

# The North Carolina Whig.

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

VOLUME 10.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., MAY 28, 1861.

NUMBER 9.

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

TERMS:

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

Advertisements inserted on One Dollar per square (10 lines or less, this size type) for the first insertion, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. Copy not returned unless accompanied by the advertiser. Advertisements inserted monthly or quarterly, at \$1 per square for each time. Semi-monthly 75 cents per square for each time.

Persons wishing to send their advertisements must mark the number of insertions desired or they will be inserted until forbid and charged accordingly.

Postmasters are authorized to collect agents.

J. G. WILKINSON & CO.  
DEALERS IN  
WATCHES, JEWELRY,  
SILVER AND PLATED WARE,  
AND  
WATCHES, JEWELRY,  
SILVER AND PLATED WARE,  
AND

R. W. BECKWITH  
WATCHES, JEWELRY,  
SILVER AND PLATED WARE,  
AND

FURNITURE!  
AT  
CHARLESTON PRICES.

DAVIDSON & BROTHER,  
AT THE OLD STAND AT J. M. SANDERS & CO.

DAVIDSON & BROTHER,  
AT THE OLD STAND AT J. M. SANDERS & CO.

DAVIDSON & BROTHER,  
AT THE OLD STAND AT J. M. SANDERS & CO.

DAVIDSON & BROTHER,  
AT THE OLD STAND AT J. M. SANDERS & CO.

DAVIDSON & BROTHER,  
AT THE OLD STAND AT J. M. SANDERS & CO.

DAVIDSON & BROTHER,  
AT THE OLD STAND AT J. M. SANDERS & CO.

DAVIDSON & BROTHER,  
AT THE OLD STAND AT J. M. SANDERS & CO.

DAVIDSON & BROTHER,  
AT THE OLD STAND AT J. M. SANDERS & CO.

DAVIDSON & BROTHER,  
AT THE OLD STAND AT J. M. SANDERS & CO.

DAVIDSON & BROTHER,  
AT THE OLD STAND AT J. M. SANDERS & CO.

DAVIDSON & BROTHER,  
AT THE OLD STAND AT J. M. SANDERS & CO.

DAVIDSON & BROTHER,  
AT THE OLD STAND AT J. M. SANDERS & CO.

DAVIDSON & BROTHER,  
AT THE OLD STAND AT J. M. SANDERS & CO.

DAVIDSON & BROTHER,  
AT THE OLD STAND AT J. M. SANDERS & CO.

DAVIDSON & BROTHER,  
AT THE OLD STAND AT J. M. SANDERS & CO.

DAVIDSON & BROTHER,  
AT THE OLD STAND AT J. M. SANDERS & CO.

DAVIDSON & BROTHER,  
AT THE OLD STAND AT J. M. SANDERS & CO.

DAVIDSON & BROTHER,  
AT THE OLD STAND AT J. M. SANDERS & CO.

DAVIDSON & BROTHER,  
AT THE OLD STAND AT J. M. SANDERS & CO.

DAVIDSON & BROTHER,  
AT THE OLD STAND AT J. M. SANDERS & CO.

DAVIDSON & BROTHER,  
AT THE OLD STAND AT J. M. SANDERS & CO.

DAVIDSON & BROTHER,  
AT THE OLD STAND AT J. M. SANDERS & CO.

DAVIDSON & BROTHER,  
AT THE OLD STAND AT J. M. SANDERS & CO.

DAVIDSON & BROTHER,  
AT THE OLD STAND AT J. M. SANDERS & CO.

DAVIDSON & BROTHER,  
AT THE OLD STAND AT J. M. SANDERS & CO.

DAVIDSON & BROTHER,  
AT THE OLD STAND AT J. M. SANDERS & CO.

DAVIDSON & BROTHER,  
AT THE OLD STAND AT J. M. SANDERS & CO.

DAVIDSON & BROTHER,  
AT THE OLD STAND AT J. M. SANDERS & CO.

DAVIDSON & BROTHER,  
AT THE OLD STAND AT J. M. SANDERS & CO.

DAVIDSON & BROTHER,  
AT THE OLD STAND AT J. M. SANDERS & CO.

## MERCHANT TAILORING

FULLINGS, SPRINGS & CO.  
I HAVE added to their Ready-made Clothing Stock, a Merchant Tailoring Department, to which they call the special 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 States, which gives him the opportunity of taking advantage of the prices of goods, thereby saving at least

Twenty-Five Per Cent  
To the consumer. 25 Dimes saved are Dollars made! Do try us.

F. FULLINGS,  
JNO. M. SPRINGS,  
September 25, 1860.

## GREAT SACRIFICES

OF  
FALL AND WINTER  
GOODS,  
JUST RECEIVED FROM  
NEW YORK,

BY  
GOODMAN & EIGENBRUN,  
TRADE STREET,  
OPPOSITE

OATES & WILLIAMS,  
W. E. FULLINGS, JNO. M. SPRINGS, September 25, 1860.

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.

IF Please call and examine our Goods before purchasing elsewhere.

GOODMAN & EIGENBRUN,  
October 2, 1860.

## 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.

Previous will call to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere.

LEOWENSTEIN & BRO.  
October 2, 1860.

## THE GREAT CLOTHING EMPORIUM.

FULLINGS, SPRINGS & CO.,  
DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF  
READY MADE CLOTHING  
FURNISHING GOODS,  
Hats, Caps, Trunks,  
VALISES, &c.

Fullings, Springs & Co.  
W.OULD call the special 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 \$15. All manner of  
CASSIMERE PANTS, CASSIMERE SILK,  
MATERIALS AND VELVET VESTS,  
OVER COATS,  
Of all colors and styles.

The above Goods cannot be surpassed in style and quality, having been manufactured under the constant supervision of one of the Firm.

FULLINGS, SPRINGS & CO.,  
September 25, 1860.

JOHN T. BUTLER,  
WATCH AND CLOCK  
MAKER,  
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.

S. T. Wriston,  
MANUFACTURER OF, and dealer in Fine and  
Japanese Turners, Rives, Woods Ware,  
Brooms, Brushes, &c., in South wing of Springs  
Corner Building.  
Job Work, such as roofing, Guttering, &c. done with dispatch.

## Poetry.

Anti-Stay-At-Home Society.  
MONDAY NIGHT.

Oh! love, I'm glad you've come,  
The supper's almost sold;  
But here's a nice warm bed for you  
I don't intend to send!

Your office closed, all business done,  
Your books laid on the shelves,  
How pleasant it will be to pass  
This evening by ourselves.

My love, my dearest love you know  
How happy I should be  
If I could pass my leisure hours  
In sweet converse with thee;

But there he sits, you know we must  
Obey stern duty's call,  
And this night, dear, just this one,  
I must be at the hall.

My love, Miss Cricket takes to-night,  
Her benefit, and so,  
As she is one I must admire,  
I'm really like to go.

You shall, my love, though I forget,  
The Tuesday night, I swear;  
A special meeting called to-night,  
I really must go there.

Dear Charles it's been so dull to-day,  
Without you, I confess;  
Let's draw the table to the fire  
And have a game of chess.

I would accept your challenge now  
And grant your sweet demand,  
But Wednesday is our League, you know,  
And I must not let them wait.

Well love, what shall we do to-night,  
Read, or attend the play?  
Or have a little private talk,  
The first of many a day?

Just as you please, I'll soon be back;  
I really could attend  
Insurance, love, come to to-night,  
I must not let them wait.

My love, just sleep this night for me,  
And I'll be here, pray hold my steam;  
You know you promised to-day  
To take me to the ball.

I know I did; but really love,  
I had forgot it all,  
And promised I would go to-day  
Some members to install.

I have to disengage you, dear,  
I know it's provoking,  
But when you spoke of it to-day  
I really thought you joking.

Here, take the baby, Charles, all say  
He's a fine little fellow;  
The evening you see what his, while  
I take a little nap.

Four little things, how pale he looks,  
I hope he won't get worse,  
There's an election held to-night,  
Else I'd stay at home and nurse.

Dear Charles, here are your cloak and hat,  
And overcoats, all warm;  
I hope you won't stay late to-night,  
There's such a dreadful storm.

Stay not late! you don't suppose  
I really could attend  
To leave my dearest wife alone,  
Her evening hours to spend!

Just please my slippers by the fire,  
And watch the cheerful light  
Bright by my own rocking chair,  
We'll stay at home to-night!

## Miscellaneous.

[From the New York Waverly.]  
"HUSH MONEY."

THE SLANDERERS' BAIT.

BY JACK.

"I was one day," said Melville Bronson, "bathing some flesh-wounds on my favorite horse, when Emily Barlow approached me."

"Mr. Bronson," she exclaimed, "I must have some rum. I shall die if I do not have rum. For God's sake give me rum!"

I handed her the bottle of spirits in my hand, but I regretted my rash act, for the soon became intoxicated and started for home. That night she kept the whole village in confusion by staggering from house to house, and shouting in drunken rage, with her innocent babe in her arms.

A few days after that, she again came to me, for more rum. I harshly denied her, and very rashly flung her from my door, and forbid her entering my house again. I never shall forget the fierceness of her countenance, or the flash of her black eyes, as she shrieked—

Melville Bronson, deeply shall you regret this!

Shortly after this occurrence, I met her, and she deliberately asked me for money.

"Money, money, and for what?" I asked in surprise.

"There has been some improprieties in your conduct, which, unless I have pay to conceal them, I shall make public!"

"What are they? I should like to know that," I exclaimed.

She then commenced, and narrated as black a lie, as ever ruined the character of any man.

"You know that is false, as well as I do," I replied.

"Of course, I do," she exclaimed; "but what of that! When you flung me from your door, I swore revenge! And I will have either money, which will satisfy my desire, or I will ruin your character!"

"Wretch! Fiend! Demon! I exclaimed, 'You do not mean this! You cannot mean this! You are merely joking me!'

"I was never more serious in my life," she replied, "than I am now. But you can try me, and see for yourself."

"Even if you should make public your enormous slander," said I, "no one would believe you; you, whom all know to be a drunkard and a liar. Ah, no one would believe you!"

"Don't you believe yourself," she exclaimed. "Some people love to believe slanders; and many would rather circulate slanders than praise. If I circulate this, all would believe it as soon, coming from me, as from any one else, no matter how great their reputation. But I will promise never again to mention this, if you, within one week, will pay me the sum of five hundred dollars."

"Five hundred dollars!" I exclaimed, "I pay you five hundred dollars to suppress a lie of your own making. No, I don't do it! I'd see you in tophet first!"

"You are a man of wealth," she coolly continued, "and can pay this as well as not. You are a politician, and hold high office; but you can never hold another, if this is told. What is five hundred dollars to you, when compared with the loss of your character and honor? One week from to-night, I await your reply."

She left me; left me with every passion aroused; I thought, and planned, and raved, until I trembled and foamed at the mouth like a madman. This, then, was her revenge.

The next week, to me was one of anguish; I slept but little; I walked the house by night, and thought of this by day. At length that dreary, gloomy week, came to an end. I paid the five hundred dollars, and was free from her persecutions for a month. At the expiration of that time, she came to me for more 'hush money!'

"But," said I, "did you not promise me never to list this report? I paid your demands; why now do you break your promise?"

"I will keep my promise," she replied, "and will never mention this, but I have written a very pretty manuscript containing the whole story, and if you do not pay me five hundred dollars more, I will publish it. You paid me in the first place, not to mention it; and now, I want you to pay me not to publish it. Don't you see the difference?"

For once in my life I lost all control; I seized her by the neck, and forcibly held her till she became black in the face. I thought I had killed her; and cared but little if I had. I flung her from me, and she fell heavily upon the ground. I made no effort to restore her to consciousness, but she soon recovered.

"Very good, Mr. Bronson," said she, coolly, "here's another fact to add to my manuscript; but I will now give you another opportunity to settle this. Remember five hundred dollars now settles this in every shape, and forever!"

I will not trouble you with the particulars, in this case, but suffice it to say, that again I paid her demands, and was again free from her persecutions for a short time; but for a short time only; for soon she invented another story, equally bad, and demanded five hundred dollars more for that. I now saw she was determined to ruin me, and I begged a week's time to think of it, sold my property, in New England, at a great sacrifice, and started for the far West.

Oh, how I wept as the hour of my departure drew near; I kissed my wife and darling boy; as I then thought, for the last time; I thought of the happy home I had passed with them, and the bright plains of happiness I had formed, to be blasted by the foul breath of the slanderer. But now, O, how changed!—I wished, I prayed for death! The future offered no joys; the grave only offered repose.

I attempted to walk to the depot, but so much was I excited, that my limbs almost refused to carry me, and I reeled to-and-fro like a drunken man. A thousand contending thoughts filled my brain until I could not think. How I ever arrived at the depot, I do not know, but when I revived I was seated in the cars, and the train was in motion.

The train soon moved rapidly on; rapidly it passed through pleasant villages and large cities through fertile fields and giant forests; but I heeded them not. I cared not for golden fields or flowery lawns or princely dwellings; I wished only to fly away from my own thoughts. It was a vain attempt.

I came to this place; it was then a

wild prairie, with but here and there a hut; the plow of the pioneer had not then broken its surface; the Mississippi then, as now, flowed in all its grandeur and beauty, while the tall grass mingled with millions of flowers that grew on those fertile banks. But I heeded not fragrant flowers or magnificent river, for I was miserable. I sat all day thinking of my small trouble until it became magnified in my mind, and drove me insane; and I determined in my misery to commit suicide. I wrote a long letter to my wife; it was full of anxiety for her future; I told her to put her trust in God for long before this letter would reach her, I should repose in death beneath the turbid waves of the Mississippi. I wrote to her the anguish of my heart, and every word of that letter would reach her, I should repose in death beneath the turbid waves of the Mississippi. I wrote to her the anguish of my heart, and every word of that letter would reach her, I should repose in death beneath the turbid waves of the Mississippi.

Such an hour as I then passed immigration cannot describe; in that hour, I relinquished all my bright hopes of home and happiness of wife and children. I wrung my hands in agony,—hot, burning tears coursed down my emaciated cheeks, while the blood, hot and fiery, rushed impetuously to my brain, driving me mad. I held my head with both hands to restrain the cursed thoughts that oppressed me; nursed it with no avail! They came faster and faster, until my overtaken brain seemed full of infuriated demons. I could endure this no longer; that hour I would die. I rushed madly towards the river's bank; my feet refused to carry me; I fell down and crawled upon my hands and knees; I reached the bank; I tried to pray but could not—I shrieked—God save me! and plunged into the stream; I felt the cool waves close over me, and I rejoiced that I should soon be beyond the reach of the slanderer.

As I came to the surface, a rough hand was laid upon me, and I was dragged to the shore. I brushed the water from my eyes, and before me stood Father Delavan, the pioneer preacher. He had witnessed my agitation, and had divined my purpose, had followed and saved me. After a few moments he requested me to follow him; I did so, I knew not why, nor cared not where. We entered his humble hut. "Let us pray," said he. I knelt beside him, and oh, what a prayer! It reached my heart, and calmed my excited mind.—I saw that my last attempt at suicide was a great sin, and afterwards as I listened to his kind words and his holy instructions, I resolved, by Divine assistance, to try and overcome every temptation to again destroy my life.

"Under the instructions of Father Delavan, my recovery was rapid, and reason soon resumed its control. I soon became attached to the place, where I had passed many pleasant hours with Father Delavan; and I invested all my property in land here—and having buried off my former life to my wife, I wrote another, wishing her to come to me in my western home. She came.

Ten years have passed rapidly away, since the day when I first breathed the invigorating air of this prairie. They have been years of happiness and prosperity to me. On the soil that I then purchased, is now a prosperous city, and I made a fortune in the rise in the value of the land.

But now to return to my enemy, Emily Barlow. No sooner had I left that she circulated the worst slanders about me she could invent, but I was happy to learn they were not generally believed, and were soon altogether disbelieved—for, not content with slandering me alone, she slandered others—telling such improbable stories, that all were generally disbelieved, which added much to the quiet of the village.—After that, she sank deeper and deeper in vice. She was warned to leave her vile associates, and care for her husband and children; but she cared only for rum, and when surfeited with that, and surrounded with vile associates, she appeared happy. But, oh! how fallen! fallen from a beautiful, but illiterate woman to a vile drunkard.

In vain her husband tried to restrain her; in vain he urged her entreated and threatened, until disheartened, he flew to the fatal cup, himself to find relief. Madly he drained it to drown reason; full soon his wife's associates became his boon companions, and his house became a place for drunken quarrels and bacchanalian revelry. Lower and lower he fell in the estimation of his friends—down, down he rushed to ruin—until at last, destitute of money, of credit or friends, and deserted by his wife, who had eloped with a drunkard, by the name of Jasper—in an hour of madness he committed suicide.

A few weeks since, I was standing on the bank of the river, and viewing the floating islands of ice. There was but little crossing the river on the ice, although an experienced person could do so. I was interrupted by a familiar voice addressing me. I turned and beheld Emily Barlow, my former enemy. But oh, how changed! I scarcely knew her. She begged and implored me to give her money to gratify her appetite for rum. I refused her.

She then said she could obtain it the other side of the river, and unless I gave her some, she should cross over on the floating ice.

I advised her not to attempt so rash a

act; but she left, heaping curses on my head. She had nearly crossed the river, when making a mis-step, she fell, and rolled between the floating islands of ice into the deep river. One shriek told her fate—she was heard of no more.

A variety of conflicting emotions nearly overpowered me, for this was the place, where a few years before, I had attempted to commit suicide.

## GRAND RAILROAD CELEBRATION.

In a number of the Wilmington Journal of several years old, we came across the other day, we find the following humorous account of the Celebration at Waynesboro', on the occasion of the completion of the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad to that place. We enjoyed a hearty laugh over it, and believing our readers will do the same, we copy it for their benefit.—*Spirit of the Age.*

"Wal, they had a mighty to do about it, they did. There was Governor Dudley, Dr. Andrews, Squire Griswold, Bill Lane, (him as was so near a beatin' Stanley for Congress,) old Dick Washington, and a heap of the big boys, come down to the borough to have a role jollification. They'd the biggest sort of a barbecue—scotes of 'red eye,' and the big gun—they wanted everybody to jine, and have a bustin' frolic.—Wal, it was noated over the lud country, and as everybody was gwine, I thought I might as well go too—so I slipped the old mare in the cart, and put out for the borough. Wal, doctor, I had a pretty early time of it gwine down, I did—the old mare shy'd once in a while—when she heard any lumberin' about— but all things considered, I managed pretty well. That old mare was a caution, Doctor. She was a per feet sight any how, she was—and if only a post was shot off anywhere about her, nothing could keep her in the cart. Some of these days I'll tell you how she saved me and Brother Terr. All the accident that happened was going up the hill by Lew Musgrave's thar close by old Pike's the Quaker when some of Lew's boys popped a cap on a stoop-pole at a partridge, when how she did rip! She cavorted right smart but it was no go—she only broke one troyin, and arter gettin up the hill, fixed that, and we proceeded tolerably well to the borough."

"Wal, doctor, we got thar, and I thought I might as well git down and lead her by the cart house. There was a heap of people on the green, and I didn't exactly know what might happen, so I got down, I did and slipped the bride over my arm, and was walking along, looking at the crowd to see what was going on. There was a heap of folks, Doctor; men, women, children and niggers, in a fuss—oyster carts, cake carts, and all sich sort of doings plenty.

"Wal, I got up into my whichadiddle again, when Holy Moses I ker slam bang wain the big gun! The old mare started, and snatched me beels over her head, my cart struck an oyster cart—oysters, plates, pans, spoons, and bowls went flying; down I went, but I held on to the bride, Doctor, I did, and arter a rip or so, I sorter stopped her headway and made out to get up.

"Thunder and mud! Doctor, sich a sight I never seed the like afore—you'd thought it had been rain nothin but oysters and plates for a week—here a pan, there a puddle of soup big enough to swim my old scovy drake—the oyster man cussin every thing an inch high—the old mare snarlin' and the folks hollerin like big blazes! Wal, Doctor, I sorter shuck myself, and was losin round to see what all the fuss was about when I seed old Arthur—Old Arthur Spikes—you know him, Doctor, and General Moxe, with their mouths wide and high about fit to bust—Go it, Ahe," said old Arthur—ar go a I did for 'twant' hilt a second before bang went that cursed old gun again!

"Jer-ri-sa-lam! Doctor! didn't the old mare split, then? She foaled one splurge and had try pins out on the back end broke, the wheels whirled one way and struck an old woman's cake cart—down cum cake box, old 'oman and all, away I went on 't'other track; down the hill went the old mare as if kicked in end, right slam down the table whar the barbecue was on out, benches broke, niggers tolled over—very body hollerin as if heaven and yearth had come together!

"Je-hoss-splut! didn't that old mare rane, and didn't I! Thar they was laughing at me, ready to split!" The old cake woman had a fork sticking slam into my leg, and the old man Arthur and the General looking out their trousers to keep from dyin; I ris looked round, hopped up, and struck my heels together three time arter I cum down, and swore if they would give me half a chance I could lick the full kit and bilin of rum, and they might let that durned cursed, big gun kick me in the bargain!

"Thar's the doins down to Waynesboro', Doctor.

## A BASKET OF CHIPS.

A military officer, one day, while reviewing his company, happened to be thrown from his horse, and he lay sprawling on the ground, said to a friend who ran to his assistance, "I thought I had improved in horsemanship, but I find I have fallen off!"

Quite a modest young lady, desiring a leg of a chicken at a table, and who would take "that part which ought to be dressed in pantaloons." A gentleman opposite immediately called for "that part which usually wore the bustle."

It is easier to gain credit for goodness by a glistening eye, while listening to some story of self sacrifice, than by patient assiduity. It is easier to gain credit for spirituality by thrilling at some impassioned speech on the platform or screen from the pulpit, than by living a life of piety, mercy and truth.

It has been established by the courts, that the first stroke of the clock is the record of the hour. The mere labor of the remaining enumeration runs into the succeeding hour. The point was first brought up in Blackstone's case, in a great will case, where two persons had apparently died at the same time.

A certain barister, who was remarkable for coming into court with dirty hands, observed that he had been turning over Coke. "I should have thought that it was nails you had been turning over," observed a wag.

The Methodist in France court at present, 152 chaplains, or places of worship; 29 ministers; 6 corporations; 72 local preachers; 1,430 members, 65 an evangelists; 1,891 pupils in the Sunday schools.

Leave your grievances as Bonaparte did his letters, suspended for three weeks, and it is astonishing how few of them, at the end of that time, will require answering.

A thick-headed squire, being worried by Sidney Smith in an argument, took his revenge by exclaiming, "If I had a son as idiot, I'd make him a parson." "Very probably," replied Sidney, "but I see your father was of a different mind!"

William Blackstone, an English constitutional lawyer, was the first person who lived upon the peninsula of Sardinia, where Boston now stands.

He who is passionate and hasty in generally honest. It is your soul, resembling hypocrisy of whom you should beware.—There's no deception in a hot dog. It is your car that will take up and bite you when your back is turned.

"Here, you hogstrotter," said a dandy to an Irish laborer, "come, tell me the biggest lie