

# Republican and Patriot.

THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

GOLDSBORO, N. C., TUESDAY, JANUARY 27, 1852.

NO. 30.

VOL. I.

REPUBLICAN AND PATRIOT,  
PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING,  
GULICK & RICHARDSON,

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—Two Dollars per year in advance, if not paid strictly in advance, two dollars and fifty cents; and three dollars if payment be delayed longer than six months.

ADVERTISING—Advertisements will be inserted at the rate of one dollar per square of fifteen lines or less, for the first insertion, and twenty five cents for each succeeding insertion.

25¢ Advertisements of a longer length, with the number of insertions desired, otherwise they will be continued until ordered out and charged accordingly.

25¢ Court Orders and Judicial Advertisements will be charged thirty-three cents per line per cent, higher than the foregoing rates.

25¢ All Letters and Communications on business connected with this establishment, must be addressed to the Proprietors, post-paid, in order to secure attention.

A. MARTIN,  
Commission and Forwarding  
Merchant,  
General Agent.

WILMINGTON, N. C.  
November, 1851. 18 ft.

Sash, Blinds, and Doors,  
MANUFACTURED BY  
ALONZO J. WILLIS,  
AT  
NEW-BERNE, N. C.,

For less CASH than at any other place in the State, and on liberal terms. Agents at White Hall. All orders punctually attended to.  
Nov. 18, 1851. 6m.

L. DISOWAY,  
DRUGS, MEDICINES,  
PAINTS, OILS, DYESTUFFS,  
PERFUMERY, GLASS, PUTTY, &c., &c.,  
NEW-BERNE, N. C.

EXCHANGE RESTAURANT,  
BY  
THOMAS HOWLE,  
Market Street,  
a few doors below the Commercial Office, and opposite the Market House,  
WILMINGTON, N. C.

ALSO  
Good Board and comfortable lodging, at  
No. 20th, 1851. 20-ly.

LEWIS & W. B. WHITEFIELD,  
DEALERS IN  
GROCERIES, HARDWARE, STAPLE AND  
FANCY GOODS,  
PRODUCE BOUGHT AND SOLD.  
WHITE HALL, N. C. Apr. 3, 1y

JOSEPH ROUSE,  
DEALER IN  
GROCERIES, HARDWARE, STAPLE AND  
FANCY GOODS,  
PRODUCE BOUGHT AND SOLD.  
SNOW HILL, N. C. Apr. 3, 1y

CHADBOURN & HOOPER,  
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS,  
AND  
FORWARDING AGENTS,  
NORTH WATER STREET,  
WILMINGTON, N. C.  
Sept. 1, 1851. 17-ly

C. MYERS,  
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN  
HATS, CAPS, UMBRELLAS,  
And Walking Sticks of every Description,  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,  
North Side Market Street,  
WILMINGTON, N. C.

N. B. Country Merchants supplied at New York wholesale prices.  
Oct. 24, 1y

JOSEPH H. FLANNER,  
General Commission Merchant,  
WILMINGTON, N. C.  
Liberal cash advances made on consignments for sale or shipment.  
Apr. 29, 1y

WILKINSON & ESLEB,  
CASH DEALERS IN  
Confectionary, Fruits, Nuts, Toys, Fancy Articles,  
Perfumery, Soaps, Segars, &c.,  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,  
Market Street,  
WILMINGTON, N. C. Mar. 13, 1y

WASHINGTON & LAFAYETTE  
HOTEL,  
DAVID THALLY, Proprietor,  
OPPOSITE CAPE FEAR BANK,  
Front Street,  
WILMINGTON, N. C. Mar. 13, 1

J. M. ROBINSON,  
IMPORTER AND DEALER IN  
Hardware, Iron, Stoves, Nails, &c.,  
Front-st. 3 doors South of Market Street,  
WILMINGTON, N. C. Apr. 3, 1y

NOTICE.  
THE regular convocations of Eureka Chapter, No. 7, of R. A. Masons, will be held on the first Wednesday Evening in each month, at early candle-light, until further notice is given.  
R. A. M. 28th,  
E. H. STANLEY, Secy.  
Newberne, Sept. 11th, 1851. 18-6m.

Dissolution.  
THE co-partnership heretofore existing between Charles H. Harper and Oliver Murphrey, under the firm of Harper & Murphrey, is this day dissolved. Charles H. Harper will settle the business of the firm.  
CHARLES H. HARPER,  
OLIVER MURPHEY.  
Snowhill, Nov. 28th, 1851. 31 6w.

WANTED.  
A good workman to bark Buggies. A single man, and one who does not drink, will be preferred. For further information, address Post Master, Swift Creek, Craven county, N. C.  
Jan. 7th, 1852 34 ft.

ST. Ploughs, Corn Shellers, Straw Cutters, Iron, Steel, Plough Points, Spun Cotton and Molasses, sent received by  
WILKINSON & ANDREWS,  
Wilmington, Dec. 28th, 1851.

## NEW MILLINERY GOODS.

Full Importations.  
MRS. McDONALD will be glad to see her friends at her old stand, where she is now exhibiting for sale, a large assortment of Millinery Goods, of the latest styles and best materials, suited to Fall and Winter, which have been selected with great care.

Orders executed with neatness and dispatch. Dresses and Cardinals made. Bleaching and pressing done in the best style at short notice.  
New-Berne, Nov. 12th, '51. 27-4t.

## UNION ACADEMY.

THE first session of this School will commence on the 19th of January next, under the management of Mr. White, a graduate of Chapel Hill College, a worthy young gentleman, and an experienced Teacher. This Academy is located on New-river road, 2 miles below Smithfield, Johnston Co., near Union Meeting House, in as healthy a neighborhood as any part of the County. The rates of tuition will be moderate, and board can be obtained with any of the Trustees upon as reasonable terms as at any other school. We, the Trustees, call on all parents to make it a permanent and desirable Institution. For further particulars apply to the undersigned.

T. W. WHITEY, } Trustees.  
E. ATKINSON, }  
JAS. M. WHITEY, }  
Johnston county, Dec. 16, 1851. 32ft

## Wild Indian Game Stags.

WE have for sale a few of these noble Birds at ten dollars each. The grandmother of these chickens is the celebrated Wild Indian Game Hen, recently sold by Dr. Bennett of Massachusetts, to Mr. Griggs of Georgia, for \$20. For further particulars address post paid,  
J. R. DRAKE, or  
W. M. SMITH,  
Nashville, N. C., 25th Dec., 1851. 33 6w

## DAQUERRETYPE PORTRAITS.

THE undersigned would respectfully inform the citizens of New-Berne, and the public generally, that he has completed his  
New Gallery,  
where he is prepared to take pictures of a superior style, and at lower rates than has ever been taken in this place. He pledges himself to take true copies of the original, and warrants to give satisfaction or no charge.  
COPIES OF DAQUERRETYPES  
OR  
Miniature Paintings  
taken and enlarged. Having the largest sized Camera and the best stock of plates, he can please any who will favor him with a call. Pictures of Children taken from one year old and upwards.  
Gallery on the east side of Craven street, four doors south of the Bank of the State, and adjoining his Jewelry Store. Entrance, passage door.  
Ladies and Gentlemen please call and examine specimens.  
E. FERGUSON,  
New-Berne, April 14th, 1851. 1 ft

## GEORGE FISHER, CABINET MAKER AND UNDERTAKER.

MIDDLE STREET, A FEW DOORS SOUTH OF THE COURT-HOUSE.  
KILLS constantly on hand an assortment of Furniture, Mahogany, Cherry, Walnut, Poplar, White and Yellow Pine Lumber. Repairing of every kind executed at the shortest notice by  
M. E. FERGUSON, a well known and experienced workman.

## SASH AND BLINDS MADE TO ORDER.

Undertaking. Having a new and splendid Hearse, with an assortment of appropriate Trimmings, no pains will be spared in giving to the dead a decent interment. Terms moderate.  
New-Berne, July 24th, 1851. 9-ly.

## Inspector's Notice.

THE Subscriber at the last Term of the County Court, having been appointed an Inspector of NAVAL STORES,  
would respectfully inform the public that he will at all times be ready to serve them in that capacity. He would also suggest, that having been engaged for many years in making the article himself, and having it made by him sufficiently qualified for his office, and will be grateful to those who may employ him. He can always be found either at the Republican, now the New-Berne Job Printing Office, or at George W. Taylor's Store.  
NEW-BERNE, N. C. FRANKLIN,  
New-Berne, June 30th, 1851. 8 ft

## STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, NASH COUNTY.

Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions,  
Nov. Term, 1851.

Rody Griffin, widow of Benjamin Griffin, }  
Alfred Griffin and } Petition for Dower in her deceased husband's lands.  
Robert Griffin, }

IT appearing to the satisfaction of the Court that Alfred Griffin and Robert Griffin are not inhabitants of this State; It is therefore ordered that publication be made for six weeks in the Republican and Patriot, for the said Alfred Griffin and Robert Griffin, to appear at the next Term of this Court to be held for the County of Nash, at the Court-house in Nashville, on the 2d Monday of February next, and plead, answer or demur, or the petition will be taken pro confesso as therein and heard according to law. Witness: C. W. Ward, Clerk of our said Court at office in Nashville, the 2d Monday of November, A. D. 1851. G. W. WARD, C. C. C. January 9, 1852. 33 6w

## TO THE PUBLIC.

THE subscriber has leased for a term of years of R. W. Brown, Esq., his fire-proof store, with his hardware, and is now a condition to take special care of Spirits Turpentine and other Naval Stores committed to his care. The Warehouse is well known to be the best and safest place in town for the storage of Bacon, Lard, Corn, Pigs, &c.—The lower wharves have on them four large new sheds, where Spirits can be safely kept from the rain and sun. He is prepared to receive and ship, or sell, all kinds of produce sent to his care. He will also make advances when required.  
He begs to refer to the following gentlemen—R. W. Brown, John Dawson, O. G. Parley, and Thos. H. Wright, Esqrs. MILES COSTLIN,  
Brown's wharf, Wilmington, N. C.  
Wilmington, Sept. 15th, 1851. 9-y

## Saddle and Harness Manufactory.

THE Subscriber thankful for the liberal support heretofore received, begs leave to inform the citizens of Wayne and adjoining counties that he has just received and is now opening an extensive and well assorted stock of materials, consisting of Leather and Hardware, and is prepared to execute all orders in his line of business; he invites his friends and customers to call and examine his stock. He begs by strict attention to the business, to merit a greater share of public patronage.  
Saddles and Harness made to order at the shortest notice. Repairing neatly executed.  
Raw Hides taken in exchange for Saddle.  
JOHN TAYLOR,  
Wilmington, Dec. 1, 1851.

## THE HEART'S FINE GOLD.

BY WM. DOUGLASS.  
I saw a little girl,  
That shivered by my side,  
And the sparkling snow, with a whiff and whirl,  
Wove a frosty wreath in her languishing curl,  
As she pushed her hair aside.

I saw her fearful eye,  
Now did she speak in vain;  
And the throbbing heart, with a throe and a sigh,  
Were the sparkling tongues that assured me why  
She came in that chilly hour.

I asked what brought her there—  
In accents low and sad,  
She asked for some food, for a crust was the fare  
Of mother and babe 'mid the heart's despair—  
In rags they were thrice clad.

Her father with the dead  
Had gone to take his rest;  
Had struggled along with the toil and the dread  
Of life in which the laborers tread—  
And had always done his best.

Her simple tale I heard,  
Now did she speak in vain;  
Of the pale thin lips, all my pity stirred,  
As she spoke in tears again.

Her wants I well supplied  
With such as I could spare,  
And the poor girl wept in her soul's grateful tide,  
For her heart was full and she vainly tried  
To utter its prompting there.

My heart grew rich that day,  
My soul more noble grew—  
For her tears that fell were gems in the ray  
Of the great love sun that shall chase away  
The night and its gloom born dew.

I would that I could spend  
My life in joy like this,  
I would gather gems, and the gold with them blend  
Of a thousand hearts, till my life should end  
In a heaven of love's pure bliss.

## THE FATAL SLEIGH-RIDE—AND ITS RESULTS.

In the snug little town of C——, lived a farmer somewhat advanced in years, who had an only daughter, whom he thought a little the prettiest gal that lived in the county. Now Hulda could have a new "calico" when she wanted it; but there was something else "in her mind's eye," far more needful than dresses, and that was to be joined in the conjugal state. The father, "uncle Jim," as he was familiarly called, if anything he detested, it was getting married.

I have been once, he would say, when engaged in strong controversy with his daughter, and have seen the folly of it. No! I say again and once for all, that you shall not! And he would bring his hand heavily upon the table, which shook and almost collapsed. No wonder poor uncle Jim had seen the "folly of being married," as he expressed it, for he had a spouse that continually heckled and harassed him almost to death. Now Hulda loved a smart young man by the name of Jeremiah Sampson, and he loved her, inasmuch that he swore that he would marry her at any rate; but how to do it, that was the question, for all the chance he could get to court her, was on the Sabbath coming from church.

Hulda was sitting plying her needle, one cold winter night, with her father in the back kitchen, when suddenly the door opened, and a noise was thrust hastily in. She ran and picked it up, and after brushing the snow off, she sat down to peruse its contents.

"What do you think it is, father?" she said, after having fully digested it, and carefully placing it in her bosom. "Only that, James Brown and Madeline Draper, and a whole lot of the boys are going to have a sleigh-ride, and—want me to go to wear a new bonnet, that she fell for—I mean Thomas Smith bought her at the village last week, and if I—I go, I shall have to wear that old faded castimer's '50th, dear!" and here Hulda burst into a "paroxysm of tears."

"My daughter," cried uncle Jim as he beheld her sobbing, as if her heart would break, "you must not think of going, for you can't go, and there is an end of that. It's nothing more than a contrivance arranged to have you and that Jeremiah Sampson together. I understand it; you can't deceive me. Now go to bed, and be a good girl."

Now if uncle Jim should give his own private opinion in relation to Jeremiah Sampson, he would call him an honest, upright and good-hearted man. But the real antipathy was the union with his daughter, or, in other words, marrying; not that he did wish Hulda should not be married, but he was afraid of something that he did not himself know.

Hulda with big tears on her "damask cheek," reluctantly took the lamp, and wended her way to her chamber, there to dream of Jerry and the sad disappointment.

Morn, gay and beautiful, at length broke, and the day of the sleigh-ride had appeared. Hulda arose with a heart overcome with sorrow and grief, and prepared to repeat for the morning.

"My daughter," said uncle Jim, as he finished his breakfast and removed his chair towards the fire place, "I have come to the conclusion to let you go to the sleigh-ride this day on one condition."

"What is that father?" exclaimed Hulda, as if a ray of hope had made its appearance. "You may go, a thrill of joy gladdened her very soul, but if you do you must go with me!"

A shade of dissatisfaction slightly darkened her face, as she thought of Jerry. After remaining in a mood of contemplation for some minutes she joyfully said:

"Yes, father, I will go with you, but you must buy me a new dress!"

"Tut, tut, Hulda, don't be too hasty, for I may not get a conveyance; let me see, here is Squire Jenks' sorrel colt—wonder if he would let Jim?" and uncle Jim turned on his heel, and forthwith started for the Squire's.

Hardly had he disappeared, when the back door opened, and there entered nobody else but Jeremiah Sampson.

"Are you going, dear Hulda?" were the first words he said, as he entered the door.

"Yes, yes," she stammered, "but I have got to go with father!"

Jerry at this trembled, and almost sank to the floor, but for the aid of his better half.

"Go with your father?" he faintly uttered, as he recovered and sat down beside her.

"Stop, Jerry, don't be so frightened, for going with him will prove for the best, and furthermore, if our plan succeeds to night, then we shall be—but hark—there comes father; he is now in the front entry—hurry out, quick—to-night, at the tavern."

Spaak, spaak, went their lips, as the excitement waxed warm.

Hulda, in her flurry, tore her dress, but soon had her apron on to cover the guilty part, if it might be thus termed.

"Come, daughter, I have got the Squire's horse; get ready, for we must be on the start," said Uncle Jim, pulling off his boots.

"Yes, dear father," replied Hulda, with much kindness.

About three o'clock, uncle Jim and his fair daughter Hulda, were on their way, gliding on the white-crested ground for the tavern. After a few hours smooth riding, they arrived, and found the boys and girls assembled, and having, I calculate, "a darn nice time," said James Brown, as he ushered the charming Hulda, sans ceremonie into the best parlor, to the astonished gaze of the old man.

"Why, how do you do?" exclaimed a dozen voices at once, as she entered the room.

"Where's Jerry?" and her eyes wandered around the room, and in a corner sequestered, she beheld his lovely form, and rushed to his arms. What a hubbub, a grand meloe was then. It however gradually subsided, as they beheld uncle Jim. Hulda sid from Jerry's lap, as if nothing had happened, into a near chair, while her father looked at him with a severe frown and sat to play "Snap Dragon." In an instant the cry Snap Dragon was heard from every lip.

A large earthen platter was soon brought full of "old whiskey," and set down on the table; raisins being furnished, they all seated themselves around, and when they were going to have the sleigh-ride. The whiskey being fired, a score of hands were plunged into the burning element.

"Oh! my hands," cried one.

"I have got the most," said another.

"Boo-oo-oo," bellowed a third.

What a noise to the ear of uncle Jim. But with all his willfulness, he could hardly refrain from laughing, as he saw the grand rush. The play soon ended, and the din quieted, as they returned to their seats.

"The next play shall be marriage," said James Brown.

"Yes! marriage," they all cried.

This was truly cutting to uncle Jim, but he knew "twas all a play," and therefore was decidedly mum. In an instant a couple was summoned up, and a person who had been concealed behind a leg in the wall, and who had not been noticed by uncle Jim, was chosen parson. He seemed to be somewhat disguised, and was inclined to stooping, as if of old age was preying upon him. The ceremony proceeded, and after two couple had been joined in the bands of Hymen, Jerry and Hulda were called up.

"Does any one present forbid the bans?" if they do let them manifest it by rising," pronounced the parson.

Uncle Jim looked and turned in his chair, as if trying to rise, but could not get up for the same old thought, "only a play," entered his mind again; but if it were previously adhered to the bottom of his chair.

The union of wedlock preceded, Jeremiah Sampson with his dearly beloved Hulda, were pronounced man and wife, with—"What God hath put together, let no man take asunder."

At the recital of the sentence, uncle Jim succeeded in raising himself from the "sticky" seat, and in a menacing tone said—

"I forbid the union!"

"Little too late," interrupted Hulda, "for I 'posse Jerry and me are one now, father," continued she, approaching him; "furthermore, I will make you acquainted with our old minister—Parson B."

"The Rev. Mr. B. for it was no other, now pulled off his complete disguise, and shook hands heartily with uncle Jim, whose rage was now turned into laughter as he exclaimed—

"That it was the first time he ever was deceived in a Rev. gentleman, and more particularly in a marriage ceremony, and he would knock under, if they would tell him who planned the trick so handsomely."

Every eye was immediately turned on Hulda, who came forward, and appeared as the guilty one, amidst roars of laughter, and applause. It was shortly curtailed, by the announcement of the supper. The company, headed by uncle Jim, who declared that he had always advocated wrong, repaired to the kitchen, where baked beans and brown bread lay smoking in abundance before them on the table, and not forgetting a large pitcher of new made cider. They all gathered themselves around, and without any apologies, helped themselves. Uncle Jim now enjoyed himself "first rate," and Jerry affirmed, "that he knew his Sunday courting was not in vain."

The hour of ten struck, and each withdrew from the empty table. But the best of all is, that uncle Jim had fallen in love with a widow, alike in thought as himself, named "Sally Main," and proposed another wedding before they left. It was accepted, and Sally Main, and uncle Jim, they, too, were made one.

A gentleman by the name of Noon, by an act of legislation had his name changed to Day, and at the next session of the Legislature he again petitioned to have it changed to Knight, which occasioned a factions member of the House to get up and propose a "general bill" to enable that gentleman to take what name he pleased.

## A WITTY AUCTIONEER.

The following excellent story loses no interest because it is true.—A young wag who had made "going, going, gone," his profession—a great favorite among the knights of the buskin, and all good fellows besides, being chosen favorite among the ladies—was once mounted, hammer in hand, selling a piece of furniture. He was well conversant with all the best dramatic productions of the day, and among the rest the "Hunchback," then the rage of Boston, where the joke occurred. Fanny Kemble was at that time delighting the town with her Julia, and every body was well acquainted with the celebrated lines,

"Oh! Clifford, is it you?  
Clifford, why don't you speak to me?" etc.

Clifford, who ranked among the favorite points of the play, "Going, going—last call—fifty two—any more bids—thank you, sir—fifty-three dollars—last call, once, twice, any more? gone! Who is it?" There was a pause, and nobody answered. "Who is it?" he who bid fifty-three?" "Clifford," cried a voice near the door. "O Clifford, is it you?" exclaimed the auctioneer, dropping his hammer, and clasping his hands a la Fanny Kemble. The joke was irresistible; every body recognized it, and catching the spirit of the things; the whole audience followed in an ecstasy of laughter, with three rounds of applause, while the auctioneer drew out his handkerchief and wiped his nose in burlesque imitation of Miss Fanny.

"Clifford, did you say 'sir'?" Clifford, said the auctioneer, when the merriment had subsided, "is it cash, sir?" Clifford, the purchaser, it seems was a bashful person, unacquainted with theatrical things, and had become somewhat alarmed at the unaccountable good humor of the crowd, so that he was afraid to open his lips again lest he should excite another burst of fun.

"It is cash, sir?" again inquired the auctioneer. All eyes were turned upon Clifford, who looked very much as if he felt that his mother might be anxious about him, but still made no answer. The merry auctioneer would rather lose his customer than his joke, and exclaimed, still imitating the fiery eyed Fanny—

"Clifford, why don't you speak to me?" The assembly now fairly screamed with merriment, and amid an uproarious burst of laughter, Clifford made a precipitate bolt for the door and escaped.—Kingston (Canada) News.

## A NEGRO SERMON.

The discourse from which the annexed passage is taken, was actually preached in the town of Zanesville, Ohio, some year ago. The name of the revered divine, who was a colored gentleman, and we believe a sincere and lumbe Christian, we have forgotten, but the Judge Harper to whom he refers, we remember well. He was, we believe, at that time, President Judge of the 15th Judicial Circuit of the Court of Common Pleas—has since represented the District in Congress, and is, if we are not mistaken, the present Representative. The Judge was present at the delivery of the sermon, and was brought in by the preacher, by way of illustrating a certain position, then and there taken by him. But to the passage.

"My dear friends and brethren," said the preacher, "de soul ob de brack man is as dear in de Lord, as de soul ob de white man."

"Now you all see Judge Harper, asetin dah knowin' on his gold-headed cane, you all know de Judge, niggas, and a very fine man he is, too. Well, now Ise gwine to make a little comparishment. Supposin' de Judge some fine mornin' put his basket on his arm an' goes to market to buy a piece ob meat. He soon finds a nice fat piece ob muton, an' trots off wid it. Do you s'pose de Judge would ob a 'quire wedder dat muton was ob a white sheep or ob a brack shep? No, nuffin ob de kind—if de muton was nice an' fat, it would be all de same to de Judge—he would not stop to ax wedder de shep had white wool or brack wool."

"Well, jes so it is, my friends, wid our Heebely Marster. He does not stop to ax wedder a soddar is ob a white man or a brack man—weddah his head is kivered wid straight hair, or kivered wid wool—de only question He will ax, will be, 'Is dis a good soul?' an' if so, de Massa will say, 'Enter soul' ino de joy ob de Lord, an' set down on de same bench wid de white man—youse all, on a perfect 'quality'."—Deatur Gazette.

## THE GIRLS OF DAMASCOTTA.

The young ladies of Damascotta (Me.) have recently formed themselves into a society for mutual improvement and protection. They have determined to receive the attention of no "so-styled" young gentleman who has not learned some business, or engaged in some steady employment for a livelihood; and that they will promise marriage to no young man who is in the habit of tippling; and lastly, that they will marry no young man who is not a patron of his neighborhood paper. Sensible girls, and will make good wives.

An old fellow who had become weary of his life, thought that he might as well commit suicide, but he didn't wish to go off without forgiving all his enemies. So at the last moment he removed the noose from his neck saying to himself, "I never can nor will forgive Noah for letting the copperhead snake into the Ark. They have killed \$2,000 worth of my cattle; when he and I meet, there will be a general fuss."

A CLOSER RUN.—"See there!" exclaimed a returned Irish soldier to a gaping crowd, as he exhibited with some pride his tall hat with a bullet-hole in it. "Look at that hole, will you? You see that if it had been a low crowned hat I should have been killed outright!"

"I say boy, stop that ox." "I haven't got no stopper, sir." "Well, head him then." "He's already headed, sir." "Confound your impertinence—turn him." "He's right side out already, sir." "Speak to him, you rooster, you." "Good morning, Mr. Co."

## NEIGHBORS.

BY D. C. COLLSWORTHY.

How delightful it is to live among good neighbors! When your head is bowed in sickness, a hand is never raised to the aching brow; when your heart is depressed by sorrow, words of peace and consolation are whispered in your ear; when poverty assails you, bonanzas is the provision made for your necessities. Whatever may be your wants, your sorrows, your trials, your disappointments, good neighbors, kind friends, sympathizing hearts are around you, speaking comfortable words, or pouring into your lap some more substantial. We have often in our imagination pictured heaven as a neighborhood of loving and beloved souls—each striving to make the other happy.

But there are neighbors who study to vex and torment each other. Shame upon them! A dog, a cat, a fowl—anything is seized upon to quarrel about. A little dirt dropped on the ground—soap suds spilled on a particular spot—is sufficient to raise a breeze and produce volumes of hard words—scattered insults and back-bitings, and slanders without number. Such a neighborhood is a hell upon earth.

Thank Heaven! it has always been our good fortune to live among kind neighbors and sympathizing friends. And if there is anything we sincerely prize, and are extremely grateful for, it is this. Good neighbors! kind-hearted friends! we love you, sincerely and affectionately love you. Many a tear has been wiped away by your soft hands—many a pang has been relieved by your sympathies—many a wound has been healed by your attentions. How can we but love you? As long as we live, we will treasure you in our hearts. When the day of misfortune comes—if ever it comes to you—our hands and our heart shall be yours. The warm affections of our bosom will never slumber, when a friend is in adversity. No effort will be too strong to put forth in your behalf; no watchings will be too tedious and no sacrifice too great, if so be we can soothe your sorrows and remove a single thorn from your pillow.—Olive Branch.

## AT THE TUB.

You need not blush, dear madame, if we have caught you in the suds. It gives us more pleasure to see a woman wring dirt out of the pin-afore, than to hear her wring music out of a piano forte. We always heard of your industrious habits, and our present visit confirms the truth. In fact madam if we were on the look-out for a wife, we should not be tented to go farther, provided, &c. We have known ladies—as they call themselves—woman being too old-fashioned, unmeaning word—to be in a terrible state of feeling, when a stranger called and they were not dressed up to the nines, to see him. They would turn red or pale, and be at their wits ends, to know what to do; and sometimes they have been wicked enough to send word to the door that they were not in. You are not of this class, we are pleased to say, and if you continue industrious, eschewing pride and vanity, we can promise you a large amount of happiness in this world—to say nothing of the world to come. Cobbet, you know, first saw his wife at the wash-tub, and he was so much elated with her appearance, that he married her and she became one of the most devoted and best of wives.

We must speak against pride and that wrong feeling which prompts young women to give out the impression that they never wash, or mend the holes in the heels of their stockings. Not a fig would we give for such girls. What are they good for, but to keep in a class case to look at? A man who chooses such for a companion, will rue the day of his choice, and repent of his folly in dust and ashes.—Olive Branch.

## A SISTER'S VALUE.

Have you a sister? Then love and cherish her with all that pure and holy friendship, which renders a brother so worthy and noble. Learn to appreciate her sweet influence as portrayed in the following words:

"She who has never known a sister's kind ministrations, nor felt her heart warping beneath her endearing smile and love-beaming eye, has been unfortunate indeed. It is not to be wondered at, if the fountain of pure feeling flow in his bosom but sluggishly, or if the gentle emotions of his nature