

A SERIOUS ACCIDENT.

A jury of inquest was held on the body of Mr. Allen Melton, on Friday last, then lying about one and a half miles below the city, on the rail road. It is supposed that he had fallen off the road in endeavoring to cross a culvert, and dislocated his neck. He had been in town the previous afternoon, and left about sun-down. The road, at the place where he died, passed through a swamp, and it must have been quite dark, which prevented him from seeing his way so well; added to which, he had been partaking of his cups freely before he left home. How solemn is the thought, that a fellow being will stagger into eternity, far from home and friends, at such an hour, and in such a dreary place! Oh! deliver us from this kind of death!

The jury returned a verdict, that 'Allen Melton came to his death by accidentally falling, as we believe, off the Hamburg Rail Road, in said fall breaking his neck, into a deep culvert in said road, sometime during the night of the 25th inst.'

Melton was an industrious man, a peaceable citizen, and the worst enemy to himself: past the middle age of life; having reared up a family of children who have to deplore his loss at this late hour.—[Hamburg Journal.]

G. W. DIXON,

Leaves this country soon, for Europe.

'I'm going over to London,

To see Victoria's crown;

And 'walk the plank' sixty hours

For a bet of a thousand pounds.

So take your time, Miss Lucy.

As the closing of shop windows at sundown, and as the wrinkles of a pair of empty bellows, so is the countenance of the man of whom you seek to borrow money.

An elephant exhibiting in Cincinnati, while the performance was going on, reached his trunk into a lady's bosom and took an apple out, much to the affright of the young lady and the amusement of the crowd.

English Journals say that a female child having two heads, but in other respects perfect, is now exhibiting in Chapel street, London.

Scene in a debating society.—President.—We will take the eyes and nose on the previous question.

Member—A word or two, Mr. President.—Friends, Romans, Countrymen; lend me your ears'—

President—Order sir; we will take the eyes and nose first!—[Phil. Ledger.]

They who abandon a friend for one error, know but little of human nature, and prove that their hearts are as cold as their judgments are weak.

'They do say there's nothing new under the sun, but if there ain't a new pair of stockings,' said an old woman, as she took the last stitch, 'then I'm mistaken.'

CLOSE SHAVING.—A justice of the peace was called on for payment of a bill of seventy-five cents. Upon presenting the bill the squire asked the man if he would swear to the account. He replied, 'yes.' The squire swore him, and handed him fifty cents. 'Stop, squire, you are mistaken in the amount—'tis seventy-five cents.' 'I know,' replied the squire—'but I can't swear you for nothing.'

It is becoming quite fashionable in our city, to paint the window sashes black. It gives the glass a cool appearance, and seems to say 'keep shady' to every pair of prying optics.—It also makes the windows look like one large sheet of glass. What a pane-ful idea.

Philadelphia Times.

Show not yourself glad at another's misfortune.

'He's a first rate book keeper,' as the literary man said of his friend who never thought of returning borrowed books.

Our country is good enough for any body—let those who do not like it find another.

A foolish fellow went to the parson of a parish with a long face, and told him that he had seen a ghost as he was passing the grave yard, moving along against the side of the wall.—'In what shape did it appear?' 'In the shape of an ass.' 'Go home' and hold your tongue about it,' said the pastor, 'you have been frightened by your own shadow.'

'Stop me, somebody, or I shall do mischief,' as the cannon shot said when on its way.

'In haste, yours,' as another ball said when it took off a gentleman's head.

'We are bought with a price,' as the early straw-berries said.

'I'm getting up in the world,' as the shad said when drawn out of the water.

'Stop and take your rent,' as the rail said to the shirt sleeve.—Atlas.

The chief duties of man are to vote for General Jackson, join the Presbyterian church, and obey his wife and daughter.

There is a girl down east so sweet, that molasses candy tastes sour after kissing her.

PARENTAL SOFTNESS.—'Will little junny eddity have a rattle or a whistle for his little teeny, tonty self?'

'No, par; I wont have nary one.'

'What, then, will little junny eddity have?'

'Go along to your office, par, and tend to your business; and leave mar and me to tend to the playthings.'—[N. Y. Atlas.]

'L. L. D.'—It appears by the following dialogue, that the honorary degree lately conferred upon our Connecticut Governor, is attracting some notice among our colored population:

Coffee—'What for do they put 'L. L. D.' to the hind end ob our good Gubernor Clebeland's name?'

Sambo—'Wy, Coffee, you 'spose your ignorance by axin' such a foolish question; it's as plain as the face on a man's nose—it simply means 'Leg it! Leg it! Dorr!'

Coffee—'Scuse me, Sambo—I guess may be I wont ax sich a foolish question 'gin bery soon.'—Rep. Cor.

Children are inquisitive bodies; for instance: 'What does cleave mean, pa?'

'It means to unite together.'

'Does cousin John unite wood when he cleaves it?'

'Hem,—well it means to separate.'

'Does a man separate from his wife when he cleaves to her?'

'Hem! hem!—don't ask so many foolish questions, child.'

MOHAWK JUSTICE.—A young Hans was brought up before his honor the magistrate, on a charge of having stolen stockings, which cause the honorable gentleman disposed of in this wise:—

'Shon, shtant up.'

Whereupon the prisoner arose.

'Shon, dit you shteel tem stocking, or not?'

'No, mine soul, eh dit not.'

'Ten, Shon, you ish clear—you dit not shteel tem shstockins.'

Pleasure is no rule of good; when we follow pleasure merely, we are disgusted and change from one part to another, condemning that at one time which at another we earnestly approve; and never judging equally of happiness whilst we follow passion and mere humor.

FLATTERY.—Flatterers were well described by the old author, who says, 'they only lift a man up as it is said the eagle does the tortoise, to get something by the fall.'

The game of life is like that of whist, which requires both good cards and good playing to come off best.

A down easter has invented a patent coat, which he can alternately turn into a hat, vest, or pantaloons, as occasion requires.

Quizzing a man about getting married, the Picayune thinks a rib ald joke.

When you go by your neighbor's windows, be sure to look in. You may find out what they have for dinner.

We never noticed particularly how cats eat their food—whether they bit it, tore it to pieces or swallowed it whole. Last night, however, they satisfied us on this point, under the window of our sleeping apartment. They always *mew-till late*—there's no doubt about it. *Ibid.*

MELTING.

'Thou, O thou alone, or death,
Must be mine, Elizabeth;
Let me win you; once you're won,
We'll be one when all is done!

Half aloud and half aside,
Fair Miss Jenkins then replied,
'Tender youth, I'll not forsake you,
Come along, old horse, I'll take you!
(Picayune.)

CAUTION.—Subscribers will confer a favor by not lending their papers. Borrowers are always turning up their nose at something it contains.

A Bad Customer.—'Is there anything else I can show you, madam?' earnestly inquired an exhausted clerk in a dry goods store, in Broadway, the other day after he had emptied all his shelves and drawers, and strewed his goods, helter skelter, on the counter, without being able to suit the lady with a single article.

'No, I thank you, I think I shan't purchase any thing to day,' was the consoling reply.—'As it rains, Mister, I'd thank you to step down to the stand and call a cab. Well, now, I've just thought that I left my purse at home, be so kind as to pay the cabman. Oh, I'd thank you for the loan of your umbrella—as I shall want it when I get out. Good bye stranger.'

'Good bye, madam!'

CATS.—Talking of cats, a friend told us the following story, which he declared authentic: A neighbor of his was hewing a log one morning and a cat, which was capering and purring about him, coming in the way of his axe, was accidentally detailed. Not liking this 'curtailment' of her fair proportions, she quickly took leave of her careless friend, and he had nearly forgotten the occurrence, when, as he sat at breakfast one morning, something suddenly seized the lower part of his leg with its teeth, and bit it most savagely, until he screamed with pain. As he sprang from the table to take vengeance on the offender, the injured cat rushed out of the room, and was never heard of afterwards. Very sensible cat that—very. *Washington Banner.*

LATIN DEFINED.—The New Era relates a story of a farmer whose son had been a long time ostensibly, studying Latin, in a popular academy. The farmer, not being perfectly satisfied with the course and progress of the young hopeful, recalled him from school, and placing him by the side of a cart one day, thus addressed him: 'Now, Joseph, here is a fork, there is a heap of manure and a cart; what do you call them in Latin?' 'Forkibus, cartibus, et manuribus,' said Joseph. 'Well now, said the old man, 'if you don't take that forkibus pretty quickibus, I'll break your lazy backibus.' Joseph went to workibus forth withibus.

A man washing his feet in a brook, Streeter calls a *Washing-toe-nian*.

'Whiskey is on the rise,' as the fellow observed when he saw a toper heaving up his morning's dram.

'A change of pastors makes fat calves,' as the minister reasoned when he accepted a higher call.

Longfellow's splendid phrase 'Suffer and be strong,' has been transmogrified by some prosaic gentleman into 'Grin and bear it!'

Superstition declares that on the spot where the rainbow rises, a golden key is left.

MELANCHOLY.—When the last poor Indian shall be left to wander, unbefriended and alone, upon a wild rocky coast in search of a solitary being whom he might call brother—when he shall meditate over the new made grave of his late and only companion, and think how soon he himself must fall to perish in the dust like the last leaf of autumn, from a noble and flourishing tree—wont he feel kinder sorter bad about it?

POOR FELLOW.—An honest son of Erin, hunted by ill luck from his native Isle, fell sick among strangers. He had been 'given up' by his medical attendant, and completed the preliminaries of his introduction to the old harvest death. His exit, however, from this troublesome scene, was not to be so easy. His host, with whom he fell sick, not relishing the prospect of a funeral at his own expense, packed the poor invalid off to a neighboring wretchedery, from which he was again removed, still in the descending scale, till he found himself in that home of the homeless, the hospital.—Upon one occasion of the usual visit of the physician, to the everlasting query—'well, how do you feel?' he replied, 'oh, very bad sir, I thank you.' 'You seem in very low spirits,' observed Bolus. 'Yes,' answered the poor fellow, with a sigh right from the diaphragm, 'I think, sir, I'd git bitther, but for the thought of having no where to die!'

LOVE POETRY.

Some anonymous fair one has sent an eastern editor the following morcean the other day.

This lock of hare
I once did ware,
But now I trust it to your care,
And if we no more each other see,
Then look on this, and think on me.'

He was so deeply affected, that he could not rest until he published the following reply:

Who you are
That sent that hare,
I oughter had to, but I don't care,
I don't know you, tho' you know me,
But I'll try to think, if I don't blow me.'
(Cincinnati Mic.)

A RICH SCENE.—The following rich scene recently occurred in one of our courts of justice, between the judge and a Dutch witness all the way from Rotterdam.

Judge. 'What is your native language?'

Witness. 'I pe no native: I's a Doochman.'

Judge. 'What is your mother tongue?'

Witness. 'O, fader say she pe all tongue.'

Judge, in an irritable tone—'what language did you first learn? what language did you speak in the cradle?'

Witness. 'I did not speak no language in te cradle at all, I only cried in Dooch.' Then there was a general laugh in which the judge, jury and audience joined. The witness was interrogated no further about his native language.—(Vicksburg Sentinel.)

Little is the robin, Les is the ren
poor is the riter worse is the pen
the rozy red the violet blue
In time they die and so must you.

when this you see remember me
this lock of hare I youster ware
and now I present it to you.
your frend til death do us part.

dolly.

'I want you to do a large job for me,' said a forger to an engraver, 'but I first wish you to cut this die for me.' 'I would die first,' said the engraver.

A man by the name of Shaw, committed suicide in Mecklenburg county, by drowning himself. He first attempted to cut his throat, but the knife proving too severe, he adopted the cold water method.

THE ALTAR.



MARRIED.

In this County, on the 1st instant, by the Rev. Samuel Wait, John L. Prichard, of Danville, Va. to Miss Mary B. Hinton, daughter of James Hinton, dec'd.

In Washington, N. C. on the 26th ult. by the Rev. James Avent, Mr. Leonard H. Royster, formerly of this city, to Miss Julia H. Carmalt, daughter of Mr. John Carmalt.