

RALEIGH REGISTER.

AND NORTH-CAROLINA GAZETTE.

"OURS ARE THE PLANS OF FAIR DELIGHTFUL PEACE, UNWRAP'D BY PARTY RAGE, TO LIVE LIKE BROTHERS"

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

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THE PLAGUE STRICKEN.

From the N. E. Review.

[Bassora, on the Euphrates, was visited towards the latter part of the 18th century, with a terrible plague. Eighty thousand persons perished.]

Bassora was full of infection. The air was close and suffocating. There was a yellow tinge upon every thing—upon the trees and the houses and the faces of men, and women, and children—a dull and hideous coloring like the visible stamp of the Pestilence. The waters of the Euphrates were the same yellow and deadly looking hue, as they moved sluggishly, like a mass of creeping putrefaction before us. The sun was hot—in-sufferably hot—and as it rolled over the devoted city it seemed to linger beyond its wont, and took down upon us, like the great and glaring eye of a malignant demon, delighted with the vastness and horror of the suffering beneath him.

The streets were silent—very silent. There was rank grass at the very door of the dwellings—the bazaars were filled no more with happy countenances and beautiful merchandise. The noble and the slave were alike smitten with the terrible calamity; and pomp and glory were no longer marvelled at or esteemed.

I had been for a considerable length of time a resident at Bassora, when the plague came among us, like a sudden visitation of the vengeance of God. My partner in trade—a young gentleman of a most estimable character, and with whom I was connected by the strongest ties of friendship, immediately suggested the necessity of making our escape on board an English vessel to the Fort of Bushire, where the air is purer and cooler. We made our arrangements accordingly—and after the lapse of a few days during which period it went abroad with awful rapidity, we were ready to depart. It was a hot, heavy evening which had been chosen for the sailing of the vessel. A faint breeze indeed stirred the tree tops and rippled the sullen waters—but its breath was heated and noxious, as if exhaled from a half smothered volcano. In the open air on the roof of our lodgings, we waited for the signal for departure; the scene around us was indescribable and awful. The light of the dim moon fell upon the city and partially revealed its horrors. The sick and the dead lay side by side in the corners of the streets, and men smitten with the plague, were seen reeling and staggering among them, with a movement apparently involuntary and purposeless. The groans of the afflicted were long and loud—and they deepened on our ears or died into murmurs, with the variable night breeze. The hour had nearly arrived—the last hour I ever expected to spend in the accursed city of Death. Suddenly I saw my friend lift his hand to his forehead, his countenance writhed in the moonlight as if with a quick sense of pain, and he uttered a faint cry. The plague was upon him. He sat up and strove for a while to wrestle with the destroyer—but an iron hand was upon him, and he sunk under it like a child. Meantime the signal for our departure was heard. It was a terrible moment. We had hoped to escape from the great charnel-house around us, but my companion was already marked as a victim—and I would not leave him, although he entreated me to do so. "Fly, Henry," he said in a quivering voice, "fly while you may. You can do nothing for me—and although I shall die unattended and alone, yet I shall rejoice at the idea that you have escaped the contagion—that you will again visit the shores of our own dear England and tell my mournful story to the friends who will weep for me long after I shall have ceased to suffer." "Never!" I exclaimed passionately, "never! We will die together." And I sat down by his side, and supported his head on my bosom; and I saw my last hope, the vessel for Bushire spreading its canvass to the hot breeze and moving slowly away. One pang of unutterable anguish pierced through my heart—and the struggle of feeling was over—and I nerved myself for the awful duty before me.

The night wore heavily away. The sufferings of my friend were extreme—and towards morning he was in a state of delirium. At daylight an old Jewish physician of my acquaintance passed near us, and I called him to my friend. He looked at him for a moment, with the cold professional gaze of one inured to mortal suffering in all its varieties of horror. "He will die!" said he, and he pointed to the dark lurid spots which were breaking out upon him, "he will die—and there is no hope for him." And he did die!

It was evening once more; and I was sitting by the dead. There he lay before me, disfigured and ghastly and breathless who but a day before had been vigorous with life—and full of warm and kindly affection. I tried to think of the realities around me as the phantasy of a horrible dream—but it would not do—the truth came upon me like a shadow. And I sat still as a statue—with a dull dreadful sensation of weariness weighing upon me. Slowly the mad thought came over me, that I too was smitten with the pestilence; I tried to shake it off, and I rose up and walked around the apartment but my step was uncertain, and the strong tension of my nerves seemed lost. I looked out upon the evening. The moon was high in the heavens and a few thin clouds floating around her—but there was a yellow hue upon her face, and upon the clouds and the very sky itself. I passed my hand over my eyes and looked once more. No—there was no deception; and then I knew the hand of God was upon me; that the foul plague was upon me—and groaned audibly and long.

Oh that night of horror! The blood creeps coldly back upon my heart at its recollection. I was seized with terrible pains. My veins seemed glowing with the rapid passage of some heated and boiling liquid; and my pulse beat madly. I knew my situation; and as I looked upon the inanimate form of my companion, whose features were every hour growing more ghastly as the wan moonlight shone upon them, the horrible thought came to me that in a few hours I should be as cold and ghastly myself. And then I tried to pray—and I shrieked aloud for mercy; and the yell of mortal agony from a thousand sufferers like myself, alone answered me. Then I thought of home—of the beautiful land of my fathers—where the skies are blue and the streams are pure, and the very air blessed, I thought of my own dear friends—of the quiet dwelling where I had passed my childhood—and of my mother, who with tearful eyes had invoked blessings on her departed son. My Mother, my own dear mother—there was agony in the thought of her. Was I never again to see her? Never again to feel the kisses of her tenderness upon my fevered cheek? And I called her name aloud, like a forsaken child in the extremity of my despair.

And my betrothed, the beautiful girl, who had wept at my departure—I should never see her again, never; there was a ring on my finger at that moment and I looked at it by the dim light, for it was her gift. The hot tear burned on my eyelid but it did not fall. "Oh God!" I felt myself murmured, "can this be possible? I thought of the delightful hours of our unveiled affection—of its thrilling disclosure, and its impassioned vows. And I saw her as it were before me, young and lovely as when I left her—her golden coloured tresses were trembling over a neck of dazzling whiteness—her cheek was glowing with the warm tinge caught from her impassioned spirit, and her eye, her blue eye, was lighted up with the smile of affection. Then I thought of my own situation—smitten with the foul and incurable plague, loathsome as Death itself—and I shut my eyes and clenched my teeth in the agony of mind rather than of body, although my brain was consuming—and a dreadful process of torture going on in my bosom, as if the hot fangs of a demon were gripping on my heart.

The rest is a long and fearful dream. I only remember the overpowering sensation of thirst—of striving in vain to rise from my pallet in order to reach the cordials that stood near me—mocking me with their sight, while my throat was parching with thirst and blackening with the loathsome disease. There were strange dreams, too, which flitted over my delirious brain. I was at times drinking from a gurgling fountain—drinking long and earnestly—and yet the same intolerable sensation of thirst was upon me, and the liquid seemed to heat and evaporate as it passed along the burning channel of my throat. Then I was hurried forward as by an invisible hand over a parched waste, an arid desolation—where there was no greenness—no moisture—and the sun was burning into my very brain.—Then a hideous form would lean over me, with features,

More horrible than he'll ever traced,
On wandering Goul or demon of the waste.—

And he would sit heavily on my breast and grin over me in mockery—and then countenance would change and become as my own—only that the lividness of the plague spot was upon it.

I awoke at last, the old Jewish physician was at my side, and inostening my

parched lips with a refreshing cordial—The scorching intolerable heat had subsided, and the old man assured me that the danger was over—that I should recover. There was happiness in the words—unutterable happiness—and I wept for joy. A few days more of sickness, and I was enabled to leave the doomed city of pestilence. As we moved slowly down the river, the groans and wailing, of the miserable inhabitants of Bassora pursued us like the imagined cries of the lost multitude in the torments of eternity. By degrees my health was restored, and with a grateful heart, I embarked for my native England. Never can I forget my sensations on first touching her soil, after an absence of years. It was like a translation to a better world. And my friends—but let their happiness and mine be imagined—words are powerless, and inadequate to describe a meeting so full of unspeakable joy.

There is often a wonderful deal of ingenuity exercised in avoiding the payment of a small bill—and by persons who are abundantly able at any moment to put their hands into their pockets and meet the demand—by persons, who are prompt in discharging their large debts, & would sooner drown themselves than have a note protested. Yet these persons, much as they value their credit in large matters, are not ashamed to put off the payment of small bills, on the prompt discharge of which the comfort, perhaps the subsistence, of the poor creditor depends. They are not ashamed to be guilty of a shuffling and deceit which would disgrace the veriest mountebank in existence.—They do not say bluntly, "I can't pay it." The first word is discouraging, the latter offensive.—They go to work in a different mode; they meet the subject obliquely, instead of looking it in the face.

The following, if not the exact picture of any given case, bears so near a resemblance to many, that it may be taken as a general likeness of the species. We will here suppose ourselves to be the creditor, and the Printer's Devil the messenger of bad tidings to a shuffling debtor. Pr. Dev. Is Mr. Twistifactor at home? Twist. That's my name. Pr. Dev. Here's a little bill against you. Twist. A bill against me! what for? Pr. Dev. For newspapers, sir. Twist. Ah, so, so—Timothy Twistifactor, Esq. of the Constellation, Dr. \$3 00. Boy, I haven't got the money just at present; but I'll call and pay it on Saturday.

Saturday comes, but with it no Mr. Twistifactor. The boy is despatched once more with the bill. Pr. Dev. Here's your bill again Mr. Twistifactor. Twist. Again! what do you mean by again? Pr. Dev. Why the bill you promised to pay on Saturday. Twist. I promised! Let me see—"To the Constellation, \$3 00." No consolation in that, I think. Here, boy, I do recollect something about it now; but it escaped my recollection entirely on Saturday. However, I'll call and pay it day after to-morrow without fail.

Day after to-morrow comes without fail, but no Mr. Twistifactor. The boy is despatched a third time. Pr. Dev. Here's your bill, Mr. Twistifactor. Twist. Ah, true. Let me see, didn't I promise to pay it a day or two ago? Pr. Dev. Yes, sir, you promised twice to call and pay it. Twist. Well, I ought to have done it, I acknowledge. I haven't the change just now, but if you call here at 12 o'clock, you shall have it.

At twelve o'clock the imp of the office, having washed the ink from his fingers, once more takes the bill to Mr. Twistifactor's. Pr. Dev. I've brought your bill, sir. Twist. Is it two o'clock already? Pr. Dev. No, sir, but it is twelve. Twist. I told you to call at two didn't I? Pr. Dev. No, sir; at twelve. Twist. An't you mistaken, boy? I'm pretty sure it was two I mentioned. However, if I did say twelve, I have forgotten it. But if you will take the trouble to call at two precisely, I'll have the money ready for you.

At two precisely the imp is again despatched with the bill. Pr. Dev. Is Mr. Twistifactor at home? Clerk. No; He's just stepped out. Pr. Dev. Here's a bill for newspapers, which he told me to bring at two o'clock and he would pay it. Clerk. I don't know any thing about it, he left no orders with me. Pr. Dev. What time will he be in? Clerk. Probably at half-past three; you had better call then.

Accordingly at half-past three, the bill-imp proceeds to Mr. Twistifactor's. Pr. Dev. Has Mr. Twistifactor returned yet? Clerk. Yes, but he hasn't finished his dinner yet. Wait half an hour and he'll be done. The devil, determined to hook him

this time, waits patiently for half an hour and luckily gets sight of his sweet pliz. Pr. Dev. Here's your bill, Sir. Twist. Let's see, I told you to call at two o'clock, didn't I? Pr. Dev. Yes, Sir and I called. Twist. The devil you did! I saw nothing of you. Pr. Dev. Nor I, of you. Twist. How did that happen? Pr. Dev. You know best, Sir; I called according to your orders, and you happened to be out. Twist. Are you sure you called at two? Pr. Dev. I am very sure. Twist. Well, it's very strange where I could be at that time. However, I'll see if I've got money enough. [Takes out a roll of bank notes.] How much is the bill? Pr. Dev. [His eyes glistening at sight of money.] Three dollars, Sir. Twist. I haven't any thing less than a ten dollar bill. Pr. Dev. Shall I take it and get it changed? Twist. No; I won't put you to that trouble. Pr. Dev. It's no trouble at all; I can do it in half a minute. Twist. No; I'll get it changed, and send the money early to-morrow morning. The devil being fairly baited, returned; and it's presumed the ten dollar bill is yet unaltered, as neither the money nor Mr. Twistifactor has yet appeared.

NEW MARKET RACES.
THIRD DAY.
Jockey Club Purse, \$600—4 mile heats.
The high expectations of fine sport, formed upon a race in which the unexampled number of eleven horses, was entered for a Jockey Club Purse, were even more than realized. There were four heats, and each closely contested—Tuba Rose, Lady Gunner and Mary Randolph contended for each heat, until the latter was ruled out by not having taken one in three. After the first heat, the one half of Tuba Rose was sold for \$1500. The third heat was taken by Muckle John, beating Mohawk only eighteen inches.—The latter named, lucked him about half way down the quarter stretch, and but for pressing in too closely, in spite of his rider's efforts to bear him out, it was conjectured that the result might have been reversed. Mohawk and Mary being ruled out—the fourth heat was left to Tuba Rose, Lady Gunner, and Muckle John, and never was there a more interesting and doubtful one even to the last, but the Southern horse finally prevailed over her graceful and spirited little ladyship, by about two-thirds of a length. The following table exhibits the entire result:

| | | |
|---|------------------------------|---------|
| James S. Garrison's ch. h. Muckle John | by Muckle John, 6 years old, | 9 5 1 1 |
| Wm. M. Vest's b. m. Lady Gunner, | by Shawnee, four years old, | 2 1 3 2 |
| J. J. Harrison's c. m. Tuba Rose, by Arab, | years old, | 1 2 4 3 |
| William A. Yarn's g. m. Mary Randolph, | by Gohanna, 4 years old, | 3 3 5 0 |
| O. P. Hays's ch. h. Mohawk, by Shawnee, | 5 years old, | 6 4 2 0 |
| H. A. T. Lee's ch. m. Multa Flora, by Mason's Rattler, | 4 dr. | |
| Wm. R. Johnson's ro. h. Calculation, | by Calcutta, 4 years old, | 5 dis. |
| Hector Hays's c. m. Doty Dixon, by Sir Charles 6 years old, | dis. | |
| J. C. Gordon's b. h. Row Galley, by Arab, 4 years old, | 7 dr. | |
| C. S. Morris's b. h. Merab, by Arab, 5 years old, | 8 dis. | |
| J. M. Bot's br. h. Douglas, by Gohanna, 4 years old, | dis. | |
| Tim—1st heat, 8m. 6s.—2d heat, 8m. 8s.—3d heat, 1m. 14s.—4th heat, 8m. 48s. | | |

FOURTH DAY—TWO RACES.
1st—Sweepstakes—2 mile heats—\$100 entrance—three subscribers, (handicapped) viz: J. M. Bot's ch. h. Backslider, by Hotspur, 4 years old, 1 1
Wm. L. White's b. Mattaponi, by Tom Toug, 5 years old, 2 2
J. J. Harrison's c. h. David, by Contention, 3 years old, 3 dis.
Time—1st heat, 3m 59s—2d heat, 3m. 56s.—won easily by Backslider.
2nd—Race—New Market Plate, \$300—2 mile heats—four subscribers: J. M. Bot's b. h. Tobaccoist, by Gohanna, 4 years old, 1 1
J. S. Garrison's c. m. Eliza Drake, by Shawnee, 4 years old, 2 2
Wm. H. Hings's b. h. May Day, by Sir Archibald, 3 3
Wm. M. Vest's b. c. Jack Downing, by Mario, 3 years old, dis.
Time—1st heat, 4m. 11s.—2d heat, 3m. 53s.

The list was a most interesting race—about the commencement of the second quarter, Jack Downing after taking the lead, threw his rider; and thus the sanguine expectations of his owner, were, by an accident soon destroyed; and his colt, according to rule, distanced. The heat was then left to be contested for by Tobaccoist and Eliza Drake, each of whom, (as May Day did not seem disposed to press forward,) lay along side of each other, determined to take the issue upon a *dash*. Accordingly in the last half mile, they dashed off in good earnest, and Tobaccoist proved his superiority of "foot," and came out ahead under a hard pull.

In the next heat, May Day dashed off ahead, until he found Eliza Drake leading Tobaccoist, after which he dropped back; but in the last round, perceiving

that Tobaccoist was too much for the mare, he made a noble, but desperate effort to overtake the victor, (but too late) and all came in pretty well together. Tobaccoist took the heat by about a length, and Eliza came through only a neck before May Day.
Thus terminated a week of an interesting and well contested racing, as ever old New Market exhibited, in which no less than thirty-three horses contended for the attractive prizes. The field was well attended, and good order and good feeling observed. Our town has been much enlivened by the course of country friends; and our merchants and hotel keepers, (whether patrons or foes of the Turf,) not a little benefited thereby. Pet. Intel.

BALTIMORE RACES—CENTRAL COURSE.
FIRST DAY, Oct. 15.
For the Sweepstakes for colts and fillies, three years old; entrance \$500, half forfeit, 2 mile heats, eleven subscribers, five nags appeared—the result is as follows:
Chas. S. W. Dorsey's ch. f. Ann Page, 1 1
Col. Wynn's ch. c. Irons, 3 2
Col. Johnson's full sister Collier's, 2 3
Capt. P. Hamilton's gr. c. St. Leger, 5 dis
A. R. F. Stockton's gr. c. Pouchin, 3 dis
Time—1st heat 3 m 25s; 2d heat 3m. 53s.
SECOND DAY.
First Race—For the Maryland Jockey Club Plate, value \$500, two mile heats—result:
Col. Johnson's gr. m. Irons, 5 1 1
J. M. Selden's b. h. Duke of Orleans 1 2 2
R. F. Stockton's b. m. Miss Mattie 4 3 3
J. B. Craig's ch. h. Paul Clifford 2 dis.
F. R. S. Boyce's b. f. Apparition 6 dist.
Time—1st heat 3m. 55s; 2d heat 3m. 49s; 3d heat 3m. 57s.
Dr. Duval's h. Jack Downing, was entered for this race, but did not start.
Second Race—Sweepstakes for colts & fillies, three years old, \$300 entrance, \$100 forfeit.
J. S. Garrison's b. c. Hanslop 2 1 1
W. R. Johnson's gr. c. Jessup 1 2 2
W. Wynn's b. h. by Tomson 4 2 3
Edward Parker's b. f. by Medley 3 dist.
Time—1m. 53s; 1m. 52s; 1m. 57s.

THIRD DAY.
Proprietor's Purse, \$500, three mile heats.
J. S. Garrison's ch. c. Orange Boy 1 1
Col. W. Wynn's br. c. Anvil 3 2
J. C. Stevens's ch. c. Medoc 2 3
J. C. Craig's Uncle Sam 4 4
Maj. T. P. Andrew's ch. f. Emily 5 dr
Wm. Gibbon's h. h. Memnon dis
Col. Emory's ch. h. Pioneer dis
Time—1st heat 6m. 10s.—2d heat 6m. 11s.

The following most extraordinary account taken from the Kinderhook Sentinel, almost challenges belief—yet we suppose it must be true.
On Friday the 20th inst. as Miss Van Buren, a young lady of the Valatie was dressing her hair in the factory of Mr. Baldwin, she accidentally brought it in contact with one of the horizontal iron shafts which makes 53 revolutions the minute. This shaft is square, two and a half inches in diameter, and is placed about 17 inches from the upper floor. The young lady was standing nearly under it, facing from it and in tossing back her hair, which she had been combing over her face, probably without reflecting that the shaft above her was in motion, it caught fast, and she found herself instantly drawn up towards it with the velocity of lightning. With an extraordinary presence of mind, she grasped the shaft with her hands, at the same time making a violent effort to place her feet upon it, in order that by revolving with it she might escape a dislocation of the neck. She succeeded in clinging to the shaft during two or three revolutions, but its velocity was such that at length to break her hold, and she was projected eight or ten feet from it, leaving her entire scalp from the extremity of the eyelids to the third vertebra of the neck fast to the shaft, and revolving with it. She arose immediately from the floor, and proceeded to stop one of the looms which she tended, while the overseer stopped the wheel.

Dr. Miller and Philip were immediately called, and with the assistance of such as had not fled or fainted from fright, the scalp was replaced upon the head and adjusted, and the patient conveyed to her room. The scene was truly frightful.—She is at present in a comfortable condition, and the physicians state, that every symptom indicates a firm re-union of the parts and a speedy recovery of health.

General Jackson has been in office a little more than four years and a half in the whole. During that time he has had no less than three Secretaries of State viz. Martin Van Buren, Edward Livingston, and Louis McLane; four Secretaries of the Treasury, Samuel D. Ingham, Louis McLane, William J. Duane and Roger B. Taney; two Secretaries of War, John H. Eaton and Lewis Cass; and two Secretaries of the Navy, John Branch and Levi Woodbury. Few of the changes have been voluntary. The greater part of those who have gone out of office have not died a natural political death.

What four letters in the alphabet, when combined, excite the most pleasing and interesting associations in the mind of man? What four present to the mind's

eye the cheerful companion, the disinterested adviser, the nurse in sickness, the comforter in misfortune, the faithful and affectionate friend? What four conjure up the image of a lovely, tender, confiding being, who cheerfully contributes all to our happiness—who partakes the cup of woe and the cup of weal with us, rendering no complaint? What four presents to our minds the greatest earthly blessing—the choicest gift of heaven to man? What four when combined, throw a magic around the soul of man, which lifts him from earth to blissful regions, and presents him with a foretaste of more than earthly happiness? What four present to the mind's eye the being in whose company this life is worth enjoying? We answer they are w-i-f-e.

The New York Evening Star, of Thursday, says—
"We have reason to believe that a Committee of the Senate, probably a joint committee of both Houses, composed of the first men in the nation, will be authorized to inquire whether any conspiracy has existed to destroy the U. S. Bank, chartered by Congress, in which the people are heavy stock-holders—how far the rights of Congress have been violated by removing the Deposits without permission of that body—what operations in stock have been made with the view to the destruction of the Bank and the real condition of that institution, and its utility in its true fiscal relations with the country, &c., with power to send for pressions and papers."

At the hanging of Getter, on the 4th inst. near Easton, Pa. for the murder of his wife, the rope broke, and it was not until the elapse of twenty minutes that the Executioner was able to bring the culprit again to the beam. Besides that circumstance, so gratifying to the spectators, the Easton Whig, adds the following, which certainly is indicative of a most edifying spectacle.
"It is computed there were from 15,000 to 20,000 persons present; and our town seemed to have more of the drinking, carousing, laughter and merriment of a grand frolic, than the solemn spectacle of the execution of a fellow-being. Our Brigadier General having ordered all the volunteers of the county to parade, it is supposed that upwards of a thousand in uniform were present. There was a vast deal of interperence; several lying drunk in the roads leading from town towards evening, and even some lying in the street during the day. There was not much noise or disturbance except the shouts of drunken mirth. Every considerate man must have felt how little the crowd was impressed by the solemnity of the scene, and will concur in praying legislative enactment for executions in the jail yard, to prevent the recurrence of a similar one, should the due execution of the laws ever again call for the forfeiture of human life."

Rufing passion strong in death.—In Ireland, the ceremonial of wakes and funerals is most punctually attended to, and it requires some tact to carry it off. A great adept at the business, Mr. Bate being prime manager at the neighborhood for many years, Oct. 25, last called away from the human pass- ions friends to his own. Short of 50 died, he gave minute directions, as to family as to the mode of wailing, the proper style. "Recollect," said he, "put three candles at the head of the coffin, after you lay me out, and two at each end of each side. Mind no put a plate with the salt on it just in my breast. And do you hear, plenty of tobacco and pipes enow. And remember to make the punch as good as the beer. But what the devil is the matter with you; sure, I know, you'll sure to botch it, as I won't be there self."

A Large Family.—Four hundred and forty boys have been made up in Holt Hotel, for several nights past, and even one occupied. The number of persons that have slept in this building for a week past, family and domestics included, cannot be much less than five hundred persons.—N. Y. Daily Ady.

The Pinch.—We once knew a man who, on his return from a public meeting, burst open his door in a rage, upset his children, kicked the dog, hurled his hat behind the grate, and paced the apartment back and forth with the ferocity of a chafed tiger.—"What is the matter, my dear?" said his wondering wife. "Matter" roared the angry husband, "matter enough!—Neighbor B—has publicly called me a liar!" "Oh, never mind that, my dear," replied the good woman, "he can't prove it, you know, and no body will believe him." "Prove it, you fool!" roared the madman more furiously than before, "he did prove it! He brought witnesses and proved it on the spot! Else how should I be in such a passion?" The argument was a poser.

In past ages, she had a sufficient dowry, who was virtuous; but in these times, she only who has money is considered worthy of marriage, to matter what her disposition or character may be.

What four letters in the alphabet, when combined, excite the most pleasing and interesting associations in the mind of man? What four present to the mind's