

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.  
One Dollar a square for the first week and  
Twenty-five Cents for every week thereafter  
Sixteen lines or less will stand a square.  
Deductions made in favor of standing mat-  
ter as follows:  
3 mos. 6 mos. 1 year.  
One square, \$5.00 \$8.50 \$12.00  
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Three squares, 10.00 15.00 20.00  
When directions are not given how often  
to insert an advertisement, it will be publish-  
ed until ordered out.

## Poetry.

### There's Nothing Lost.

There's nothing lost. The finest flower  
That grows within the darkest vale,  
Though lost to view has still the power  
The rarest perfume to exhale;  
That perfume borne on the zephyr's wing,  
May visit some lone sick one's bed,  
Like the balm affection brings.  
"Twill scatter gladness round her head.  
There's nothing lost. The drop of dew  
That trembles in the rosebud's breast,  
Will seek its home of other blue,  
And fall again as pure and blest;  
Perchance to revel in the spray,  
Or moisten the parching soul,  
Or mingle in the mountain spray,  
Or sparkle in the bow of God.  
There's nothing lost. The seed that's cast  
By careless hand upon the ground,  
Will yet take root, and may at last  
A green and glorious tree be found;  
Beneath its shade some pilgrim may  
Seek shelter from the heat of noon,  
While in its boughs the breezes play,  
And song birds sing their sweetest tune.  
There's nothing lost. The slightest tone  
Or whisper from a loved one's voice,  
May melt a heart of hardest stone,  
And make a saddened heart rejoice;  
And then again, the careless word,  
Our thoughtless lips too often speak,  
May touch a heart already stirred,  
And cause the troubled heart to break.  
There's nothing lost. The faintest strain  
Of breathings from some dear one's lute,  
In memory a dream may come again,  
Though every mournful string be mute.  
The music of some happier hour,  
The harp that swells with love's own words,  
May thrill the soul with deepest power,  
When still is the hand that swept its chords.

Written for the Iredell Express.

### Constitution—Insolvent Taxables.

Every Party has its platform, and almost every platform, has certain rotten planks in it, tending to humbug the illiterate and uneducated voters in the respective parties. To the great national Democratic Party, may be yielded the palm for perfection in this species of political demagoguery—they devise, they plan, and finally they construct a platform which may be interpreted a thousand different ways, and which, is susceptible of no one solitary interpretation. And while platforms and not principles, are the order of the day, and especially if the Constitution is to be amended for every imaginable theory that dances before the distorted visions of ambitions and designing politicians; such being the case; if the Constitution is to be again amended, so as to bring about an ad-valorem system of taxation, then, in justice to those who do pay the tax, let this idea of taxation be carried out to a still further as well as to a more just extent.

That every man, should pay a liberal tax on what property he possesses, is not only rational and just, but is also one among the most legitimate and manly features of our Republican form of Government. Government itself is an evil, yet it is a necessary evil, an evil which must be borne, in order to suppress and punish greater evils, which would exist to an unbounded extent, were it not for the controlling influence of a well-regulated Government. Therefore, being established, government must be supported. How then is it to be supported, and by whom? Why is a matter of course, in the absence of other sufficient sources of revenue, it must be done by the payment of taxes by the citizens—therefore, those who pay the taxes, should have the power to control the affairs and make the laws by which Government is administered. And this brings us to the legitimate object of our communication, and that is, that all insolvent taxables, should not be allowed any vote in the public elections by which the Government is regulated and supported. As the Constitution of our State now stands, every man who is twenty-one years of age, and has paid public taxes at any time during his residence in this State, and has resided in the State for twelve months immediately preceding the day of an election, has a right to vote in the election of members of the House of Commons, of the Senate, and for Governor, members of Congress, &c. (See Revised Code, page 14, section 8th of the Con.)

Now we submit to any fair minded, candid man, if it is fair to tax every species of property for the support of Government, if it is not also fair, that those who do not pay at least their poll tax, should be allowed no voice whatever in the regulation of the State Government, so far as exercising the elective franchise is concerned. We are by no means, in favor of disfranchising any man, who bears his proportionate part of the burdens of Government. But to refer back to the first principle of law and justice, on which our system of suffrage is founded—what right should any man have to claim a vote in the elections of public officers, unless he contributes something to the support of Government? Should any man, who pays no tax himself, be permitted to vote either directly himself, or indirectly by or through those, for whom he votes, to tax those who do pay their respective parts of the public expenses?

Let those who pay the taxes, and support the Government, be those, and only those who have any voice in regulating and administering the Government. Therefore, if the Constitution is to be amended so as to tax every species of property—ad valorem—let it be also amended, so as to exclude all those from voting, who do not pay at least their poll tax. Why should any voter complain of this? What is any man worth, who, if this was required by the Constitution, could not make at least enough to pay his poll tax, and thereby secure the right to vote? Go to the polls on the day of an Election—the man who pays the tax puts in a single vote and

holds his tongue. He makes no fuss about the matter beyond, perhaps, a decent expression of his opinions which he is entitled to. He has paid his tax, and voted—he is content. But the man who pays no tax puts in a single vote, and it goes just as far, as the tax payer's goes; but he is not content, he pays no tax but votes, and he is the most boisterous and vociferous voter at the ballot-box—so far as his "liberties" and "rights as a free man" are concerned.  
"Taxation and representation"—no taxes, no votes. That's our motto! We believe in granting "no man or set of men exclusive privileges, except in consideration of public services." R.

## Miscellaneous.

### Thrilling Eloquence.

The following touching passages are contained in the speeches of the Hon. Mr. Boteler, delivered in the House during the discussion pending the election of Speaker. The incidents narrated cannot fail to interest all who peruse them. The language employed for the purpose is the language of elevated patriotism:  
"The district which I represent, and the county from which I come—that county made famous by the raid of Brown—was the first, the very first in all the South, to send succor to Massachusetts. In one of the most beautiful spots in that beautiful county, within rifle shot of my residence, at the base of the hill, where a glorious spring leads out into sunlight from beneath the gnarled roof of a thunder riven oak, there assembled on the 10th of July, 1775, the very first band of Southern men who marched to the aid of Massachusetts. They met there, and their rallying cry was, 'a bee-line for Boston.'"

"That beautiful and peaceful valley had never been polluted by the footsteps of a foe; for even the Indians themselves kept it free from the incursions of the enemy—it was the hunting range and neutral ground of the aborigines. This band assembled there, and a 'bee-line for Boston' was made from thence. Before they marched they made a pledge that all who survived would assemble there, fifty years after that day. It was my pride and pleasure to be present when the fifty years rolled around. Three aged, feeble, tottering men—the survivors of that glorious band of one hundred that went there—were all who were left to keep their trust, and be faithful to the pledge made fifty years before to their companions, the bones of many of whom were bleaching on the Northern hills.

"Sir, I have often heard from the last survivor of that band of patriots the incidents of their first meeting and their march; how they made some six hundred miles in twenty days—thirty miles a day—and how, as they neared their point of destination, Washington, who happened to be making a reconnaissance in the neighborhood, saw them approaching, and recognizing the liney woolsey hunting shirts of old Virginia, rode up to meet and greet them to the camp; how, when he saw their captain—his old companion in arms, Stephenson, who stood by his side at the Great Meadows, on Braddock's fatal field, and in many an Indian campaign, and who reported himself to his commander as 'he sprang from his horse and clasped his old friend and companion in arms with both hands. He spoke no word of welcome, but the eloquence of silence told what his tongue could not articulate. He moved along the ranks, shaking the hand of each, from man to man, and all the while—as my informant told me—the big tears were seen coursing down his manly cheek.

"Aye, sir, Washington wept! And why did the glorious soul of Washington swell with emotion? Why did he weep? Because he saw that the cause of Massachusetts was practically the cause of Virginia; because he saw that her citizens recognized the great principles involved in the contest. These Virginia volunteers had come spontaneously. They had come in response to the words of her Henry, they were leaping like live thunder through the land, telling the people of Virginia that they must fight, and fight for Massachusetts. They had come to rally by Washington's side, to defend your fathers' firesides, to protect their homes from harm. Well, the visit has been returned. John Brown selected that very county as the spot for his invasion; and, as was mentioned in the Senate, the rook where Leeman fell was the very rock over which Morgan and his men marched a few hours after Hugh Stevenson's command had crossed the river some two miles further up.

"May this historical reminiscence rekindle the embers of patriotism in our hearts! Why should this nation of ours be rent in pieces by this irrepressible conflict? Is it irrepressible? The battle will not be fought out here. When the dark day comes, as come it may, when this question that now divides and agitates the hearts of the people can only be decided by the bloody arbitrament of the sword, it will be the saddest day for us and all mankind that the sun of heaven has ever shone upon."

### The Portrait; or the Lost Will.

BY MRS. MARY A. BENTON.

#### CHAPTER I.

"Mother, was that our house once?"  
"Yes, dear," replied the pale woman, casting a longing look at the splendid dwelling, "you were born in that front chamber. But hurry on, dear, it is ours no longer. Hold your shawl about your chest, the wind is very cold." They were meanly clad, both mother and daughter. The former was past forty a few years, and the daughter not yet seventeen. Annie Low was not beautiful, nevertheless her face was a rare blending of amiability and intellect. They passed quickly along over the well trodden snow, and wended their way toward one of the lower quarters of the city. There they traversed the long, ill-looking street till they stopped before a narrow shop-door and entered.

"Any work yet, Mr. Mosely?" asked the widow, in a quiet tone.  
"O yes, madam," said the man behind the counter, "we have plenty of shirts now. Shall I give you a bundle?" And he cast a glance, half impertinence, half admiration, towards the young girl.  
"What are your prices?" asked Mrs. Bartlett.

"Well, you know we generally give a shilling a shirt to common customers, but as it's you, you know why, I think we'll pay two shillings. Shan't I take it home for you? It's a heavy bundle, too much for you to carry."  
The widow hesitated. She had done sewing for this man before, but she did not like the way in which he looked at her daughter. A mother's heart takes alarm at a hint, a question, or a glance. Annie was too precious to be exposed to rudeness; she was the one, the only fair daughter of a widowed heart—but the bundle was too weighty for either mother or daughter, so she concluded to let it be brought.

"You can send it by-and-by," she said.

"O, I can't get any body to take it—I must go myself. No inconvenience, I assure you—right on my way to supper. Miss, I wish I could offer you one of my arms," he said coarsely, "but they happen to be both full."  
They walked on, till they came to a very ordinary-looking house, whose steps were covered with children. The man smiled to himself as they ascended.

"I will take the bundle now," said the widow, with dignity.  
"O, no, ma'am; couldn't consent to let you carry it," said the man—"I'll take it to your room."

"Put the bundle down, sir!" said the widow, with flashing eyes.  
The man started, and had nearly let it drop. However, he threw it with an impatient jerk on the lower stair, and muttering a curse, turned and left the hall.

"What made you speak so crossly mother?" asked Annie.  
"Never mind, child. Help me up stairs with it," said the widow, recovering her equanimity. She had seen the tailor walk across the entry to a vulgar looking man who came out from a room near by, and whose reputation was none of the best.

"O dear!" It was said very bitterly, and with a heart-ache, as mother and daughter entered their own neat little room, an attic chamber lighted from the ceiling.

"It seems strange, doesn't it?" mused Annie, looking round.

"What seems strange, my dear?"  
"That you should have lived and I been born in the beautiful great house, and after all be reduced to the garret of such a place as this," replied Annie.—"Who lives there now, mother?"

"You have heard me say before, child," replied the mother—"Your uncle Harry and your cousin Eugenie. Your uncle Harry, your father's brother, married my sister—poor Annie (you are named for her), she died before your father died, or we should not now be suffering in penury, or be forced to take insults from our inferiors."

"Well, it is home," said the young girl, gazing around, "and not so bad a one either. Now, if we get those shirts done—why, we can buy a beautifully thick shawl to wear between us. Shall I make tea to-night?"

"Yes, if you please," said the mother sitting wearily down. "I'll undo the bundle and sort the work."

#### CHAPTER II.

"Robert Southey, you are always standing before that picture!"  
"So cried a beautiful, high-bred girl, as she entered the splendid reception-room where stood the young man, gazing upon the slyph-like figure enclosed within a massive frame.

Young Southey turned round hastily—a rarely intellectual face was his—and greeted the beautiful girl with a smile.  
"I cannot help admiring that picture," he said; "it has a fascination for me which I cannot explain to myself. Is there an original, or is it one of those gentle dream-faces that artists sometimes fashion under the peculiar inspiration of heaven?"

"O, it's no dream-face," said Eugenie, lightly, "but a cousin of mine, I believe—that is, I've heard papa say so. She is living now, I believe, but dear me, they're dreadful common sort of people."

"They?" queried Robert Southey. "I mean my aunt and cousin. They are in reduced circumstances, and I understand Annie has got so far down that she takes work at the shops."  
"You smile, and I suppose you think I ought to know more about them, but I assure you it is not my fault. Ever since they would not consent to make it their home here, papa has forbidden me to have anything to do with them."  
"But why did they not stay?" asked Robert.

"O, they had some foolish notions of independence—said they would not live on the bounty of those who had robbed them, and many other impertinent things. I wonder papa was so patient with them—I'm sure he couldn't help it if it was their home once, you know, if his brother would let it to him."

"So, so," said Robert Southey.—"And his fine eyes roved again to the portrait. The noble face seemed lighted up with a trusting smile, as he gazed, and yet, it was a child's face—a child of only seven years."

"How old is that cousin by this time?" he asked, carelessly.

"O, about my age. I assure you she's a very plain-looking girl. The painter idealized that face."

Eugenie Bartlett was both vain and heartless, and had not even wit enough to conceal either defect. She had fancied that she loved more than once, but never till the poet-face of Robert Southey met her vision, had she in reality known the true meaning of the much used, much abused word. She fancied that her beauty was irresistible—it was to some men, but not to him—he liked to call there because he often met Mr. Bartlett, who was a liberal patron of the arts, a good scholar and interesting conversationist, but for the handsome daughter he had nothing more than friendship—scarcely that.

She, however, fancied that he was interested in her—nay, that he was desperately enamored of her charms, and did not dream that he sought for heart, not beauty—for mind, not wealth.

"How long did they occupy here?" asked Robert Southey.

"O, till she was seven—in fact, that picture was taken the year my uncle died. There was a great time about the will, and when she found that it was really in favor of my father, the widow left the house and went out West, where she has resided till within a few years. When they came back again, father offered them a home, but they refused. To tell the truth, I was not sorry, for I thought my cousin was a gawky. How could it be otherwise?—no boarding-school privileges. I suppose her mother has been her teacher, but dear me she can't know much."

Robert Southey glanced at the speaker with a look she could not have relished, had she noticed it. Fortunately her eyes were cast down.

"Do let us change the subject," said Eugenie, with a little start of impatience—"what did you think of Gaudaline last night? Wasn't it superb? I positively adored him—for the time, I mean."

Robert Southey seemed quite indifferent whether she adored him for the time, or for all time, and replied to her arch look with a quiet, almost a contemptuous smile.

"The Barber of Seville," is I think the most charming of operas," continued Eugenie, "don't you?"

"On the contrary, I dislike it the most," replied Robert Southey.

"O, is it possible? Why, everybody goes into raptures over it," replied Eugenie.  
"I don't agree with everybody then," he said, quietly. "I have but little sympathy with everybody."  
She looked as if she did not know how to take this declaration, and it annoyed her to see his eyes again wandering to the portrait.

"I'll take it down and burn it," she angrily ejaculated to herself.

After a few more common-places, Robert Southey took his leave.

He walked about until it was quite twilight, and then remembering an errand in another part of the city, he retraced his steps. Was it his guardian angel that prompted him?

He had nearly reached the place towards which his steps were bent, when he felt a light touch on his arm. He looked down. There was the face of the portrait, only more mature—much sweeter in expression. His heart beat as it had never beat before.

"May I ask your protection?" said a sweet voice—"some one has followed me and spoken to me more than once, and I—the lip trembled, the eloquent eyes swam in tears.

"Certainly, I will protect you," said Robert Southey, drawing her hand within his arm—and as to that scoundrel over there, I know him—he should be chastised as he deserves. He will be before long if he is not careful."

The man met his eye and skulked along a back street. It was Mosely, the keeper of the sloop-shop.

"I should not have been out alone at such an hour, but my mother needed medicine," she said, as they walked along. The fair girl trembled excessively.

came to the miserable building where lived Annie and her mother. Annie's cheek burned as the young man ascended the steps and opened the door for her. There were loud and disagreeable sounds up stairs, the entry was dark, and poor Annie stood hesitating.

"They are very noisy and quarrelsome, some of the families in the rooms," she said, timidly.

"Stop a moment," ejaculated Robert Southey. And knocked quickly at one of the doors. "Lend me a light to show this young lady up stairs," he said, to the woman who appeared.

The occupant of the room hurried to light another candle. As she gave it to him, he placed a piece of money in her hand, which she was nothing loth to take—and desiring Annie to follow him, the young man went as far as she directed. The door of the garret stood open, and Annie's mother, with a strange gladness in her face, looked out towards Annie, as she came up the stairs.

"Thank this gentleman, mother, for his kindness in protecting me from insult," said Annie, gently. "But I left you sick!"

"I am well now!" exclaimed the excited widow, "and here is what cured me." She held a folded paper in her hand. The will that was lost!—the will that lawyer Crandall and other witnesses knew he made, is here in my hand! It is dated a year later than the one his brother has! Annie, my child, thank God with me—thank God!"

She had gone into the little garret-room—Annie, and Robert Southey followed. The latter made no apology—he felt acquainted with the circumstances, and told them so. Annie's face was radiant—it was the picture quickened into beautiful life—the same innocence of expression, the same spiritual loveliness.

"Annie, you know how sacredly I have kept this little Bible since your father's death," said Mrs. Bartlett; "only in times of peculiar joy or affliction reading from its sacred pages, because it was the one your father used in his private devotion. One day he was ill, but not yet sick enough to be confined to his bed, he asked me for a piece of green baize. I brought it to him and went somewhere—I forgot where. When I returned the Bible was covered. I asked him what he had covered it for, and he replied with a smile, 'for you.' I thought he referred to the possible event of his death, and it made me sad. After that he was struck with complete paralysis, and neither spoke nor moved. Once before, when thought to be very sick, and under the influence of his brother's stronger mind, he made the will in which Mr. Bartlett now holds our lawful rights. He had a strange fear of his brother—I never knew why he could always control my poor husband. To-day, after Annie went out, I got this Bible and read it, lying upon the bed. As I opened it, I thought the cover felt strangely slippery, and curiously led me to push it hither and thither, until I felt sure there was a paper underneath it. I unpasted the baize, and there, folded carefully across the back of the sacred word, was the will. O, praise Heaven! We are poor no longer."

"Will you allow me to transact this business for you?" asked Robert Southey, turning to the mother. "I am a lawyer, and it would give me peculiar pleasure to serve you, as I am acquainted with your relatives."

One glance at the noble face before her, decided the widow. She accepted the offer with thanks.  
"I will find you a better home than this, to-morrow," said the young man. "An uncle of mine is on the point of visiting England—you shall immediately be put in possession of a part of his house. This is no home for you."

Annie blushed, for the look he directed towards her was full of meaning. She felt as he did, that their meeting was no chance circumstance, but a direct providence, and his fine appearance won insensibly upon her heart.

#### CHAPTER III.

"It is very strange, daughter—very strange!" exclaimed Harry Bartlett, walking back and forth hurriedly—"you are sure?"

"Certainly I am sure," replied Eugenie Bartlett, with flashing eyes, lifting her bonnet with a spiteful jerk—"don't Robert Southey sit right in front of us? Yes, he came in with that Annie, that low sloop-shop girl and her mother—and you should have seen how splendidly they were dressed—that is, richly, Annie Bartlett never would show off, she isn't capable."

"That is very strange!" repeated her father, walking more quickly. "It cannot be. He stopped short, a cloud of perplexity gathering across his features.

The beautiful Eugenie was savage. She snubbed her maid, and kicked her lap dog, and broke the Sabbath twenty times before night came.

The next day the mystery was disclosed.—There was no use in disputing the will—in contending against the powers that were—but it broke the merchant down. He had lost previously in foolish speculations, and had on his hands only the house and a few

thousand dollars which he had managed to save for his daughter's portion. The widow offered Eugenie a home, however, and she was too thoroughly humbled to decline. She felt that it was useless attempting to carry her own living, for she had barely a smattering of any essential knowledge. She could play a few tunes, she had painted a few landscapes, embroidered a few collars and worked a few lamp-mats—there her acquirements ended. Bartlett, broken-down and conscience-smitten, went to California, and there he died. Robert Southey married Annie one year after the finding of the will. And as to Eugenie, she is always reported engaged, but we fear will never be married.

From the North Carolina Standard.

**Workmen's Association.**  
At a regular meeting of the Wake County Workmen's Association, held in the Court House at Raleigh, on the evening of the 6th inst., the following resolutions were introduced by Frank I. Wilson, Esq., and unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That having formed our Association and announced our views on the subject of taxation, in an Address to the people of the State, we are not disposed at present, to press the matter further. Having as it were, planted the seeds of our sentiments, and believing they were in good soil, we were willing to wait for them to germinate in due season; but the use which has been made of articles from certain Black Republican newspapers, the effects of which were calculated, and no doubt intended, to prejudice and injure us in the estimation of our fellow-citizens, have not permitted us to remain silent without a sacrifice of honor—a sacrifice we will never make.

Resolved, That having expressed our views, and one of our members having ably defended us through the columns of the N. C. Standard, against the effects of the articles referred to, we are content to leave the whole question to the calm judgement of the people, feeling assured that in this, as in all other matters, "Truth is mighty and will prevail."

Resolved, That we repel with scorn and indignation the insinuation, by whomsoever made, that we are not true to and mindful of the best interests of North Carolina; and that what ever may be said or thought of us, by those not disposed to do us justice, we say to them and to the State, that in the event of Sewall's election, or the election of any other Black Republican to the Presidency, we will be as willing and as prompt as any to maintain and defend Southern rights, even to the spilling of our blood.

Resolved, That if not as rich in this world's goods as some others, yet what we have is as dear to us as a great wealth is to its possessors, and much more necessary; and that we despise those who count our poverty a disgrace, and measure our patriotism by the amount of taxes we pay.

Resolved, That it does not follow, because the amount of taxes which we pay is not large, that we are not equally interested with those who pay larger taxes, in having a just system of taxation and good government.

Resolved, That our right to unite for the purpose of protecting and advancing the interests of labor, is as clear and as well founded as the right guaranteed by the Legislature to capitalists to unite in banking and other corporations to protect and advance the interests of capital.

Resolved, That while taking no part in the party politics of the day, we are nevertheless deeply impressed with the danger that threatens North Carolina, as a governing slaveholding State; and that regarding it as infinitely more important to save than to reform a State, we are not disposed to make a question of ad valorem taxation parimount; but that we will continue to defend ourselves if attacked, looking with hope to the next Legislature to remove the burden of taxation from labor, and to adopt such a plan of taxation as will be just to all persons and to every species.

Resolved, That the charge preferred against us in certain quarters, that we are the tools of any man or set of men, is wholly false, and that nothing but malice and a disregard for truth ever prompted such a charge.

Resolved, That these newspapers in the State that have heretofore published our platform and other matters for us, are tendered our thanks, and that they and all others not disposed to misrepresent us, be requested to publish these resolutions.

#### Tobacco Factory.

We are pleased to learn that those enterprising gentlemen, the Messrs. J. O. King & Brother, are about establishing a Tobacco Factory in this city, in the establishment nearly opposite the Bulletin office.

The necessary arrangements will be commenced forthwith to begin operations under the style and title of J. O. King & Brother, and we wish them abundant success. A few more of such enterprising men, such as Capt. John Wilkes, and Jno. O. King, would soon make Charlotte all she ought to be. Energy and enterprise can accomplish much.—Char. Bulletin.

**A Painful Incident.**  
The Cincinnati Times relates the following:

Among the members of the Tennessee Legislature, recently on a visit to this city, was a gentleman by the name of Paine. We believe he represents Memphis. He is a ready speaker, and has an off-hand style, and is so full of good humor, that he became a favorite at every point where the people heard him. He made a speech at the banquet in this city, and "brought down the house." Several gentlemen determined to compliment him, and started out in search of a present. They found a beautiful orange tree, with three oranges upon it, names of the three States represented at the banquet were hastily inscribed upon the fruit. By the time the gentleman reached the hotel again, the banquet had closed, the guests retired, and the cocks were crowing for the advancing morn. They determined, however, that Mr. Paine should have the gift that night. They inquired for his room and were shown to it. They knocked upon the door, but Mr. Paine, being sound asleep, didn't answer. They knocked louder—Mr. Paine awoke, and after some parley, slipped on his breeches and opened the door. The room was only dimly lighted from the hall.

"Are you Mr. Paine?" enquired one of the gentlemen.  
"That's my name, sir."  
"Well, sir," continued the gentleman, assuming a proper attitude, "we, citizens of the Queen of the West, admiring your eloquence, your wit, your talent, and above all, your patriotism, present you with this orange tree, as a slight token of our esteem. You will observe, sir, that it has three oranges upon it. They are typical of this glorious reunion here to-day, and beautifully emblemize the tenacity with which Ohio, Kentucky and Tennessee cling to their mother tree, this glorious Union. Take it with you to your Southern home, and as you exhibit it to your warm hearted constituents, tell them that in Cincinnati, in Ohio, we step only to the music of the Union."

Mr. Paine seemed much astonished at this demonstration, and to the surprise of his friends, stammered out a very dull and brief response, and shut the door as quickly as possible.

The Cincinnati did not know what to make out of this conduct, but presuming that the honorable gentleman had indulged freely in Longworth's sparkling, concluded to overlook his abruptness.

The next day the whole thing was explained. A traveler by the name of Mr. Paine was stopping at the Burnett House, and the clerk not knowing the object of the Cincinnatians, had sent them to his room. They had presented the tree to the wrong man.

The right Mr. Paine heard of the matter just before he left the city, and enjoyed the joke hugely. The wrong Mr. Paine left the city a few hours after he received the present, taking it along with him, and is still, we presume, astonished at finding himself so suddenly a great man.

**The Prince and the Barber.**  
A great many years ago, or somewhere thereabouts, when the people of this country were at loggerheads with England, and warlike feeling was stirred up to the highest notch against the British, by some means or other, it so fell out that the Prince of Wales (afterwards William the Fourth, it is probable) being in the English fleet of New York, thought he would step ashore, take a tramp around, *incognito*, of course, and see what was going on. The Prince was a "high lark," fond of fun and fashions, and finally found himself in Boston, where he would have been a glorious "spec" for some one, had they known and nabbed his royal highness. The prince stepped into a barber's shop—the building yet extant upon Hanover street, although the dramatic personae have all made their exit—to get shaved, just like other metropolitans. The barber was out, but his buxom and prepossessing royal highness's beard in as ready a manner as could any barber or valet in town. The operation over, the jocular prince gave the woman a guinea, and she was about to hand over the change, he laughing said:

"Oh, keep it woman, keep it all, by the laws! it's worth twenty guineas to be shaved by a lass, and such a pretty one, too!" and throwing his arms about the neck of the barberess, his royal highness vouchsafed her a most natural and comely kiss. The woman of course blushed and resisted, and looked very awkward and wretched.

"Oh, never mind that, my pretty shaver," said the royal customer, "and when your husband returns tell him you've been kissed by the Prince of Wales."

But the embryo king, upon facing the door to make his exit, was met by the barber himself, who, hearing what the prince said, raised his piboeian foot, and gave his retreating highness a most formidable kick, exclaiming:

"Yes, sir, and now, when you get home again, please to say that you were decently kicked by a Boston barber."