

The Milton Chronicle.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

PLEAS'D TO NO PARTY'S ARBITRARY SWAY—WE RANGE WHERE RIGHT AND DUTY POINT THE WAY.

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

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'Tis all one to me.
O, 'tis all one to me—all one—
Whether I have money or whether I have none;
He who has money can buy him a wife,
And he who has none can be free for life.
O, 'tis all one &c.
He who has money can speculate, if he choose,
And he who has nothing has nothing to lose.
He who has money cares not, a few,
And he who has none can sleep the night through.
He who has money can go to the play,
And he who has none at home can stay.
He who has money can travel about,
And he who has none can go without.
He who has money can be coarse as he will,
And he who has none can be coarser still.
He who has money can eat the oyster's meat,
And he who has none, the shells can eat.
He who has money can drink foreign wine,
And he who has none with the gout must pine.
He who has money the cash must pay,
And he who has none says, 'Charge it, pray.'
He who has money can keep a dog if he please,
He who has none is not troubled with fleas.
He who has money must die some day,
And he who has none must go the same way.

Scene in a Gambling House in San Francisco.

The following characteristic scene, which is said to have occurred in the public saloon of El Dorado San Francisco, some time during the year 1852, is taken from a late English magazine:
'Bravo! that was capital! hurrah!' the mob shouted, and the shrill voice of a man, who was energetically protesting against something or other, was continually drowned in noisy bursts of applause. A peculiar circumstance had taken place here, in which the mob speedily performed the functions of judge and jury, and gave its verdict.
A man in a black coat and dark trousers, very clean and respectable, had come for several evenings in succession to the same table, had watched the game awhile, until at last he produced a small canvass bag from his breast pocket, and laid it on a card. The card won on the first evening, and he emptied the bag on the table to count the money. It contained twenty-eight Spanish dollars, which the banker quietly paid him, and the gentleman quitted the table with his earnings, without deigning to tempt Dame Fortune again. On the second evening he returned, staked, and the card lost.—With the greatest coolness he opened the bag, seized the corners and shook out the money; it contained precisely the same sum as on the previous evening, and he quitted the room. On the third, fourth, fifth and sixth evenings, the same story; the bankers began to know the man, and amused themselves about his strange behavior, as usual, he lost, took up the bag and walked away.
The seventh evening arrived; it was just a minute after eight, and the one banker said to the other: 'We have treated him too harshly, and frightened him away,' when his comrade laughed, and the man in the black coat, without uttering a syllable, or paying any attention to the whispering and laughing, took his usual place, quietly watched the progress of the game till quarter-past eight, and then laid the bag all knew so well upon a duce that had just been turned up.
A couple of cards were turned up without the two making its appearance; at last the three fell to the left, and to the right—a scarcely perceptible smile played on the banker's lips—the two. The stranger turned deadly pale, but without uttering a syllable about the change in his luck, he stretched out his hand to the sack, and was on the point of opening it, in order to count the dollars, when the banker said laughingly:
'Let it be; I know how many are in it—eight and twenty. Am I not right?'
'Not exactly!' said the man, calmly, and shook the silver out on the table. He then shook the bag still more, and a roll of bank notes, slightly wrapped together, fell out.
'What's that?' the bankers cried in alarm, and the audience pressed curiously round.
'My stake!' the man said with appa-

rent indifference, as he unfastened the thread that bound the notes.
'Stop! that will do!' the banker cried, as he threw down his hands; that's false play; you only paid eight and twenty dollars on the previous evening.'
'False play!' the man shouted, and his eyebrows were menacingly contracted.
'Dollars! dollars! dollars! I don't lay the bag, just as it is on the card?' and have you ever refused to pay it unopened?'
'Not that's all correct—quite right,' said those around, who are always glad to oppose the banker, because they are firmly convinced that he does not play fairly, although they continually throw away their money.
'He staked and won, and must be paid,' others shouted.
'Count your money—how much is it?' said the banker, who had hurriedly exchanged a few words with the confederate seated opposite.
'How much is it?'
'In the first place, twenty-eight dollars in silver,' he said calmly, while the bystanders laughed heartily: 'then there are bank notes, one two, three, four, yes eight hundred dollars, and then—'
'What more?'
'A small bill on Dollsmith Brother, as good as silver, accepted and all—the money need only be fetched—for—three thousand.'

Three thousand yelled the banker, starting in dismay from his chair.
'Why, that would make you nearly four thousand dollars altogether! Are you mad? Do you expect me to pay that?'
'Don't I?' said the stranger in surprise. 'Would you not have taken it if I lost?'
'Of course he would—of course?' Do you ask whether they would take it?'
'Everything they can get, and a little more too, shouted the voices around the table.
'He must pay!'
'Gentlemen! the banker protested, in the poor prospect of turning their hearts—gentlemen this man staked every evening for the entire week.'
'And lost every time, another interrupted him, I have been present several times, and have never heard so from others, and he never made the slightest objection.'
'But that was only eight and twenty dollars.'
'And if it had been so many thousands, all the same.'
'But do let me finish,' the banker shrieked with aspen lips and furious glances; he only shook out twenty-eight dollars on the table, and kept the paper back.'
'Prove that I ever had a cent more than twenty-eight dollars in the bag,' the stranger exclaimed contemptuously; you won't get off with such excuses.'
'Why did you not keep the bag, comper?' laughed a Spaniard who stood near.
'We always stick to everything that is staked.'
'If he had lost again, no more than the confounded dollars would have come out of the bag,' the banker growled.
'Possibly; but it can't be proved,' the surrounding players laughed. 'You must pay up.'
'Hanged if I do,' the banker shouted, and struck the table with his fist, 'this is a new sort of robbery you are trying upon me; but you've come to the wrong customer—I won't pay.'
'I've lost two hundred dollars to you in the last half an hour,' a tall, gigantic Kentuckian shouted, as he elbowed his way to the table, 'and was forced to pay up to a cent. If you refuse to pay that fellow you must fork over my money again.'
'And mine, too!' a multitude of voices ejaculated. 'I've lost too—I too—ten dollars—fifty—five and twenty—a pound of gold—out with the money if he won't pay.'
Another banker from an adjoining table had, in the meanwhile, come up, and had whispered a few words to his comrade during the height of the tumult. The loser for a time refused, but at last yielded to his persuasions and took up the money to count while both carefully examined the notes and bill. There could no objection be raised against either, and with a heavy sigh, the banker paid the money, which took all on his table, as well as several packets of gold, which the stranger cut open, examined, and then weighed at the bar. All was in order; and concealing the money in various pockets, he thrust the remainder into the mysterious bag, and then quitted the room, after bowing his thanks to the surroundings, which were returned by a thundering hurrah and shout of applause.

A SERMON FOR THE TIMES.



The Brandon (Miss.) Register reports the following sermon, preached at the town of Waterproof, not far from Brandon. Jesse Holmes desires us to say that after one flourish of his pious club, he brought the sermon to a close, and that the lark will preach no more:
DISCOURSE.
'I may say to you, my brething, that I am not an educated man, and I am not one of them as believes that education is necessary for a Gospel minister, for I believe the Lord educates his preachers just as he wants 'em to be educated; and although I say it that ought not to say it, yet in the State of Indiana, where I live, there's no man as gits a larger congregation nor what I has.
'Thar may be some here to-day my brething as don't know what berawshun I am uv. Well, I may say to you, my brething, that I am a Hard Shell Baptist, but I'd rather have a hard shell than no shell at all. You see me here to-day, my brething, dressed up in fine clothes; you a-out think I was proud; but I am not proud my brething, and altho' I've been a preacher of the gospel for tiven years, and although I'm capting of the flat boat that lies at your landing, I'm not proud, my brething.
'I'm not a gwine to tell edzactly whar my tex may be found; suffice it to say, it's in the 1st of the Bible, and you'll find it somewhere between the 1st of Genesis and the 1st of Job, or between the 1st and 'd of you'll go and search the Scriptures, you'll not only find my tex thar but a great many other texes as will do you good to read, ah! and my tex when you find it, you'll find it to read thus, ah!
'He played on a harp uv a t-h-o-u-s-and strings—spirits of just men made perfect.'
My tex brething leads me to speak of spirits. Now thars a great many kinds of spirits in the world—in the first place thars the spirits as sou folks calls ghosts—and thars the spirits turpentine, and then thars the spirits as sou folks call sigor and I've got as good an article of them kind of spirits on my flat boat as ever was forch down the Missisippy river, but thars a great many other kind of spirits, for my tex says,
'He played on a harp uv a t-h-o-u-s-and strings—spirits of just men made perfect.'
But I'll tell you the kind of spirit as is meant in the tex, it's fire. That's the kind of spirit as is ment in my tex, my brething. Now thars a great many kinds of fire in the world. In the first place, thars the common sort of fire you light your segar of pipe with and then thars the fox fire and camfire, fire before are ready and fire and fall back, and many other kinds of fire, for the tex says, 'He played on a harp uv a t-h-o-u-s-and strings, spirits of just men made perfect.'
But I'll tell you the kind of fire as is ment in the tex, my brething—it's HELL FIRE! and that's the kind of fire as a great many uv you'll cum to ef you don't do better nor what you have been doin—for 'He played on a harp uv a t-h-o-u-s-and strings, spirits of just men made perfect.'
Now, the different sorts of fire in the world may be likened unto the different perswasions of Christians in the world.—In the first place we have the Piscopalian, and they are a high sailin and a high falutin set, and they may be likened unto a turkey buzzard, that flies up into the air, and he goes up, and up, and up, and up, till he looks no bigger than your finger nail, and the fast thing you know, he cums down, and down, and down, and down, and is fillin himself on the carcass of a dead hoss by the side of the road, and 'He played on a harp of a t-h-o-u-s-and strings, spirits of just men made perfect.'
And then thar, the Methodis, and they may be likened unto the squirrel runnin up into a tree, for the Methodis believes in gwine on from one degree of grace to another, and finally on to perfeeshun, and the squirrel goes up, and up, and up, and he jumps from limb to limb, and branch to branch, and the fast thing we know he falls, and down he cums kerfloo-ux, and that's like the Methodis, they is allers fallen from grace, ah! and 'He played on a harp of a t-h-o-u-s-and strings, spirits of just men made perfect.'
And then my brething, thars the Bap-

tist, ah! they have been likened unto a possum on a simon tree, and the thunders may roll and the earth quake, but that possum clings thare still, ah! you may shake one foot loose, and the other's thar, and you may shake all feet loose, and he laps his tail around the limb, and clings and he clings forever, ah! 'He played on a harp uv a t-h-o-u-s-and strings, spirits of just men made perfect.'

The Fool's Reproof.
There was a certain nobleman, says Bishop Hall, who kept a fool, to whom he one day gave a staff, with charge to keep it until he should meet with one who was a greater fool than himself. Not many years after the nobleman fell sick, even unto death. The fool came to see him; his sick lord said to him—
'I must shortly leave.'
'And whither art thou going?' said the fool.
'Into another world,' replied his lordship.
'And when will you come back again? within a month?'
'No.'
'Within a year?'
'No.'
'When then?'
'Never.'
'Never?' said the fool; 'and what provision hast thou made for thy entertainment there, whither thou goest?'
'None at all.'
'No!' said the fool; 'none at all!'—Here take my staff, for with all my folly, I am not guilty of such folly as this.'

Wetting Bricks.
Very few people, or even builders, are aware of the advantage of wetting bricks before laying them; or if they are aware of it, they do not even think of practising it, for of the many houses now in progress in this city, there are very few in which wet brick are used. A wall twelve inches thick, built of good mortar, with bricks well soaked, is stronger in every respect than one sixteen inches thick, built dry. The reason of this is, that if the bricks are saturated with water, they will not abstract from the mortar the moisture which is necessary to its crystallization; and on the contrary, they will become chemically wit, the mortar, and become solid as a rock. On the other hand, if the bricks are put up dry, they immediately take all the moisture from the mortar, leaving it too dry to harden, and the consequence is, that when a building of this description is taken down or tumbled down of its own accord, the mortar from it is like so much sand.
Scientific American.

AN EXEMPLARY STATE.—It is said that the jails in Vermont, where the Prohibitory law is in operation, average only three occupants; three are entirely empty; two have but one prisoner each, two others have four each, one has six and another seven.

SHORT HAIR.—The Worcester Transcript referring to the present fashion of hair-mowing for gentlemen, remarks:
We can see but one redeeming consideration to justify this latest fashion—skulls thus sheared would make capital shoe brushes, thus making 'both ends meet.'
Sam you're a drunkard; you're allers drunk, and your habits is loose, nigga, your habits is loose. Well ax me dis den, how de mischief am my habits 'loose' when I is 'tight' all all de time?

'Wasn't much on Figger?'
An old woman keeping a so called 'cookney stand,' was one day accosted by a wag with—
'How do you sell these oranges?'
Two cents.
'Well, said he, taking up one and turning it over in his hand, 'how do you sell this cake?'
'The same price.'
'Suppose I give you back the orange and take a cake?'
'Very well.'
'Is this pie two cents?'
'Yes.'
'Well, I'll take this pie after all, instead of the cake. What do you ask for cider?'
Two cents a glass.
'Take the pie back and give me a drink of it.'
'Certainly.'

A glass was filled and handed to the customer, who after swallowing the same, and smacking his lips with great gusto, was deliberately walking off, when he was accosted with—

'Please master you haven't paid for your cider.'
'Our friend' coolly observed—
'What should I pay for?'
'I he cider, to be sure.'
'Didn't I give you the pie for it?'
'Yes, but you didn't pay for the pie.'
'Very well, I exchanged the cake for it.'
'Yes but you didn't pay for that.'
'I gave you the orange for it.'
'The orange is two cents.'
'Well, why should I pay for it, I didn't eat it, did I?'
'No matter,' exclaimed the dame, 'no matter, there's a mistake somewhere, but I can't see it, I never was much on figgers; how-somever you need 'ut call again.'

When Dick, Alma first crossed to York State from the Canada side, he took lodgings at an inn in Canandaigua. A waiting maid sat at the table with him, and Dick spoke of her as the servant to the no small scandle of mine host, who told him that in his house servants were called help. Very well. Next morning the whole house was alarmed by a loud shouting from Dick of 'Help! help!—water! water!' In an instant, every person equal to the task rushed into Dick's room with a pail of water.

'I'm obleeged to ye, to be sure,' said Dick, 'but here is more than I want to shave with.'
'Shave with it,' quoth mine host; 'you called 'help' and water!' and we thought the house was on fire.'
'You told me to call the servant help, and do ye think I would cry water when I mean fire?'
'I give it up,' said the landlord, as he led off the line of buckets.

Dante, in his lowest hell, has placed those who have betrayed women; and in the lowest deep of the lowest deep, those who have betrayed trust. Guess some public characters, whom we wot of would be apt to decline such a position.

We once heard of a rich man who was run over and badly injured. 'It isn't the accident that I mind,' said he; 'that isn't the thing; but the idea of being run over by an infernal will cart makes me mad.'

The Puritans of old was as vehement in their expressions of execration as they were remarkable for their assumed intimacy with heaven. Ebenezer Erikskine, pastor of the Tron Church at Edinburgh (Scotland) in his prayers for vengeance upon Louis XIV, is known to go thus:—'Lord sink him, confound him and damn him; use him, Lord, as ye did Sennacherib of old; tak an shute him over the pit o' hell! but for gades sake dian let him fa in.'

'Do you think I'll get justice done me?' said a culprit to his counsel. 'I don't think you will,' said the other, 'for I see two men on the jury who are opposed to hanging.'