

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, BY  
**J. H. CHRISTY & CO.,**  
Publishers of the Laws of the United States.

**TERMS.**  
This paper is published weekly, at Two Dollars and Fifty Cents per annum, in advance; or Three Dollars, if payment be delayed after the receipt of the 10th Number from the time of subscribing. These terms will, in all cases, be strictly adhered to.

No subscription discontinued (except at the option of the publishers) until all arrearages are paid.  
ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted for One Dollar per square, for the first, and Twenty-five Cents for each subsequent insertion. A liberal deduction will be made from the regular prices for advertisers by the year.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

[From the Lady's World of Fashion.]

#### The Minister's Dinner.

BY LYDIA JANE PIERSON.

The Rev. Mr. N.—was a man of excellent temper, generous feelings, and cultivated mind, but he was eccentric, even to oddity. He was a powerful preacher, and his ministrations were blessed to the reformation of many in his parish. At the age of thirty-four he became enamored of a beautiful light-haired girl of seventeen, daughter of one of his richest parishioners, and who imagined that to refuse the hand of the minister would be a sin bordering hard upon the unpardonable. Well, the marriage was consummated, the bride's portion paid; and the husband, as husbands in their first love are too apt to do, gave in to the humor of his wife, and accompanied her to several festive parties given by his wealthy neighbors, in honor of his marriage.

The happy couple were sitting together in their comfortable parlor, one evening toward spring, the reverend gentleman studying the *Venerable Bode*, and his wife equally intent upon a plate of the latest fashions, when she suddenly looked up with an expression between hope and fear and thus addressed her companion.

"My dear husband I have a request to make."

"Well, Nancy, any thing consistent."

"You do not imagine that I would make an inconsistent request, surely?"

"No—not a request that you considered inconsistent. But, come, what is it?"

"Why, my dear sir," and her voice trembled a little, "we have been to several parties among the neighboring gentry and now I think that to maintain our position in society we should make a party too." The minister looked blank.

"What sort of a party, Nancy?" he said at length.

"Why," she replied, "such a party as those we have attended. We must make an elegant dinner and have dancing after it."

"Dancing! in a minister's house!" ejaculated Mr. N.

"Why yes, certainly," replied his wife, coaxingly—"you will not dance, the party will be mine; and then we have been to similar parties all winter."

"True, true," he muttered with a perplexed air, and sat silent for some time as if considering. At length he spoke. "Yes, Nancy, you may make a party, give a dinner, and if the guests desire it you may dance."

"Thank you, love," she cried, putting her arms around his neck.

"But I have some stipulations to make about it," he said; "I must select and invite the guests, and you must allow me to place some of my favorite dishes upon the table."

"All as you please, love," she answered delightedly, "but when shall it be?"

"Next Wednesday, if you please."

"But our furniture and window draperies are very old fashioned. Is it not time we had new?"

"I should think it hardly necessary to re-furnish our rooms, Nancy. All our furniture is excellent of its kind."

"But our smooth carpets, white draperies and cane chairs have such a cold look; do consent to have the rooms new fitted; we can move the things to the unfurnished chambers."

"And of what use will they be in those rooms which we never occupy? Besides, it is near spring, and to fit up now for winter is superfluous."

"Well, I would not care," she persisted "only people will call us parsimonious and ungentle."

"Oh! if that is all!" he said gaily, "I will promise to spend a thousand dollars on the evening of the party, not in furniture, but in a manner which will be far more grateful to our guests, and profitable to ourselves, and which shall exonerate us from the imputation of parsimony; and you may expend in dress, catables and deserts just what sum you please; and do not forget the wines." And so the colloquy ended.

He resumed his studies and she gave her mind to the consideration of the dress which would be most becoming, and the viands that were most expensive. The next day she went busily about her preparations, wondering all the day how her husband would expend his thousand dollars, but as she had discovered something of the eccentricity of his character, she doubted not that he meant to give an agreeable surprise; and her curiosity grew so great that she could hardly sleep during the interval.

At length the momentous day arrived. The arrangements were all complete, and Mrs. N.—retired to perform the all-important business of arraying her fine person

in fine attire. She lingered long at the toilet, relying on the fashionable unpunctuality of fashionable people, and when the hour struck left her chamber arrayed like Judith of old gloriously, to allure the eyes of all who should look upon her, and full of sweet smiles and graces, notwithstanding the uncomfortable pinching of her shoes and corsets. Her husband met her in the hall.

"Our guests have all arrived," he said, and opened the door of the receiving room. Wonderful! wonderful! What a strange assembly! There were congregated the cripple, the maimed and the blind; the palsied, the extreme aged and a group of children from the almshouse, who regarded the fine lady, some with wide open mouth, others with both hands in their hair, while some peeped from behind furniture, to the covert of which they had retreated from her dazzling presence. She was petrified with astonishment; then a dash of displeasure crossed her face, till having run her eyes over the grotesque assembly, she met the comical grave expression of her husband's countenance, when she burst into a violent fit of laughter, during the paroxysms of which the bursting of her corset laces could be distinctly heard by the company.

"Nancy!" at length said her husband sternly. She suppressed her mirth, stammered an excuse and added,

"You will forgive me, and believe yourselves quite welcome."

"That is well done," whispered Mr. N.—"then my friends," he said, "as my wife is not acquainted with you, I will make a few presentations." Then leading her towards an emaciated creature, whose distorted limbs were unable to support his body, he said, "This gentleman, Nancy, is the Rev. Mr. Niles, who in his youth, travelled and endured much in the cause of our common Master. A violent rheumatism, induced by colds contracted among the new settlements in the west, where he was employed in preaching the gospel to the poor, has reduced him to his present position. This lady, his wife, has piously sustained him, and by her own labor procured a maintenance for herself and him—But she is old and feeble now, as you see."

Then turning to a group with silver locks and threadbare coats, he continued, "these are soldiers of the Revolution. They were all sons of rich men. They went out in their young strength to defend their oppressed country. They endured hardships, toils and sufferings such as we hardly deem it possible for men to endure and live; they returned home at the close of the war maimed in their limbs and with broken constitutions, to find their patrimonies destroyed by fire, or the chances of war, or their property otherwise filched and wasted from them. And these worthy men live in poverty and neglect in the land for the prosperity of which they sacrificed their all. These venerable ladies are wives of these patriots and widows of others who have gone to their reward. They could tell you tales that would thrill your heart, and make it better. This is the celebrated and learned Dr. B.—who saved hundreds of lives during the spotted epidemic. But his great success roused the animosity of his medical brethren, who succeeded in ruining his practice, and when blindness came upon him, he was forgotten by those whom he had delivered from death. This lovely creature is his only child, and she is motherless. She leads him daily by the hand and earns the food she sets before him. Yet her learning and accomplishments are wonderful, and she is the author of those exquisite poems which appear occasionally in the Magazine. These children were orphaned in infancy by the Asiatic cholera, and their sad hearts have seldom been cheered by a smile, or their palates regaled by delicious food. Now dry your eyes, love, and lead on to the dining room."

She obeyed, and notwithstanding her emotions, the thumping of coarse shoes, and rattling of sticks, crutches and wooden legs behind her, well nigh threw her into another indecorous laugh.

To divert her attention, she glanced over the table. There stood the dishes for which her husband stipulated, in the shape of two monstrous, homely looking meat-pies, and two enormous platters of baked meats and vegetables, looking like mighty mountains among the delicate viands that she had prepared for the refined company which she expected. She took her place, and prepared to do the table honors, but her husband, after a short thanks-giving to the bountiful God, addressed the company with, "Now my brethren, help yourselves and one another, to whatever you deem preferable. I will wait upon the children."

A hearty and jovial meal was made, the minister setting the example, and as the hearts of the old soldiers were warmed with wine, they became garrulous, and each recounted some wonderful or thrilling adventure of the revolutionary war; and the old ladies told their tales of privation and suffering, and interwove with them the histories of fathers, brothers, or lovers, who died for liberty.

Mrs. N. was sobbing convulsively when her husband came round, and touching her shoulder, whispered,

"My love, shall we have dancing?"

"That word, with its ludicrous associations, fairly threw her into hysterics, and she laughed and wept at once.

When she became quiescent, Mr. N.—thus addressed the company:

"I fear, my friends, that you will think my wife a frivolous, inconsistent creature, and I must therefore apologize for her—"

We were married only last fall, and have attended several gay parties, which our rich neighbors gave in honor of our nuptials, and my wife thought it would be genteel to give a dinner in return. I consented on conditions, one of which was that I should invite the guests. So, being a professed minister of Him who was meek and lowly in heart, I followed to the letter his command, "But when you make a feast call the poor, the lame, the blind," &c., you all recollect the passage. Mrs. N.—, not knowing who her guests were to be, is highly delighted with the ruse I have played, and I do not believe there has been so noble and honorable a company assembled this winter. My wife desired new furniture, and I pledged myself to expend one thousand dollars in a manner more pleasing to our guests, and which should obviate any such imputation."

Then addressing the children, he said,

"You will each be removed to-morrow to excellent places, and if you continue to be industrious and perfectly honest in word and deed you will become respectable members of society. To you, Dr. B.—, under God I owe my life. I did not know your locality, neither had I heard of your misfortunes until a few days since. I can never repay the debt I owe you, but if you and your daughters will accept the neat furnished house adjoining mine, I will see that you never want again. To you, patriotic fathers and these nursing mothers of our country, I present the one thousand dollars. It is just one hundred dollars to each soldier's widow. It is a mere trifle. No thanks, my friends. You, Mr. Niles, are my father in the Lord. Under your preaching I first became convinced of sin, and it was your voice that brought me the words of salvation. You will remain in my house. I have a room prepared for you, and a pious servant to attend you. It is time you were at peace, and your excellent lady relieved of her heavy burden."

The crippled preacher fell prostrate on the carpet, and poured out such thanksgiving and prayer as found the way to the heart of Mrs. N.—, who ultimately became a meek and pious woman, a fit help-mate for a devoted gospel minister.

#### Popularity.—A Dialogue.

SCENE.—A LAWYER'S OFFICE.

Enter Presbyterian.

Lawyer.—Good morning, Mr. P.—take a seat, sir. I attended your meeting yesterday. I was highly gratified with your preaching. I admire the warm and powerful style your clergyman are of late adopting. It is certainly calculated to awaken the thoughtless. If you settle Mr. S. in your society, you may consider me as a subscriber. It is time I am not attached to any order of Christians, but I believe the great bulwark of our national liberties must be the diffusion of knowledge; and I have always observed that your people are patronizing and sustaining our seminaries and institutions of learning. By the bye, this reminds me that our election is at hand—I hope, Mr. P., we have the pleasure of numbering you with our friends in the approaching contest.

Presbyterian.—I will think of it. (Exit.)

Enter Baptist.

Lawyer.—Good morning, Mr. B., I am glad you have called. Well I went down to the river, yesterday noon, to witness the immersion, and I must say it is a beautiful ordinance; and it seems to me that mode of administering is the simple and primitive. To see a little group stand upon the banks of a flowing stream, unite their voices in that beautiful hymn, "O happy are they, while the candidate goes down into the water, brings forcibly to one's mind the scenes of Jordan and Judea. Besides your clergyman, Elder M. is a very interesting man. Your Church government I have always admired—it is so republican. It was Elder L. of your order, I believe, who carried the great *Cheshire* cheese to Jefferson. He has been a faithful old patriot. All this puts me in mind that the Jeffersonian principles are again to be contested this fall, and I hope I shall find you Mr. B. as firm a patriot as Elder L. has been. (Exit.)

Enter Episcopalian.

Lawyer.—Your most obedient servant Mr. E., happy to see you, sir. Well, I was in New York last week, and I walked four miles in the morning to hear Bishop H. He is a truly polished and eloquent man; and there is something in your mode of worship so systematic and so much in accordance with decency and order, and so much the opposite to that wild ranting kind of worship, that I have fallen in love with it.—You see here I have purchased me a Common Prayer book. The organ and choir in Bishop H.'s church are superior to any I have ever heard. I called on the Bishop the next morning, and obtained an introduction to him. He does not, of course, take any open part in politics, yet he gave me to understand in the course of our conversation, that his feelings were on the right side. (Exit.)

Enter Methodist.

Lawyer.—How do you do, brother M., I call you brother, because my parents were Methodists. And when I was a child the preachers used to visit our house, and I used to call them all "brothers," from hearing my father and mother call them so. It is singular how strong impressions of children are. Though I do not profess religion, yet I always feel more at home in a Methodist meeting than in any other. And yet I do not know whether this arises so much from the force of my early impressions, as from that simplicity peculiar to your worship, and which is so congenial to my taste. I am riding through C. the other day, and as I came opposite a piece of wood, I heard the sound of singing. I immediately discovered there was a camp meeting in the vicinity, and notwithstanding my business was very urgent, I could not resist my inclination. So I tied my beast to the tree, and after walking a mile I came to the ground. The first object that met my eye was the presiding Elder G. appealing in a most evangelical manner to the people, who were seated beneath the shading branches of the surrounding forest. How forcibly it brought to my mind the Mount of Olives—I am considerably acquainted with Mr. G., and though he takes no part in the political contest of the day, yet in feelings he and I have always coincided. (Exit.)

Enter Universalist.

Lawyer.—How do you do, Squib? Well, I attended your meeting in the school-house the other evening, and was well satisfied with the sermon. Your preaching, whether right or wrong, are certainly men of talent. Mr. S. used most splendid imagery in his sermon, and his arguments, admitting the premises, were certainly irresistible. I should have been pleased to have invited him home with me, but my wife was rather out of

health that evening. I cannot see for my part, why people should be so prejudiced against your sect. They are certainly misapprehended. There is one thing people say about your doctrine, which is true; and that is, that "it is extremely captivating," and as for its influence, I can say that many of our best citizens are Universalists. Let me see, I believe, Squib, that you have always been a warm politician and on the right side.—Well the approaching contest requires our unanimous exertions. (Exit.)

Enter Quaker.

Lawyer.—Well, Thomas, how is the health? I am glad that there has been the trouble to call.

Quaker.—I do not trouble gentlemen of thy profession very often; but I have called this afternoon to pay some money to thee. As we Friends do not believe in training men in the art of killing men systematically, they oblige us to pay for the enjoyment of our principles; and I understand thee has—I forget what military people call it—the man who receives the constitution money.

Lawyer.—Yes, I wish I could get off as well as you do; whereas it costs me ten times the sum, besides eight or ten days drilling every year. But what renders the task more unpleasant is the reflection that always arises when I see the banner flying, and hear the drums beating around me that the object of all this preparation is to train us in the art of destroying each other. And then I always think of the peaceful settlement of Pennsylvania by Penn. My grandfather was a Quaker, and I have always admired their plainness of dress, simplicity of language and pacific sentiments. In short, Thomas, I have often thought that if we were all Quakers, society would resemble the state of our first parents in Eden.

Quaker.—We shall never be all Quakers, so long as so many of us are hypocrites, and so long as hypocrites have so much influence. If thy grandfather was a Quaker, I am sorry thee has so degenerated from thy ancestors. The scruples thee professes about military duty, condemn thee; for thee must be deluded by the devil to violate thy conscience at so great expense.—Thee speaks our language fluently, and admires our dress—thy ordinary dialect, and thy fashionable blue coat, figured vest, and gaudy watch embellishments, are incontestable proofs of thy unbelief. Thee colonizes Penn.—I have heard thee eulogize Napoleon as highly. I have observed the duplicity thee uses for popularity. Thee reads a sermon for the Presbyterians in the morning when they have no preaching.—Thee goes in the afternoon and leads singing for the Churchmen. In the evening thee goes to the Universalist meeting. Thee admires the immersion of the Baptist, the camp meeting of the Methodist, and the plain dress and language of the Friend. I will tell thee friend, thee strongly reminds me of my brown horse. I once employed an honest Irishman to labor for me. I sent Patrick out in the morning to catch my brown horse. Now the brown horse ran in the pasture, in the middle of which was a large square pond. Patrick was gone a long time, and at length returned with the beast, after having chased him several times round the pond.

"Well, Patrick," said I, "on which side of the pond did you find the horse?" "Truth," said Patrick, "and I found him on all sides."

#### Farewell to the Bottle.

Farewell—a long farewell,  
Thou with-creating spell,  
No more to thee  
My soul shall be,  
Drinking, singing,  
Glasses ringing,  
More on mine ear,  
Shall never hear.  
Myspores are past,  
And now, at last,  
Therewith calm,  
A halloing balm,  
For pains and aches,  
For fevers and shivers,  
For all that ails the brain  
Of all that ever fill the brain  
When whisky's fumes o'er reason mount,  
For now that evil working fountain  
Hath ceased to charm me with its liquid glow,  
And reason's o'er the bottle's whimsies mounting  
Leads the calm mind to more enlightening fount,  
That gives a clear view of every thing below.  
Yet, there were raptures, I can never forget,  
And many moments o'er the goblets brim'd and foaming,  
For friendship's ardor sparkles through them yet,  
And makes me scarce regret the draughts I tasted;  
While all the unclouded fondness of the soul  
Was breathing fragrance round the joyous bowl!  
And smiles I've loved, and hearts that I have tried,  
Have banished, and been glad by my side;  
And yet, amidst the bliss thee ever was ally,  
For wretch'd souls, whose base has follow'd'er joy;  
No more the clouds of shame shall gather now,  
In darkling shadows on the enfranchised brow;  
But clear and calm, the soul shall through the eyes,  
Speak her firm thro', nor know her being to depose  
No more the man shall sink beneath his spleen,  
And make each lowlier living thing his peer;  
But proudly keep the place he was assigned,  
CREATION'S LORD, AND BROTHER OF MANKIND!  
And will not Friendship shed a brighter flame,  
When Reason speaks the justice of his claim?  
Will not Affection have a steadier glow?  
Unhated by the first wine cup's flow?  
Yes—yes, I feel that Pleasure's parent glance,  
Comes with the peaceful sound of TEMPERANCE!

Good Counsel.—No young man can hope to rise in society, or acquire riches in his part in life, without a fair moral character. The basis of such character is virtuous, fixed principle, or a deep, fixed sense of moral obligation, sustained and invigorated by the fear and love of God. The youth who possesses such a character can be trusted. Integrity, truth, benevolence, justice, are not with him words without meaning; he knows and feels their sacred import, and aims in the tenor of his life, to exemplify the virtues they express. Such a man has a decision of character; he knows what is right, and is firm in doing it. Such a man has independence of character; he thinks and acts for himself, and is not to be made a tool of to serve purposes of party. Such a man has true worth of character; and his life is a blessing to himself, to his family, to society, and to the world.

Aim then my friends, to attain this character, aim at virtue and moral excellence. This is the first, the indispensable qualification of a good citizen. It imparts life and character to all institutions and interests in society. It is, indeed, the dew and rain that nourisheth the vine and the fig tree by which we are shaded and refreshed.—Hails.

ACCIDENT.—A negro fellow, the property of Mrs. FARNHAM of Union, was in this place last week driving the wagon for a family moving away. A poisonous preparation used for the destruction of *Bod-bug*, was mistaken by the fellow for spirits. He took a dram, as he supposed, but the effects of the poison soon showed itself, and in spite of all that medical skill could do he died the next morning. The boy was no member of the temperance society, as we are informed, and exercised his liberty without restraint in taking a quick instead of the slow poison he intended.—*Spartanburg Journal*.

COOL—VERY.—The Pottsville Journal says: "A man discontinued our paper last week, and at the same time informed us that he had made arrangements to borrow it."

#### Washington.

His person and personal appearance. Anecdotes of his great physical prowess.

In person, Washington was unique. He looked like no one else. To a stature lofty and commanding, he united a form of the manliest proportion, limbs cast in Nature's finest mould, and a carriage the most dignified, graceful and imposing. No one ever approached the *Pater Patrie* that did not feel his presence.

So long ago as the vice regal court at Williamsburg, in the days of Lord Botetourt, Col. Washington was remarkable for his splendid person, the air with which he wore a small sword, and his peculiar walk that had the light elastic tread acquired by his long service on the frontier, and was a matter of much observation, especially to foreigners.

While Col. Washington was on a visit to New York in 1773, it was boasted at the table of the Lt. Governor, that a regiment just landed from England contained among its officers some of the finest specimens of military elegance in his Majesty's service—in fact the most superb looking fellows ever landed upon the shores of the new world. I wager your Excellency a pair of gloves said a Mrs. Morris to an American lady that I will show you a finer man in the procession to-morrow than your Excellency can select from your famous regiment. Done madam, replied the Governor. The morrow came, (the 4th of June,) and the procession in honor of the birth-day of the King advanced through Broadway to the strains of military music. As the troops defiled before the Governor, he pointed out to the lady several officers by name, claiming her admiration for their superior persons and brilliant equipments. In rear of the troops came a band of officers not on duty, of colonial officers, and strangers of distinction. Immediately on their approach the attention of the Governor was seen to be directed toward a tall and martial figure that marched with a grave and measured tread, apparently indifferent to the scene around him. The lady now archly observed: I perceive that your Excellency's eyes are turned to the right object what say you to your wager now, sir? Lost madam, replied the gallant Governor; When I laid my wager, I was not aware that Col. Washington was in New York.

To a question that we have been asked a thousand and one times, viz: to what individual, known to any who are yet living, did the person of Washington bear the nearest resemblance? I answer to Ralph Izard; Senator from South Carolina, in the first Congress under the Constitution. The form of Izard was cast in Nature's manliest mould, while his air and manner were both dignified and imposing. He acquired great distinction, while pursuing his studies in England, for his remarkable prowess in the athletic exercises of that distant period.

An officer of the Life Guard has been often heard to observe, that the Commander-in-chief was thought to be the strongest man in the army, and yet what thews and sinews were to be found in the army of the Revolution. In 1781, a company of riflemen from the county of Augusta, in Virginia, reinforced the troops of Lafayette. As the stalwart band of mountaineers, defiled before the General, the astonished and admiring Frenchman exclaimed: *Mon Dieu!* what a people are these Americans; they have reinforced me with a band of giants!

Washington's great physical powers were in his limbs: they were long, large and sinewy. His frame was of equal breadth from the shoulders to the hips. His chest, though broad and expansive, was not prominent, but rather hollowed in the centre.—He suffered from a pulmonary affection in early life, from which he had never entirely recovered. His frame showed an extraordinary development of bone and muscle; his joints were large, as were his feet; and could a cast have been preserved of his hand, to be exhibited in these degenerate days, it would be said to have belonged to the being of a fabulous age.—During the last visit of Lafayette to Mount Vernon, among many and interesting relations of events that occurred in olden days, he said to the writer: "It was in this portico that you were introduced to me in 1784; you were then holding by a single finger of the good-Generals remarkable hand, which was all that you could do, my dear sir; at that time."

In the various exhibitions of Washington's great physical prowess, they were apparently attended by scarcely an effort. When he overthrew the strong man of Virginia in wrestling, while many of the finest of the young athletes of the times were engaged in the shade of a tree, intent upon the pursuit of a favorite volume; and it is only when the champion of the games strode through the ring, calling for nobler competitors, and taunting the student with the reproach that it was the fear of encountering so redoubtable an antagonist that kept him from the ring, that Washington closed his book, and without divesting himself of his coat, calmly walked in the arena, observing that fear formed no part of his being; then grappling with the champion, the struggle was fierce but momentary, for, said the vanquished hero of the arena, in Washington's lion-like grasp I became powerless, and was hurled to the ground with a force that seemed to jar the very marrow in my bones; while the victor regardless of the shouts that proclaimed his triumph, leisurely retired to his shade, and the enjoyment of his favorite volume.

#### The power of Washington's arm was displayed in several memorable instances.

In his throwing a stone across the Rappahannock river, below Fredericksburg, another from the bed of the stream to the top of the Natural Bridge, and yet another over the Palisades into the Hudson. While the late and venerable C. H. Peale was at Mount Vernon in 1672, engaged in painting the portrait of the provincial Colonel, some young men were contending in the exercise of pitching the bar. Washington looked on for a time, then grasping the missile in his master hand, whirled the iron through the air, which took the ground far, very far, beyond any of its former limits—the Colonel observing, with a smile, "You perceive young gentlemen, that my arm yet retains some portion of the vigor of my earlier days."

He was then in his fortieth year, and probably in the full meridian of his physical powers, became rather mellowed than decayed by time, for "his age was like a lusty winter, frosty yet kindly," and, up to his sixty-eighth year, he mounted a horse with surprising agility and rode with the ease and gracefulness of his better days.—His personal prowess that elicited the admiration of a people who have nearly all passed from the stage of life, still serves as a model for the manhood of modern times.

With all its development of muscular power, the form of Washington had no appearance of bulkiness, and so harmonious were its proportions that he did not appear so passing tall as his portraits have represented. He was rather spare than full during his whole life, this is readily ascertained from his weight. The last time he weighed was in the summer of 1779, when having made the tour of his farms, accompanied by an English gentleman, he called at his mill and weighed. The writer placed the weight in the scales. The Englishman not so tall, but stout, square built, and fleshy weighed heavily, and expressed much surprise that the General had not outweighed him, when Washington observed that the best weight of his best day's work exceeded from 210 to 220. In the instance alluded to, he weighed a little less than 210.

Of the portraits of Washington, the most of them give to him a fullness that he did not possess, together with an abnormal enlargement greater than in the life, while his matchless limbs which have in but two instances been faithfully portrayed. In the equestrian portrait by Trumbull of 1790 a copy of which is in the City Hall of New York, and in an engraving by Lozier, from a painting by Gagniet, French artists of distinguished merit. The latter is not an original painting, the head being from Stuart but the delineation of the limbs is the most perfect extant.

Of the remarkable degree of awe and reverence that the presence of Washington always inspired, we shall give one out of one thousand instances. During the encampment of the American army at the Valley Forge, some officers of the 4th Pennsylvania regiment were engaged in a game of *lives*. In the midst of their sport they discovered the Commander-in-Chief leaning upon the enclosure and beholding the game with evident satisfaction. In a moment all things were changed. The ball was suffered to roll idly away, the gay laughter and joyous shout of excitement were hushed into a profound silence and the officers were gravely grouped together. It was in vain the Chief begged of the players that they would proceed with their game, declared the pleasure he had experienced from witnessing their skill, spoke of a proficiency in the manly exercise that he himself could have boasted of in other days. All would not do.—Not a man could be induced to move, till the General, finding that his presence hindered the officers from continuing the amusement, bowed, and wishing them good sport, retired.

FATAL AFFRAY.—The wonted quiet of our city was disturbed on Monday night, by an affray, the result of which was as melancholy as its consequences were fatal. The substance of the facts, as developed on the investigation by a jury of inquest, are—that a quarrel had taken place some short time previous between Mr. Thomas Hutchinson, and a Mr. McMillan, an engineer on the Georgia Rail Road, which created so much ill-feeling, that imprudent remarks and threats were made, the result of which was that both went armed for a meeting, which took place in Broad street about 11 o'clock on Monday night, when McMillan accosted and assaulted Hutchinson, a short fight ensued, in which Hutchinson stabbed McM., of which he died in a few minutes. We forbear further comment, as we understand that Hutchinson will deliver himself up, and the matter will undergo a judicial investigation. The following verdict was returned by the jury of inquest:

"That the deceased came to his death by a wound inflicted in the left side with a knife, in an affray with Thomas Hutchinson."—*Augusta Chronicle*.

STEREOTYPE IT! That in the ten years previous to General Jackson's war our currency system the number of banks created was 22, with a capital of \$8,000,000; that in the next two years the number of banks created was 208, with a capital of \$398,000,000; that the former banks were generally sound, and the latter have generally proved unsound; and that the Locofocos are now breaking down the very currency they gave us, bad as it is, and are fast reducing us to the condition of no currency at all.—*True Wing*.