me to Peter Gooch. Gooch has called me a *Drunkard's Brat!*" The boy quivered as he spoke this, but added quickly, "My father was a drunkard, sir, but I was not to blame. Oh! when Mr. Gooch called me that, and for nothing, too, I have felt that I could kill him!"

Martin Mabury, for such was the boy's name, had not exaggerated at all. He had suffered much—more than he could tell—from the hands of the imperious, hard-hearted, passionate master he had served. He had borne it meekly at first, but he could not bear it meekly long; and when his passions got the mastery of his judgment he laid himself open to new trials.

It was some time after Martin had ceased speaking ere the other replied; but finally he spoke, and tears again came to his eyes, and his voice was more tremulous than before:—

"Boy, you are going an friendless into the great world."

"Yes, sir," was the answer, slowly and thoughtfully.

"And you hope to carve out for yourself a fortune?"

"I should like to, sir."

"But, at least, you wish to find joy and peace."

"Yes, sir,—I do." This was spoken quickly and earnestly.

"Then listen to me," the old man continued, with an expression of kindness which was not to be mistaken, "and I will tell you the simple story of a life which may profit you. I was once a boy like yourself, though now the frosts and snows of four score winters are upon me. I was happy once—but ah! that was long ago. The first cloud of my own calling up that arose upon the bright day of my youth was the desire of REVENGE. I had been wronged more deeply than you have been; and I was older than you, too; so I must have felt it full as keenly. I vowed to be revenged, and—I was revenged. But—oh, God! revenged upon myself! Upon myself, I say. The moment I cherished a settled enmity which looked to revenge for its consummation, that moment my peace of mind left me—that moment a demon entered my heart that robbed me of every joy. Once—I was in the church yard—a still, small voice whispered, 'FORGIVE!' but I smothered it—I would not listen. Had I listened then what years of agony, and what weight of sorrows, might I have been spared. But no—I would have revenge—and I had it."

The narrator stopped here and bowed his head. A shudder passed quickly over him, and, as if anxious to shut out the sad memory as soon as possible, he immediately resumed,—

"My boy, for over sixty long years not a day has passed that I have not wished—oh, have earnestly, prayerfully wished—that I had listened to that voice in the churchyard. I ruined one who had given me a home—I saw——

"But never mind. I can tell you no more now. You see an old man now going back to his native village to ask those who are left of the kindred of the man upon whom his vengeance fell, to forgive him. Need I say more? If you hold a thought of vengeance, let it be banished at once."

Here the old man clasped his thin hands and raised them towards heaven, and with a sudden burst of energy he cried,—

"Oh! Great God, spare him from the power of the demon!"

Martin began to cry again, but it was only for a few moments; and when his eyes were dry he looked up and placed his hand within that of his companion.

"Thank you," he said.

"Need I say more?"

"No, no."

"And can you forgive Peter Gooch?"

"Yes—I have forgiven him."

"Good. And now whither go you?"

"To the city."

"Have you money?"

"A little." And as the boy spoke he took out an old leathern purse and showed three half dollars and a few shillings in smaller coin.

"Is that all?"

"All I have of money in the world, sir."

"Let me lend you some. It is but little—here."

The old man handed forth a half eagle. Martin hesitated at first, but he knew the value of money at such a time, and he finally took it.

"Where shall I find you to pay this back," he asked.

"If you will find me at all, it will be at Dayville."

"What—the place I am leaving?"

"Yes."

"And your name?"

"Adam Black."

Martin had a faint recollection of having heard such a name, but he could not call it clearly to mind.

And they separated. One said, "bless you sir!" and the other, "God guard and keep you!"

And when Martin Mabury had walked a short distance, he stopped and clasped his hands.

"Peter Gooch," he cried, I have forgiven you, and yet I hope to be revenged."

When Martin had reached the city he had resolved to perform any honorable labor, no matter what it might be, for which he could obtain pay. On the second day provision store. The owner liked his appearance, and having heard his story, hired him to carry baskets, and perform errands generally. A son of the dealer, who had been doing this work, went with Martin a week to familiarize him with the way over the city.

In a little while Martin Mabury was happy and contented, and every night when he said his prayers his mother had taught him did he bless the white-haired old man who had given to him a lesson of life which had already proved its value. In times passed he had allowed every little affront to rankle in his bosom, and he knew they had made him miserable. But now he passed such things by with a stern resolve not to be offended or angry, and he was not long in discovering how much his peace and joy were enhanced.

Years sped on. From a faithful, diligent errand boy, Martin arose to be a faithful assistant. At the age of eighteen, he visited some distant relatives in the country. While there he was astonished at the cheapness of some kinds of produce as compared with the prices in the distant city. He returned and told his master. He said he could purchase enough of apples and potatoes to load a small vessel, and also put in all the butter and eggs he could find. From ten to twenty miles would take it to a river, where flat boats could carry it to the vessel.

The plan was well studied, and Martin was finally sent off to do the work, with the understanding that he should have half the profits.

In due time our hero arrived with his cargo. He had potatoes, apples, butter, cheese and eggs; and in less than eight and forty hours after the vessel arrived at the wharf, every article was sold to city dealers, save such as Martin wished to keep for retail. The result was beyond his most sanguine hopes. He saw the road of fortune open to him, and with energy and enterprise he entered upon it; and to his aid he brought an unconquerable resolution to do right, be kind to everybody, and to mind his own business.

* * * * * * *

Eleven years passed away.

Upon a roadside sat an old man white haired and bent, faint and weary. He lowered his head upon his hand and wept.

"Old man, why do you weep," asked a sympathizing voice by his side; and at the same moment he felt a hand upon his arm.

He looked and saw a young man, well dressed and of genteel appearance standing by him.

"How! Is this Adam Black!" the new comer cried with a start.

"Aye—poor old Adam!" the wayfarer returned, straining his eyes to scan the features before him. "Poor old Adam," he repeated, with tears starting down his cheeks, "going away unforgiven!"

"Unforgiven!" exclaimed the young man with strong emotion. "Say he continued, seizing the old man's hand, "do you remember, eleven years ago, of finding a poor boy upon this very stone crying?"

Adam Black looked up vacantly at first but gradually a light beamed upon his features.

"Martin Mabury!" he uttered. "Is it Martin?"

"Yes, father, I am the once poor boy to whom you gave a new and happy home. But tell me who will not forgive you?"

"Peter Gooch!"

"Peter Gooch!" repeated Martin, with the old thought of vengeance for an instant pricking his heart.

"Aye. Peter Gooch is the last of kin of him I wronged in vengeance. He will not forgive."

"I heard that Peter Gooch was suffering deeply," said Martin quietly.

"Yes—and heaps his curses upon me. He has lost nearly all his property, and says I am the cause."

"But how can that be?"

"Because I broke down his father in business so many, many years ago."

Martin saw at once that the old man looked upon this with a deep, abiding sorrow. It had grown to die without an enemy, and in the childish simplicity of his extreme age he wept much over the stern, uncompromising refusal of Peter Gooch.

"Will you go back to the village with me?" the young man asked.

"For what?"

"Peter Gooch shall forgive you."

"A forced forgiveness.

"No—one drawn from his very heart. Will you go?"

"Yes."

And Martin Mabury led the tottering old man over the hill.

* * * * * * *

Peter Gooch sat in his parlor, stern and dark browed. With him were his three daughters. His wife had been dead for some years.

There were sounds of many feet in the house—heavy feet they were some of them, and they tramped from room to room.

By and by the door of the parlor was opened and a man entered, with a paper in his hand. Peter Gooch looked up, and the cloud upon his brow grew darker.

"Speak!" he whispered.

"All is sold, sir, the man said.

"All repeated the ruined man in quick surprise. —and soon! You mean the house—not all the furniture?"

All is sold, even the stuff in the sink room.

"And is my piano sold sir?" asked a bright eyed, beautiful girl, of some twenty summers, who sat by her father's knee.

"Yes Miss Leda—everything!"

"And who has bought it?"

"I don't know his name. He is from the city, and buys for the cash."

"How much has it all brought?"

"Something over fifteen thousand dollars."

"Then my creditors will all be paid," the broken-hearted man said; but he said it spitefully.

In the evening when Mr. Gooch and his family were alone, the single servant who had been for the time restrained, handed in a package. It was sealed, and directed to Peter Gooch. With the old cloud still upon [illegible] he broke the seal and read [illegible]

DAYVILLE, Sept. 20, 18—.

"MR. GOOCH,—When I was an orphan, and almost helpless, you gave me a home. If there were unpleasant scenes between us, I have forgotten and forgiven, as I hope you have, ere this. I came here to find you in trouble. This day I have purchased for cash your home. With this I send you the deed of your real estate and the bill of sale of all else you owned yesterday. Accept them, for I give them gladly, freely. Accept them, and feel that you once more have a home.

"If you would see me, drop me a line, directed to the hotel.

Yours truly—truly,
MARTIN MABURY."

And still the old cloud was upon his brow. For one long hour Peter Gooch paced up and down the parlor, stern and cold. His children dared not speak to him. They saw the letter crushed in his hand, and they thought twas a new calamity which had come upon him.

At the end of an hour Peter Gooch stopped and sank into his easy chair. He smoothed out the crumpled letter and read it again.

And still the old cloud was upon his brow and the stern look upon his face.

But not long. No not long.

Suddenly he sank forward, with brow now low down, and his hands pressed hard over the cloud. A moment, and a sob, deep and mighty, broke from his bosom. Then the fountain of his soul was opened, and big tears washed the stern look from his face—tears that had been locked up ever since his wife died. And in broken, struggling accents he said—

"*And I had never forgiven to this hour!*"

* * * * * * *

On the following day Martin received a note from Mr. Gooch. He opened it and read—

"MARTIN—
"Come. PETER GOOCH."

And Martin Mabury went back to his old home.

Had he a deeper design than the fulfilment of his oath of vengeance, not the old oath but the NEW OATH.

No. But he had a hope—a long and fondly cherished hope.

Of the first hour of that meeting we will say nothing, save that one pair of bright eyes grew brighter as they gazed into Martin's face; and one little hand rested in his, and then a moisture gathered in those eyes—but it did not dim them—when he whispered—

"Your piano is not sold, Leda."

At length Peter Gooch overcome the strange (aye, very strange they were to him) emotions which had unmanned him, and appeared himself. But not that old self. No, a new and better self.

"How could you do this Martin!" he asked.

"Listen, said the young man.

When I left you I was angry, and took an oath that I would be revenged. I meant it, meant it then in all the passion of an angry soul. Beyond the hill I sat down upon a stone and cried. I cried because I was leaving home behind me at first, and then I cried out of pure anger.

An old man came by and stopped. He asked me why I wept. I told him all, even of my oath—all I cared to tell. I was in no mood then to tell of boyish love. He sat down by my side and told me his own story. It was one of pain, of suffering, of remorse, and of prayer. He was once young—was deeply wronged. He swore to have vengeance, and he had it. But it all fell back upon himself in agony. He was no longer happy, joy was no more his. He warned me, he prayed for me. He said it would find peace and joy in my life never to admit the demon of revenge or anger into my soul. Then I forgave you; but still I swore to have revenge, not the old revenge, but the new one. And I have had it, the revenge of the happy, the peaceful man."

"And the old traveler" whispered Peter Gooch, nervously.

"Was on his way to this place to obtain forgiveness of his last enemy, are he dropped in the grave."

"Oh, and I did not forgive him!"

"But you will?"

"Will—is he here?"

"Not far off."

"Adam Black."

"Yes."

"Then send for him at once. Let not another sun set upon an enemy unforgiven.

How long Adam Black bent beneath the weight of a century, sank upon his knees before his only enemy. No—not an enemy now—an enemy no more forever to his brother man—and when the old man asked to be forgiven for the deep wrong done long years agone, Peter Gooch trembingly answered—

"Aye, with my whole soul. And may God, and you too, forgive me for my ill will towards you."

* * * * * * *

Martin's hope was not a delusion. The only heart in all that village which had beat kindly towards him in his boyish orphanage was all his now. He asked Leda if she would be his wife, and the moisture came again into those bright eyes when she answered "YES"

And then—and not till then—did he tell of the ample fortune he had made—more than he could spend in frugal living in a life time.

And finally—it was an hour before Martin took Leda to his bosom as a wife—he took Peter Gooch aside and asked him,

"Do you freely forgive me for the revenge I have taken upon you?"

And Peter Gooch, while he grasped both the young man's hands in his own—no cloud, no frown, now—he said,

"To you—to all the world I answer—*As I hope for happiness and for the forgiveness of God, I FORGIVE.*"

Dow Discovering a Thief.

After Lorenzo Dow had retired to his part of Virginia, a number of persons collected in the bar room to enjoy their usual revelries, as was the custom in that part of the country. At a late hour in the night, the alarm was given that one of the company had lost his pocket book, and a search proposed. Whereupon the landlord remarked that Lorenzo Dow was in the house, and that, if the money was there, he knew that Lorenzo could find it. The suggestion was instantly received with approbation, and accordingly Mr. Dow was aroused from his slumbers, and brought forth to find the money. As he entered the room, his eyes ran through the company with searching inquiry, but nothing appeared that could fix guilt upon any one. The loser appeared with a countenance expressive of great concern, and besought Mr. Dow, for Heaven's sake, to find the money.

"Have any left the company since you lost your money?" said Mr Dow.

"None," said the loser, "none."

"Then," said Lorenzo, turning to the landlord, "go and bring me a large dinner pot."

This created no little surprise. But, as supernatural powers were universally conceded, his directions were unhesitatingly obeyed. Accordingly the pot was brought forward, and set in the middle of the room.

"Now," said Lorenzo, "go and bring the old chicken cock from the roost."

This was also done; and at Lorenzo's directions, the cock was placed in the pot and covered over with a board or lid.

"Let the doors now be fastened, and the lights extinguished," said Mr. Dow; which was also done. "Now," said he, "every person in the room must rub his hands hard against the pot, and when the guilty hand touches, the cock will crow."

Accordingly, all came forward and rubbed, or pretended to rub against the pot.—But no cock crowed.

"Let the candles now be lighted," said he. [illegible] If the man had any money, he must have lost it some place else. But stop, said Lorenzo, when all things were prepared, "let us now examine the hands."

This was the important part of his arrangement, for, on examination, it was found that one man had not rubbed against the pot. The others hands being black with the soot from the pot, was a proof of their guilt.

"There," said Lorenzo, pointing to the man with clean hands, "there is the man who picked your pocket."

The culprit, seeing his detection, at once acknowledged his guilt, and gave up the money.

SINGULAR CASE OF SNAKE CHARMING.—The Rochester Union relates the case of a child two years of age, daughter of Mr. Davis in that city, charmed by a snake.—One day Mrs. Davis found the snake in the arms of the little girl, who was fondling it as she would a kitten. The mother was naturally much alarmed by the apparent peril in which she saw her child, and seized a stick to destroy the reptile. The snake slowly retreated, showed its tongue, and hissed at the mother. The child cried, and begged so hard of its parent to desist, that she allowed the snake to retreat to its hiding place. It soon became apparent that the little girl thought of little else but her companion, the snake, and would return to the yard in search of it as often as she was allowed to do so. Under the fascination of this reptile, the child—a very pretty little girl—has begun to decline, and now weighs but eighteen pounds. Respectable physicians were consulted, it is said, and advised that no violence should be used towards the snake, as it might prove fatal to the child. How many meetings the snake and child had we are not positively informed; we infer they have been frequent. When they met they rush to each other with the apparent emotions of friendship and attachment that can exist between two living beings. A few days ago, Mrs Davis came to the city with the little girl, and when she returned, the party left in charge of the house informed her that the snake had been more bold than usual, and had actually been upon the steps leading to the door, awaiting the appearance of the child.

☞The steamer S., commanded by Captain S., exploded several years ago with terrible effect, and burned to the water's edge. Capt. S. was blown into the air, alighting near a floating cotton bale, upon which he floated uninjured, but much blackened and maddened. Arrived at a village several miles below, to which news of the disaster had preceded him, he was accosted by the editor of the village paper, with whom he was well acquainted, and eager for an item. "I say, too, is the S blown up?" "Yes." "Was Captain S. killed?" "No, I am Capt. S." "The thunder you are! How high were you blown?" "High enough to think of every mean thing I ever did in my life before I came down." The editor started on a run for his office; the paper about going to press, and not wishing to omit the item of intelligence for the next issue, two weeks off, he wrote as follows: "The steamer S. has burst her boiler, we learn from Captain S., who says he was up long enough to think of every mean thing he ever did in his life before he fell. W. suppose he was up about three months."