

THE RALEIGH TIMES.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY CH. C. RABOTEAU,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.



TERMS: \$2 50 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE, OR
\$3 00 IF PAYMENT IS DELAYED SIX MONTHS.

VOL II.

RALEIGH, FRIDAY, JUNE 1, 1849.

NO 26.

TERMS.

THE RALEIGH TIMES will be sent to Subscribers at Two Dollars and a half per annum, if paid in advance. Three Dollars will be charged, if payment is delayed six months. These Terms will be invariably adhered to.

A DV RTISEMENTS.

For every Sixteen lines, or less, One Dollar for the first, and Twenty-five Cents for each subsequent insertion. Court Orders, &c. will be charged 25 per cent. higher; but a reasonable deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

The Muscadine Story:

THE UNWRITTEN CHAPTER IN THE BIOGRAPHY OF "CAPT. SUGGS."

WRITTEN FOR THE "SHEET OF THE TIMES" BY THE AUTHOR OF "SIMON SUGGS," "DADDY BIGG'S SECRET AT COCKRELL'S BEND," &C. &C.

It was in the account which we once gave the public, we believe, of the scrape which "Daddy Biggs" got into at Cockrell's Bend, that we alluded to a certain affair, known as the "Muscadine Story;" the which, in the opinion of our heroes, was not a matter to be related in print, while "wimoon" remained so "monstrous felix a thing." The story was therefore suppressed, and our readers left to worry their brains with impotent surmises, conjectures and speculations.

Time, the great modifier, often softens the harshest aspect, while he corrugates and disfigures the most beautiful. Alike are his operations in the physical and moral world. Mrs. Suggs acknowledges a change in her view of things, produced by the lapse of years. "The Captain's former vagaries—his little peccadilloes—his occasional galantries—she now considers as the venial errors of a somewhat extended juvenility. In fact, the good old lady feels some little pride now, at the recital of any incident tending to show the irresistibility of her liege lord, co-sidered with reference to the softer sex. "Bygones are bygones with her—it Captain Suggs was good looking and easy, it was not her fault." The reader will observe that she uses past tense—Suggs, *was*, as far as female conquest is concerned—she stands now simply a tottering, whitened, leaky-eyed, garrulous old man. Mrs. Suggs, therefore, is no longer annoyed by allusion to his prowess in other days, and the tale of the Muscadine may, with propriety, be made public.

It was a bland September morning, in a year that need not be specified, that the Captain, standing in view of the West door of the Court House at Dadeville, perceived the Sheriff emerging therefrom, a bundle of papers in hand, and looking as if he desired to execute some sort of a capias.

The captain instantly beheld him, that there was an indictment pending against himself for gaming, and began to collect his energies for an emergency. The Sheriff hailed him at the same moment, and requested him to "hold on."

"Stop, Ellis—right 'bar in your tracks, as the ballad said to the lute," Suggs responded; "them dockments look senerious!"

"No use," said the officer—"sooner or later you must be taken; dog-face Billy Towns is here, and he'll go your security."

"Keep off, I tell you, Ellis; I ain't safe to-day—the old woman's coffee was cold this mornin'—and it fretted me. If you've got any thing agin me, keep it 'ill court—I'll be there—wave all formalities, you know!"

"D—d—d if I wave anything," replied the Sheriff, advancing; "I'll put you whar I can find you when wanted."

Suggs drew an old revolving pistol, whereupon the Sheriff paused.

"The blood," shouted the Captain, "of the High Sheriff of Tallapoosa County be upon his own head. If he crowds on to me, I give fair warnin', I'll discharge this revolvin' pistol seven several and distinct times, as nigh into the curl of his forehead, as the nature of the case will admit."

"For a moment the Sheriff was intimidated; but recollected that Capt. Suggs had a religious dread of carrying loaded fire-arms about his person, although he often sported them unchanged for effect. He briefly returned his stride, and the Captain, turning the "revolver" at his head, at once fell into a "killing pace" towards the rack where stood the pony.

The Sheriff's horse by chance, was tied at the rack, by a way of a fellow catching Suggs' side, unthatched the pony, threw the bridle over its neck, and held it ready to be mounted; so that the Captain was in his saddle, and his nag at half speed, ere the Sheriff put his foot in the stirrup.

Here they got haltering down the street, like an armed troop. Now the blanket-coat of the invincible captain disappears round Luke Davenport's corner. The sheriff is hard after him—"Go it, Ellis!" "Go it, Suggs!" "Whoo! whoop! hurrah!" Again the skirts of the blanket-coat become visible, on the rise by McClendon's, whisking about the pony's rump. "Lay whip, Sheriff; your boy's lost!" The old lady gains on Button, however. But now they turn down the

long hill towards Johnson's Mill creek. Right sturdy the pony bears his master on, but the lay is overhauling him fast! They near the creek! He has him!—no!—the horse runs against the pony—falls himself—projects his rider into the thicket on the right—and knocks the pony and its rider into the stream!

It happened that, by the concussion or some other cause, the girth of Captain Suggs' saddle was broken; so that neither himself nor his saddle was perfectly on Button's back, when they reached the water. It was no time to stop for trifles, however; so leaving the saddle in the creek, the Captain strode the bare back of his panting animal and made the best of his way onward. He knew that the Sheriff would still follow, and he therefore turned from the road at right angles, skirted the creek swamp for a mile, and then took a direction by which he would reach the road again, four or five miles from the scene of his recent submersion.

The dripping captain and his reeking steed cut a dolorous figure, as they traversed the woods.—It was rather late in the season to make the hydrophatic treatment he had so lately undergone agreeable; and the departure of the Captain from Dadeville had been too unexpected and hurried to allow the slightest opportunity for filling his quart tucker. "Wonder," said he to himself, "if I won't take a fit afore I git any more—or else have a whole carryan of blue-nose monkeys and forty tail snakes after me—and so get a sight of the menagerie 'bout payin' the fust red cent! Git up, you d—d—d Injun!" With the last words, Simon vigorously drove his heels against Button's sides, and in a half hour had regained the road.

Scarcely had Captain Suggs trotted an hundred yards, when the sound of horse's feet behind him caused him to look back. It was the Sheriff.

"Hello! Sheriff! stop!" said Suggs.

The Sheriff drew up his horse.

"I've got a proposition to make to you; you can go home with me, and that I can give bond."

"Very well," said the Sheriff.

"But hands off until we git thar, and you ride fifty steps ahead of me, for fear of accidents—that's the proposition."

"Agreed!"

"Not so fast," said Suggs, "thar's a condition."

"What's that?"

"I have you got any liquor along?"

The Sheriff pulled out a black bottle by way of reply.

"Now," said Captain Suggs, "do you put the bottle on that stump thar, and ride out from the road fifty yards, and when I get it, take your persuasion in front."

These manoeuvres were performed with much accuracy, and the parties, being ready, and the Captain one drink ahead—

"For—ward, march!" said Suggs.

In this order, the Sheriff and the Captain wended their way, until they arrived at the crossing of Eagle Creek, a stream having a miry swamp on each side. As his pony was drinking, an idea popped into the Captain's head which was immediately acted upon. He suddenly turned his pony's head down stream, and in half a minute was out of sight.

"Come, Betton," said he, "let's hunt wild cats a spell!"

The Sheriff, almost as soon as he missed on horse, heard him splashing down the creek. He plunged into the swamp, with the intention of heading him, but the mud was so soft that after floundering about a little while, he gave it up, and returned to the road, cursing as much for the loss of his black bottle, as of the Captain.

"Hello, Ellis!" shouted Suggs.

"Hello, yourself!"

"Don't you try that swamp no more; it'll mire butterflies, in spots!"

"No Danger!" was the response.

"And don't you try to follow me, on that tall horse, down the run of this creek; if you do, you'll have both eyes hangin' on bamboo triers in goin' a hundred yards—besides moccasin time agin' over yet, and thar's lots of 'em about these old logs!"

"Take care of yourself, you d—d old thief!" said the irritated officer.

"Once agin, Ellis, old fellow!" said Suggs, coaxingly.

"What do you want?"

"Nothin'; only I'm much obliged to you, for this black bottle—'err'—look!—you can charge the price in the next bill of costs you git agin me!"

The discomfited Sheriff could stand this jeering from the Captain no longer, so he put spurs to his horse and left.

"Now, Lord, murmured Suggs, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for I'll let be d—d—d if thar's any chance to ketch up with me now!—Cuss the hole—and yonder's a blasted basin' log!"

Well, the wicked fee when no man persecute; wonder what he'd do if they had black rascal, Martin Ellis, a-hangin' on, that infernal long-legged boy?

Durn the luck! thar's that new saddle that I borrowed from the Mississippi fellow—which he'll come back for it—thar's that lost in the mill creek!

—just as good as ten-dollars out of my pocket—Well, it's no use 'equin' with providence—his will pervide!

"The Grand Jurors of the State of Alabama," he continued, soliloquizing in the verbiage of a sanctimonious, elected, sworn, and charged—

—all Jim Butler at the head!—to enquire for the body of Tallapoosa County—durn their hearts! it's a body they're after!—upon their oaths present—the N— they dot!—that Simon Suggs—hem! that's me, but they might've put the 'Captain' to it though!—late of said County—d—d if I wasn't one of the first settlers, which I was here afore they had the sign of a Court House!

"Well, it's no use thinkin' about the lyin' thing; I'll have to go to Hadeskeldt, at Court, to git me out'n the sack. Now, he's a quar one, ain't he? Never got him to do a law job for me yet but what I had to pay him; d—d—the feller. Any body would think 'twas as hard to git money from me as 'tis for a man to draw a headless tenpenny nail out'n a oak post with his teeth—but that little black-headed lawyer makes a ten or a twenty, come, every pop!"

"Wonder how far 'is down to the Bend! This creek makes into the river about a mile below it, they say. Never mind, thar's a few drinks of the ipsy-dixiey left, and the menagerie won't open to-day. I judge if my old woman knowed whar I was goin', and who I was goin' to see, she'd make the yeasth shake. But she don't know; it's a principle that Providence has put into the bosom of a man—leastways all sensible men—to run on talk a heap afore their wives, to make 'em believe they're turnin' wrong side out before 'em, and put never tell em the fust d—d word of truth. It's a wise thing in providence, too. Wonder if I'll ketch that rascal Jim Sparks jewlarkin' round Betsy, down at old Bob's!"

PLURIMA DESUNT.

On the morning after the occurrence of the adventures we have related, Captain Suggs sat in a long train built Indian canoe, which was moored to the North bank of the Tallapoosa river. Near him was Miss Betsy Cockerell. She sat facing the Captain, on a board laid across the gunwales of the boat. Miss Betsy was a bouncing girl, plump firm and saucy, with a mischievous rolling eye, and a sharp word forever at her tongue's end. She seemed to be coquetting with the paddle she had in her hand, and occasionally would strike it on the water, so as to besprinkle Captain Suggs, much to his annoyance.

"Oh, Captain you do persuade me to promise you so hard. And Jim Sparks says you are married; and if you ain't you ought to have been, twenty years ago; you're old enough," (splash!)

"D—n it, mind how you throw your water! Jim Sparks is a trifling dog—if I have got a wife Betsy, she is going fast."

"Goin' whar?" asked Betsy, striking the water again.

"Confound your paddle! can't you keep it still? Providence is goin' to take her home, Betsy—she's dwindled away to a shadder, with that cough and one thing and another. She ain't long for this world," he added mournfully; "and if you, Betsy, will only make up your mind—the devil take that paddle!—you'll turn over the boat and throw me in the river!—make up your mind to step into her shoes, it looks like it would sort of reconsole me to lose her—and here a tear leaked out of each corner of the Captain's eyes.

"Oh Captain," said Betsy, half shutting one eye, and looking quizzical; "thar's so many good lookin' young fellers about, I hate to give 'em up. I like you Captain, but thar's Bill Edwards, and Jet Wallis, and Jim Sparks, and—"

"Good lookin'!" and "Jet Wallis" and "Jim Sparks!" Why Jet's mouth is no better than a hole made in the fore part of his head with a claw-hammer—and as for Jim Sparks, he's got the face of a tarrier dog."

"Do you count yourself, good-lookin'?" asked Betsy, with great coyness.

"Gall!" replied Suggs, with dignity, "did you ever see me in my union? with my silver oppolots on my shoulders? and the sword that Governor Bagby give me, with the gold escharab-a-hangin'!"

Just at this moment a step was heard, and before the Captain and Betsy had recovered from the shock of the intrusion, Sheriff Ellis crept into the boat, and asserted that Suggs was his prisoner!

"Treed at last!" said the Captain; "but it's no use frettin'; the ways of Providence is mysterious. But whar did you cross, Ellis?"

"Oh, I knew you'd be about the old feller 'log-fishin' with Betsy. I'll turn the lunco loose, and Betsy will take us across. I crossed at Hambrick's ferry left my horse on 't'other side, and cum down on you, like a nink on a settin' hen. Come! come! it's time we were off to Dadeville!"

"Providence is a ginnin'," sighed the Captain; "I'm pulled up with a short jerk, in the middle of my kerrier. Well, but"—he continued, musing—"spose a feller tries it on his own hook—no harm in takin' all chances—I ain't in jail yet!"

A few yards below the boat landing, there grew out of the bank, an immense water-oak, projecting over the river, at an angle of about forty-five. A huge muscadine vine entwined the oak in every part, its branches and tendrils covering it like net-work. The grapes were now ripe, and hung over the river.

"In hierarchical profession," Purple and gushing.

Betsy allowed the canoe to drop down slowly, just outside of where the slip of the lower branches of the tree dangled with the rippling water. The fruit attracted the Sheriff's eye and appetite, and reaching out an arm he laid hold of a branch, and began to pluck and eat.

"D—n the grapes!" said Suggs, angrily; "let us go on!"

"Keep cool," said the Sheriff, "I'll fill my pockets first."

"Be in a hurry, they, and if you will gather the d—d things, reach up and pull down them big bunches, up thar"—pointing to some fine clusters higher than the Sheriff could reach, as he stood up in the boat—"pull the vines down to you!"

The Sheriff tried, but the vines resisted his utmost strength; so crying 'steady!' he pulled himself up clear of the boat, and began to try to establish a footing among the foliage.

At this moment Captain Suggs made no remark orally, but his eye said to Betsy, as plainly as eye could talk, "hit her a lick back, my gall!"

Silently the paddle went into the water, Betsy leaning back, with lips compressed, and in a second, the canoe shot ten feet out from the tree, and the Sheriff was left dangling among the vines!

"Stop your blasted jokes!" roared the officer.

"Keep cool, old Tap-my-shoulder! thar's just the smallest grain of a joke in this here, that ever you see. It's the coldest sort of earnest."

"What shall I do! How shall I get out of this!" asked Ellis, piteously.

"Let all go, drop in the water, and swim out," was the reply.

"I can't swim a lick—how deep is it?"

Suggs seemed to ruminate, and then replied—"From—say—fifteen—yes, at least, fifteen to about—twenty-five feet. Ugly place?"

"Great God," said poor Ellis, "you certainly won't leave me here to drown—my strength is falling already!"

"If I don't," said the Captain, most emphatically, "I wish I may be landed into a thousand foot h—ll," and saying a word to Betsy, they shot rapidly across the river.

Kissing his companion as he stepped out of the boat Suggs sought Button who was tied in a thicket, near by, and mounting pursued his homeward way.

"Never despair," he said to himself, as he jogged along—"never despair: Honesty, a bright watch out, a hand in your fingers and one in your lap, with a little grain of help from Providence, will always fitch a man through! Never despair! I've been hunted and tracked and dogged like a cussed wolf, but the Lord has provided, and my woe is only has tuck a tree! Git up Button, you blasted, flop eared Injun!"

O, SHE WOULDN'T MARRY A MECHANIC.

A young man commenced visiting a young woman, and appeared to be well pleased. One evening he called when it was quite late, which led the girl to enquire where he had been.

"I had to work to night."

"Do you work for a living?" enquired the astonished girl.

"Certainly," replied the young man—"I am a mechanic."

"My brother does not work, I dislike the name of a mechanic;" and she turned up her pretty little nose.

That was the last time the young mechanic visited the young woman. He is now a wealthy man, and has one of the best of women for his wife.

The young lady who disliked the name of a mechanic is now the wife of a miserable fool—a regular vagrant about grog shops—and she, poor, miserable girl, is obliged to take in washing in order to support herself and children.

You dislike the name of a mechanic—whose brothers do nothing but loaf and dress—beware how you treat young men who work for a living. Far better discard the well fed pauper, with all his rings, jewelry, brazenness, and pomposity, and take to your affections the callous handed, intelligent mechanic.

CUTTING IT SHORT.

A barber having the gift of gab, used to amuse his customers with long yarns, as he went through his functions on their heads and faces. One day an old codger came in took his seat, ordered a shave and hair cut. The barber went to work and began at the same time one of his long stories, to the no little dissatisfaction of the old gentleman, who becoming irritated at the barber, said:

"Cut it short."

"Yes, Sir," said the barber continuing the yarn until the old gent again ordered—"cut it short, I say, cut it short!"

"Yes, Sir," clipping away, and gabbling the faster.

"Cut it short, cut it short, I say!" says the old gent.

"Yes, Sir," says the barber, going on with the story.

"Will you cut it short, confound you?" bawled the old gent, in a rage.

"Can't Sir," says the barber, for if you look in the glass you'll see I've cut it all off."

And to his horror, upon looking in the glass the old gentleman found his hair all cut from his head.

DIAMOND AND PASTE.

"Really, my dear," said Mr. Jones to his better half, "you have sadly disappointed me. I once considered you a jewel of a woman, but you've turned out only a lot of mistaken paste."

"Then, my love," was the reply, "consule yourself with the fact, that it is very adhesive, and I'll stick to you as long as you live."

THE TWO SEXES.

The following true and elegant paragraphs are extracted from an article by Mrs. Sigourney, whose mind is the dwelling of light and beauty.

"Man might be initiated into the varieties of needle work; taught to have patience with the feebleness and waywardness of infancy, and to steal with noiseless step about the chamber of the sick; and woman might be instructed to contend for the palm of science; to pour forth eloquence in Senates or to 'wade thro' fields of slaughter to a throne.' Yet revolvings of the soul would attend this violence to nature; this abuse of physical and intellectual energy, while the beauty of social order would be defeated and the fountains of earth's felicity broken up.

"We arrive, therefore, at the conclusion. The sexes are intended for different spheres, and constructed in conformity with their respective destinations, by him who bids the oak brave the fury of the tempest and Alpine flower lean its cheek on the bosom of eternal snows. But disparity does not necessarily imply inferiority. The high places of the earth with their pomp and glory, are indeed accessible only to the march of ambition or the grasp of power; yet those who pass with faithful and unappalled zeal through their humble round of duty, are unnoticed by the 'Great Task Master's eye,' and their exertions, though accounted poverty, among men, prove durable riches in the kingdom of Heaven.

(From the Philadelphia Bulletin.)

REMARKABLE CASE OF FECUNDITY.

FOUR CHILDREN AT A BIRTH.—Mrs. Moore wife of David Moore residing at No. 139 Washington Market Place, Southwark, (Shippen street, between Crab and Fifth north side) yesterday gave birth to four children! The infants are all boys, and are as fine, pretty and healthy-looking babies as were almost ever seen. One was born about 10 o'clock, A. M., and another about noon, the third about 3 P. M. and the fourth about 7 in the evening. The third child was delivered dead; the others alive, and the latter are as lively and natural to-day as many infants a month old.

The children are all as near the same size as could well be imagined, weighing each about five pounds. Thus it will be perceived that they are as big as the average run of children at the ordinary single births. The three that are living exhibit every symptom of thriving and doing well. The condition of the mother is astonishingly favorable, and the physician and nurse anticipate no danger from the painful and protracted parturition she has passed through, under circumstances so extraordinary. Her accoucheur is Dr. A. H. Graham.

On enquiry, we find the case to be a remarkable one. The mother is a woman about 29 years of age, a native of Ireland. She has had two husbands. Her first husband, whose name was Bell was an Irishman; and a middle aged man. She was married to him about ten years ago. Her present husband, to whom she was married about nine months since, is a young man, only 21 years old. He is a carpenter by trade, but is now engaged in bottling, and keeps a little shop where he resides.

Mrs. Moore had six children by her former husband, at three births. At the first birth she was delivered of two—a boy and a girl. The boy is living, and is now eight years of age. At the second birth, she was delivered of a single child—a girl—which is living. At the third birth she had triplets—two boys and a girl. The girl still survives, and is five years of age. The surviving children are hearty, and some of them have survived several attacks of malignant disease.

The case is an interesting one to the physiologist and the scientific and medical men. It has created a great sensation among the residents of the immediate vicinity of its occurrence, and the house of the parents has all day, been run down with female visitors, while excited and curious crowds of men have blocked on the sidewalk, in front of the door. As the news spread, people from every part of Southwark and the southern section of the city generally, have flocked to the place to gratify their eager curiosity; and numbers who doubted the story have been there to satisfy themselves of its truth.

There was much danger of both the mother and children being killed with kindness. Neatly every one who came was contributing some mite for the comfort of the woman, or making some small present to the babies.

We can assure the readers of the Bulletin that the case is one which is peculiarly deserving of the interest and attention of the benevolent. The family is very poor and the mother, at her acquaintance, was without the actually necessary comforts of proper nourishment and medicine, and there was no money in the house to buy them. Several kind-hearted ladies in the neighbourhood, though poor themselves, have been prompt, generous and unremitting in their attentions to the sufferer. The woman is deserving of a life pension, and we hope she may get it. Her young husband seemed perfectly overwhelmed at the weight of his responsibilities so soon after his matrimonial conjunction. He appeared to be agitated by anxiety, and continually revolving upon his future life, so that if I am blessed with four children in nine months, what am I to expect in the next few years? The only consolation we can offer him, is old Weller's advice to his hapless son, Sam, let fish berate before are of the "children."

A ROYAL ROMANCE.

At the grand and brilliant ball given by Prince Schwartzberg, the Austrian Ambassador at Paris, in the year 1810, in celebration of the marriage of Napoleon with Maria Louisa, at which the Emperor and illustrious persons were present, it is well known that a most destructive fire broke out in one of the temporary buildings erected for the occasion by which the young and beautiful hostess and several other persons were burnt to death; and many seriously injured. One of the visitors at this ball was the then Dowager Duchess, of Savoy Carignan, mother of Charles Albert, ex-King of Sardinia. This lady, prevented by the great confusion from getting out in time, found herself in one of the saloons burning on all sides. When in this most perilous situation, and almost suffocated, she was accidentally discovered by her courier, who resolutely rushed through the flames into the room, took his mistress in his arms and jumped from a window on the first floor to the ground. By this heroic conduct he broke both his legs, but the Duchess was unharmed. Her life having been thus miraculously saved through the courage of her courier, she, of course, paid him all possible care and attention during his illness; and when he had recovered from his accident she married him. Hereafter followed from some Italian Prince the title of Count Montclair; and ever since they have been living together, but not very happily, in various parts of the Continent, and are now in Paris.

Richmond Republican of Wednesday.

CALVIN MORGAN, ALIAS JACK SHEPPARD, AGAIN ON THE RUN.

We have just been informed that this notorious personage, after his late escape from the Theatre here, made tracks to Petersburg, and from thence to North Carolina, where he joined a Circus company, as a driver, and returned to the "Cookade." From there, he paid a visit to his wife in Charles City county, remained a few days, and then, in Company with his "better half," set off for a neighboring wharf on the river, intending doubtless to emigrate to more genial climes. On nearing the place of final departure, Calvin discovered a large number of persons gathered about the steamboat, and having an aversion to "crowds," ordered the driver to take him to the next wharf, about a mile further down. But in the manner he was rather slow, for a free negro standing by recognised him, and gave the word, when several men, armed with fowling pieces, started to overtake and arrest him. Morgan's good lady had kept her eyes skinned, and on suspecting the intentions of the pursuers, gave her lord the wink, who at once jumped from the vehicle and calling on his legs to do duty made tracks for a neighboring swamp. Some of the pursuers, finding it impossible to overtake the scoundrel by flight, fired at him, and the probability is that he was severely if not mortally wounded, as his hat, which fell at the crack of the gun, was well punctured with shot; but he was not to be so easily stopped. The stinging he had received only added velocity to his speed, and after a few more bounds, having gained the swamp, his pursuers saw no more of him. Diligent search was then made to discover the hiding place of the desperado; but after spending seven hours in fruitless search, the pursuit was abandoned.

Richmond Republican of Wednesday.

GOLD DOLLAR.

We are indebted to our friend, S. Whitmore, Esq. for a specimen of the famous Gold Dollar. Thanking our friend sincerely for his present, we want say that the Gold Dollar is, considering its size, the biggest hunk of the size—it is a most highly concentrated hunk, containing a vast quantity of humping in an almost inconceivably small space. It is about the size of a half dime, and one would be apt to look off in the dark for a 5 cent sear.

Petersburg Intell.

POLITENESS.

Rev. Mr. — had travelled far to preach to a congregation at —. After the sermon, he waited very patiently, evidently expecting some one of his brethren to invite him to dinner. In this he was disappointed. One after another departed, until the house was almost as empty as the minister's stomach. Summoning resolution, however, he walked up to an elderly-looking gentleman, and gravely said:

"Will you go home to dinner with me, to-day, brother?"

"Where do you live?"

"About twenty miles from this city."

"No," said the man, coughing; "but you must go with me."

"Thank you—I will cheerfully."

After that time, the minister was monomaniacally fixed about his dinner.

Dr. Redford, the Physiologist, says that "conjugal love" is indicated by the "paw." There must be a great deal of it in some families, for we have heard of those who are always "pawing."

There is a man in Grant county, Ky., who is very miserly, that whenever he sends his negro servant down into the cellar for apples, he makes him stand at the end of the row, and then goes back to prevent him from eating any of the fruit. —