

Southwestern Weekly Post.

WILLIAM D. COOKE,
PROPRIETOR.

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VOL. IV. NO. 1.

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1854.

WHOLE NO. 160

State Agricultural Society.

PROCEEDINGS
Of the North Carolina State Agricultural Society,
held in Raleigh, October 16th, 1854.

The North Carolina State Agricultural Society met in the Commons Hall in the Capital, on Monday evening the 16th of October, 1854, pursuant to adjournment, the President, R. H. Smith, presiding.

Dr. E. A. Cooke, moved that the President appoint a committee of five for the purpose of preparing the constitution and by-laws of the Society, which he adopted. The President appointed the following: Dr. E. A. Cooke, Dr. R. H. Smith, Dr. J. H. Houghton, Dr. W. W. Whitaker, and Dr. R. H. Smith.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

For the Southern Weekly Post.
MARY ENSLUR; A TRUE SKETCH.
BY J. H. H. H.

A tale more strange, more real, and more true, than any that could be told by a poet's art.

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was smiling a sweet adieu. Her piteous voice and broken ejaculations soon drew a crowd of listeners around her, to whom she related the painful story, that she had been beaten and left in a state of helplessness by her husband. The description of her husband's person left no doubt upon the minds of any that he was the same with whom Mary had eloped. The good people of L., notwithstanding their propensity for gossip, were easily moved by scenes of distress and misery. They did every thing in their power to comfort the poor woman. At last, however, she could induce her to remain longer than one night. Early next morning she started on her way, indulging in the delusive hope that she would yet overtake and reclaim her dissolute husband. Three days afterwards she was found dead by the wayside. The citizens of L., much to their honor, had her decently interred, and a marble slab placed over her grave with the inscription,
SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF THE UNKNOWN WIFE.

And Mary, the lovely Mary, what became of her? L. no years had been added to the etymology of the past, and yet no tidings had been received of the unfortunate girl. At last, when all hope was lost, and that lone parent now withered with age and trouble, considered his child as being of another sphere, a letter was found in his house, signed with the name of his lost Mary. As he read it, a sad smile illumined his features, which gave place to one of ineffable joy and murmuring, "Thank God!" "Thank God!" he fell upon the floor.

This letter from Mary announced that her husband was dead, and that as quickly as she could arrange her affairs in Cuba, she would come once more to the bosom of her devoted parent. She had been treated as a slave; her greatest wish now was to be treated as a daughter.

Then wish is gratified. In the same home, where twenty years ago Mary indulged her restless disposition, she now finds greater pleasure in ministering to the wants of an old and decrepit parent, sustaining him by her kindness and directing his thoughts to that land where sorrow and separation are unknown.

CHAFER HILL.

HUGH, THE HUNCHBACK.
BY MARY IRVING.

"Shame! for shame!"
"To treat a deformed child so!"
"Why can't you look, man, at what you're treating?"

Such were a few of the ejaculations pronounced by a group of men, on the outskirts of a crowd assembled to witness a good exhibition of fireworks on the eve of a fourth of July.

The first speaker had picked up from the dusty grass a child, who had accidentally been knocked down in the general crowding and jostling, and who now lay apparently senseless in his arms.

"What is it? what is it?" inquired one of the crowd.
"It's Joe Patterson's little hunchbacked child," answered the man; "and pity his mother! she can't have kept him out of this crowd. He has been knocked down and banged about, till I can't see whether there is any life left in him."

"Bring him here, sir," exclaimed an elegantly dressed lady, whose carriage had been driven just outside of the ring which encircled the crowd.

"Oh, mamma! he is dead! the poor boy!" cried the young girl, with tears in her pouting blue eyes.

"Just as well if he were," said another lady in the carriage. "It is cruel kindness to let such a deformed child live to grow up."

"Hugh! sister," returned the first lady, "he is coming to. Remember, the child probably has a mother to love him, if he is a hunchback."

"And he has a soul, too, Aunt," spoke up little Lila, with a reproachful look in her half-dead eyes.

"You are a strange child, Lila! Look at the fireworks!"

But the blazing rockets had lost half their attraction for Lila; and when her mother proposed leaving him for a few minutes, to take the deformed boy home, as his arm was very painful, she consented gladly.

"I de-lare I ever will ride with you again, sister Winstan," said the aunt, disdainfully.

"You are always picking up some object of distress or sorrow. I shall not get this creature out of my dreams for a month!"

Lila came down at the boy, whose lips and eyelids trembled, though he lay perfectly still on the cushion. Hugh had heard all; but it was nothing new to the poor deformed child to hear ridicule and scorn heaped upon him. Yet it wounded him not less deeply, for he had a sensitive spirit, which had grown sore in his harsh contact with a selfish world. In one thing Mrs. Winstan had guessed wrong; he had no mother in this world, but was cared for in some small measure by a boisterous, drinking father, and a rough, but well meaning sister.

Dorothy, the sister, came out to receive him, soon after the carriage stopped at their dwelling—a tumble-down block in the dirtiest street of the suburbs. She lifted him out in her strong red arms, thanked the lady for her kindness, in a loud, shrill tone, and then stood to water the horses as they trotted away.

"Oh, Dorothy!" moaned the boy, "please carry me up stairs!"

"Yes, yes, you silly child! this is what you want!"

get by going to such places! How long I wonder, before you will learn that you are not like other folks, and can't go amongst 'em!"

"Not like other folks!" repeated poor little Hugh, when his sister had tucked him up carefully in his warm attic, and gone down to prepare a wash for his sprained wrist. He forgot for a moment his bodily pain, in the pain which shot through his heart at these careless words.

"Not like other folks! no indeed, I am not! But how am I to blame for it? I didn't make myself. Why did God make me so?"

"Bless you for your words of kindness! they have done more for me than a hundred prizes could! I have learned that there is at least one in the world who will judge me by truth—not by sight!"

In the pulpit of one of the principle churches of D., rises Sabbath by Sabbath, a pious, high-browed man, whose deformity is the first feature to catch the eye of a stranger. It is not until you hear him speak—until you catch the fire from his eye, and the enthusiasm from his lips, that you forget to pity the speaker. You do not wonder then, that he is willing to come before the public eye, weekly, even with the weight of his natural deformity, for who can think of those, when once carried away by the tide of his eloquent?

Yes; Hugh has gained his end. He is "measured by his soul," in the sight of all who know him. He has served nobly by the help of his Mother, to fit that soul for companionship with the spotless apostles and angels, and a ray of their own pure light seems to have fallen upon it.

If any one wonders at seeing after the church services are over, a young, proud, beautiful woman lay her white hand upon the deformed preacher's arm, to walk down the richly-carpeted aisle, they have but to look into Lilla's face for the solution of the mystery. Lilla not only loves the crippled form at her side, better than the most beautiful of earth; but she is proud of her noble husband!

eloquence and humor of Patrick Henry.

Patrick Henry was a distinguished orator and patriot of Virginia, who lent his powerful influence to the cause of the revolution. Hook was a Scotchman, a man of wealth, and suspected of being unfriendly to the American cause. During the distress of the American army, consequent on the joint invasion of Cornwallis and Paul Jones, he lent ten tents for the use of the troops. The act had not been strictly legal; and, on the advice of Mr. Cowan, a gentleman of some distinction in the law, thought proper to bring an action of trespass against Mr. Venable, in the district court of New London.

Mr. Venable appeared for the defendant, and is said to have disappointed himself in this cause to the infinite enjoyment of his hearers, the unfortunate Hook always excepted. After Mr. Henry became animated in the cause, says a correspondent, he appeared to have a complete control over the passions of his audience; at one time he excited their indignation against Hook, and vengeance was visible in every countenance; again, when he chose to relax, and ridicule him, the whole audience was in a roar of laughter.

He pointed the distresses of the American army, exposed almost naked, to the rigors of a winter's sky, and making the frozen ground over which they trod, with the blood of their unshod feet. "Where is the man," he said, "who has an American heart in the bosom, who would not have thrown open his fields, his cellars, his barns, the doors of his house, the portals of his breast, to have received with open arms, the manliest soldier in that little band of famished patriots? Where is the man? There he stands—but whether the heart of an American beats in his bosom, you gentlemen are to judge."

He then carried the jury, by the powers of his imagination, to the plains of Yorktown, the surrender of which had followed shortly after the act complained of; he depicted the surrender in the most glowing and noble colors of eloquence; the audience saw before their eyes the humiliation and dejection of the British, as they marched out of their trenches; they saw the triumph which lighted up every patriot face, and heard the shouts of victory, and the cry of "Washington and Liberty!" as it rang and echoed through the American ranks, and was reverberated from the hills and shores of the neighboring rivers. "But hark! what notes of discord are those which disturb the general joy, and silence the acclamations of victory! They are the notes of John Hook, hoarsely bawling through the American camp, beef! beef! beef!"

The whole audience were convulsed; a particular incident will give a better idea of the effect than any general description. The clerk of the court, unable to command himself, and unwilling to commit any breach of decorum in his presence, rushed out of the court house and threw himself on the grass, in the most violent paroxysm of laughter.

Here he was rolling, when Hook, with very different feeling, came out for relief into the yard also. "Jimmy Steptoe," said he to the clerk, "what in the world ails ye mon?" Mr. Steptoe was only able to say, that "he could not help it." "Never mind ye," said Hook; "wait till Billy Cowan gets up; he'll show him the law!"

Mr. Cowan, however, was so completely overwhelmed by the torrent which bore upon his client, that when he rose to make a reply to Mr. Henry, he was scarcely able to make an intelligent or audible remark. The cause was decided almost by acclamation. The jury returned with a verdict for the defendant.

Nor did the effect of Mr. Henry's speech stop there. The people were so highly excited by the Tory audacity of such a suit, that Hook began to hear all around him a cry more terrible than that of "beef," the cry of "tar and feathers;" from the application of which nothing saved him but a precipitate flight and the speed of his horse.

BIDGE AND BADGE.
OR, CHILDREN VS. NO CHILDREN.
BY W. O. KATON.

Mr. and Mrs. Bidge and Mr. and Mrs. Badge were next door neighbors. Mr. and Mrs. Bidge had eight children—four boys and four girls; but the Badges had neither chick nor child.

Disappointment and discontent are the common lot of mortals. The Bidges were mortals, so were the Badges, and discontent reigned supreme in the Bidge house, while disappointment was the prevailing feature in the dwelling of the Badges.

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