

# North Carolina Argus.

*John H. Hamilton*  
Harrington

John W. Cameron, Publisher. This Argus is the People's rights daily on eternal vigil keep. No nothing strain of Main's Sun can null his hundred eyes to sleep. Fayetteville N. C., Saturday April 5, 1856. Whole No. 17.

**JOHN W. CAMERON,**  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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**WM. H. HAIGH,**  
Attorney at Law,  
FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.  
OFFICE ON OLD STREET.  
January, 1854. 1-1y.

**COOK & JOHNSON,**  
IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN  
English, German, and American Hardware and Cutlery.  
January 10, 1854. 10

**Worth & Udey,**  
Forwarding and General Commission Merchants,  
FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.  
J. A. WORTH, JOS. UDEY.  
February 20, 1854. 7d

**A. M. Campbell,**  
Auctioneer and Commission Merchant,  
GILLESPIE STREET,  
Fayetteville, N. C.  
Feb. 10, 1854. 6-Y

**Charles Banks,**  
CONFECTIONER,  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN  
Foreign Fruits, Nuts, Cigars, Tobacco, Snuff,  
GREEN STREET,  
Fayetteville, N. C.  
January 14, 1854. 2-4

**S. M. THOMAS,**  
DEALER IN  
FANCY AND STAPLE DRY GOODS,  
READY-MADE CLOTHING,  
Hats, Caps, Bonnets, Boots and Shoes, Shoemaking,  
Cotton Yarns, Kerseys, Blankets, &c., &c.,  
CORNER MARKET AND GILLESPIE STS., Fayetteville, N. C.

**J. S. BANKS,**  
COMMISSION AND FORWARDING  
MERCHANT,  
WILMINGTON, North Carolina.  
Jan. 5, 1855. 104-y

**McLAUGHLIN & CO.,**  
CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS,  
Fayetteville, N. C.  
January 2, 1855. 104-y

**J. A. SPEARS,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Attends the Courts of Cumberland, Harrett, Wake, and Johnston.  
Address, Toomer, Harrett Co., N. C.  
110-y.

**W. P. BELLAMY,**  
GENERAL COMMISSION AND FORWARDING  
MERCHANT,  
Wilmington, N. C.  
June 18, 1854. 23-4f

**DR. K. A. BLACK,**  
OFFICE FRONT ROOMS, OVER  
Dr. S. J. Hinesdale's  
Chemical and Drug Store.  
February 7, 1855. 100-4f

**ANDREW J. STEDMAN,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
PITTSBOROUGH, N. C.  
Will attend the County and Superior Courts of Chatham, Moore, and Harrett Counties.  
July 14, 1855. 78-4f

**JOHN WINSLOW**  
Attorney at Law.  
Office on the South side of Hay street, opposite the Fayetteville Bank.  
FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.  
February, 1854. 7y

**R. H. SANDFORD,**  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR  
AT LAW.  
Office at Dr. Hall's New Building, on Bow Street.  
Sept. 1855. 1855-88y

**Hopkins, Hill & Co.**  
WHOLESALE  
DRY GOODS MERCHANTS,  
No. 355 Baltimore Street,  
(Opposite Hanover Street),  
BALTIMORE, MD.  
February, 1854. 47

**J. C. POE,**  
DEALER IN  
Hats and Fancy Dry Goods, Hats, Caps, Boots  
Shoes, and Ready Made Clothing.  
Particular attention paid to  
LADIES' DRESS GOODS and TRIMMINGS.  
Hay Street, Fayetteville, N. C.  
May 25, 1856. 78-4

**Spring Goods for 1856.**  
**B. F. PEARCE**  
It is now opening, a large and well selected stock of  
**SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS,**  
Among which may be found the Ladies,  
Black and colored Silks; Silk Flannels and Leggings;  
Chiffon and Battiste Brillantes; Printed Lawns; Ja-  
cquets and Organdies; Jaconet, Swiss, and Plain Mus-  
lins; Embroidered Swiss Muslins; Bedgings and In-  
terlinings; Collars and Underclothes; Embroidered  
Flirts; Corsets, Garters, Graces, and Washable Ribbons;  
Crape, Silk, and Straw Bonnets; a large and  
handsome assortment of French, English, and Ameri-  
can Prints; Gloves; Hosiery, &c.

**For the Gentlemen.**  
Cloth, Fancy and Black Cashmeres; Vesting,  
White, Brown and Buff; Linen Drills; Irish Linen;  
Drab & Blue; Farmer's Satin; Farmer's Drill; Mole-  
skin, Panama, Leghorn, and Palm Leaf Hats; and a  
large assortment of Ready Made Clothing, &c., &c.  
Late Patent & FURRING.  
Hay St., Fayetteville, March 19, 1856. 314-4f

**D. GOLDEN MURRAY,**  
COMMISSION MERCHANT,  
AGENT FOR  
Murray's 'Regular Line' of Wilming-  
ton Packets,  
62 SOUTH STREET,  
P. MALLETT. NEW YORK.  
The undersigned may be found at the office of D.  
GOLDEN MURRAY, 72 South Street, where orders  
for every description of goods will receive his prompt  
and personal attention.  
P. MALLETT.  
March 14, 1856. 115-1y pd

**Spring Goods for 1856.**  
**W. STAPLE & FANCY DRY GOODS,**  
SILK & STRAW BONNETS,  
BOOTS, SHOES, UMBRELLAS,  
Ready-Made Clothing,  
Dress Trimmings,  
With a great variety of notions.  
These goods are made to order, and are earnestly  
recommended to make immediate payment.  
STAPLE & WILLIAMS.  
March 17, 1856. 115-4f

**NOTICE.**  
I FORFEAR the public from trading with, or har-  
boring a bound boy by the name of William A.  
Ammons, who left Mr. Lewis Colburn last month. I  
bind him to Mr. Colburn for one year, and I under-  
stand he has clipped without any just cause, therefore  
I feel myself no way responsible for any of his pro-  
ceedings. Said Ammons is between 17 and 18 years  
old, five feet 7 or 8 inches high, has a mark or lar-  
ge mole near his left ear.  
March 22, 1856. DANIEL YEDDIS 41

**OLD RYE WHISKEY.**  
W. DRAGON is just received a sup-  
ply of Hon. E. C. PURYEAR'S Celebrated  
**Old Rye Whiskey.** He will be supplied with  
this superior Whiskey at the same low price.  
W. DRAGON is my only authorized agent for the  
sale of my Whiskey in Fayetteville.  
R. C. PURYEAR.  
March 26, 1856. 115-4f

**CROCKERY.**  
I HAVE received my Spring supplies of Earth-  
en Ware and Looking Glass. Country  
Merchants are invited to examine my stock. They  
will lose time and not save money by ordering from  
the North themselves.  
W. N. TILLINGHAST.  
Dealer in China, Glass and Ceramics.  
March 22, 1856. 115-4f

**FOUND.**  
A Saddle was left at the Toll House, on the Raleigh  
Road, about a mile from the Fayetteville Court  
House. The owner can have it by proving property  
and paying charges; otherwise it will be dealt with  
according to law. W. H. BERGESS.  
March 22, 1856. 115-8f

**BELL, BROOKS, PACE & CO.,**  
No. 50 Chambers and 71 Rende Streets,  
NEW YORK.  
We now have in store a beautiful assortment of  
the following Goods, selected by our Mr. Bell  
on the other side:  
English Prints,  
Manchester and Scotch Ginghams,  
Printed Lawns and Jacquets,  
White and Printed Brillantes,  
Printed Challies,  
Printed Mouselines,  
Plain Col'd and Bl'k do.,  
Plain Col'd Peraines,  
Plain Col'd and Bl'k Berges,  
Col'd Crape D'Espagnes,  
Batin Plain Berges and Tissues,  
Bl'k and Col'd Silks,  
Bl'k Alpacaes,  
Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings.  
WHITE GOODS—(A FULL ASSORTMENT.)  
Irish Linens, Bay Linens, Hollands, Damasks,  
Dowlas, Linen Ducks and Drills, Farmers' Satins,  
Drab D' Riez, Gains Cambrics, Bl'k and Col'd Cam-  
brics, Silesias, &c., &c., with a full assortment of  
Foreign Goods.  
We also have and will always keep on hand, a com-  
plete stock of American Fabrics, such as choice Swiss  
Prints, Bleached and Brown Sheerings and Shirtings,  
Bleached and Brown Drillings, Tickings, Aprons and  
Furniture Checks, Bagging, Osnaburghs, Deines, Shir-  
ting Stripes, Field Domestic, Cottonades, Kentucky  
Jeans, Tweeds, &c., &c.

In short, we offer our friends and the trade a com-  
plete stock of Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, to  
which we cordially invite the attention, promising  
Good Bargains.  
BELL, BROOKS, PACE & CO.  
March 18, 1856. 114

**WEST HARRIS, D. D. S.,**  
PITTSBOROUGH, N. C.,  
Office on Bee-bridge Street, next door to John H.  
Haughan's Law Office.  
Dr. HARRIS, having graduated at the Baltimore  
College of Dental Surgery at the session of 1855, respect-  
fully tenders his professional services to the public.  
He announces to the citizens of Randolph, Moore,  
and Harrett, counties, that he will visit their County  
Seats, during the several terms of their respective  
Courts.  
March 7, 1856. 114-4

**MR. CHOATE ON THE POET ROGERS.**  
The thirtieth anniversary of the death of  
the Mercantile Library Association closed last  
evening with a discourse on the life and works of  
Samuel Rogers by Mr. Choate. The Trib-  
une Temple was crowded. Ladies who had ex-  
perienced no small fatigue, before stood two hours,  
and were glad to sit for the sake of hearing  
the most charming of orators. The platform was  
occupied by the men of the community most dis-  
tinguished for learning—Chief Justice Shaw,  
W. H. Frothingham, Robert C. Winthrop, Govern-  
or Gardner, Mayor Rice, Judges Higginson and  
Merrick, Rev. Drs. Lathrop, Kirk, and Neal,  
Professor Huntington, Dr. Holmes, and E. P.  
Whipple. It was a splendid collection of holiness  
and gentleness—a audience worthy of the orator.

Mr. Choate opened his lecture by remarking  
that he feared his audience—who had but lately  
listened in another hall to a great orator on a  
political theme—would not be so ready to  
listen to a poet. He said that he had not  
heard of Rogers for many years, but he had  
been told that he was a man of genius, and  
that he had been a friend of the great  
men of the age. He then proceeded to  
describe Rogers as a man of great  
talent, and of a noble character. He  
said that Rogers was a man of great  
sympathy for the poor, and that he  
had been a friend of the great  
men of the age. He then proceeded to  
describe Rogers as a man of great  
talent, and of a noble character.

Mr. Choate then alluded to the strong  
impression which had been made upon  
his mind by the life of Samuel  
Rogers. He said that he had been  
impressed with the life of Rogers,  
and that he had been impressed with  
the life of Rogers. He then proceeded  
to describe Rogers as a man of great  
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engaged a large quantity at five per cent. The  
case looked desperate, and called for desperate  
remedies. Bullion went in for them. The next  
morning arrived, and with it arrived Sam.  
"Got that stock, Mr. Bullion?"  
"Sorry to say, I have not. Your prophesies  
have been fulfilled—Diddleton is more inquired  
after than any fancy in Wall street—hunted the  
whole market and can't find but five shares—I'm  
stuck, found short, and must pay the difference.  
Mr. Quill, see what is coming to the young man—  
shares sold at five and a half, present value forty-one."  
Quill turned to his inkstand and scoured out  
the difference—it amounted to \$700. Bullion  
took up the balance sheet and handed it to Sam,  
"The balance is correctly struck, I believe,  
sir?"  
"To a cent, sir."  
"Well, sir, there is the amount, as you will  
perceive when you have put the several amounts  
together."  
"Why, what are these, Mr. Bullion?"  
"I am sorry to say, but you must have  
this morning for three cents on a dollar. When  
you undertake to do Wall Street, young man,  
you must get up early."  
Poor Sam returned to the St. Nicholas  
to break the awful intelligence to his friend Tubbs.  
The effect it had upon this enterprising young  
man, was of the most overwhelming description.  
The first thing he did was to offer a reward  
of ten dollars to any man who would take an  
axe-helve and blow his brains out. His conduct  
of some exhaustion, however. He had not only  
lost a lot of hopes as brilliant as the sun at  
mid summer, but he was out some two hundred  
dollars, which he had thrown away on Ormulo  
for the purpose of establishing "the market value  
of the Diddleton gold mine."  
The firm of Tubbs & Co. left the St. Nicholas  
on Monday of this week. They arrived in this  
city, and put up at the Mansion House, Broad-  
way. In the evening they partook of champagne,  
when Tubbs allowed that Sam was an ass. Sam  
retorted. Tubbs replied by throwing a bottle at  
Sam's head. This led to a warrant and the  
arrest of Mr. Tubbs. He was examined by Justice  
Parsons and held to answer. Judging from  
previous appearances, Mr. Tubbs' endeavor to get  
up a corner on the Diddleton gold mine will end  
in a sixty days' jaunt to the penitentiary. Funny  
world this—*Anthony Trollope.*

**POLICE COURT SKETCHES.**  
**MR. TUBBS GETS UP A CORNER.**  
Charles Tubbs is the son of Mr. Tubbs of  
the firm of Tubbs & Ferkin, lather and produce  
dealers of this city. Charles Tubbs is a fast  
young man, and has for an intimate friend  
Samuel P., nephew of a lumber dealer on  
the pier. Sam, like Mr. Tubbs, Jr., is a fast  
young man—that is, a young man who runs in  
debt a dollar every time he hears a dime. These  
young gentlemen are not only fast, but they  
have an idea that they are immensely shrewd.  
Full of this idea they visited New York some  
two months since. They put up at the St.  
Nicholas. About three weeks since being hard  
pressed for funds, Tubbs took Sam into a quiet  
corner of the bar-room, and whispered in his ear:  
"What do you say for a speculation?"  
"A what?"  
"A speculation—receive the Diddleton gold  
mine, as it is called in Wall street, and some  
other who owns the stock?"  
"I do—about two-thirds of it—bought it  
when it was down to two per cent. The other  
third is in the money market selling for a mere  
penny."  
"That being the case, how speculate in it—  
why buy what you already possess so much of—  
or how get rich on what is valueless?"  
"You talk like a natural—the value of the  
property has got nothing to do with its profits—  
that is, in Wall street. Lend me your ears a  
little while and listen. I own sixty shares of the  
Diddleton gold mine. The remaining ten shares  
are floating about in the money market. Now I  
want you to go to Bullion, Blazen & Co., and  
negotiate for 75 shares."  
"But how can I negotiate for seventy-five  
shares when there are only ten in the market?"  
"Never you mind that, order seventy-five  
shares, and make them agree to deliver on Thurs-  
day next week. If they get stuck and wish  
to purchase readily, why, I will turn seller, and  
for a consideration let them have a portion of my  
stock."  
"Sam did as desired. The next morning he  
was at Bullion, Blazen & Co.'s as soon as the  
chimes at Trinity informed them that the hour  
for cheating had arrived.  
"Mr. Bullion, what is the Diddleton gold mine  
selling for?"  
"It isn't worth a straw, and never will be."  
"You mistake, my dear sir—I was on there  
last week, and from personal examination I  
say, that a more profitable speculation than this  
was never broached."  
Bullion laughed heartily at the idea, and was  
so tickled with the ridiculousness of Sam's confi-  
dence, that he offered to sell him all the Diddle-  
ton he wished at five. Sam told him that he was  
rich, and in spite of his merriment would dis-  
count in a short time that the stock of the Diddle-  
ton gold mine would be more inquired after  
than any fancy in the street. Bullion's offer to  
sell at five per cent. was, of course, closed with.  
For that sum he engaged to deliver on Thursday  
of next week twenty shares of the Diddleton gold  
mine. Having concluded the arrangements, and  
paid an instalment to him the bargain, Sam re-  
turned to the St. Nicholas, hunted up Mr. Tubbs,  
and reported progress.  
The day after the negotiation, Mr. Tubbs called  
on Bullion and inquired for Diddleton gold  
mine stock—the next day he sent a friend, and  
the third day, two uncles and a cousin. These  
calls for Diddleton, at last, made Bullion uneasy.  
"What can it mean? It would be queer if  
that strange acting young man were correct after  
all. He said Diddleton would, in a short time,  
begin to be more inquired after than any stock  
in the street, and what he said begins to be true.  
Since yesterday morning I have had over forty  
calls for a stock that only a week ago was con-  
sidered only fit to kindle fires with. By the way,  
tomorrow is Thursday, and I must get those  
twenty shares which I have promised. I shall  
go to Ormulo and see if he has any Diddleton.  
If he has, what he will sell twenty shares for—  
if you can't find it at Ormulo's, go to some other  
broker."  
John left, and in an hour returned with the  
information that there were only five shares of  
Diddleton in Wall street, Ormulo having just  
disposed of the shares to a gentleman by the name  
of Tubbs for forty dollars a share. The infor-  
mation fell upon Bullion like a thunder clap—  
Diddleton selling at forty dollars a share, and he

engaged a large quantity at five per cent. The  
case looked desperate, and called for desperate  
remedies. Bullion went in for them. The next  
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of Tubbs for forty dollars a share. The infor-  
mation fell upon Bullion like a thunder clap—  
Diddleton selling at forty dollars a share, and he

**A SHORT STORY ABOUT HONESTY.**  
One evening, a poor man and his son, a little  
boy, sat together by the way-side, near the gate  
of an old town in Germany. The father took a  
leaf of bread, which he had bought in town, and  
broke it, and gave one half to his boy.  
"Not so, father," said the boy, "I shall not eat  
until after you. You have been working hard  
all day for small wages, to support me, and you  
must be very hungry; I shall wait till you are  
done."  
"You speak kindly, my son," replied the pleased  
father, "your love for me does me more good  
than my food; and those eyes of yours remind  
me of your dear mother who has left us, who  
told you to love me as she used to do; and in-  
deed my boy, you have been a great strength and  
comfort to me, but now that I have eaten the  
first morsel to please you, it is your turn to eat."  
"Thank you, father; but break this piece in  
two, and take you a little more, for you see the  
bit is not large, and you require much more than  
I do."  
"I shall divide the loaf with you my son, but  
eat it; I shall not; I have abundance; and let us  
thank God for his great goodness in giving us  
food, and in giving us what is better still, cheer-  
ful and contented hearts. He who gave us the  
living bread from heaven to nourish our im-  
mortal souls, how shall he not give us other food  
which is necessary to support our mortal bodies?"  
The father and son thanked God, and then be-  
gan to eat the loaf in pieces, to begin their fru-  
gal meal.—But as they cut one portion of the  
loaf, there fell out several pieces of gold of great  
value. The little boy gave a shout of joy, and  
was springing forward to grasp the unexpected  
treasure, when he was pulled back by his father.  
"My son, my son," he cried, "do not touch the  
money; it is not ours." "But whose is it father,  
if it is not ours?"  
"I know not yet to whom it belongs; but prob-  
ably it was put there by the baker through some  
mistake. We must inquire. Run."  
"But father," interrupted the boy, "you are  
poor and needy, and you have bought the loaf,  
and then the baker may tell a lie, and—"  
"I will not listen to you my boy, I bought the  
loaf, but did not buy the gold in it. If the baker  
sold it to me in ignorance, I shall not be so dis-  
honest as to take advantage of him. Remember  
him who told us to do to others as we would  
have others do to us. I am poor indeed, but  
that is no sin. If we share the poverty of Jesus,  
God's own Son, O let us share also his goodness,  
and his trust in God. We may never be rich,  
but we may always be honest. We may die of  
starvation, but God's will be done, should we  
die in doing it! Yes, my boy, trust God, and  
walk in his ways, and you shall never be put to  
shame. Now run to the baker and bring him  
here, and I shall watch the gold until he comes."  
So the boy ran for the baker.  
"Brother workman," said the old man, "you  
have made some mistake and almost lost your  
money, and he showed the baker the gold, and  
how it had been found."  
"Is it mine?" asks the father, "if it is, take  
it away."  
"Silence, my child; put me not to shame by  
your complaints. I am glad we have saved this  
poor man from losing his money."  
The baker had been gazing alternately upon  
the honest father and his eager boy, and upon  
the gold which glittered upon the green turf.  
"Thus art, indeed, an honest fellow," said the  
baker; "and my neighbor, David the wax-dresser,  
spoke the truth when he said thou wast the  
honestest man in town. Now, I shall tell thee of  
the gold: A stranger came to my shop three days  
ago, and gave me the loaf, and told me to sell it  
cheaply, or to give it away to the honestest  
poor man whom I knew in the city. I sold it  
to thee, as thou knowest, for the last penny in  
thy purse; and the loaf with all its treasures—  
and surely it is not small!—is thine; and God  
grant thee a blessing with it."  
The poor father bent his head to the ground,  
while tears fell from his eyes. His boy ran and  
put his hand upon his neck; and said, "I shall  
always do like you, my father; trust God, and  
do what is right; for I am sure it will never put  
us to shame."  
Distant Relations—People who imagine they  
have a claim to rob you if you are rich, and if  
not you if you are poor.

**FROM THE BOSTON DAILY CHRONICLE.**  
**THE "NOTES AND QUERIES" BUR-  
LESQUED.**  
NOTES AND QUERIES, No. 990.—"Timothy"  
asks, "where is Palmyra, and why is it always  
spoken of as being ruined?" Palmyra is in the  
State of New York. It was once a very flourish-  
ing place, having as many as seven or eight hun-  
dred inhabitants; but the construction of the  
Middlesex Canal, under the auspices of the cele-  
brated Sir Henry Clinton, led to its ruin. It  
was while swimming across the canal, that Len-  
der Spots lost his life and the name of Hell's  
Point was given to the place by his indignant  
contemporaries. Palmyra was so called because  
there were no palm trees within a thousand miles  
of it, in strict accordance with American usage.  
"The Isles of Greece," mentioned by an En-  
glish poet of the name of Bryant, are Samos, Ios,  
and Paros, the islands, are Samos, Ios, and Paros,  
in the Aegean Sea, once famous for their suc-  
cess in the whaling business. The description of  
the poet "that all except their sun is set," is a  
delicately alluded to in the whaling business, and  
the necessity of contenting themselves with  
mere daylight.  
"The Merry Wives of Windsor" were the  
wives of Windsor, discover of the famous soap.  
That he should have had two wives at the same  
time shows that Meronism flourished in En-  
gland in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; and that  
they were merry shows that two women did once  
upon a time, live in the same house without  
quarrelling. But then they may have made poor  
Windsor uncomfortable enough.  
Dr. Johnson wrote the following exquisite  
lines:  
"Rub-a-dub-dub, three nails in a tub,  
And who do you think was there?  
The butcher, the baker,  
The emmetick-maker,  
All going down to the fair."  
Gen. Wolfe, who was killed at the siege of  
Pondicherry, 300 years before Christ, said, in read-  
ing this verse, that he would rather have written  
it than have won the battle of Bunker Hill. The  
Duke of Wellington said he would not.  
Celsus discovered steam boats. Newton inven-  
ted the lubly horse. Tell tales were discovered  
by Fulton when he was sweeping the heavens  
with Lord Ross's telescope in search of the planet  
Aurion. The Russian Cossack was the pro-  
ducer of Bonnet, Mouslin, and Bourdeaux,  
who also wrote Brantome's *Vies des Empereurs*  
in the intervals of their pious labors.  
The following lines are aptly quoted, and we  
should be glad to learn by whom they were writ-  
ten. Can any of our readers tell us the names of  
their respective authors?  
"To be or not to be, that is the question."  
"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day."  
"There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin."  
"Herb for the Bonnets of Blue."  
"A man's a man for a fact."  
"Yankee Doodle came to town."  
"The Lord's-liege his garden to fence."  
"Scotts who live at Wallace place."  
"Know ye the land of the cypress and myrtle?"  
"Truth crushed to earth, shall rise again."  
"O'er the glass sunset of the dark blue sea."  
"Shouldst thou acquaintance be forgot?"  
"But I shall see you another night."  
"Above on the banks of the dark rolling Danube."  
"Love is such a wilderness as to be."  
"Famed by conquest a woman's name."  
"Woe to the white, the Mag."  
"Woe to the white, the Mag."  
"Some noble inglorious Milton have my pen."  
"Full many a gem of purest ray serene."  
"And read their history in a motto's eye."  
"A youth to fortune and to fame unknown."  
A handsome sum will be used to any learned  
and ingenious person who shall name, or any  
of either of the authors of the above lines, or of any  
of the names of great poets from the dust of oblivion,  
and let the world know to whom it is indebted  
for some of its noblest sources of enjoyment.—  
Hence our offer, made with our accustomed lib-  
erality, and without regard to expense.  
"John," said an angry parent to his son, who  
had committed a misdeed, "John, you go into  
your room and prepare for a flogging."  
The boy departed, and when the parent had  
finished the letter he was writing, and sought the  
offending youth, he was surprised at the swollen  
appearance of the young rascal's back.  
"What does this mean?" he asked, "what is  
on your back?"  
"A leather apron," replied John, "three  
double. You told me to prepare myself for a  
flogging, and I did the best I could."  
MIRTHFULNESS.—Mirthfulness has a great  
power over the excited feelings and the angry  
irritation of men; it makes them more generous  
and more just. It is more powerful even with  
good men, than reason or conscience. When an  
assembly of men has become excited and irritable,  
they are unjust, implacable, intolerant, and  
intolerable. But let a just fall like a  
bomb in their midst, exploding in shouts of laugh-  
ter, and the clouds lift, the tumult ceases.—  
Mirthfulness is said to be the devil's weapon; but  
he has made use of it once.  
ILLUSTRATING A POINT.—Sir Fletcher Norton  
was noted for his want of courtesy. When  
pleading before Lord Mansfield on some question  
of municipal right, he chanced unfortunately to  
say, "My lord, I can illustrate the point in an  
instant in my own person; I myself have too  
little manners." The judge immediately inter-  
posed, with one of his blindest smiles, "We all know  
it, Sir Fletcher."  
A SURE TEST.—An old New Hampshire  
deacon used to say, when speaking of his wife  
and indigna that she had a certain receipt of test-  
ing the quality of that article. It was to fill a  
pail with pure water, and to mix some indigo  
on the surface; if the indigo was good it  
would either sink or swim—she couldn't tell which.

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