

Rowan Whig and Western Advocate.

"WESTWARD THE STAR OF EMPIRE TAKES ITS WAY."

VOL. I.

SALISBURY, NORTH CAROLINA, FRIDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 28, 1853.

NO. 52.

G. A. MILLER. S. W. JAMES.

MILLER & JAMES,
EDITORS & PROPRIETORS.

TERMS.

TWO DOLLARS if paid within two months; Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if payment be delayed six months, and Three Dollars if not paid within the year. Court Orders charged 25 per cent. higher. A liberal deduction made to those who advertise by the year. All advertisements must have the number of times they are to be published marked on them, or they will be inserted till forbid, and charged accordingly. ALL Letters must be post-paid, to receive attention.

Advertisements in favor of standing advertisements as follows:

3 MONTHS	6 MONTHS	1 YEAR
One square, \$2 50	\$5 00	\$8 00
Two squares, 7 00	10 00	14 00
Three squares, 10 00	15 00	20 00
Four squares, 13 00	20 00	28 00

For the Whig and Advocate.

Messrs. MILLER & JAMES.—I enclose you the proceedings of the Rowan Agricultural Society, at its recent Annual Fair, held in Scotch Ireland, at Mineral Spring, on the 13th inst. I wish the particular attention of the farmers of Rowan County directed to this society, and for their special benefit, I propose to give a short account of the origin, nature and design of the society. About a year ago, a few enterprising gentlemen, and here I must be pardoned for referring to A. J. FLEMING, Esq., as most prominent and active, seeing and feeling the necessity of a revolution in the agricultural affairs of the times—set about the work of getting up a society, which they denominated "The Scotch Ireland Agricultural Society." Said society was in full operation when it was proposed by the Legislature of our State to give \$50 to every County Agricultural Society which would receive another \$50—and appropriate the whole \$100 to the purchase and awarding of premiums: for the encouragement of Agriculture in the State. In order to meet the proposal of the State, it became necessary simply to change the name of the society and raise the money. This was done and the State has paid her \$50, and the \$100 has been expended in the purchase of suitable premiums, which have been given out. The members of the society—and any one can become a member by paying \$1, and signing the constitution,—are divided into 8 working committees, each committee has one or more agricultural subjects assigned to it upon which it is expected to report, through its Chairman, whenever it is called upon. The society meets four times a year, on the second Thursday of October, which is the annual meeting, and on the second Thursday in January, April and July, at such places as it may select. Two reports are read at each quarterly meeting, which consume the reports of the 8 committees in the year. Gen. Charles W. F. Foard, Esq., is the President, and reports, or make addresses at any meeting; and the Corresponding Committee, through the Corresponding Secretary, may report and distribute their collection of seeds &c., at the same time.—Such is a brief outline of the origin and nature of our society; but little need be said about its design. What is apparent to all,—it is to renovate Rowan County,—to make two blades of grass grow where but one grew before,—to induce our farmers to clear up, drain and cultivate the rich soil of their low lands,—hitherto untouched and which have been sending forth their mephitic vapours, spreading disease and death around,—to reclaim their hastily slaughtered up lands which have been butchered and bled to death by the plough and the rains of heaven,—to pay more attention to their stock, and to cease paying tribute to other States for the same;—in a word to elevate the noble art and science of Agriculture, to the front rank in the improvements of the day, and to stay civilization, and render our homes, free, happy and plentiful, and our people rich and independent, intelligent and honest. Can this be effected? It has been done elsewhere, and it can be done here. Let every farmer in Rowan County be at the next meeting, in Salisbury, on the second Thursday in January next; and let the citizens of Salisbury be in the meeting, and we will soon see that something can and will be done for the good of the people by a society which should be called, the Society of Societies.

For the Whig and Advocate.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE ROWAN AGRICULTURAL FAIR.

MINERAL SPRING, Oct. 13, 1853.
The Rowan Agricultural Society met according to adjournment, to hold its annual meeting and Fair. The President being absent, Wm. P. GRAHAM, Esq., one of the Vice Presidents, took the Chair, and the recording Secretary also being absent, J. G. RAMSAY, was appointed Secretary, pro tem.

O. G. FOARD, Treasurer, then read his annual report which was adopted.
The Chairman of Working Committees, No. 5, 7, and 8, were called on for their reports, but they all began with one accord to make excuses, and were excused, having promised to report upon their several subjects at the next quarterly meeting.
A. J. FLEMING, Esq., Chairman of Committee of Correspondence, made a short report which was concurred in.
On motion of A. J. FLEMING, it was resolved, that a committee of judges, consisting of four, be appointed to examine the stock and articles, not on the premium list, which may be exhibited, and recommend such stock or articles as it may think deserving of honorable mention or premiums; whereupon C. F. FISHER, J. S. CARSON, JAMES CAMPBELL, and Dr. R. JOHNSTON, was appointed committee.

The By-Laws relative to the election of officers by ballot, were unanimously suspended and the following gentlemen elected officers for the ensuing year, viz:

- Hon. DAVID F. CALDWELL, President.
- E. D. AINSWORTH, Vice Presidents.
- J. G. RAMSAY, Vice Presidents.
- S. J. PEELER, Vice Presidents.
- ROBT. J. HARRIS, Recor. Sec'y.
- A. J. FLEMING, Corresp. Sec'y.
- O. G. FOARD, Treasurer.
- H. C. JOSE, Cor. Committee.
- J. R. GRAHAM, Cor. Committee.
- JAS. GIBSON, Cor. Committee.

O. G. FOARD, submitted a report upon the Working Committee, which was referred to a select committee to report upon during the afternoon session. Society then took a recess.

The recess was agreeably spent by the members of Society and spectators in viewing the various specimens of stock and other articles exhibited on the occasion, and by partaking of the hospitable repast prepared by the citizens of the neighborhood; and by the Judges in examining the articles and stock under the special jurisdiction of each committee, and preparing their reports.

AFTERNOON.

Society met at half past one, Wm. P. GRAHAM in the chair. The report of the Judges was then called for, and upon this recommendation the premiums were awarded as follows, viz:

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| To Dr. J. F. FOARD, for the best Bull. | MEAD COW, (no competition). |
| " O. G. FOARD, " " | " " |
| " C. C. KRIEGER, " " | " " |
| " J. D. JOHNSTON, " " | " " |
| " JAMES COWAN, " " | " " |
| " J. S. CARSON, " " | " " |
| " J. D. JOHNSTON, " " | " " |
| " Mrs. FOARD, " " | " " |
| " J. D. JOHNSTON, " " | " " |
| " P. GRAHAM, " " | " " |

Two gentlemen competed for the premium on Cotton, which will be awarded as soon as the cotton can be picked, measured and weighed.

The Committee on honorary premiums and articles to be honorably mentioned, made an important report, which was recommended to the Chairman, (C. F. FISHER,) for revision, and will be published in due time.

The Society was then entertained by a chaste, able and appropriate address by the orator of the day, C. F. FISHER, Esq., for which the thanks of the society were returned and a request made for its publication in the Farmers Journal and the Salisbury papers. No essay being offered for the premium on the reclaiming of worn out lands, the society unanimously tendered the premium,—a handsome volume—Cotton's European Agriculture—to Mr. Fisher, for his able address, which he handsomely received.

Dr. J. F. Foard, was appointed the representative of the Rowan Agricultural Society to the State Fair, in Raleigh. The report of the committee on O. G. Foard's report on the working committees, was then heard and adopted as follows:

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|--------------------------------|-------------------------|
| No. 1. C. F. FISHER, Chairman. | Subject. |
| " 2. H. G. JONES, " " | " Wheat & small grain. |
| " 3. E. D. AINSWORTH, " " | " Fruit. |
| " 4. J. F. DAVIDSON, " " | " The Grasses. |
| " 5. BENJ. SUMNER, " " | " sheep & wool growing. |
| " 6. A. H. CALDWELL, " " | " Poultry. |
| " 7. N. M. DOBBIN, " " | " Manures. |
| " 8. J. J. SUMNER, " " | " Cattle. |
| " 9. J. J. SUMNER, " " | " Corn and Cotton. |

The officers and especially to the V. P., Wm. P. GRAHAM, and an order for the publication of the proceedings in the Farmer's Journal and Salisbury papers, the Society adjourned to meet in Salisbury, on the 2nd Thursday of January, 1854.

Wm. P. GRAHAM, Chairman.

J. G. RAMSAY, Sec. pro tem.

A FAST STORY.

An Englishman was bragging of the speed on English railroads, to a Yankee traveller seated at his side, in one of the cars of a "fast train" in England. The engine bell was rung, as the cars neared a station, it suggested to the Yankee an opportunity of "taking down his companion a peg or two."

"What's that noise?" innocently inquired the Yankee.

"We are approaching a town," said the Englishman; "they have to commence ringing about ten miles before they get to a station, or else the train would be hurtful to us." I suppose they haven't invented bells in America yet?"

"Why, yes," replied the Yankee, "we've got bells, but can't use them on our railroads. We run so fast that the train always keeps ahead of the sound; no use, whatever; the sound never reaches the village till after the train gets by."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the Englishman.

"Fact," said the Yankee, "had to give up bells. Then we tried steam whistles—but they wouldn't answer, either. I was on a locomotive when the whistle was tried. We were going at a tremendous rate—hurricanes were howling, and I had to hold my hair on. We saw a two-horse wagon crossing the track, about five miles ahead, and the engineer let the whistle on; screeching like a trooper. It screamed awfully, but it wasn't of use. The next thing I knew, I was picking myself out of a pond by the roadside, amid the fragments of the locomotive, dead horses, broken wagon, and dead engineer lying beside me. Just then the whistle came along, mixed up with some frightful oaths that I had heard the engineer use when he first saw the horses. Poor fellow! he was dead before his voice got to him. After that we tried lights, supposing these would travel faster than sound. We got some so powerful that the chickens woke up all along the road when we came by, supposing it to be morning. But the locomotive kept ahead of it still, and in the darkness, with the light close on behind it. The inhabitants petitioned against it; they couldn't sleep with so much light in the night time. Finally we had to station electric telegraphs along the road with signal men to telegraph when the train was in sight; and I have heard that some of the fast trains beat the lightning fifteen minutes every forty miles. But can't say as that is true—the rest I know to be so."

Mrs. Partington says that nothing despises her so much as to see people who profess to expect salvation, to go to church without their purses, when a recollection is to be taken.

The city of Bremen sends a block of marble for the Washington Monument, bearing the inscription: "To Washington, the great, the good, the last, from friendly Bremen."

From the Philadelphia Register.

CHURCH AND STATE.

When we congratulate ourselves on the disunion of Church and State, in the United States, it is, doubtless, chiefly on account of the religious toleration which is thereby secured to all citizens, and of a political equality, unaffected by diversity of creed.

We feel that we are safe from the spiritual despotism which we read of in other times and other lands, where those who differ from a dominant Church are punished and oppressed by the State in combination with the Church or some sovereign sect; and further, we know that no man can be religiously or civilly disfranchised for his religious opinions. These are the advantages which people think most of: these are the only gains that worldly and irreligious men boast of. But the advantage to the Church is far greater subject of congratulation and reflection. In saying so, we are not unmindful of the perpetual and inestimable benefits which would attend the union of Church and State, if all men were of the same household of faith—if citizen and Churchman were convertible terms—if civic rights and Church rights were held conjointly. But the multiplicity of sects, and the divided state of the Church itself, render this impossible. The complete union of political and Ecclesiastical power, and a complete civic equality, are consequently irreconcilable. In the United States and in Great Britain—and, indeed, in most of the kingdoms of Western Europe, the union of Church and State, is, in the present condition of things, a mere utopian vision, not to be realized. What in England was for centuries both fact and theory, has been during the last three hundred years departing more and more from the theoretical union of Church and State. With us, the separation has always been entire, and so in all human probability must it ever continue to be.

This being so, we have two great errors to guard against. One of these is the setting the Church and State in a kind of antagonism to each other—an error either in thought or practice, far from uncommon, we are inclined to think, among religious people, and injurious in various ways, to which we may take occasion to recur.—The other error, to which especially our attention is now drawn, is the suffering the State to be the executioner of the Church, and every organized religious sect, to be jealous of encroachment of inappropriate control by civil authorities. Now and then, questions of Church property come into litigation, and in deciding on the conflicting claims, the courts of law become of necessity arbitrators incidentally on questions of doctrine—not pronouncing judgment on the system of belief, but declaring which of the contending claimants are the true holders of it, in order to settle the title to property. In this way there have been famous law-suits between "Old School" and "New School" Presbyterians—between "Orthodox" and "Hicksite" Friends, and between, we believe, Northern and Southern Methodists. Unfortunately as such cases may be, the appeal must lie to the courts of law, because the tenure of property is under the law of the land.

But in relation to Church discipline, any interference of the civil authority seems to us to be fraught with mischief—to be sustained by neither authority nor reason; and, therefore, to be watched with earnest vigilance. It is, perhaps, already anticipated that these reflections have been called forth by a passage in the address of the Provisional Bishop of New York to the late Convention of his Diocese. The passage alluded to we quote from the Register of last week. The Bishop said—

"I had expected to be under the painful necessity of announcing to you another act of discipline for cause affecting moral character. The trial of the Rev. Wm. F. Walker by a board of five able and judicious Presbyters of his own selection—a trial which was continued to a most unusual length, and in which every opportunity was offered to the accused to prove his innocence—ended in his conviction upon two of the gravest charges with which man can be accused. The whole evidence taken in the case I have carefully examined, and re-examined upon a motion made in his behalf for a new trial. To the argument for this motion I gave a patient hearing, and came to the clear conviction that justice to the accused did not demand a new trial.—I was prepared, therefore, in sincere sorrow for a delinquent brother, to pronounce the sentence which had been recommended by the Court, and had given the accused due notice of the time and place when the painful duty would be performed by me. But late last night I received a notice from a Judge of the Supreme Court, enjoining me to desist from pronouncing or suffering to be pronounced, such sentence or any other sentence, until a hearing shall be had before him, which is to take place on the 8th of October next." Of course I bow in obedience to the authority of the civil law, but doubt not when the opportunity is afforded, that I shall be able to make it entirely clear to the learned Judge who has enjoined me, that the accused has been tried with all fairness, and with unusual opportunities to prove his innocence, and that the civil authority is not called upon by any principle of justice, thus to interfere with the execution of the ecclesiastical law."

The subject was referred to a Committee, whose condensed report will be found in another column. We feel great confidence in Bishop Wainwright's discretion, and in his experience, and also in the character of the Committee, both as to the clerical and lay members of it. The business is undoubtedly in good hands; and we should not desire now to speak of it, but that the Bishop's address seems to us to make concessions, which are fitted to excite serious apprehensions in the minds of Churchmen generally. This is no concern of New York alone; for it may be cited elsewhere as a precedent, and therefore affects the whole Church in the United States. What are the circumstances as they are given to us? A clergyman whose name we learn from another part of the proceedings, has occupied two years and a half in a conscientious study of the safeguards of conscience which two of the gravest charges with which man can be accused? (what they are we know not, but they loom large through such a description) the evidence is examined and re-examined by the Bishop upon a motion for a new trial: that motion is not sustained, and the Bishop is about to pronounce the sentence recommended by the court, having notified the accused of the time and place, when on the night before his address to the Convention, an injunction from a Judge of the Supreme Court against his proceeding further, is served upon him.—His language is, "Of course I bow in obedience to authority of the civil law. We are wholly at a loss to conceive the force of that "of course." It can have no significance unless upon the principle that in cases of Church discipline, the jurisdiction of the Church is somehow or other subordinate to the jurisdiction of the civil courts. If this be so, in any particular, then is the jurisdiction of the Church over her own subjects, imperfect and maimed. What are to be the bounds of this authority of injunction—intruding with all its Chancery powers of penetration? If there be the power to interrupt and check the discipline of the Church, why not the power to control it altogether? If there be the power to compel the Church to keep a villain in her ministry a week, or a month, after he had decided to purge itself of such pollution, why may it not be compelled to keep him for years, or forever? The Bishop doubts not that he will be able to satisfy the Judge who issued the injunction, that the execution of the ecclesiastical law should not be interfered with in this case by the civil authority. It may prove so; but the appearance of the Bishop to defend his jurisdiction is a recognition of a commanding authority. Should it prove otherwise, and who can confidently predict any Judge's decision? what would be the total abandonment of the discipline of the Church at the bidding of a civil court, or resistance to that court, under the disadvantage of having partially, at least, recognized its authority. As the case is now presented, we protest against it as a precedent. If once recognized, it would reach other cases of discipline; and ministers, fulfilling their prescribed duty of warning "notorious evildoers" away from the holy communion, would find themselves not only as we have known it to happen, threatened with suits for damages, but set at defiance by injunctions.

We have no disposition to disparage the judiciary of our country; but it is a large body—that of the General and State governments—appointed by Presidents or Governors, or elected by the people—with all varieties of religious belief, or with no belief at all. If there be no principle to protect the Church from inappropriate interference of the civil courts, the Church certainly has no power to make choice among the Judges. If an injunction or judicial order of any kind may come from one, it may from another; it may be from a Judge who gives himself wholly up to the delusion of spirit-rappings; or it may be the bidding of a Judge with an unruly temper and an unbridled tongue, with passion taking the place of judicial composure. We confess that our apprehensions on this occasion have been somewhat heightened by the circumstance that just after reading of the injunction served on Bishop Wainwright, we chanced to read the report of a case in the Circuit Court of the United States, at Philadelphia, in which an Associate Judge of the Supreme Court is reported, as railing, in a strain of violent and vulgar vituperation, at what he styles "tuppenny magistrates," etc.—and threatening a great many sorts of things against a great many sorts of people, for the protection of those whom he calls "my officers." To say nothing of the offensive aristocratic contempt thus exhibited by a Judge of the highest rank and largest compensation, towards the inferior and poorly paid magistrates of a State, we deprecate the intrusion of Judges of the civil courts into the discipline of the Church, not only on principle, but because a case, which chances to be contemptuous, shows what we grieve to be obliged to admit—that in the highest judicatories of the country, there may be found a rashness of temper and coarseness of tongue, which would be unworthy of an angry advocate—much more of a Judge.—We do not believe that there can be found any more authority or reason for an injunction from a civil court to interrupt or arrest the discipline of the Church, than for an injunction to forbid a father punishing his child. The Church in one case, and the private house in the other, should admit no such intrusion.

There is a possibility that it was not a rattlesnake which bit the boy that died in Madison county, Iowa, after a free application of whiskey, and we shall not, therefore, give up whiskey as a remedy for snake poison. Perhaps there may have been something in the boy's name which prevented whiskey from acting on his constitution; it was Allecorn.—Boston Post.

The man that was struck with an idea, is said to be convalescent.

ELISE DE VAUX.

By FANNY FERN.

"Well, Doctor, what do you think of her? She has set her heart upon going to that New Year's Ball, and it will never do to disappoint her, poor thing!"

The blunt old doctor bit his lips impatiently, and striking his gold-headed cane in no very gentle manner on the floor, said—

"Think! I think it would be perfect insanity for her to attempt it. I won't be answerable for the consequences."

"Pshaw! my dear sir; she has had a dozen attacks before, quite as bad, and—"

"And that is the very reason she should be more cautious now, Madam. Good morning—good morning! Heaven save me from those fashionable mothers, who matter so much as to be the mother of a mad girl!"

"She'll kill the girl, and then her death will be laid to my door—ugh!—it would be a comfort if one could meet a sensible woman occasionally!"

Elise was sitting in the bed, propped up by pillows, when her mother entered.—"If you, my dear girl, will be so good as to get up, I hope Dr. Wynnman didn't presume to interfere about my going to the ball, because I intend to go, dead or alive; and mamma, while my lunch is getting ready, just bring me my dress, and let me see if Jeannet has placed the trimmings where they should be, and have a glove placed around the wrist of my kid gloves; and mamma, don't forget to send to Auster's for that pearl spray I selected for my hair; and by the way, just hand me that mirror: I'm afraid I'm looking awfully pale."

"Not now," said the frightened mother, you are too weary. Wait till you have had some refreshment; and the pale beauty sank back on her pillow, crushing a wealth of dark ringlets, and closed her eyes wearily, in spite of her determination to be well.

A ring at the door! (a bright flush came to her cheek.) "That's Vivian mamma. Tell him—tell (and a sharp pain through her temples forced her to pause) tell him I'm better and he may call for me at ten to-morrow night; and mamma, hand him this; and she drew forth a little perfume-bottle, and handed it to her mother. "Oh! draw aside the curtain Jeannet! Oh! we shall have a nice evening for the dance; now hand me my dressing-gown. Mamma, that medicine is perfectly miraculous where I should have been, had you not called in a better counsellor than Dr. Wynn. He would like me for a patient a year. I dare say; but I knew better than to line his pockets that way; and she skipped gaily across the floor; and she skipped and called Jeannet to arrange her hair. "Soberly, soberly, Jeannet! My head isn't quite right yet. There that will do," said Elise, as the skilful French woman bowed across her dress in complicated glossy braids around her well formed head.—

"Now place that pearl spray a little to the left, just over my ear,—pretty, is it not mamma?"

"Rest awhile now, Elise," said her mother, as she looked apprehensively at the bright crimson spot upon her cheek, that grew deeper every moment, and contrasted so strikingly with the marble paleness of her brow. "I'm afraid you are going beyond your strength."

"Mamma, what are you thinking about? Look at me: and see how well I look. Besides I'd go to this ball if it cost me my life. Mabel has triumphed over me once; she shall not do it a second time.— Besides, there is really no dancing; I feel wild with spirits to-night, and anticipate a most brilliant evening," and she clasped the pearl pendant in her small ears; and the light, fleecy dress fell in soft folds about her graceful person, and upon her fair form placed his gift, and taking in her hand the rich bouquet, every flower of which whispered hope to her young heart, she held up her cheek with a bewitching smile and said—

"Now kiss me, mamma, and say that you are proud of Elise."

And now Jeannet, with officious care, draws the rich opera cloak about her shoulders, and with a thousand charges from sparingly of ice and not very harshly with dancing, the carriage wheels roll away from the door, freighted with their lovely burden.

"Elise de Vaux here!" said a tall, queeny girl, attired in black velvet; and she curled her pretty lip with ill-concealed vexation. "I thought her dying, or near it; and as Elise glided gracefully past in the dance, every eye following her, and every tongue was eloquent in her praise, Mabel's cheek paled with anger.

"How radiant she is! how dazzling! Sickness has but enhanced her beauty, and how proudly Vivian bears her through the waltz! Every step they take is on my heart strings. This must not, shall not be! Courage, onward heart!" and, mastering her feelings with a strong exercise soon brought the rose to her cheek, her eye grew wildly brilliant, and had Vivian not been magnetized, past recall, his eye would have been caught by the dazzling vision.

All eyes were fixed upon the rival belles, and amid the voluptuous swell of music, the flashing of lights, the overpowering sweetness of myriad flowers, and the rapid, whirling motion of the dance, every brain and heart were dizzy with excitement.

"Heavens! that is not Elise de Vaux," said a nephew of Dr. Wynn's. "What mad folly!" My uncle told me if she came

it would be at the price of her life. How surpassingly beautiful she is!"

Still on—on they whirled! the dancers! till the stars grew pale, and the sweet flowers drooped in the heated atmosphere.

"No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet to chase the glowing hours with flying feet."

"What unearthly beauty!" said an old gentleman to a young man, upon whose arm he was leaning, as Elise glided past.

"Who is she?"

"Elise de Vaux," said the young man, mechanically, his eyes riveted to her figure.

"Do you know what you are saying?" said he, tapping him gently on the arm.

"Yes, Elise de Vaux."

"Well, why do you look at her so wildly? Has Cupid aimed a dart at you out of those lovely blue eyes?"

"Good God!" said the young man, leaping forward, as a peering shriek came upon the air.

"Make room! help! throw up the windows!" and Elise was borne past, gasping senseless, to the cool night air.

"Aye, Vivian! kneel at her side, chafe the little jewelled hands, put back the soft hair from the azure-veined temples, press the pulseless wrist, listen for the beating heart—in vain!"—Elise is dead!

And in the arms of him for whom she had thrown away her young life, she was borne to her home. The diamond sparkled mockingly on her clay cold fingers, the pearls still lingering amid her soft ringlets, the round, symmetrical limbs still fair in their beautiful proportions. The heart she coveted was gained—the dear bought victory was won.

Few men have ever gone to Congress with more fun and popularity than the Hon. W. Coombs, of Kentucky. In the way of anecdote, he is unequalled, while his mode of telling stories imparts a tone to them that no one can appreciate who has not made his acquaintance.

Among the "characters" that Mr. Coombs knows like a book, is old Major Luckey, whose taste for bragging amounts, at times, to the sublime. Whenever the Major has a stranger in the neighborhood, he "opens wide, and spreads himself," and with a success that leaves us nothing to desire. The following scene took place between the Major and Col. Peters, "a late arrival" from Illinois:

"Major, I understand from Gen. Coombs, that shortly after the Revolution you visited England; how did you like the jaunt?"

"Capitally! I had not been in London five hours before Rex sent for me to play whist, and a devil of a time we had of it."

"Rex! what Rex?"

"Why, Rex the King—George the third, Burke—and it resulted rather comically."

"How so?"

"As we were playing the last game, Rex said in rather a familiar manner, 'Major, I suppose you know Charles Washington, that fellow who was killed at Brandywine?' 'Father be d—d,' says he, 'he was a cursed rebel, and had I served him right, he would have been hung long ago.' This, of course, riled me, and to that degree, that I just drew back, and gave him a blow between the eyes that felled him like a bullock. The next moment Pitt and Burke mounted me, and in less than ten minutes my shirt and breeches were so torn and tattered that I looked like Lazarus. This gave me rather a distaste for English society; so the next morning I set sail for America. Six weeks afterwards I landed at Washington. The first person I met, after entering the city, was Q."

"Q! what Q?"

"Why, that old federalist, Quincy Adams. He wanted me to play ninepins with him, and I did so. Won \$200 at two shillings a game, and then had a row."

"About what?"

"He wanted to pay me off in Continental money, worth about a shilling a peck. I got angry, and knocked him into a spittoon. Whilst I still had him down, 'Jim' came in and dragged me off to the 'White House.'"

"What Jim?"

"Why, Jim Madison. I went, played for two hours, when 'Tom' came in, and insisted that I should go home with him."

"What Tom?"

"Why, Tom Jefferson. Jim, however, would not listen to it, and the consequence was that they went into a fight. In the midst of it they fell over the banisters, and dropped about fifty feet. When I left, they were giving each other jessy in the coal cellar. How it terminated I never could learn, as just then 'Martha' ran in; and I must accompany her up to Mount Vernon, to see 'George.'"

"What Martha do you mean?"

"Martha Washington, wife to George, the old boy that gave jessy to the Hessians. About here, Coombs said the stranger began to discover that he was "swallowing things." The next stage that came along, he took passage in it for an adjacent town. The Major, we believe, is still living, and still believes that the walloping he gave Louis the Eighteenth is the best thing on record.—N. Y. Dutchman.

LEAD'S EXPERIMENT WITH BILLY.

Less than a hundred miles from Syracuse, lives an old farmer, whose given name is Zury—a hard working, honest old Englishman, owning a good farm of over a hundred acres, and two faithful boys, who have been brought up to wield the agricultural implement,—from one of these I have my story.

Old Zury had an old goat on the farm, who is not one of the most peacefully disposed creatures in the world, and on this account the boys take no little delight in putting his lordship on his taps, once in a while, by way of amusement; for a long time the old man had noticed that when Billy came home at night he was completely covered with mud and water, and old Zury could not imagine how he should become so; so he determined, if possible, that he would find out the cause of Billy's dirty fortune.

One day he left the boys—to pick up the rakes, &c., after a hard day's work of haying—and walked around the ridge, where Billy generally kept himself it was about time for the goat to go to the house, but there he lay, quiet and dry; so old Zury seated himself behind a stump, determined to watch his movements, for that night, at any rate; he had not been there more than fifteen minutes, when who should he see coming along the ridge but the two boys; his first impulse was to tell them to keep back, but upon second thought, he said nothing.

"Take my lead, Hank," said Dick; "it's my turn to take the feller to-night."

"Hank took Dick's lead from his back, and Dick going down the hill a little ways, soon showed himself within a few yards of where the goat was lying.

Billy had already caught a glimpse of the old man, and was soon on his feet.—Hank laid flat on the ground, and Dick, on the edge of the ridge, now presented a full front, which did not seem exactly to please his goatship, for he pointed for him, and down went Dick, to aggravate Billy to a still more desperate lunge; again the signal rose, and Billy jumped, but just as he got within a few feet, Dick lowered himself about two pegs, and Mr. Goat lowered himself about fifteen feet into a ditch of marsh mud and water. Hank had caught sight of a small corner of the old man's hat above the stump, and sloped for the bars, while Dick was not a little surprised at the sudden transformation of the old stump into a human being, and that too the old man, at fifteen paces, who, by the way, was not one of the most forbearing persons in the world; and as he looked around on the ground, Dick thinking that a club or stone might possibly be the object of his search, started on a keen jump for the barn. The old man made up his mind to keep back.

"I thought I should not be able to hold myself together, as Hank related the surprise of old Zury and his son, they stood face to face.

"But hold on," said he, "I haven't told you the best of it yet; about two weeks from that time, one day me and Dick had been working all day, and we made up our minds that we should find old dad bucked, for he hadn't been in the field at all in the afternoon, and he always kept a good barrel of ale in the cellar; but when we had started, who should we see but the old man, edging around the ridge; so Dick and me went over that way. There was old dad, and there was the goat. We laid flat on the ground, anxious to know what the old man was going to do, what he was our surprise, to see him take the exact position Dick had taken a couple of weeks before.

We said nothing for we hadn't seen any of that kind of sport in a long time; the old man presented rather a formidable appearance, but Billy, nothing daunted, pointed for the mark, the old man lowered, but a little too late, for the goat took him "plump." We heard something strike in the mud, and it wasn't Billy, for he stood looking down over the ridge. Me and Dick pulled for the barn, and in a few minutes we saw old dad paddling for the house, covered with mire from head to foot.