The North Carolina Whig.

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

VOLUME 10. CHARLOTTE, N. C., APRIL 16, 1861. NUMBER 8.

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 (10 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 agents.

J. G. WILKINSON & CO.
DEALERS IN
WATCHES, JEWELRY,
SILVER and PLATED WARE,
AND
CLOCKS!
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 SMALL SHOP
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 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, locally 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 least
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. 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 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.

The Blind Boy at Play.

BY MISS ELIZA COOK.

The blind boy's been at play, mother,
And merry games we had!
We led him on his way, mother,
And every step was glad;
And when we found a starry flower,
And praised its varied hue,
A tear came trembling down his cheek,
Just like a drop of dew.

We took him to the mill, mother,
Where falling waters made
A rainbow o'er the rill, mother,
As golden sun rays played;
But when we shouted at the scene
And hail'd the clear, blue sky,
He stood still upon the bank,
And breathed a long, long sigh.

We asked him why he wept, mother,
Whene'er we found the spot
Where periwinkles crept, mother,
O'er wild forget-me-nots
"Ah me!" he said, while tears ran down
As fast as summer showers—
"It is because I cannot see
The sunshine and the flowers."

Oh! that poor sightless boy, mother,
Has taught me that I'm blest;
For I can look with joy, mother,
On all I love the best;
And when I see the dancing stream,
And daisies red and white,
I kneel upon the meadow sod,
And thank my God for sight.

Miscellaneous.

DOWN HILL.

A LIFE PICTURE.

Not long since I had occasion to visit one of our courts, and while conversing with a legal friend, I heard the name of John Anderson called.

'There is a hard case,' remarked my friend.

I looked upon the man in the prisoner's desk. He was standing up, and plead guilty to the crime of theft. He was a tall man, but bent and infirm, though not old. His garb was torn, sparse and filthy; his hair matted with dirt, and his bowed form quivering with delirium. Certainly, I never saw a more pitiable object. I moved my place to obtain a fuller view of his face. He saw my movement, and he turned his head. He gazed upon me a single instant, and then covering his face with his hands, he sunk powerless into his seat. 'Good God!' I involuntarily ejaculated, started forward. 'Will———'

I had half spoken his name, when he quickly raised his head, and cast upon me a look of such imploring agony that my tongue was tied at once. Then he covered his face again. I asked my legal companion if the prisoner had counsel. He said no. I then told him to do all in his power for the poor fellow's benefit, and I would pay him. He promised and I left. I could not remain and see that man tried. Tears came to my eyes as I gazed upon him, and it was not until I gained the street and walked some distance that I could breathe freely.

John Anderson! Alas! he was ashamed to be known as his mother's son. That was not his real name; but you shall know him by no other. I will call him by the name that stands upon the records of the court.

John Anderson was my schoolmate, and it was not many years ago—not over twenty—that we left our academy together, he to return to the home of wealthy parents—I to sit down for a few years in the dingy sanctum of a newspaper office, and then wander off across the ocean. I was gone some four years, and when I returned I found John a married man. His father was dead, and had left his only son a princely fortune.

'And C———,' he said to me, as he met me at the railway station, 'you shall see what a bird I have caged. My Ellen is a lark, a robin, a very princess of all birds that ever looked beautiful or sang sweetly.'

He was enthusiastic, but not mistaken, for I found his wife all he had said, simply omitting the poetry. She was one of the most beautiful women I ever saw. And so good, too—so loving and kind. Aye, she so loved John, that she really loved all his friends. What a lucky fellow to find such a wife, and what a lucky woman to find such a husband, for John Anderson was as handsome as she; tall, straight, manly, high-browed, with rich chestnut curls, and a face as faultlessly noble and beautiful as artist ever copied. And he was good, too; and kind, generous and always true.

I spent a week with them, and I was happy all the while. John's mother lived with them, a fine old lady as ever breathed, and making herself constant joy by doting on her 'darling boy,' as she always called him. I gave her an account of my adventures by sea and land in foreign climes, and she kissed me because I loved her darling.

I did not see John again for four years.

In the evening I reached his house. He was not in, but his wife and mother were there to receive me, and two curly-headed boys were at play around Ellen's chair. I knew at once they were my friend's children. Everything seemed pleasant until the little ones were abed and asleep, and then I could see that Ellen was troubled.—She tried to hide it, but a face so used to sunshine and smiles could not conceal a cloud.

At length John came. His face was flushed and his eyes looked inflamed.—He grasped my hand with a happy laugh, called me "old fellow," "old dog," said I must come and live with him, and many other extravagant things. His wife tried to hide her tears, while his mother shook her head and said:

"He'll sow these wild oats soon. My darling can never be a bad man."

"God grant it!" I thought to myself; and I knew that the same prayer was upon Ellen's lips.

It was late when we retired, and we might not have done so even then, had not John fallen asleep in his chair.

On the following morning I walked out with my friend. I told him I was sorry to see him as I saw him the night before.

"Oh," said he with a laugh, "oh that was nothing only a little wine party. We had a glorious time. I wish you had been there."

At first I thought I would say no more, but it was not my duty. I knew his nature better than he knew himself. His appetites and pleasures blinded his own vision. I knew how kind and generous he was—alas! too kind and generous.

"John, could you have seen Ellen's face last evening, you would have trembled.—Can you make her unhappy?"

He stopped me with—

"Don't be a fool. Why should she be unhappy?"

"Because she fears you are going *down hill*," I told him.

"Did she say so?" he asked, with a flushed face.

"No, I read it in her looks," I said.

"Perhaps a reflection of your own thoughts," he suggested.

"Surely I thought so when you came home." I replied.

Never can I forget the look he gave me then, so full of reproof, of surprise, and of pain.

"C———, I forgive you, for I know you to be my friend; but never speak to me like that. *I* going down hill! You know better. That can never be. I know my own power, and I know my wants.—My mother knows me better than Ellen does."

Ah, had that mother been as wise as she was loving, she would have seen that the "wild oats" which her son was sowing would grow up and ripen to furnish only seed for re-sowing. But she loved him—loved him almost too well, or, I should say, too blindly.

But I could say no more. I only prayed that God would guard him, and then we conversed on other subjects. I could spend but a day with him, but we promised to correspond often.

Three years more passed, during which John Anderson wrote to me at least once a month, and oftener sometimes; but at the end of that time his letters ceased coming, and I received no more for two years, when I again found myself in his native town.—It was early in the afternoon when I arrived, and I took dinner at the hotel.

I had finished my meal, and was lounging in front of the hotel, when I saw a funeral procession winding into a distant churchyard. I asked the landlord whose funeral it was.

"Mrs. Anderson's," he said; and as he spoke I noticed a slight drooping of the head, as if it cut him to say so.

"What! John Anderson's wife!" I ventured.

"No," he said, "it is his mother," and as he told me this, he turned away. But a gentleman near by, who had overheard our conversation, at once took up the theme of our remarks.

"Our host don't seem inclined to converse upon that subject," he remarked, with a shrug, inquiring, "did you know John Anderson?"

"He was my school-mate in boyhood, and my bosom friend in youth," I told him.

He then led me to one side, and spoke as follows:

"Poor John! he was the pride of the town six years ago. This man opened his hotel at that time, and sought custom by giving wine suppers. John was present at many of them—the gayest of the gay, and the most generous of the party. In fact, he paid for nearly all of them. Then he began to go down hill ever since. At times, true friends have prevailed on him to stop, but his stops were of short duration. A short season of sunshine would gleam upon his home, and then night came, more dark and dreary than before.

"He said he never would get drunk again; but still he would take a glass of wine with a friend! That glass of wine was but the gate that let in the flood. Six years ago he was worth sixty thousand dollars. Yesterday he borrowed the sum of fifty dollars to pay the expenses! That poor mother bore up as long as she could. She saw her son—her darling boy, as she always called him—brought home drunken many times. And, she even bore blows from him! But now she is at rest. Her 'darling' wore her life away, and brought her gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. Oh, I hope this may reform him."

"But his wife!" I asked.

"Her heavenly love has held her up thus far, but she is only the shadow of the wife she was six years ago," he returned.

My informant was deeply affected, and so was I; consequently I asked no more. I debated with myself whether to call upon John at all. But finally I resolved to go, though I waited till after tea. I found John and his wife alone. They had both been weeping, though I could see at a glance that Ellen's face was beaming with hope and love. But, oh! she was changed, sadly, painfully so. They were glad to see me, my hand was shaken warmly.

"Dear C———, don't say a word of the past," John urged, shaking my hard a second time. "I know you spoke the truth five years ago—I was going down hill. But I have gone as far as I can—here I stop at the foot. Everything is gone but my wife. I have sworn—and my oath shall be kept—Ellen and I are going to be happy now."

The poor fellow burst into tears; Ellen followed suit, and I kept them company.—I could not help crying like a child. My God, what a sight! The once noble, true man, so fallen—become a mere broken glass—the last fragment brightly reflecting the image it once bore, a poor suppliant, at the foot of hope, begging a grain of warmth for the hearts of himself and wife! and how I loved him still! Oh, how I hoped—aye, more than hope—I believed that he would be saved. And, as I gazed upon that wife—so trusting, so loving, so true, and so hopeful, even in the midst of living death—I prayed more fervently than I ever prayed before, that God would hold him up—lead him up—lead him back to the top of the hill.

On the morning I saw the children—grown to be intelligent boys; and though they looked pale and wan, yet they smiled and seemed happy when their father kissed them. When I left them John took me by the hand, and the last words he said were:

"Trust me. Believe me now; I will be a man henceforth while life lasts!"

A little over two years had passed, when I read in a newspaper the death of Ellen Anderson. I started for the town where they had lived as soon as possible, thinking I might help some one! A fearful presentiment possessed my mind.

"Where is John Anderson?" I asked.

"Don't know, I'm sure. He's been gone these three months. His wife died in the mad-house last week!"

"And the children!"

"Oh, they both died before she did."

I staggered back and hurried from the place. I hardly knew which way I went, but instinct led me to the churchyard. I found four graves which had been made in four years. The mother, wife and two children slept in them.

"And what has done this?" I asked myself. And a voice answered from the lowly sleeping places:

"The demon of the wine-table!"

But this was not all the work. No, no. The next I saw—oh, God!—was far more terrible! I saw it in the city court room—But that was not the last—not the last.

I saw my legal friend on the day following the trial. He said John Anderson was in prison. I hastened to see him. The turnkey conducted me to his cell—the key turned in the large lock; the ponderous door with a sharp crack swung upon its hinges, and I saw a dead body suspended by the horrible face. I could see nothing of John Anderson there, but the face I had seen in the court was sufficient to connect the two; and I knew that this was all that remained of him that I loved so well.

And this was the last of the demon's work, and the last act in the terrible drama. Ah! from the first sparkle of the red wine it had been down, down down, until the foot of the hill has been finally reached.

When I turned away from the cell, and once more walked amid the flashing saloons and revel halls, I wished that my voice had power to thunder the life-story of which I had been a witness, in the ears of all living men!

How To Avoid A Bad Husband.

Never marry a man for wealth. A woman's life consisteth not in the things she possesseth.

Never marry a fop, or one who struts about dandy-like, in his silk gloves and ruffles, with a silver cane and rings on his fingers. Beware! There is a trap.

Never marry a niggard, a close fisted, sordid wretch, who saves every penny, or spends it grudgingly. Take care lest he stint you to death.

Never marry a stranger whose character is not known or tested. Some females jump right into the fire, with their eyes wide open.

Never marry a mope or a drone, one who drawls and draggless through life, one foot after another, and lets things take their own course.

Never marry a man who treats his mother or sister unkindly or indifferently. Such treatment is a sure indication of a mean and wicked man.

Never, on any account, marry a gambler or a profane person, one who in the least speaks lightly of God or religion. Such a man can never make a good husband.

Never marry a sloven, a man who is negligent of his person or his dress, and is filthy in his habits. The external appearance is an index to the heart.

Shun the rake as the snake, a viper, a very demon.

Finally, never marry a man who is addicted to the use of ardent spirits. Depend upon it you are better off alone than you would be were you tied to a man whose breath is pollated and whose vitals are being gnawed out by alcohol.

WELLER ON HIS FARM.—The Alameda (Cal.) *Herald* tells the following adecdote of Ex-Governor Weller, which is worth printing.

It seems that, a few days since, one of those persons who are often met with in this country seeking for employment, came to the premises of his Excellency, and found him pruning his vineyard, which employment made it necessary to divest himself of his coat, and altogether gave him the outward appearance of a day laborer. The stranger approached the Governor and the following colloquy ensued:

"I say, Cap., does the man who owns these premises want to hire any more help?"

"No, sir, I think not; he has all the help he wants at present."

"Right nice place this."

"Yes, this is a very nice farm."

"Well, Cap, if its a fair question, what wages do you get here?"

"Oh, I only get my bread and clothes, and nothing to brag of at that."

"You must be harder up than I am, to work for them prices."

The Governor allowed his interrogator to depart without correcting his mistake, and he continued to use the pruning knife.

—If a man cheats you once, blame him; if a second time, blame yourself.

—He who never gives advice and he who never takes it are alike unworthy of friendship

QUIZZING A JEW.

Nine persons sailed from Basle down the Rhine. A Jew, who wished to go to Schalampt, was allowed to come on board, and journey with them, upon condition that he would conduct himself with propriety, and give the captain eighteen kreutzers for his passage.

Now, it is true something jingled in the Jew's pocket, when he struck his hand against it; but the only money there was therein was a twelve-kreutzer piece, for the other was a brass button. Notwithstanding this, he accepted the offer with gratitude; for he thought to himself, "something may be earned, even upon the water. There is many a man who has grown rich upon the Rhine."

During the first part of the voyage, the passengers were very talkative and merry, and the Jew, with his wallet under his arm—for he did not lay it aside—was the object of much mirth and mockery, as, alas! is often the case with those of his nation. But as the vessel sailed onward, and passed Thuringen and Saint Veit, the passengers, one after another, grew silent, and gaped and gazed listlessly down the river, until one cried:

"Come, Jew! do you know any pastime that will amuse us? Your fathers must have contrived many a one during their journey in the wilderness."

Now is the time, thought the Jew, to 'shear my sheep!' and he proposed that they should sit around in a circle, and propound various questions to each other, and he, with their permission, would sit with them. Those who could not answer the questions should pay the one who propounded them a twelve kreutzer piece, and those who answered them pertinently should receive a twelve-kreutzer piece.

This proposal pleased the company; and, hoping to divert themselves with the Jew's wit or stupidity, each one asked, at random, whatever chanced to enter his head.

Thus, for example, the first asked: 'How many soft-boiled eggs could the giant Goliah eat upon an empty stomach?'

All said it was impossible to answer that question; and each paid him twelve kreutzers.

But the Jew said: 'One; for he who has eaten one egg cannot eat a second upon an empty stomach;' and the others paid him twelve kreutzers.

The second thought: 'Wait, Jew! I will try you out of the New Testament; and I shall win my piece. Why did the Apostle Paul write the Second Epistle to the Corinthians?'

The Jew said: 'Because he was not in Corinth. Otherwise, he would have spoken to them.'

So he won another twelve kreutzer piece.

When the third saw that the Jew was so well versed in the Bible, he tried him in a different way: 'Who prolongs his work to as great a length as possible, and still completes it in time?'

'The ropemaker, if he be industrious,' said the Jew.

In the mean while they drew near to a village, and one said to the other: 'That is Bamlach.'

Then the fourth asked, 'In what month do the people of Balmach eat the least?'

The Jew said, 'In February; for it has only twenty-eight days.'

The fifth said, 'There are two natural brothers, and still only one of them is my uncle.'

The Jew said, 'The uncle is your father's brother, and your father is not your uncle.'

A fish leaped out of the water, and the sixth asked, 'What fish have their eyes nearest together?'

The Jew said, 'The smallest.'

The seventh asked, 'How can a man ride from Balse to Berne, in the shade, in summer time, when the sun shines?'

The Jew said, 'When he comes to a place where there is no shade, he must dismount and go on foot.'

The eighth asked, 'When a man rides in the winter time from Berne to Basle, and has forgotten his gloves, how must he manage so that his hands shall not freeze?'

The Jew said, 'He must make fists out of them.'

The ninth was the last. This one asked, 'How can five persons divide five eggs so that each man shall receive one, and still one remain in the dish?'

The Jew said, 'The last must take the dish with the egg, and he can let it lie there as long as he pleases.'

But now it came to his turn, and he determined to make a good sweep. After many preliminary compliments, he asked, with a mischievous friendliness, 'How can a man fry two trout in three pans, so that a trout may lie in each pan?'

No one could answer this, and one after the other gave him a twelve kreutzer piece.

But when the ninth desired that he should solve the riddle, he rocked to and fro, shrugged his shoulders, and rolled his eyes, 'I am a poor Jew,' he said at last.

The rest cried: 'What has that to do with it? Give us the answer.'

'You must not take it amiss, for I am a poor Jew.' At last, after much persuasion and many promises that they would do him no harm, he thrust his hands into his pocket, took out one of the twelve-kreutzer pieces that he had won, laid it upon the table, and said, 'I do not know the answer any more than you. Here are my twelve kreutzers.'

When the others heard these words, they opened their eyes, and said this was scarcely according to agreement. But as they could not control their laughter, and were wealthy and good natured men, and as the Jew had helped them to while away the time from St. Vith to Schalampt, they let it pass, and the Jew took with him from the vessel let a good arithmetician reckon up for me how much the Jew carried home with him. He had a twelve kreutzer piece and a brass button when he came on board. He won nine twelve kreutzer pieces by his answers, nine with his own riddle, and he paid back, and eighteen kreutzers he gave the captain.

A Call to the Ministry.

Somebody is always telling stories about the 'Hard-shell Baptists.' Wags have the run on them, and they may as well be content and bear it. Here follows a tale told of them not long since. My informant locates it in the mountains of North Carolina, where the Hard-shells are quite numerous, and where they believe pretty strongly in dreams and voices. In the important matter of a call to the ministry, a dream or a voice is almost indispensable.

Now, it came to pass that a man by the name of Walker felt himself considerably moved to 'hold forth,' and kept 'spreading the fleece,' Gideon-like, to ascertain his duty in the important premises. To assist him in his pious investigations, he called at a still house one evening to get some of the 'good critter.' After refreshment, the story runs, he left for home, and on the way he felt 'moved' to go into the grove a few hundred yards from the road, 'thar to wrastle on the subject.' While he was 'wrastlin' most earnestly, sorrefy outdone by the patriarch, some one passed the road with a long eared animal, politely called a John Donkey, and John let off, as his race is wont to do sometimes, in a most moving and thrilling manner.

Walker's imagination, by his earnest 'wrastlin,' was wrought up to great intensity, and he converted Major John's discordant music, which to most men, resembles the filing of a saw mill saw, into a call from Heaven, urging him to preach the Gospel. No time was to be lost. He rose from his knees duly commissioned, went to his church, and demanded a license, went to his church, and demanded a license, when the pastor interrogated him thus:

Pastor—Do you believe, Brother Walker, that you are called of God to preach, 'as was Aaron?'

Walker—Most sartinly I does.

Pastor—Give the Church, that is, the brethren, the proof.

Walker—I was mighty diffikilted, and I was determined to go into the woods and wrastled it out.

Pastor—That's it, Brother Walker.

Walker—And while there wrastlin', Jacob like, I hearn one ov the curiousest voices I ever hearn in all my borned days.

Pastor—You are on the right track, Brother Walker. Go on with your narration.

Walker—I couldn't tell, for the life av me, whether the voice was up in the air or down in the air, it sounded so curious.

Pastor—Poor creature! how he was diffikilted. Go on to narate, Brother Walker. How did it appear to sound unto you.

Walker—Why, this a way: 'Waw-waw-ker—waw-waw-ker! Go preach, go preach, go preach, go preach-ee, go preach-ah, go preach-un, go preach-ah-ee-uh-ah-ee.

Pastor—Gruntherings and sister, that's the right sort of a call. Enough said, Brother Walker. That's none ov yer college calls, nor money calls. No doctor ov divinity ever got sich a call as that. Brother Walker must have license fur sartin and for sure.

The license was granted, the story goes, and Walker is now doubtless making the mountains ring with his stentorian lungs.

A Hunter after Office Treed.

As the time for the new Administration approached, the crowds who thronged Washington increased. Those who make them are not altogether disinterested. Some are on office hunt. Curious ways some of them have of finding out where best to drive their stakes—that's so; what post would best suit their genius. It has even come to this: that some have gone so far as to look into the different departments to advance, and to make inquiry of the incumbent clerks as to the probable time, &c., of his decease as such. An instance of this kind happened the other day at the Patent Office. A long, slab-sided rickety, carrotty-topped individual from "New England," with the richest Yankee *patois*, walked into the library of the Patent Office, presided over by Professor Jillson, late of Columbia College, an urbane gentleman, fine scholar, no politician, but with a good sense of humor.

"Wa'al stranger, kin I look'n books here?—'spose they're public prop'ty?"

Certainly," said the Professor. "What books would you desire?"

And the Professor marched toward the cases of heavy French and German tomes which he has to sift for the benefit of our inventors.

"Wa'al, I'd like to see the book they call the 'Blue Book.'"

"Ah sir, I'm sorry we hav'nt it here.—You are at liberty to read any of the books which we have."

"Fact is, I want to find out the best berth I can; expectin' Mr. Linkin to put me in when he comes into power. I rather like this bearth, stranger; 'spose you don't 'spect to stay, hey? What's the salary?—Couldn't you let me know as to the dooties?"

"I am sorry, my friend, to say that the salary hardly pays for the duties. It is only what you could earn by close labor on a cornfield out west."

"Never mind that; what's the dooties? Think I kin do 'em?"

"I am not well enough acquainted with your acquirements to answer. First I have to keep an eye on all the books here."

"Wa'al, that's not so hard; guess I could do that as well as any."

"Next, have to make the indexes and read proof of patent reports."

"That would come, I guess, by a little practice."

"Then, said the Professor, with a merry twinkle, "I have to translate, for the use of the office, from these books, most of which I have to commit to memory; and from the various ancient and modern languages, including Sanscrit, Hebrew, Hindo, Sanskrit, French, German, Choctaw Kickapoo——

Before the suave Professor had finished his inventory, his office seeking interlocutor had his hat on, and precipitated himself into the corridor with a hasty—

"That'll do, stranger. Good day."