

# The North Carolina Whig.

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

VOL. 10.

CHARLOTTE, N. C. AUGUST 6, 1861.

NO. 19.

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 at the end of the year. No paper will be discontinued until arrears are paid, except at the option of the Editor.

Advertisements inserted at One Dollar per square (16 lines or less, this sized type) for the first insertion, and 25 cents for each subsequent. Contract advertisements and Sheriff's Sales charged 25 per cent higher; and a deduction of 33 1/3 per cent will be made from the regular price for advertisements by the year. Advertisements inserted monthly or quarterly, at 91 per square for each time. Semi-monthly 75 cents per square for each time.

J. G. WILKINSON & CO.  
DEALERS IN  
WATCHES, JEWELRY,  
SILVER AND PLATED WARE,  
AND  
FRANCIS GOLDEN, JR.  
No. 5, Granite Building, opposite the Masonic House,  
CHARLOTTE, N. C.  
Attention given to Repairing Watches & Jewelry.  
June 7, 1860.

MARKET HOUSE.  
The subscriber respectfully informs his former customers and the public generally, that he has opened a HOUSE, under the above name, in the old Market House, between the old and new Market Houses, J. Y. Bryce & Co., where all the day he will be ready to receive a full assortment of

Family Groceries,  
Vegetables, Butter and Eggs, Chickens,  
Eggs, Candies, Raisins, Nuts, Pickles,  
Preserves, Wines, &c.  
Superior Tobacco and Segars,  
Crockery and Glassware,  
Hats and Caps,  
Ladies & Gentlemen's Shoes,  
Calfcoats, Belaines, Shirts,  
Paint-stuff, Ticking, &c.,  
and numerous Fancy Articles, all of which will be sold at the very lowest prices for Cash or Order.  
F. W. AHRENS.  
No. 10, 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 Luncheon may be had at any time. It will be my aim to keep a stock of public patronage.

MILITARY NOTICE.  
ALL PERSONS LIABLE to do Military Duty under the provisions of an Act passed by the Legislature of North Carolina in 1860, are hereby notified to appear at their respective Homes in the county of Mecklenburg on the days hereinafter named, for the purpose of forming companies and selecting their officers, viz:

At Danville	April	25
" " "	" "	27
" " "	" "	30
" " "	" "	31
" " "	" "	1
" " "	" "	2
" " "	" "	3
" " "	" "	4
" " "	" "	5
" " "	" "	6
" " "	" "	7
" " "	" "	8
" " "	" "	9
" " "	" "	10

Carriage Materials.  
It would call special attention to the stock of the above goods, consisting of Springs, Axles, Hubs, Boxes, Spokes, Smalls, Curran Frames, Knobs, Bands, Lining Nails, Bolts, Nutcrackers, Chains, Links, Fringes, Goggles and Patent Leather, Sole, and Oil, Vaseline, Turpentine, Linseed Oil, Tye and Oval Iron, Bolts, and everything in the way of Carriage Trimmings, at prices that cannot fail to please, at the Hardware Dept of  
A. A. N. M. TAYLOR,  
Opposite the Masonic House.

Roofing Guttering & Job Work.  
All kinds, promptly attended to at  
TAYLOR'S  
Hardware Store opposite the Masonic House.

Mecklenburg IRON Works,  
CHARLOTTE, N. C.  
ALEXANDER & McDUGALL.

THE undersigned beg leave to inform the citizens of Charlotte and vicinity and the public generally, that they have opened the shore Establishment at the foot of Trade street, adjoining the track of the North Carolina Rail Road and opposite John Wilkes' Steam Mills, and are prepared to furnish all kinds of

MACHINERY,  
at short notice and on reasonable terms.  
STEAM ENGINES  
From 5 to 50 Horse Power.  
Horse-Shoeing  
AND  
BLACKSMITH'S WORK  
OF ALL KINDS.  
REPAIRS  
in their line promptly attended to. Their FOUNDRY is in full operation, and  
Cast Regularly twice a Week,  
Wednesdays and Saturdays.  
They are prepared to furnish all kinds of  
CASTINGS IN IRON, BRASS, &c.,  
in accordance with orders.  
SAW AND GRIST MILL GEARING,  
GIN WHEELS,  
SAW DUST BURNERS,  
ANTI-FRICTION PLATES AND BALLS  
FOR  
COTTON PRESSES,  
CAST IRON RAILING,  
For Gates, Enclosures, Dwelling Houses, Public Buildings, Forts, County Locks, &c. Their  
IMPLEMENTS  
for carrying on the business in all its branches, have been SELECTED WITH GREAT CARE, and are proven with alacrity.

IMPROVEMENTS  
Required to do their work in a  
FIRST RATE MANNER.  
Agents, for Dr. E. O. Elliott, for Writer's Patent Sewing Machine, which has the advantage, along with every other of being at least twice as good, and doing it better, than any other. Mail in answer can be run by steam, Water or Horse Power. The Machine may be seen at the shop at any time.  
HENRY ALEXANDER,  
MACHINER,  
No. 10 Old Iron, Brass, Copper, &c., bought or taken to trade.  
October 30, 1859. 3217



HARDWARE, HARDWARE!  
A. A. N. M. TAYLOR  
RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public generally, that he has added to his extensive stock of  
Stoves and Tinware,  
a large and complete stock of HARDWARE, on hand in part as follows:  
Carpenters' Tools,  
Circular, mill, crosscut, hand, ripper, panel,刨, cutting, grafting, tenon, lock, compass, web and lathe saws,  
Braces and bits, Drawing Knives, Chisels,  
Augers, Gouges, Hammer, Hatchets and Axes, Hires, planing and jointing TRIMMERS,  
Saw sets, screw jacks, Sticks and files,  
Frames of all kinds, Spoke shaves,  
Shovel-like bowl and try Squares, Spirit Levels,  
Pocket Levels, Spirit Level Vials,  
Boring Machines, Gouges,  
and in fact everything a mechanic wants, in great variety and at very low prices, at TAYLOR'S Hardware Store and Tin Ware Dept, opposite the Masonic House, Charlotte, N. C.  
June 2, 1859. 3117

DISSOLUTION.  
The firm of FILLINGS & SPRINGS & Co was dissolved by limitation on the 1st January, 1861. The business will be continued under the name and style of FILLINGS & SPRINGS, and they hope, by industry and strict attention to business, to merit the same patronage heretofore liberally bestowed by their numerous friends and customers.  
The present financial crisis and the uncertainty of business, for the future compel us to suspend our line of credit from twelve to six months to prompt paying customers—some other need ask it. All persons indebted to the old firm of Fillings & Springs & Co, must come forward and make immediate settlement, as it is absolutely necessary that the business be speedily closed up. "A word to the wise is sufficient."  
Feb 19, 1861. 4716

Dr. H. M. Pritchard  
YIELDING to the solicitation of my friends, respectfully announce my determination to resume the  
Practice of Medicine.  
He may be consulted at his office,  
August 11, 1861. 2511

LOST.  
ONE certificate of Stock in the C. & N. C. R. R. No. 1195. Application will be made for the renewal of the same.  
T. H. BREN.  
March 26, 1861. 52-3m

## Poetry.



Sing that Song Again To-Night,  
Oh! sing that song again to-night,  
The song of other years;  
They'll bring again some just delight,  
To soothe the heart in sorrow;  
They'll bid the gloom of present cares—  
They'll bid the joys to come;  
Then sing the song of other years,  
Of Friendship and of home!  
Oh! sing the songs we used to sing  
In youth's unclouded day,  
When life the birds of early spring,  
We carried hours away;  
When life was like a rainbow beam—  
A ray of golden light,  
A spray of a wondrous stream—  
An ocean of delight.  
My heart is sad—then sing to me  
The songs we used to sing,  
The pleasing thoughts they bring to me  
No better words can tell;  
But songs of pleasure and of pain,  
In some melodious lay;  
And touch the tale in gentle strains—  
I would not have them grieve.  
There is a pathos in thy voice—  
A sadness in thy tone,  
That makes the woe thy heart rejoice—  
A sweetness all thine own,  
That eases the sorrows we used to sing,  
And sing them over and over  
I ever feel the magic spell  
Of those sweet songs of yore.

## Miscellaneous.

### THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

#### CHAPTER I.

'Tis a cold, dark and dreary morning in the depths of winter; the keen north wind sweeps onward, and as the pedestrians feel their stings, they wrap still closer around them, their garments, to protect them from the elements. Though all is desolate, yet to some, the cold without affords pleasure, when contrasted with the warmth within, and such is the case with old farmer Hardy, as he turns from the cheerless scene, and gazes upon the comforts of his own house. A large fire is burning in the old chimney, whose glare lights up the faces of the portraits hanging upon the wall, and gives a sick glow to the ancient furniture in the room.

Farmer Hardy is a man well to do in the world. Providence has blessed his crops, and his coffers are well filled with the gold of earth, but yet his heart is closed to the appeals of the poor. He is blessed with a lovely daughter—his only child—in whom is centered the whole of his affections. She is indeed beautiful, and as she sits there in the old chamber, by the side of the roaring fire, one might fancy that she was an "angel of light," lost among the scenes of earth. Her heart is always open to the sufferings of the needy, and her hand always ready to assist their wants, and there is not one within the range of the old farmer's house, but speaks the praise of Amelia Hardy.

The old farmer is gazing upon her graceful form with feelings of delight, as she sits by his side sewing, and as he gazes upon the frost which clings upon the window-pane, he rubs his hands as if exulting in his comforts, and says—  
"Thy bitter cold, my child."  
"Yes, indeed, it is very cold," replies his daughter, "but we feel not its severity."  
"No—thank God, for he has given us the comforts of life."  
"Father," says the young girl, "how miserable must be those who have no home—no fire—no friends."  
The old man is about to reply—perhaps to give vent to empty words of commiseration, but, see—a shadow crosses the window—a knock is heard at the door, and a man clothed in rags enters.  
Niery is stamped upon every feature of his pale, thin face—poverty can be seen in every fluttering of his tattered garments—want is showing its ghastliness in the dim and lustreless eyes—while Starvation and his train of horrors are seen in his feeble steps, emaciated form, and weak and trembling voice.  
If there is one thing which farmer Hardy detests above all others, it is to be pestered with applicants for assistance, it matters not whether the supplicant be worthy or not, he is certain to meet with a refusal of his petition.  
The man, as we said before, enters, he is shivering with the cold, for his clothing is too thin to protect his form, and he gazes upon the fire with feelings of bitterness, for it recalls to him the destination of his home. He turns to the old farmer, who is leaning back in a cushioned chair, and in a tone of earnestly mingled with agony, thus supplicates—  
"Please, sir, I am not of work, could you assist a poor man? I am not accustomed to beg, but sickness and want have driven me to it."

"I have nothing for you," roars the farmer, and he pokes the blazing fire before him.  
"If it is only a trifle," persists the man humbly, "my family is starving. I can get no work, and without help we shall die of cold and hunger."  
The heart of the daughter is moved to compassion, she regrets the cold refusal of her father, and rising from her seat, she says—  
"Poor man—I think, father, I have some things which might be of service; and she is about to go after them, when the old man cries—  
"Go, my girl. Go away, you vagabond—I never encourage beggars."  
"I am no beggar," says the man, "I have been unable to get work, and now depend on the charitable. When spring sets in I shall be able to obtain employment at my trade, which is a House carpenter—but until then I crave assistance. A little, you would not miss—and it would be to me a blessing."  
"I tell you once, for all, leave my house—begone."  
The poor man goes with sorrow in his heart, to strive to find a kinder soul than farmer Hardy.

"Father," says the daughter, after the mendicant was gone, "we have plenty—and why not assist the poor? That poor man is worthy, he is only unfortunate, not guilty of crime; we might have helped him, and never missed it."  
"I shall have no beggars encouraged at my house," is the harsh reply, "if Jones is in want, let him apply to the trustees of the Aims House."  
Amelia does not reply, her thoughts are wandering to the desolate home of the poor man, and her mind is engaged in forming plans for his assistance.

CHAPTER II.  
Henry Jones is ill fitted for the trade of a beggar, and it is the wants of his family which alone urge him on. Leaving farmer Hardy's, he once more braved countenance and scorn, but all in vain. Yes, all in vain, for during the day, not one speaks to him in kindly tones, he is repulsed by all. Weary and worn he turns his steps homeward, the midnight of despair is raging in his soul, and as he thinks of his starving wife and children, bitter tears are falling upon his cheeks.  
Amelia Hardy, in the meantime, is not idle. The last words of her father are not answered, for she is planning means to relieve the destitution of the unfortunate—The old farmer, after a few moments' silence, lights his pipe, and is soon enveloped in a cloud of smoke. He thinks upon his lot in life, and compares it with that of neighbor Jones, and chuckles at the cleverness which has put him in possession of his wealth. While thus engaged in meditation, his daughter steals from the room, to put in practical operation her plans to relieve the suffering of the needy.

She had recognized the man who implored assistance from her father, and was deeply grieved at his refusal. She is therefore resolved to aid him, and lessen the distress of his family. She calls the servant, and, see, she loads her with the comforts and luxuries of life. A basket is filled with bread and meat, tea and sugar, together with some old clothes, and thus with their burden they proceed on their journey. It is two long miles before she reaches the point of destination, and the cold is most bitter, but what cares this noble woman? She is on an errand of mercy, and the warmth of the fire of love which glows within her heart, spreads its genial influence through her frame. She murmurs not at the cold blast which howls around her, for her thoughts are of the extreme suffering of those to whom she was hastening with assistance, and the thankfulness which she felt for her own blessings shed a warm glow around her heart.

At last she reached the cottage of Henry Jones. But what a scene of misery meets her eyes—greater even than she had anticipated. The walls are damp and bare, nothing but a bed of straw and a rickety table together with two or three broken chairs, make up the furniture; hungry faces peep from every corner and scanty clothing, bare skulls, and a feeble health add to the evils which follow in the train of Poverty. As Amelia gazes upon this scene of woe, she weeps, and tangles her tears with those of the famishing mother. But a light breaks in upon the scene of darkness—the "silver lining" is discovered beneath the black cloud which so long has hovered over them, and hope's bright rainbow is bending itself around the hearts of all. Like an angel of mercy, Amelia takes the children and gather around her, and smiles light up the mother's face. Food is given to the hungry, clothing to the thinly clad, and sugar and other luxuries to the invalid. Some a fire is kindled upon the hearth, and as its flames rise upwards, they reflect the beaming countenances of the happy group. Overwhelmed with thanks—the kind messenger of help withdrew.

Long and anxiously, Mrs. Jones is watching for the return of her husband, to welcome him back to the long unknown luxury of a comfortable meal, and a warm fire-side.  
Night is upon earth—but see, the absent one enters. There is a strange gleam in his eye, and a silliness in his demeanor, but they see it not. As he enters he gazes around him, and knows not what to make of the scene; to all his questions they but answer, by placing the food before him, for well they know he needed it.  
"But how came food and fire within our house?" he again demands.  
"God has sent one of his angels to assist us," is the reply.  
"Who is it that has taken such an interest in us?" he says in low tones—for his heart was full.  
"Miss Hardy, the friend of the poor has been here, and all you see we owe to her."  
There were rejoicings in that house of poverty, and the prayers of two souls were wafted to the throne of God, for her whose noble heart feared not the beggar, and who saw in the pale and suffering form, a personification of God's own image.  
"Would to God that in this world of ours, were more of those angels of earth, who fear no contamination or disgrace in alleviating the straits of poverty."

A TERRIBLE DUEL.  
A few years since, as a New England gentleman, whose name we shall call Brown was passing a few days at a hotel in one of our Western cities, he had the misfortune unintentionally to offend the susceptible honor of a tall militia colonel, who was one of his fellow boarders. His apologies not being satisfactory, a challenge was sent to him which, however, he declined upon conscientious scruples. The colonel, who, by the way had won two or three encounters quite a reputation as a duelist, at once conceived that his opponent was a coward, and resolved to disgrace him in the face of all the assembled wisdom of the house. Accordingly, the next day at dinner time, he marched the duelist armed with a cowhide, and advancing to Brown's chair, proceeded to dust his jacket for him in the most approved style. Brown was astonished—luckily, he had been lieutenant of militia in his native State, and he knew the importance of accommodating his enemy by a diversion. So, seizing a heavy tureen, he tossed the contents in the face of the billiard colonel, and before he could recover from the drawing sensation thus occasioned, he sprang upon the table and began to shower upon him with a liberal hand the contents of the dishes around.  
"You are an infernal—"  
"Coward!" the colonel was about to say but at that moment a plate of greens struck full upon his mouth, and the word was blocked—lost forever!  
"Ha!" cried the New Englander, whose blood was now up, "fond of greens, are you?" "Take a potato, too!" And he buried a telling volley of hard potatoes at him. Excellent eggs here—capital with soft boiled eggs against the side of his cranium.  
The blows of the cowhide which had hitherto descended upon the Yankee's head and shoulders, now began to fall more weakly and mildly, and it became evident that the assailant, half stunned, choked and partially blinded, was getting the worst of it. His courage was ebbing out.  
"Take a turkey!" shouted Brown, as a noble old gobbler descended fairly upon the colonel's head, and bursting, filled his hair and eyes with delicious looking stuffing; "here's the fringes," he continued, as the squash and jelly followed after.  
By this time the colonel was irrefragably defeated; and as his merciless opponent seized a huge plum pudding, steaming hot and holding it above his head with both hands, seemed to bury him beneath it, he quailed in terror, and throwing down his cowhide turned about and made a rush for the door.  
"Stop for the pudding, colonel, stop for the pudding," shouted Brown. "Pudding colonel, pudding," screamed all his fellow-boarders, amid convulsions of laughter.—But the colonel was too terrified, and did not cease running until he had locked himself in his room.  
But although the colonel escaped from the pudding, he did not escape from the ridicule which the affair occasioned. He subsequently challenged four persons, against whom his ire was particularly excited, and they all consented to fight, but availing themselves of the privilege of the challenged party, appointed pudding bags for their weapons. At length the unhappy duelist, finding no one who was willing to shoot or to be shot at, was obliged to quit the State.

THE MOST SOLEMN THING.—"Mother," inquired a little girl a few days since, "why is it that people say it is a solemn thing to die?" It appears to me it is more solemn to live.  
"Why, my child?"  
"Because it is only while we live that we do wrong; and to do wrong, I should think the most solemn of all things."  
How far was that child from being right? Ought not people to be more careful how they live than when they shall cease to live!

A poor woman in the county of Santa Barbara, California, has but one grape vine. This vine, in 1857, bore thousand bunches of grapes—each bunch weighing over a pound—yielding her the handsome sum of four thousand dollars. When a girl, on leaving Monterey for her present home, she picked up a vine cutting to drive her mule. This cutting she planted on her arrival, and after the lapse of seven years such is the result.

Selling a Horse.  
A good clergyman wishing to be rid of his horse, and try for a better one, directed his old negro man to sell his beast for what he would fetch, or to exchange him for another, adding at the same time anxious caution not to deceive the purchaser and even enumerating the faults of the best leet one should be overlooked.  
Remember, now Pompey he has four faults.  
O, yes, massa, I take care.  
Pompey, jingling along the road and counting over the list to himself as the old lady did her luggage, big box, little box, hand box, bundle, was certain by a man's check, who entered into a conversation, and among other topics made inquiries about the horse.  
Pompey told his story; said that his master had charged him to sell the horse fast to the purchaser without reservation. Well what are they? I said the stranger who had a mind to swap.  
Here is four, massa, said Pompey, and I don't remember em all very well, but now let me—  
Well tell me these you do remember said the other.  
Well, ash, one is dat de horse is white and the white hairs gets on massa's coat, and dat don't look well for a clergy-man, and the next.  
Why, when he comes to a brook, he will put his nose down and blow in the water and massa see's like dat.  
What next?  
I can't anyhow remember de orders, said Pompey peeping up at the clouds with one eye followingly.  
The stranger concluded to strike a bargain and exchange his own horse, which had not quite so gentlemanly air as the parson's for this nearly unexceptionable animal. It was not long before the clerical steed stumbled and threw his rider into a ditch. Picking himself up as well as he could, he examined his new purchase a little more closely and discovered that the horse was entirely blind. Finding Pompey again without much difficulty, his wrath burst forth in a torrent of reproaches:  
You black rascal, what does this mean? This horse is broken knee'd, and blind as a mole.  
"O, yes, massa," said Pompey blandly, "dem's de order two faults dat I no remember."

A DENTURED LEMON.—There is a charming tradition connected with the site on which the temple of Solomon was erected. It is said to have been occupied in common by two brothers, one of whom had a family; the other had none. On this spot was a field of wheat. On the evening succeeding the harvest, the wheat having been gathered in separate shocks, the older brother said to his wife:  
"My younger brother is unable to bear the burden and heat of the day; I will arise, take of my shocks, and place with his, without his knowledge."  
The younger brother, being actuated by the same benevolent motives, said within himself:  
"My elder brother has a family, and I have none; I will contribute to their support; I will arise, take of my shocks, and place with his without his knowledge."  
Judge of their mutual astonishment when on the following morning they found their respective shocks undiminished. This course of events transpired for several nights, when each resolved in his own mind to stand guard and solve the mystery. They did so; when, on the following night, they met each other half way between their respective shocks, with their arms full.—Upon ground hallowed with such associations as this, was the temple of Solomon erected—no spacious and magnificent—the wonder and admiration of the world. Alas! in these days, how many would sooner steal their brother's whole shock than add to it a single sheaf.

Says Mrs. Partington, "When a woman has once married with a congenial heart, and one that bears responsible in her own, she will never want to enter the marriage state again."  
—Why is a man climbing up Mount Vesuvius like an Irishman who wishes to kiss his sweetheart?—Because he wants to get at the mouth of the "crater."  
—"Can't we make your lover jealous, miss?"—"Oh, yes, sir, I think we can, if we put our heads together!"

—A modern tourist calls the Niagara River "the pride of rivers." This pride certainly has a tremendous fall.  
"Is it not curious," said an old gentleman, a few days since, to his friend, "a watch should be perfectly dry, when it has a running spring inside?"  
—"It is said that anything Miss touched was turned into gold. In these days, touch a man with gold and he'll turn into anything."  
—"Harrak for the girls of '50!"—"No, no; that's too old. Harrak for the girls of '17!"

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"Take a turkey!" shouted Brown, as a noble old gobbler descended fairly upon the colonel's head, and bursting, filled his hair and eyes with delicious looking stuffing; "here's the fringes," he continued, as the squash and jelly followed after.  
By this time the colonel was irrefragably defeated; and as his merciless opponent seized a huge plum pudding, steaming hot and holding it above his head with both hands, seemed to bury him beneath it, he quailed in terror, and throwing down his cowhide turned about and made a rush for the door.  
"Stop for the pudding, colonel, stop for the pudding," shouted Brown. "Pudding colonel, pudding," screamed all his fellow-boarders, amid convulsions of laughter.—But the colonel was too terrified, and did not cease running until he had locked himself in his room.  
But although the colonel escaped from the pudding, he did not escape from the ridicule which the affair occasioned. He subsequently challenged four persons, against whom his ire was particularly excited, and they all consented to fight, but availing themselves of the privilege of the challenged party, appointed pudding bags for their weapons. At length the unhappy duelist, finding no one who was willing to shoot or to be shot at, was obliged to quit the State.

THE MOST SOLEMN THING.—"Mother," inquired a little girl a few days since, "why is it that people say it is a solemn thing to die?" It appears to me it is more solemn to live.  
"Why, my child?"  
"Because it is only while we live that we do wrong; and to do wrong, I should think the most solemn of all things."  
How far was that child from being right? Ought not people to be more careful how they live than when they shall cease to live!

A poor woman in the county of Santa Barbara, California, has but one grape vine. This vine, in 1857, bore thousand bunches of grapes—each bunch weighing over a pound—yielding her the handsome sum of four thousand dollars. When a girl, on leaving Monterey for her present home, she picked up a vine cutting to drive her mule. This cutting she planted on her arrival, and after the lapse of seven years such is the result.