North Carolina Argus.

JOHN W. CAMERON, PUBLISHER.

This Argus o'er the People's rights hath an eternal watch kept; No soothing strain of Mars's Son can lull his hundred eyes to sleep.

TERMS TWO DOLLARS IN ADVANCE

New Series.—Vol. IV.—No 44. Fayetteville, N C. Saturday November 7, 1857. Whole No. 200.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

BY

JOHN W. CA[illegible]

EDITOR AND PR[illegible]ETOR.

D. McNEILL, Assistant Editor.

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

Dr. H. R. EASTERLING,
Rockingham,
RICHMOND Co., N. C.
Will attend to professional calls at any hour, day or night.
April 10, 1857. 170-1y-pd

OSTRICH FEATHERS,
ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS,
Fancy Ornaments And Lace Trimmings for Bonnets.
To the Manufacturers of Fayetteville, N.C.
The subscribers have a large manufactory in Paris, and one in New York, exclusively devoted to the manufacture of the above kind of goods. Their present stock embraces many thousand styles of Feathers and Flowers. Also the material for the manufacturing of them, which are offered at wholesale only, at their Warerooms,
No. 500 Broadway New York. HENDERSON, SMYTH & CO. August 8th 2 mos.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Attends the Courts of Cumberland, Harnett, Wake, and Johnson.
Address, Toomer, Harnett Co., N. C.
110-1y.

ANDREW J. STEDMAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
PITTSBOROUGH, N. C.
Will attend the County and Superior Courts of Chatham, Moore, and Harnett Counties.
July 14, 1856. 79-tf

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

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

A. M. Campbell,
Auctioneer and Commission Merchant,
GILLESPIE STREET,
Fayetteville, N. C.
Feb'y 16, 1854. 6-Y

J. S. BANKS,
COMMISSION AND FORWARDING
MERCHANT.
WILMINGTON, North Carolina.
Jan. 5, 1855. 104-1y

DAVID McDUFFIE,
BRICK MASON AND PLASTERER,
FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.,
Respectfully tenders his services to persons in this and the adjoining counties wishing work done in his line.
July 18, 1856. 132-1y

COOK & JOHNSON,
IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN
English, German, and American Hardware and Cutlery.
January 10, 1854. 1tf

T. C. & B. G. WORTH,
Commission and Forwarding
MERCHANTS,
Wilmington, N. C.
Usual advances made on consignments.
74-1y-pd

DR. FRANK WILLIAMS'S
Celebrated Rye Whiskey.
THE subscriber has made arrangements to keep a supply of the Genuine Article, and is the only Agent for the sale of the above brand of A No. 1 Rye Whiskey in this place.
ROB'T MITCHELL.
May 4, 1857. 175-tf

Worth & Utley,
Forwarding and General Commission Merchants,
FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.
J. A. WORTH, J. UTLEY.
February 20, 1854. 7 tf

Book Bindery
R. W. HARDIE, carries on the Book-binding business in the second story of Clark & Woodward's Clothing Emporium, where he will receive and execute binding in any styles desired.
Jan'y 16, 1854. 2-1Y

GEORGE ALDERMAN,
INSPECTOR OF NAVAL STORES.
WILMINGTON, N. C.
June 15, 1857. 6m-pd

NEW FALL AND WINTER GOODS.
DANIEL CLARK
IS now receiving direct from New York, a large and well selected assortment of
READY-MADE CLOTHING
consisting of every variety of Coats, Pants and Vests of the latest and most approved styles.
—ALSO—
A general assortment, of Shirts, Stocks, &c., &c.,
He will attend as usual to Trimming, Cutting and all business in his line.
Sep. 19. 193-tf

W. H. CARVER
Is now receiving his
Fall Stock of Goods,
which is large and well selected. A call from old friends and the public generally is solicited. My stock is too varied to enumerate; every one can find something that they want by calling. All kinds of produce taken in exchange for goods.
W. H. CARVER.
Sept. 17, 1857. 193-tf

Second Stock.
STARR & WILLIAMS
ARE now receiving THEIR SECOND STOCK for THIS SEASON, embracing.—
Dry Goods,
Hats, Boots, Shoes,
and Made-up Clothing.
To which they invite the attention of Wholesale buyers generally.
D. B. STARR.] [J. M. WILLIAMS.
Oct. 8, 1857. 196-tf

For Sale,
A SMALL plantation on the East side of Cape Fear River, two miles and a half above the bridge, known as the David S. Williams place, containing one hundred and sixty-six acres, of which about seventy-five are cleared and in a high state of cultivation. This land cannot be surpassed by any on the Cape Fear for the production of Corn, Oats, Peas and Potatoes. There is a comfortable log house and the necessary out houses on it.
For further particulars, apply to the subscriber in Fayetteville.
RONALD McMILLAN.
June 19, 1857. 180-tf

Fayetteville Hotel
FURNITURE & FIXTURES
For Sale.
THE above named property will be sold to any responsible person upon fair terms if applied for between the present time, and the 15th of December next. If not sold by the 15th of December, they will be sold at Auction after the first day of Jan. next, in lots to suit purchasers. Any information wanted, will be cheerfully given by applying to
J. H. ROBERTS & CO.
Fayetteville Sep. 12, 1928.

$100 REWARD.
My room was forcibly entered on Sunday night the 13th inst. and from my desk $362 in Bank Bills and $30 in Gold and Silver. I will give the above named reward for the apprehension of the thief and recovery of the money, or $50 for either.
O. P. LUTHER.
Rockingham, Richmond Co., Sept 26. 194-10t

A CARD.
The undersigned would respectfully inform his old friends and customers that he can be found at the Store of C. E. Leete, where he will be glad to see them.
J. R. McDONALD.
Fayetteville, N. C., Jan. 8, 1857. 157-tf

W. P. ELLIOTT,
Commission Merchant,
FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.,
Agent for Lutterloh & Co.'s Steam Boat Line.
Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care.
October 21, 1856. 146-tf

WILLIAM C. ELAM,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.
Oct. 9, 1857. 196-tf

UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE, we will pay 60 cents under the Wilmington Market for turpentine.
McLAURIN & STRANGE.
Oct 3, 1857. 195-tf

ROBERT D. GREEN
(LATE GREEN & WEAR,)
Watch Maker, Jeweller, &c.,
FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.
R. D. G. begs to return his sincere thanks to the public for the kind patronage so liberally bestowed upon the late Firm, and informs them he has bought the interest of J. S. Wear, and will continue the business in all its various branches at the old stand, under his entire superintendence.
N. B. All Watches left with him for repair will be taken apart in the presence of the owners, and the necessary repairs pointed out to them and a written contract given for the same, which work will be warranted for two years.
On hand and for sale now, the most varied and choice selection of CLOCKS and other time pieces that has ever been offered to the public in North Carolina, which he will sell at New York prices, and also WARRANT for two years.
All debts due to and by the late firm will be paid and received by R. D. GREEN.
August 25, 1856. 188-tf

LUMBERTON
ADVERTISEMENT.
The Subscriber is now receiving his Stock of
FALL & WINTER GOODS,
comprising everything in the way of Dry, Goods such as Merinoes, Alpacas, DeLaines, Cashmere and Ginghams, for Ladies Dresses, also Calicoes, Linseys, Flannel, bleached and unbleached Shirting, Drilling, Osnaburg, Kerseys, Kentucky Jeans, Sattinets Cassimer for Pants, &c. &c.,
Ready Made Clothing, of the best Materials, and good Workmanship.
Boots and Shoes.—For Men and Boys, also a good assortment of Ladies and Misses Shoes, Trimming for Ladies Dresses, Bonnets, Mantillas and Cloaks of the latest Fashion.
Hats and Caps of all sorts and Trunks of all sizes, besides
Hardware, Groceries and a
Variety of other Goods, which I will sell low for Cash or upon credit, to reliable and prompt paying Customers.
S. M. ERRANT.
Lumberton N. C. Sept. 26, 1857. 194-2m

New Crop Molasses,
a SUPERIOR quality. Also, SEED OATS. Just received.
P. P. JOHNSON.
Jan'y 20. 159-tf

POETRY.

THE GREAT LEVELER.

CORNWALL.

The king he reigns on a throne of gold,
Fenced round by his "right divine;"
The baron he sits in his castle old,
Drinking his ripe, red wine;
But below, below, in his ragged coat,
The beggar he tuneth a hungry note,
And the spinner is bound to his weary thread,
And the debtor lies down with an aching head.
So the world goes!
So the stream flows!
Yet there is a fellow, whom nobody knows,
Who maketh all free
On land and sea,
And foreseth the rich like the poor to flee!

The lady lies down in her warm white lawn,
And dreams of the pearled pride;
The milk-maid sings to the [illegible]
And sings on the cold hillside
And the bishop smiles, as on high he sits,
On the chair of the writer who starves by his wits;
And the girl who her nightly needle plies,
Looks out for the summer of life—and dies!
So the world goes!
So the stream flows!
Yet there is a fellow, whom nobody knows,
Who maketh all free,
On the land and sea,
And foreseth the rich like the poor to flee!

MISCELLANEOUS

"Unless some sweetness in the bottom lie
Who cares for all the trinkling of the pie."

A LEGEND

OF PASCAGOULA BAY, GEORGIA.

BY MARY A. BRYAN.

"Does sorrow dwell beneath the wave,
In coral grot, or crystal cave?
Oh! do the nymphs and naiads know
To weep? Does not some fair Undine,
Beneath yon Bay of silver sheen,
Hiding her face in tresses green,
Weep amber tears of woe?"

"Oh! pray let me stay on deck and watch with you to-night. There's not a breeze to stay a loosened curl," and then I have so longed to hear the midnight music of the Pascagoula waters"—and Ethel looked up into my face in the pleading, childish way, that she well knew I could never resist.

"And does my little Ethel really believe that this mysterious music is no fable?" I said, drawing the mantle closer around her slight figure, for Ethel was an invalid,—a drain flower, on whom I had built all the hopes of my manhood, and whom I was now transplanting to a milder clime,—trusting that the soft breezes and blue skies might bring back bloom to the lily-like cheek. Now, on these [illegible] Summer nights, our vessel lay at anchor in the bay "of haunted waters," but with the freshening breeze of morning she would speed away,—bound for the sunny isles, "where the gold Orange, darkling leaves embower."

"Certainly I believe it; do not you?" replied Ethel in answer to my questions: "It adds such a touching interest to the beauty of the Bay; I would not wish to disbelieve it."

I smiled incredulously. "We will test its truth ourselves, Ethel," I said, and surely there could be no more favorable night than this. The waning moon glides, like a silver barque, through the fairy cloud isles of the heavens; there's scarce a breeze to wake the slumbering waters—and look!

"Ten thousand stars are in the sky,
Ten thousand in the sea."

I drew my arm around her as I spoke, and we stood looking out upon the placid beauty of the scene, while the night wore on to the "wee sma' hours a'yant the twal," and Maurice, the little Irish sailor boy, in whom Ethel had taken so deep an interest, lay asleep in the moonlight, his arm pillowing his head, with its wealth of brown neglected curls.

Suddenly breaking upon Ethel's murmured sentence, there came, floating over the still waters, a low, sweet note, as of a lute string broken. We listened in breathless interest. Gradually, the music swelled forth, sweeter and louder, but fitful, and dying away at intervals, like the uncertain melody, of a wind swept harp. It might have been the wail of a Mermaid, in her coral woven bower beneath the blue sea, so full of unearthly sweetness were the tones. I looked at Ethel. She was listening intently and her features wore an expression of ethereal, elevated beauty, she seemed the very embodiment of this mysterious music. The melody—broken as though with sobs—grew fainter at length, and still more strangely mournful,—receding gradually; until it died away in the distance.

"Is there not a legend connected with this beautiful phenomenon?" asked Ethel softly, after a moment's pause.

"Yes; an Indian legend, full of wild romance." "Tell it to me then," she exclaimed, with the pretty air,—half of playful command,—half of entreaty, that was peculiar to her. I often, to divert her mind, told her stories and traditions connected with the scene through which we passed,—and now, placing her upon the low settee (which Maurice, aroused from his slumbers, and wheeled to her side.) I threw myself at her feet, and began "The Legend of Pascagoula Bay."

Two Indian girls sat upon the bank of a forest stream in the mellow light of sunset. The smallest—the merry and voluble little Kaleotruc—(wild flower) was braiding the rich, dark hair of her companion with strings of delicate colored shells.

"Why do you look so sad, pretty white Fawn," she exclaimed, tired of the young girl's silence. Prithee smile back again at the laughing waters. Oh! if I had your beauty and the happy destiny that is in store for you I would rival the linnet in my gayety."

"What happy destiny, Kaleotruc?"—

"Why, has not Chunnoloskee, the most powerful chief of our tribe, thice deposited his venison at your father's door, and wooed you with necklaces of coral and silver, and sweet songs at midnight, and ere the moon shall wane, has not your father promised that you will be his bride, and is not this a bright destiny, sweet song bird?"

Ninqua smiled bitterly. "Kaleotruc," she said, "you have finished your task; go now and leave me alone awhile. Remember who will return from the hunt this evening."

"Ah! Kaleotruc, I doubt if you envy me, what you call my happy fortune."

Of all the maidens of the Pascagoula tribe, inhabiting the shores of the beautiful Bay that bears their name,—the fairest was Ninqua, the "White Fawn," as she was called, from the flexile grace of figure, and her complexion of greater delicacy than those of her dark [illegible] She was [illegible] child of her tribe, but her heart [illegible] not with the cruel and stern Chunnoloskee, and her dreams upon the banks of the forest stream, were not of him.

Scarcely had the light step of Kaleotruc ceased to rustle the dry leaves of the wood, when a canoe emerging from the willows on the opposite bank shot quickly across the stream, and a graceful, young warrior, plumed and moccasined, sprang from the barque and threw himself on the bank beside Ninqua. His embroidered moccasins, his gayly decorated belt of wampum, and the three Eagle plumes nodding above his forehead, proclaimed him the chief of an alien tribe—the Chickasahas—the sworn and deadly enemies of Pascagoulas. He was Minesto, the lover of Ninqua, and this was not the first of their stolen interviews. Before the deepening twilight had called the maiden back to the Indian village, he had sworn by the Great Spirit above them, that she should never be the bride of Chunnoloskee, and had obtained from her a promise that she would fly with him the ensuing night, while the Indians were celebrating their "Feast Corn."

* * * * *

The night arrived. Goldenly the harvest moonlight lay upon the forest and river, upon the broad maize fields standing, rich and yellow in their ripened beauty, and mingled with the red firelight that blazed before the wigwams of the Indian hamlet. Beneath a huge sycamore tree sat the chief and aged Patriarchs of the tribe, smoking the fragrant calumet in dignified silence, while the younger warriors contested for over skill and dexterity in wielding the tomahawk and sending the arrow to its mark. The scene was a rude counterpart of Olympic games of classic renown, [illegible] in striking comparison to the Grecian games, who cheered the competitors by their presence, were those graceful, dark haired Indian girls, whose low voices and sweet, peculiar laughter, mingled in music on the night wind.

As the contest grew warmer, even the dilettains, fired by enthusiasm, joined in the games. Chunnoloskee seized his bow with the careless air of conscious superiority, and thrice sent an arrow quivering to the core of a wild pippin, placed as target. The Indian women broke into low acclamations of applause, but when the victor turned to receive the smile of his betrothed, Ninqua was not among them. His quick eye glanced from group to group. She was not there, and bending down with a brow as dark as a storm-cloud, he whispered into the ear of the father of Ninqua. The old man sprang to his feet with a wild exclamation; the warriors crowded instantly to his side, and ominous mutterings passed from lip to lip, when the truth was known. But when, and how had she disappeared?

An Indian boy, with quick, serpent-like eyes, came forward and spoke a few words, more expressive by animated gestures and without speaking, Chunnoloskee snatched the tomahawk from his wampum belt and dashed out into the shadows of the wood. His warriors followed their leader, and the treacherous young Indian soon pointed out the trail. The pursuit began. No blood hound ever bounded forward on the warm track of his prey more eagerly than did Chunnoloskee, mad with rage and disappointment, following the flying footsteps of his victims. His hand clutched his tomahawk convulsively, and none of his followers dared to speak, for his teeth were closed on his blood stained lip, and his eyes glared like those of the tiger when roused in her lair.

Even the light foot of Ninqua, impelled to haste by fear and love, may not hope to cope with the speed, inspired by revenge and remorseless thirst of blood. Onward, through tangled thickets, where the wild vines shook their cold dews and purple berries around their brows, through grassy plains, where the moonlight slept tranquilly among the tassels of the pines, fled the two despairing fugitives, while fast behind them came the pursuers, like a band of hungry wolves eager for their prey. Minesto, though his own heart was cold with despair, sought to animate with words of hope the failing strength of Ninqua, bidding her courage fail not, a few moments more and they would be safe with his expectant tribe. But hope grew faint, for nearer, and yet nearer sounded the hurrying footsteps of their foes, and as the blue waters of Pascagoula broke upon them in their moonlit glory, the dark forms of the foremost warriers appeared in sight. The fugitives paused upon the white shore of the bay. Minesto grasped his tomahawk with the reckless courage of despair, but Ninqua gazed far down into the moonlit waters, where the white shadowy arms of the Water Spirit seemed waving and beckoning them to her crystal home.

"I will not be a captive; we will die together," she said, and pointing to the calm waters beneath, she began in a low, soft, voice to chant his death song.

Minesto understood her meaning, and winding his arm around her, mingled his voice with hers. Low and sweet the melancholy music stole over the waters like the song of the dying swan, whose life is breathed out in melody. Even Chunnoloskee stood, for one moment, awed by the unearthly sweetness of those sounds. But it was only for an instant—the next—and he sprang forward with a wild shout, brandishing his glittering tomahawk. He was too late.

"True unto death," said the maiden, clasping the hand of her lover, and the next moment the still waters closed above them, and the Water Spirit opened her shadowy arms to receive them. Dropping his tomahawk, the appalled Chunnoloskee rushed to the cliff, and gazed down into the sea with a look of blank dismay. Once only, they rose to the surface—the arm of the white Fawn still encircling her lover, and then they sank,—sank till the long, black hair of the Indian girl alone floated upon the water, as the funeral Tillandsia floats upon the bosom of the dark lagoon.

The baffled warriors turned to depart but they paused in terror, for as the wind swept over them, the death dirge sounded again—distinct, though low and broken—appalling each brave heart with its deathly sweetness. Far into the forest on their homeward march, the sound pursued them, and Chunnoloskee spoke no word, but never after was he known to smile, and none dared to speak to him of love, or woman, after that direful night of baffled vengeance and awakened remorse.

Ages have passed away since that fearful tragedy. The coming of the white foe is a fulfilled prophecy, and like "a ghost that goes at sunrise," the dark browed children of mystery and romance are vanishing away before the dawning light of civilization, before the coming footsteps of power and progress.

By the lovely stream and wave washed shore
The unconsoled warrior treads no more;
Where his eagle's plume was wont to wave
The dark pines sigh o'er the Indian's grave.

The names and the fame of the Pascagoula warriors have passed away, like the foam wreaths on the bosoms of their dark wild streams, All save the tradition of Indian fidelity, of woman's devotion, and untimely death.

That has withstood the changes of time. Love has preserved his own legend, for it is written in deathless music on the waves of Pascagoula Bay. Still, when the winds and waves are hushed to silence, and the stars are burning in the zenith, the spirits of the dilated lovers float in melody above their crystal tomb, while far below, the water Syren beckons with her white arms to the [illegible] who have sought a watery grave in their despair on the shore of Pascagoula Bay.

* * * * *

"True unto death," murmured Ethel, smiling upward through her tears. "Is that the moral of your story?"

"Or rather *woman's* undying love, my Ethel—woman's love that is man's holiest heritage—changeless as the stars above—overcoming even fear and death——"

I paused almost abruptly, for I had carefully avoided speaking to her of change and death, lest it might suggest thoughts of her own probable fate; but Ethel's heart was too buoyant with youth and hope, and love to be chilled by fear. She raised her eyes, beaming with enthusiasm, to mine, but lowered them again beneath my earnest gaze, while a faint flush stole to her cheek. I looked into that bright face—beautiful yet with the full perishable beauty of a dream and my heart echoed from the depths of its love an anguish, the half despairing prayer of one, "who learned in suffering what he taught in song."

LITTLE TOO PUNCTUAL.

A STEAMBOAT SKETCH.

The hour was approaching for the departure of the New Haven steamboat from her berth at New York, and the usual crowd of passengers, and friends of passengers, news-boys, fruit venders, were assembled on and about the boat. We were gazing at the motley group from foot of the promenade-deck stairs, when our attention was attracted by the singular actions of a tall, brown Yankee, in an immense wool hat, chocolate-colored coat and pantaloons and a tanny vest. He stood near the starboard paddle-box, scrutinizing sharply every female who came on board, every now and then consulting an enormous silver bull's-eye watch, which he raised from the depths of a capacious fob, by means of a powerful steel chain. After mounting guard in this manner, he dashed furiously down the gang-plank and up the wharf, re-appearing almost instantaneously, with a flushed face, expressing the most intense anxiety. This series of operations he performed several times; after which he rushed about the boat, wildly and hopelessly ejaculating

"What's the time o' day? Wonder if my repeater's too fast! What's the captain! what's the mate! what's the boss that owns the ship!"

"What's the matter, sir?" we ventured to ask him, when he stood still for a moment.

"Hain't seen nothin' of a gal in a blue shawl, (cost fifteen dollars,) pink gown and brown boots, hey? Come aboard while I was lookin' for the captain at the pint aft of the ship—have ye, hy?"

"No such person has come aboard."

"Tormented lightin'! she's my wife," he screamed: "married her yesterday. All her trunks and mine are aboard, under a pile of baggage as tall as a Connecticut steeple. The darned black nigger says he can't hand it out, and I won't leave my baggage, anyhow. My wife—only think on it—was to have come aboard at half past four, and here it is most five. You don't think she's been abducted. Oh! I'm ravin' distracted! What are they ringin' that bell for? Is the ship afire?"

"It is the signal for departure—the first bell. The second bell will be rung in about four minutes."

"Thunder! you don't say so. What's the cap'n?"

The Yankee darted to the side of the captain.

"Cap'tn, stop the ship for ten minutes, won't you?"

"I can't do it, sir."

"But ye must, I tell you. I'll pay ye for it. How much will ye ax?"

"I could not do it."

"Cap'tn, I'll give you ten dollars," gasped the Yankee.

The captain shook his head.

"I'll give ye five dollars and a half—and a half—and a half!" he kept repeating, dancing about in his agony, like a mad jackass on a hot iron plate.

"The boat starts at five precisely," said the captain, shortly, and turned away.

"Oh! you stonny hearted heathin'!" groaned the disconsolate Yankee, almost bursting into tears. "Partin' man and wife and we just one day married."

At this moment the huge paddle-wheel began to paw the water, and the walking-beam descended heavily, shaking the huge fabric to her centre. All who were not going to New Haven went ashore. The hands began to haul in the gang-plank—the lines were all cast loose.

"Let go that plank," roared the Yankee, collaring one of the hands "Drop it like a hot potato, or I'll heave you into the dock."

"Yo—yo!" shouted the men, in chorus, as they heaved on the gangway.

"Shut up, you brayin' donkeys," yelled the maddened Yankee, "or there will be an ugly spot of work."

But the plank was got aboard, and the boat pushed past the pier.

In an instant the Yankee pulled his coat off, flung his hat beside it on the deck, and rushed wildly to the guard.

"Are you drunk or crazy?" cried a passenger, seizing him.

"I'm going to fling myself into the dock and swim ashore," cried the Yankee. "I mustn't leave Sairy Ann along in New York only 'Lon may divide the baggage among ye. Let me go! I can swim."

He struggled so furiously that the consequences of his rashness might have been serious, but a sudden application changed his purpose. A very pretty young woman, in a blue bonnet, white Canton crape shawl, pink dress and brown boots, came toward him.

The big, brown Yankee uttered one stentorian shout of "Sairy Ann!" clasped her in his arms in spite of her struggling, and kissed her heartily, right before all the passengers.

"Where did you come from?" he inquired.

"From the ladies' cabin," answered the bride. "You told me at half past four, but I thought I'd make sure and come at four."

"A little too punctual," said the Yankee. "But it's all right now. Hello, captin, you can go ahead now. I don't care about sev'ral thing. Come nigh getting drown'd all along of you—but it's all right now. Go ahead, steamboat. Roast up, there fireman! Burn the expense!"

When the sun set, the loving couple were seen on the upper deck, the big, brown Yankee's arm encircling the slender waist of his young woman in the blue bonnet and pink dress. We believe they reached their destination safe and sound.

"AUNT GOT NO NAILS."

We invite the lovers of fun to join us in the hearty laugh we are just having over a story that an exchange one Northern cotemporaries of a tall gawky looking countryman, who during the height of the business season last fall, walked into one of the largest wholesale dry goods houses on Broadway, and entirely disregarding the invitations of the numerous salesmen to inspect the latest patterns, strode into the counting room, where the heads of the establishment were sitting in close conversation. After taking a cursory glance of the room, and surveying attentively the faces of the occupants, he asked with an anxious Yankee nasal twang:

"Say, you—got any nails?"

"Nails, sir, nails?" repeated the most dignified Dombey of the firm.—"No sir, what should we do with nails?"

"Wal, I thought—as how you mought, haint you got no nails?"

"No, sir," replied the Dombey again with an emphasis intending to the door.

The individual in search of nails took his time about it, but then left the counting room. In turn he asked every clerk the same question, and received the same answer. Not all that "nails" formed no part of the stock of the establishment:

"Well, said he, going towards the door, "don't keep nails here, nohow!"

The principal salesman, whose dignity was hurt by the idea that any one should suppose that at an establishment where he had a prominent place, should keep nails, headed the countryman off as he was proceeding towards the entrance, and asked him abruptly what he wanted.

"Wal, said the countryman, cool as a cucumber, "I want to know if you've got any nails?"

"Nails, no sir. You have been told again and again, that we've got no nails—so you'd better go."

"Aint got any nails, eh? Well then just look here, mister, if you ain't got no nails, what an awful fix you'd be in if you had the itch!"