Carolina Watchman.

Devoted to Politics, News, Agriculture, Internal Improvements, Commerce, the Arts and Sciences, Morality, and the Family Circle.

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J. J. BRUNER,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

Two Dollars a year, paid within three months from date of subscription; two dollars and fifty cents if not paid before the expiration of the year, and three dollars after the year has expired. No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid except at the option of the Editor.

Letters to the Editor must be post paid, to ensure attention.

NEW ARRANGEMENT OF ADVERTISING TERMS.

THE PROPRIETORS of the Newspapers in Salisbury, have agreed upon the following arrangement of uniform advertising rates:

	1 Insertion	2 Insertions	3 Insertions	1 Month	2 Months	3 Months	6 Months	12 Months
1 Square (16 lines)	$1 00	$1 50	$2 00	$3 00	$4 00	$5 00	$6 00	$8 00
2 Squares	1 50	2 25	3 00	4 50	6 00	7 50	9 00	12 00
3 Squares	2 00	3 00	4 00	6 00	8 00	10 00	12 00	16 00
4 Squares	2 50	3 75	5 00	7 50	10 00	12 50	15 00	20 00
5 Squares	3 00	4 50	6 00	9 00	12 00	15 00	18 00	24 00
6 Squares	3 50	5 25	7 00	10 50	14 00	17 50	21 00	28 00
7 Squares	4 00	6 00	8 00	12 00	16 00	20 00	24 00	32 00
8 Squares	4 50	6 75	9 00	13 50	18 00	22 50	27 00	36 00
9 Squares	5 00	7 50	10 00	15 00	20 00	25 00	30 00	40 00
10 Squares	5 50	8 25	11 00	16 50	22 00	27 50	33 00	44 00
11 Squares	6 00	9 00	12 00	18 00	24 00	30 00	36 00	48 00
12 Squares	6 50	9 75	13 00	19 50	26 00	32 50	39 00	52 00

A square is the space occupied by 16 close lines.

An advertisement making 1¼ or 1½ squares, charged in proportion to 1 square: Making 2¼ or 2½ sqrs charged in proportion to 2 sqrs. All fractions of a sqr equal to ¼ or ½, charged in proportion to the whole, of which it is a fractional part.

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☞ Persons sending in advertisements are requested to state the number of insertions required; and it is wished they should occupy the least space possible, write upon the back the word *close*. Otherwise they will be put up in the usual style and charged accordingly.

☞ No discount on these rates.

JESUIT'S OATH.

We publish in this column the Jesuit's Oath. The public will see that there is no reliance to be placed on a Roman Catholic Jesuit, in regard to the political interests of the country or the social happiness of the people. Bound in allegiance, political and religious to a foreign Potentate, they can destroy our Institutions through fraud and corruption or by violence, not only without reproof, but with the approval of their *temporal sovereign*, the Pope of Rome.

Some of the Jesuits are *native-born* citizens of this country and others have been naturalized; both enjoy, in common with all others, the rights of citizenship and are secure in the possession of property, reputation and life. And yet they can deprive us of all these privileges, with the sanction and applause of their *Lawful Master*, a vile Italian Priest.

What is to be done in such a case, in these days of *party* corruption and intrigue, it is difficult to say. It is not hard, however, to come to a right conclusion, if we were permitted to exercise common sense and award justice in the case. Every *Jesuit* should be treated as an *alien*, and deprived of the right of voting and of holding property, whether native or foreign. Why, this society has been the object of censure even in Catholic countries in Europe. Their rascality was too much for even European Popery—but they come here and established schools and colleges, and take quite the lead in the array of the Roman Catholic Faithful. They have just about as much business among us, in this Protestant country, as the Devil has in Paradise.

The following is a copy of the Jesuits' oath, "which," says a contempory, "has been in print, under the sanction of high literary names, for centuries."

Many of our readers will remember, that in a sectarian controversy some years since, this same oath was published in support of an argument, and its authenticity, though promptly denied, was satisfactorily asserted. Its genuineness is now admitted, and we need not therefore recapitulate the proof adduced on that occasion. In laying it again before the public we are not actuated by the same motive that induced its previous production; we do not intend to use it as an argument in religious controversy, but refer to it, in its *political* bearing upon the duties, rights and liberties of citizens of the U. States. The oath is in this form

Wilmington Commercial.

"I, A. B., now in the presence of Almighty God, the blessed Virgin Mary, the blessed Michael the Archangel, the blessed St. John the Baptist, the Holy Apostles St. Peter and St. Paul, and the Saints and Sacred Hosts of Heaven, and to you my Ghostly Father, do declare from my heart without mental reservation, that Pope (Gregory or the reigning Pope) is Christ's Vicar General, and is the true and only Head of the Universal Church throughout the earth, that by virtue of the keys of binding and loosing given to his Holiness by Jesus Christ, *he hath Power to Depose Heretical Kings, Princes, States, Commonwealths, and Governments, all being illegal without his sacred confirmation, and that they may safely be destroyed*, therefore to the utmost of my power I will defend this doctrine, and his Holiness' Rights and Customs against all Usurpers, of the *Heretical or Protestant authority whatsoever*, especially against the now pretended authority, Church in England, and all adherents, in regard that they be *usurped and heretical* opposing the Sacred Mother Church of Rome.

"I do *Renounce and Disown any Allegiance as due to any Heretical King, Prince, or State, Named Protestants, or obedience to any of their inferior Magistrates or Officers.* I do further declare the doctrine of the Church of England, of the Calvinists Huguenots, *and other Protestants* to be DAMNABLE, AND THOSE TO BE DAMNED WHO WILL NOT FORSAKE THE SAME. I do further declare that I will Help, Assist, and Advise, all or any of his Holiness' agents, *in any place, wherever I shall be*, and do my utmost to extirpate the Heretical Protestants' doctrine, AND TO DESTROY ALL THEIR PRETENDED POWER LEGAL OR OTHERWISE.

"I do further promise and declare, *that notwithstanding I am dispensed with to assume any religion heretical, for the propagation of the mother Church's interests*, to KEEP SECRET AND PRIVATE ALL HER AGENTS' COUNSELS, as they entrust me, and not to divulge, directly or indirectly, by word, writing or circumstance whatsoever, BUT TO EXECUTE ALL WHICH SHALL BE PROPOSED, GIVEN IN CHARGE, OR DISCOVERED UNTO ME, by you, my Ghostly Father, or by any of this covenant.

"All which, I, A. B., do swear by the blessed Trinity, and blessed Sacrament, which I am now to receive, to perform, and on my part to keep inviolably; and do call all the heavenly and glorious host of heaven to witness my real intentions to keep this my oath. In testimony hereof, I take this most holy and blessed Sacrament of the Eucharist, and witness the same further with my hand and seal, in the face of this Holy Covenant."

From the American Sentinel.

THE CRY OF PERSECUTION.

Jesuitism is not yet dead. It was never more apparently manifested than in the course pursued by the Most Holy Church, in the cry of Proscription, Persecutive Intolerance, and other kindred expressions. Now that they are "driven to the walls," and know full well that their influence in political matters has well nigh received its death blow, it is amusing to see the meek and lowly men of the Jesuits, and to hear the hypocritical wincing of the men who have always ruled, when able, with an iron rod. Americans be not deceived. Jesuitism is the same to-day that it ever has been, and the cruelty and intolerance of the Romish Church has not changed. It cannot change, it is an Infallible Church, and therefore, when they raise the cry of persecution, it falls back upon their heads with tremendous weight, notwithstanding their assumed meekness and the powerful efforts of Doughiss, Sevaro, Greely, Bennet, Beaton & Co. The thinking men of America will not be deceived. There is no intolerance of spirit among Americans, never has been; on the other hand, the history of Romanism every where has been and is, the history of wretchedness, cruelty intolerance, persecution & bloody. Where has she tolerated? Where has she not attempted to build dungeons and force dissent within her walls? Where has she burned Protestant Bibles and denounced the patriots of '76 "as pirates," and their sons as "cowards?" No Americans! but Foreign Roman Catholics. If then the warlot intolerance is brought to our very doors, shall we not resist it? Self preservation is one of the first laws of nature, and surely no man is to be denounced for fulfilling the laws of his being. America belongs to Americans—belongs to them of right. It is their inheritance—their portion—their legacy—willed to them by their fathers, and deeded on parchment, written with blood. By this right they hold it. The title is unquestionable, nor can they gainsay it. When others shall attempt to lay claims, it is time to resist. It is true that there is a common right with all. It is the right to "life, liberty and the pursuits of happiness." This belongs to the world. It is the inheritance of every man, decreed by the Almighty. But America belongs to Americans, and they must rule it. There is no intolerance in this, it is a right, we may not please the avaricious Priests of the Romish Church, who has her European paupers; but we cannot help it, nor do we wish to. Our rights are ours, and we must maintain them.

POPERY.

Tulet, one of the great fathers of the Roman Catholic Church, and whose writings the Church recognizes as Orthodox, says:

"As a King, on whom God has bestowed full power over all material things, can take his subjects' sons, and dispose of them as he pleases, either using them for his guards or his menials, and their daughters as servants and scullions; their fields, vines, and olive plantations, to give them to whomsoever he may please; so too, and still more forcibly, the man on whom God has lavished the spiritual power, may *use men's sons and daughters*, their fields and fortunes, to obtain the object necessary to his end. When, therefore, the church wants to use some temporal measure for the fulfilment of her duty, she can always do so, *in spite of the legitimate sovereign*. No one can object against this doctrine, because St. Paul ordered obedience to the superior power. But here Paul speaks only of superior power, not of the secular one; and who can pretend that God's interest is not superior to any worldly law?"

From the Wilmington Commercial.

ANOTHER NUNCIO.

It is said that the Pope is about to send another Nuncio to this country, to settle difficulties that have arisen between the foreign and American born Bishops of the Roman Catholic Church. Wonder if "His Holiness" will send another *man-skinner*.

A cotemporary well observes: "If the Nuncio of the Pope would attend to the legitimate business of the Church, and let Politicians and politics alone, the probability is he would not meet with any very serious opposition from the American people."

Correspondence of the New York Daily Times.

VANITY FAIR AND ITS VISITORS.

NEWPORT, R. I., Aug. 29, 1854.

"Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher, all is vanity." But who believes in it practically *here?* Not Mr. Simpkins, Sr., the retired grocer, who has come to spend his dividends and "make an *impression*" in Newport—not Mrs. Simpkins, Senior, (who was once Miss Gimp, and in the milinery way)—nor yet Hr. Augustus Simpkins, who has "seen life on the Continent," and thinks the "opera demned foine"—nor are the Miss Simpkinses, (those ugly, over-dressed, and withal would be exclusive young *ladies*,) over mindful of this much quoted text. But what business have we to criticise Simpkins, Senior, and family. We ignore this sad commentary upon the emptiness of this world's pleasures. The "*visitors*" all do so. Riding, bathing, dining, and dressing, consume our Summer time.—Thought *must* give way—and does. Now we don't want to prose, we don't want to set the world to rights. If our neighbor don't keep his moral wardrobe in order, and wear the ornaments of a meek and christian spirit in the most approved orthodox style, Heaven forbid that we should brush the suit or polish up his virtues. No, we ourselves are not infallible, so we would fain pray with "Tiny Tim." "God bless us"—yes, and save us too—for if there be not some allowance made for the short comings of those who bow down to Fashion's altar in this her chosen shrine—then indeed must they verify the saying of the camel and the needle's eye. But we believe they will be charitably dealt with. For, as an old seaman once said of sailors, "To live hard and die hard, and go to Pandemonium afterwards, must be hard indeed;" so is it with your thorough going "fashionables;" for hard work—harder than the labor of him who aches with toil-stained hands—is theirs; their task is *never* done. The sunset hour, which brings to the weary workman his season of repose, is to these gaudy butterflies but the noon of their feverish *day*—and when the lamps grow dim and the gray dawn looks coldly in upon their revels, think you that the luxuries coach, when its inmates

"Turge, and turns again
With the wits fever and thoughts in a brain
That does not run upon sleep."

is softer than the rude bed

"Where something stretched something done
Has earned a night's repose"

It's hard work, here, believe me—physically hard—mentally harder. Up at nine. Then come five hours that must *somehow* pass—as dinner, driving, bathing, dressing. But, salt, water, and silks—then dinner. French dishes—the Irish waiters don't know what they are, but they are called for and eaten; and we drink wine—which is necessary for a gentleman to wash them down—then comes music, promenading, small talk—oh, how *small*—flirtation—oh, how *heartless*—and then dust—through which we drive and criticise the costumes of our fellows. Do they ever think, as they pass the ancient graveyards, of the dust that sleeps so quietly in its rotting shroud beneath the mouldering coffin lid? Oh, no! But faster coachman, let back again, the whirl is going to begin—we are in the vortex—we twirl each other—round—we talk nonsense—we eat things that don't agree with us—we set up, when poor abused, long suffering nature cries rest, rest—and then at length when

"He on with the light exp and out with the light
And poor weariness hails the wyeld good night."

We lay us down to Death's counterpart, sleep, without a thought or prayer beyond a happy consciousness of having done our duty to "good society." Do we speak truth or falsehood?—judge us as we deserve. And now a truce to mortalizing.

And now for a lighter vein: A gayer song to this same old tune. Dress, dress,

"From morn to dewy eve."

A certain young damsel told a lady friend of ours the other day, "Oh, Miss S——, I'm in *such* trouble—Aunt says I must go to Newport, and I know you'll think it impossible, but it's a solemn fact that I haven't got but *thirty* silk dresses to my back—and *how* am I to look decent?" And the damsel threw herself back and wept.

Now this is no fiction; we have heard of a lady, or what a friend of ours would call "an intended woman," who takes the field here this Summer with sixty suits, all *wearable*, which in fashionable parlance means a good deal. He understood that a Mrs.——, last Summer sent home to her "furnisher" for a new dress, which she was actually "suffering for," the necessity being this: Another, Mrs.——, had come out with her thirtieth, and she herself had been able to display but nine and twenty. The new dress came, and the costume racers were once more "neck and neck." How they came out at the end of the season we can't say, but we will "go our pile" (in sporting phraze,) upon the woman who sent for number thirty. Should this happy state of things continue, we shall look for a cool "ten thousand" in dry goods with each lady visitor. No wonder that even rich young men "cannot afford" to marry. It's no joke to make a wife "look decent" now-a-days.

We have a great crowd here at present; colleges, hotels, private residences, all are filled or filling. There are plenty to be amused, and, the wherewithal to entertain them. The "Happy Family" we have already alluded to.—And then, for music, they fiddle us from dinner, and fiddle us to bed. And then there are the belles—Lord! how they ring in anticipation

"Of the merry wedding bells—
What a world of 'discord' the melody foretells."

And there's the celebrated Mrs. Luca, who singeth or playeth for lucre, at twenty-five cents per head; and Mr. Hammersly, who gives "representations of character," all free gratis for nothing.—And so the world goes on; and so it will go, when we, your correspondent, and you, the Editor, and even the little "printer's devil," shall, in the fullness of time, have "gone hence."

And now come our local items to close this rambling letter. It is with real regret that we inform you of an accident which has placed an amiable daughter of one of your prominent New Yorkers upon a bed of sickness and pain, and it may be of death—we allude to Miss Phalon, who was thrown from her horse while riding, a few days ago. She was directly in the rear of her father's carriage at the time, when the carriage stopping suddenly, her horse reared, and we believe, fell back upon her. She was taken up insensible, in which condition she lay for some time. Dr. Hull the distinguished Homœopathic physician from Brooklyn, N. Y., is in attendance upon her, and it is to be hoped that she may recover.

Gen. Almonte, of Mexican celebrity, is at Bellevue, and divers and sundry individuals "not unknown to fame," at other places. And now, "Adios" for a time.

Truly yours,
YOUNG AMERICA.

THE RIGHT SENTIMENT.

We are so well pleased with the following remarks of the *Baltimore Clipper*, that we copy them entire:

"Some editors are so wedded to party that they would not shake off the slavish attachment, even if the salvation of the country were dependent upon the act. Party is every thing to them—patriotism nothing. And this devotion they dignify by the name of "the right sentiment." Right or wrong, party must be followed and commanded. If a perpetrate the most flagrant outrage—or be willing to relinquish American rights into the keeping of foreign intriguers—still the cry is the same with these same party devotees, "all's well." But thank Heaven, the people of the United States have seen the danger of this blind attachment to party, and are combining as Americans, to maintain their rights against all encroachments, and to substitute love of country for devotion to political demagogues and their corrupting dogmas.—Wriggle or bolly as politicians may, the two old parties are doomed to dissolution. They have already held sway too long for the public interest and the public morals. They have made foreign influence a ruling element in the political struggles of the country; and compelled native Americans to unite for self preservation. And yet, it is sought to continue the existence of these parties, that a few newspaper proprietors may grow fat on the public treasure, and corrupt party leaders and leaflets be enabled to plunder at pleasure. If this be "the right sentiment," we had rather be classed with those who entertain other opinions. We think that country should stand before party—and that natives should take precedence of raw foreigners, who are installed by parties as our controllers before they know how to read the constitution which they have sworn to support.

"Editors who think that devotion to party is the highest excellence, are prepared to justify all measures, right or wrong, which may be adopted by their party. They have no judgment—no discretion—no conscience—of their own.—They follow leaders, as a dog follows his master, without knowing whither they go, or what object they have in view. And still those blind slaves of party undertake to enlighten their fellow-citizens as to their interests and their duty. We fancy that the reflecting people of this country have seen enough of the effects of this infatuation to induce them to stamp it with their condemnation. This we infer from the numerous American Associations which have recently been formed, all having in view the substitution of genuine American principles for those by which the old parties have been so long governed.

"Whenever we hear an editor or other person constantly crying out for party, party—we conclude that he either possesses an empty head or a servile heart—that is influenced more by selfish considerations than by love of country. We can comprehend attachment to certain principles, and respect those who adhere to them; but for him who is willing to follow and defend party in all things—whether right or wrong—we entertain the most perfect contempt; and, unfortunately there are too many persons of this character who undertake to instruct the people in their duty."

An Incident. The Boston Traveller learns, on good authority, that some weeks ago a vessel sailed from Turks Island, bound to Boston, with a cargo of salt. During the voyage the master, a very stout man, died; and the mate, his son, desiring to bring his body to Boston for christian burial, and deeming that salt was a preservative from corruption, dug a hole in the cargo several feet deep, placed the dead body of his father within and covered it up. Upon the arrival of the vessel at this port, the body was found to be in a state of decomposition, and was with difficulty buried. Upon the representation of the owners, the Custom House authorities took off the duty on the salt, it being the intention of the owners to sell it for manure.

The Late Whig Candidate for the Vice Presidency—Political Changes.

Our readers remember that the whig candidates for President and Vice President, in 1852, were repudiated by an overwhelming and unexampled majority throughout the Union, neither candidate carrying even his own State. The vote was as much against them as in favor of Gen. Pierce. Mr. Graham has lately sought the suffrages of his own county (Orange) in N. Carolina for a seat in the Legislature, and failed to obtain even the party vote; out of 2,043 votes cast, Gen. Dockery, the whig candidate for Governor, received 117 majority; Mr. Graham only between thirty and forty, or about one-third. How mortifying it must be to the whig party, that the gentleman whom they offered to the Union, for one of its greatest offices, cannot even obtain the party vote among his neighbors and associates, who have known him from youth, even for the petty office of State Legislator. But such is the fate of politicians.—*Charleston Standard.*

Our neighbor should have known better than this. He has committed one or two mistakes, which a very little trouble on his part would have prevented, but that also would have prevented the appearance of his article.

The first error consists in comparing Mr. Graham's vote with Gen. Dockery's and, deducing the inference, from the difference between them, that the former received only about one third of the Whig vote. Our neighbor was ignorant of the fact, that Mr. Graham ran for the *Senate*, and that there is a landed qualification in this State necessary to constitute a voter for this office of Senator, which is not required in the case of the Governor. No man can vote for Senator in North Carolina, unless he has owned *fifty acres of land* within the same District for six months before the election; but, it is not necessary that he should own this land to enable him to vote for Governor.—Hence the difference in the vote between Mr. Graham and Gen. Dockery is easily explained.

The second error is the statement that Mr. Graham did not, and cannot, receive the party vote among his neighbors and associates. The facts prove the reverse of all this. In Orange, and over the State generally, this allegation of our Charleston temporary will only excite a smile.

But, really our neighbor should have informed himself of the true state of the case, before publishing such blunders as he has done.—*Ed. Watch.*

96 K. S. ASSOCIATION.

The 96 K. S. Association of Augusta hereby make known to the public the principles of their order, which are as follows:

Whereas certain persons have organized in our midst a secret political association, which prescribes every citizen who does not belong to their organization or approve their principles, or who has not been born of American soil; to these principles they have added an odious religous test, in utter violation of that religous toleration which has ever been our proudest boast, and without which no genuine liberty can exist; and whereas it is the purpose of this secret association to swallow up both those time-honored political parties under whose rule our country has grown and prospered, and to subsitute therefor a secret and irresponsible organization, at war with the rights of individuals and the peace of the community:

We therefore, the friends of equal rights and religous liberty, have formed ourselves into an association, to be known as the "96 K. S. A." with the following objects, viz: To defend the Constitution of the United States; protect civil and religious liberty; and to secure to every citizen, without regard to the place of his birth or his religous creed, the rights confered on him by the Constitution and the laws of the land. To the maintainance of these principles we hereby bind ourselves, and pledge our unwavering opposition to every one, without regard to party, who may ally himself with an association which proscribes citizens on account of their birth place or religion, or any candidate for office, who, when called upon, shall refuse to declare his opposition to such principles.—*Augusta Chronicle.*

Godey's Lady's Book, for September.—This superior Magazine, has again come to hand; it continues to unfold new beauties, and to develop new evidences of the genuine and untiring enterprise of its conductor. This number contains as usual, 100 Pages of Reading Matter, 37 Engravings and 70 Contributions. We wish Godey all the success imaginable.

Greensborough Patriot.

TORNADO IN LOUISVILLE—FIRE IN MILWAUKIE.

LOUISVILLE, August 28, 1854.

A terrific hurricane occurred here yesterday. The Fourth Presbyterian Church was blown down during service, and twenty-five persons killed and many wounded. Throughout the city houses were unroofed and great damage done.

The destruction of property by the tornado on Sunday amounts to $100,000. The number of wounded is sixty-five. The dead were buried to-day, when all business was suspended.

A fire has occurred at Milwaukie, destroying property to the amount of $1,000,000.—*Columbia South Carolinian.*

CHRISTMAS IN THE DISTRICT SCHOOL.

A TRUE SKETCH.

What country boy is there, that has not enjoyed the glorious privileges of the District School? The fun that is always brewing? The merry mischief-making glance of bright eyes, cheerful faces, and happy hearts? There is scarcely one.—Even now as I write, the memory of my boyish days comes back, and I smile or drop a tear upon those fondly recollected times.

To tell of the great times we had in our school, would occupy volumes: but now my thoughts go back to one memorable winter—to one that was fraught with fun for us all.

The august School Committee had selected a stranger—a young man from a neighboring county, to govern us for the winter term, and on the morning our school was to begin, there had assembled as motley a group of the 'responsibilities' of our district as had ever graced—

"The humble vestibule of learning's fame."

Boys whose toes stuck a 'feet' through their unmentionables—coats that would have graced their grand-father's time, and bonnets (of the femine side) that had done service to some other 'Eve.' Not to say any thing of 'hats,' 'dickies,' etc., that were arranged on benches around the room, to present a dignified appearance to the eyes of Mr. C——, who took our governments in an easy matter-of-fact way; yet he had a fun-loving eye that told he could well appreciate our pranks, still he was firm in his discipline, and as the old folks said, he was a moddel of "a nice young man, for we all learned so fast"; and verily, we did; for the slyest trick was sure to "bring down the house," and seldom failed to carry the ferule with it.

Bright and happy to us, all passed the days until Christmas: the glorious jubilee of boys. Mr. C—— had not said a word of giving us holiday, and seemed oblivions of the hints that were offered. And as it had long been the custom among our predecessors to have it by good will or force, we determined to have it also, and held a solemn conclave with resolutions after the manner of the great declaration, that "we boys were of right, and ought to be free, at Christmas times," to which we mutually pledged our honor to support. Bill Alby, who was the wit of the school, was appointed commander of the forces.

At the first dawn of day, on that eventful Christmas morning, there was a dozen or more boys assembled at the school-house to commence the barricade. The windows were securely fastened, and the benches piled in a scientific manner against the door, so that we could have resisted a more formidable attack than was expected. We were becoming impatient of the delay, when Mr. C., made his appearance; but to our surprise, he was riding. He rode slowly down the road, and fastening his horse, he deliberately walked to the door. It opened not, and applying his eye to a crack took a survey of the room, and good humoredly asked—

"Are you teaching school boys? and will you admit a spectator?"

"No," answered Bill. "But we are teaching the master to give us holiday: the fort is pretty well garrisoned, and you cannot enter until we have it.

"I see," said he, without displaying the least hesitacy, "So we will accordingly raise the siege," and walking back, he mounted his horse and rode off at a rapid pace.

"The School-master is abroad," cried Bill, "every one of you after him, and we'll duck him until he gives up."

The benches from the door were quickly withdrawn, and all was soon in hot pursuit, yelling like a pack of hounds in full trail.

"To the ford! To the ford!" shouted Bill, "or he is gone, for he is running from us;" and off they started, leaving the road to gain the ford by a higher way. When they arrived, Bill posted his forces in ambush, and several minutes passed wearily enough to the excited boys.

"He's gone back," sung out a little boy from the top of the hill. Every one started, and when they gained the top, sure enough there stood his horse where he was first hitched. Bill had forgotten in an unmilitary manner to have forces behind him to protect the house.

"We'll take him in the fortress, boys," said Bill eagerly, as they started to retrace their steps. Quickly the intervening distance was passed, and as they neared the house, Bill whispered, "Now for him boys!" and sprung up the steps: but lo! what a revolution had been made.—The shutters were opened, benches in their proper places, and Mr. C—— stood erect, ferule in hand, and in a voice of stern command, exclaimed—

"Come to books, boys!" and before they had time to think, were all in their proper places. This was certainly a catastrophe, one that had not been guarded against and least expected; but Bill's courage soon revived, and he whispered to those nearest him to be ready when they should recite their lessons.

"First class." It was the big boys called. At the conclusion of the lesson which was badly recited, Mr. C. feigned lassitude and reclined at full length upon the bench.

"Now boys is our time," whispered Bill, and the bench was quickly surrounded, yet the 'Master' showed no sign of fear, and only asked their will.

"We want holiday, and must have it," said Bill, in a determined tone.

"Must," is a word that I only use here, and for your benefit will *decline* it."

"We are in power here," answered Bill, "and must have holiday, or we will duck you 'till you give it to us."

"Well, boys, I guess I will have to take the ducking," said Mr. C., with a strong incomprehensible smile.

Each boy was eager to proffer his services, as they were in for fun, and the body of Mr. C. was quickly transferred to the bank of the creek.

"Will you give up now?" demanded Bill. Who thought the sight of the water with a speedy prospect of a good immersing would effect his nerves. The answer was still in the negative.

"Well boys, help shove him in, and by the time he comes to the top again he will think holiday the most preferable," said Bill, as the recumbent body of Mr. C. was put in a swinging motion until the desired momentum could be given, to send him clear of the bank.

"It is a general rule," said Mr. C., "when one is to be baptized, not to swing him over the bushes in this manner."

Bill, who boasted of having the best jack-knife in school, stepped forward to cut the bushes, which might have impeded the way.

"As I am to baptize you," said Bill, addressing Mr. C., "you had better give in your experience pretty soon."

"You shall hear it," said Mr. C., with a strange smile, "Veni, vidi, vice versa," and raising his foot quickly, Bill disappeared in the middle of the stream.

"I will give up now, you shall have holiday," said Mr. C. quickly, as the boys were crying, "Put him in, put him in!" Bill, who in the mean time had gained the bank, shouted as well as he could between his chattering teeth—"In with him, in with him."

It would have been against all of our school-boy honor or etiquette to have ill-treated a vanquished foe, and notwithstanding Bill's repeated vociferations, Mr. C. was liberated amidst the cheers at Bill's sad plight; who bore them with as ill grace as could be expected.

"I was on my way home," said Mr. C., addressing the crowd, "but wishing to see the fun out, I thought I would give you a call. There will be no school until next week; and when Billy the Baptist, there, is warmer, you will find some apples and nuts in my desk for your use." So adieu boys, and mounting his horse, he was soon out of sight.

"Three cheers for Billy the Baptist," shouted all in chorus, and a merry time we had. Billy soon recovered his wonted cheerfulness and good humor; but for many a long day he was called by no other name than 'Billy the Baptist.'

Author Pitchers with Great Ears.—"Mother," said little Agnes, "what made you marry father? You told Aunt Charlotte you had all the money."

"Hush, child! what are you talking about? I did not say so."

"Why, yes, mother, you said he was poor; and had you thought of being burdened with so many 'country cousins,' as you call them, you never would have had him. Don't you like Aunt Phoebe, and Aunt Polly, and Aunt Judy? I'm sure I do."

"Why, Agnes, you are crazy, I believe! When did you ever hear your mother talk so? Tell me instantly."

"Yesterday, ma, when I sat in the back parlor, and you and aunt were in the front one, I'm sure you did say so, dear mother, and I pity you very much; for you told aunt there was a time before I was born when father drank too much, and then, you know, you spoke of the 'pledge,' and said how glad you were that the temperance reform saved him."

"My dear, I was talking of somebody else, I think. We were speaking of uncle Jethro and his family."

"But they have no Agnes, mother, and you know you told about father's failure in business. Uncle Jethro never failed. And you said, too, when you moved in this house, your money paid for every thing, but the world did not know it, and—"

"You have told quite enough, my child. What do you stay listening in my back parlor for, when I sent you up stairs to study? It has come to a pitiful pass, if your aunt and I must have all of our privacy retailed in this way. I suppose you have already told your father all you have heard?"

"No, mother, I haven't, because I thought it would hurt his feelings. I love my father, and I never told him anything to make him unhappy."

"Agnes sat looking in the fire, and asked: "Mother, if people really love others, do they ever talk against them? Didn't you tell me never to speak of any home difficulty; and if Edward and I say wrong words you tell me never to repeat them, and I never do."

"Agnes," said the rebuked mother, listeners are despicable characters. Don't you never let me know of your doing the like again; *you dont hear right*, and you make a great deal of mischief in this way.

BRICK KILNS.

Washington Gordon, of Haverstraw, N. Y., has taken measures to secure a patent for an improvement in kilns for burning brick with anthracite or other coals as fuel. The fire chambers are constructed in a peculiar manner, and blasts are used for the purpose of intensifying the heat and regulating it, as desired.—The burning of brick is a very nice operation. It requires great experience to do this properly. We are glad to see coal employed as a substitute for expensive wood fuel.—*Scientific American.*