Rowan Whig and Western Advocate.

"WESTWARD THE STAR OF EMPLE TAKES ITS WAY."

VOL. II.--NO. 51.

SALISBURY, N. C., FRIDAY LORNING, OCTOBER 27, 1854.

WHOLE NO. 102.

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

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fractions of a square equal to 1 or 1, charged in pro-portion to the whole of which they are a part. Occasional renewals without additional charge granted to those who advertise regularly through Three dollars for announcing candidates for office. Court orders charged 25 per cent higher than the above rates. Orders for divorce of husband and

Persons sending advertisements are requested to state the number of insertions required, or they will be inserted until forbid; and if it is wished they should occupy the least space possible, write upon the back "close." Otherwise they will be put up in the usual style and charged accordingly. No discount on these rates.

Poetical.

For the Whig and Advocate. [From the German of Goethe.] THE ERLKING.

Translated by W. M. BARBER. The Erlking was a malicious spirit in the old German mythology, which took great pleasure in destroying the beloved children of fond parents. In the following production, the great German poet has pictured a loving father; bereaved of his prattling babe, by the malice of the wicked

Who aides amid the storms of night? A father with his prattling child! He clasps the loved one in his arm,

Protects his life and keeps him warm "My son, why hidest thou thy face ?" My father, dost thou not behold The Erking with his train and crest ?"

"My son, 'tis but a streak of mist!" " Thou lovely boy, come go with me In joyous plays I'll sport with thee,

Where varied blossoms line the strand And golden robes (line) my motherland!' "My father! father! hear'st thou not The whisper'd words that Erlking speaks

"Be still, my child, 'tis but the breeze Whisp'ring amid the leafy trees!" "Sweet boy, if thou wilt come with me,

My daughters fair, shall serve thee well, Shall lead for thee the nightly dance While lovely strains thy soul entrance!"

"My father, dost thou not behold The Erlking's daughters, through the gloom's "My son, I see the bright array

Of willows in their robes of gray!" "Thy beauty conquers, come with me, Nor bid me use resistless force!" "My father Erlking holds me, see

My father Erlking injures me!" " Swiftly the afflicted father rides And fondly clasps his quiv'ring child, And now, his troubled journey o'er,

A corpse within his arms he bore !"

A Family of Opium Lovers .- Some six months ago a person visited our town, asking for money to purchase medicines for his mother who was sick. Recently the same solicitor has been around on the same errand for other members of the family. most degrading, is a comparative blessing. The entire family, it is said, subsists for and soporific influence, and this fearful

habit has been so long indulged as to have grown into second life. The example of Coleridge before the world, who acknowledged it the basest and most destructive of vices and at the same time the most absolute of tyrants, should, we think, be a sufficient warning to all after-comers to avoid the drug. But here is an example of a whole family addicted to the same habit; and it has brought upon them all its certain results, apathy, indolence, poverty, misery, and will eventually a rational zeal and moral purpose which blush that crimsoned her face showed more end in the most wretched death .- [Elmira .

MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ.

Republican.

The numerous friends and admirers this distinguished and gifted lady will be pleased to learn that she is again in at the North, where, in obedience to the

claims of afflicted and bereaved relatives, she has been tarrying for some months past. It affords us much gratification to state that Mrs. Hentz returns to us in excellent health, and, if possible, more than ever devoted to the interests and institutions of the sunny South, which she has so powerfully and gracefully vindicated in "The of George Southern. Prior to this time, curiosity is twisting his face into contor- Sunday? 'Yes my son, they will,' Well Planter's Northern Bride,"

For the Whig and Advocate. WALTER MACON, OR THE LAWYER IN LOVE.

A Tale written and dedicated to the young Ladies -By. W.-

THE following tale, founded upon facts, is not designed to portray the melting, though unreal feelings, which so generally accompany the hypocritical love of this cold and selfish age. I shall rather endeavor to mingle incidents, entirely fictitious, with certain facts, known only to a few, in such, a manner as to teach a lesson of truth as well as to give a few moments of pleasure to my readers.

Young Walter Macon sprung from a prevails, though a far greater amount of feeling and, perhaps, religion also is seen than in the more gaudy ranks of the aristocracy. The circumstances of his parents were sufficient for the comfortable enjoyment of life, though not adequate to the expenses and extravagance of "high life." But though such was the case their hearts were as pure, and devoted to the interests of their friends, as if they possessed all the gold of Crossus. An advertisement making 1 or 1 squares, charged in proportion to one square. And making 21 or 21 Their children all were anxious to succeed well in life, and with this object in view, res, charged in proportion to 2 squares. All their conduct always betrayed energy and activity. But there was one, especially remarkable for his bold aspiration. We mean no other than our hero Walter Macon.

Though an aspiring youth, he was neither proud nor haughty in his deportment to others. On the contrary, his kind and unassuming manner won him many friends among those who could appreciate the principles of the gentleman. High station in life was not the prime motive of his action. A polished and thorough education was the thing which he longed for far more than wealth and station. By his own industry, combined with the zeal of a kind father and brother, he at length completed his college education. While at college he had contracted the habits of zealous and untiring industry, without the dissipation and immorality, so generally prevalent among college students. His untiring industry as well as his general honesty gained him many unchanging friends among his professors as well as companions. But there are some everywhere who have but small regard for principle or perseverance, because they are themselves strangers to both.

Among this class we may safely place George Temple, the class-mate of our hero, Walter Macon.-Temple possessed sufficient powers of mind to have distinguished himself in a literary point of view; but he seemed totally destitute of either moral or gentlemanly principle, without which the strongest powers of mind are unavailable. Consistently with his character, he had no respect or friendship for Walter. On the contrary nothing was too low and unprincipled for him to engage in, if by so doing, he could injure him in the estimation of his companions or instructors. But every one knew the comparative merits of the two classmates too well to believe anything which Temple might say against Walter. In spite therefore of envy, which a great poet has so aptly called "a hissing coal sent hot from hell." Walter continued to rise in the estimation of his friends, and at length bore away the palm from all his competitors. Nor did this excite any ill-feelings against him among those who had so warmly contested the prize with him. It was noble and, indeed, affecting to see his fellow-students grasp him cordially by the hand and congratulate him on his victory over them. Not so with Temple. Walter's triumph was a fresh thorn in his side, which pierced him the deeper, the more he contemplated his own inferiority.

be better impressed upon the mind, when non-descript beings to which he belongs. was a place where the wratch funds are applied is of so objectionable a the circumstances of this tale bring it in nature that all should withhold their names, | contrast with the principle and worthiness out of regard for the family who are the of Walter. After his departure from col- plicable or not. It is sufficient that it en- love, if you please; but slaves of a habit to which drunkenness, the lege, his genteel and manly deportment tirely applies to Walter Macon. He was leved Mary Southern too wells the most part on opium or its exhilarating information and accomplishment gained ad- to her, but his natural reserve and modesty would be no hope of ever see

unruffled enjoyment. But life is a check- but that time has sufficed to make m ered scene. And though its first colors are subject." "Oh no," was the reply, "you are midst, after a somewhat prolonged absence bright and beautiful, the prism must turn, are but jesting on a serious subject." Of and reveal others of a gloomier cast. At course this is but a small portion of the were ended, he often walked over the spirit of his dream." He had be- sion, but love-talk is proverbially dry to ness entrusted to his care. come acquainted with many gentlemen of those who are uninterested. And besides, the bar, by one of whom he was introduced the non-descript bachelor, who has been to Mary, the young and beautiful daughter | carefully peeping over my shoulder through Walter had frequently mingled in female tions at the very idea, that such combina- keep them, then.

society when his business permitted him | tions of words are possible. this enjoyment. But love seems never as them, then, to argue this subject as they yet to have entered his young breast. His please, and merely state the common at and dissipation, now so generally prevalent and beautiful heroine on some among so-called gentlemen. He had al- ry husband. At least they s whom he met in company, in the light of on which he and Mary had her sitting, ries are very current at all seasons. friends. It is true that he occasionally his countenance was by no wrote amatory poems and sent them to the and cheerful: for he was ladies; but they were never regarded in lover, or, to use the vulgar p the light of earnest. On the contrary, it was as badly kicked as men was often remarked jocosely that all, in Some are disposed to laugh a honor of whom he wrote these love-songs, as if they were nothing, but according to the amount of his bob-tail muse, fected method of treating had "unburned locks," "rosy cheeks" &c. portant subject. I can in He loved them all, but it was with the es- of the saddest misfortunes those emotions which were so inexplicable think I am full of joy, because I am laugh, to the Moorish girl who had been secluded my heart feels far otherwise! The case in a lonely fortress from infancy. His man- was different with Walter. What portive ner now began to show very plainly the friends inquired if Mary Southern condition of his heart. In his conversation beautiful, the sad and downers temptenance with Mary, he was particularly exact in plainly showed the feelings of hir disapremarkably tender and effeminate, his ex- and he hoped (though against lope) that pressions as soft as the zephyr which fanned she might be his. He hoped that circumthe effeminate Rinaldo in Tasso's "bower stances might bring about a charge. But

mouth even faster than from the laughable spring from a combination of circumstances. genius in Butler's Hudibras. Smiles nev- These circumstances may bring to view, Proctor (Barry Cornwall) all had to con- generate it. After this di tribute something to this wonderful con- our hero mingled occasionally a society, sages of poetry laugh to have heard some of "that gem of purest ray seres," which their extravagant lines, quoted as the very could never be his! At times would apessence of human feeling-lines which con- pear to him that his courtship afirst sight tained sentiments, unnatural enough to was unreasonable and impurent but then choke any one but the hardy lawyer. To he thought that the general ries of etimake his arguments more distinct, Walter quette were never strictly obsered in "afalways sat as near Mary as the rules of pro- fairs du cœur." At length heletermined priety would allow him: to make them on leaving the country; but I was too more cogent and impressive, he frequently well read in the old Latin toetot to know looked into her sweet face with a logical that "climates, not men, ch sternness, peculiar to the reasonings of love. expected was to engage in biness and Besides this, though Walter was no inferior thus to keep his mind away fro that sad reasoner in ordinary conversation, he al- subject. But the keenest pangof all reways lost the point at issue on this all-ab- mained to be felt. A short tip before his sorbing occasion. But let us not leave the departure he heard that Mary as destined poor, silly and afflicted youth to the tender soon to become the bride of

come the victim of sweet smiles and rosy was unworthy of a christian; al besides, lips. They are now seated at a table, en- he loved Mary too sincerely towis gaged in some simple game of cards, no one harm, who might contribe matter what. There is evidently but little happiness. At a short distanc fr calculation on either side. One who had dwelling flowed a beautiful rive seen the celebrated painting, representing banks he now resorted; but 100 the devil playing chess with Faust for his birds were chanting their evenig songs asoul while the guardian angel was looking long those verdant shores and tigat fishes over the shoulder of the latter with sad were sporting in those silver were watchfulness, would have remembered the could not cheer his drooping hat. anxiety, depicted on those countenances, if he had once viewed Walter's lovelorn face -not of course, comparing either our hero he thought to himself, "why py or heroine with the devil. Indeed, Wal- plunge in those blue waters an but ter's mind was so completely swayed by self and my sorrows away fro human love, that he took every heart that Mary sight?" Nor is such a feelingungatural played, no matter what it cost; while the in such a case. It is true that the great unfortunate clubs, &c., were of little inter- Italian poet (Ariosto) in his "glando Fuest to him! His whole conduct rather ap- rioso" describes a ludicrous low, who, to peared to indicate his desire to "press" terminate his sufferings, jump headlong

rather than "follow suit." But enough of such nonsense. I have shore, crying out for help at eny stroke. ridiculed an unfortuntate lover too much That this is a very possible case one will already; so let him stare away uninterrup- deny; but the distinction between real and ted at the raven locks, soft black eyes, dewy romanatic love will account for lips and smiling brow of Mary Southern. facts. The Greek poet (Aristopanes) also Love at first sight is often ridiculed as an ridicules conjugal affection, by rating one absurd idea, but we all know that such is of his characters kill his own wis in order not the case. For a young, sweet, levely to have a pathetic theme for pot and clever girl will subdue a man of feel- all such jokes and fancies affector in the ing in less than five minutes. "The devil least the reality and extent of gauine love. you say," exclaims an old bachelor at my It is enough that the feelings of Walter side; but to such an individual, I can only were not mere romance. And acts would But enough of this enmity for the pre- say that I am using arguments which ap- have shown that life was of no afue in his ply only to men and not to that class of eyes, if he had not considered that there

principle, laid down before, be generally ap- hypocritical religion gained Walter many more friends, than his anxious to unfold the secrets of his heart self into a world of sorrow mirers. Had he been wealthy, he might rendered the subject a very delicate one to His own self-respect prevented have become a favorite with the fair sex, him. At length, however, he mustered but his circumstances made it necessary to sufficient boldness to explain his cherished pay more attention to his business and hopes; though we must confess that his studies, than to all the faney-touches of "modus operandi" was mither awkward. dress and the delicate curling of hair. He But Mary's sweet face and his hope of gainwas now busily occupied in the study of ing her dear heart, tended to lessen his emhis future profession. He had always felt barrassment, thus illustrating the wella desire to become a lawyer, and he now known line of Virgil "dux femina facti." entered upon the study of this science with "Mary, I have one thing to tell you." The argued well for his future success and pop- clearly than words that she understood his

the use of his expressions. His ideas were pointed heart. He knew that he was hers it is a very erroneous idea to imgine that Poetical tropes and figures came from his love, which is the child of nature can ever

keep a guardian eye on him, lest he be- soon remembered that such a any

> As it roll'd on in silence bels, into the sea and then swims by for

"While sadly he gazed on tiri

giving himself up to dissi knew that this popular mode of sorrow only added the addit violated conscience. He left h some distant part of the count voted bimself constantly to the pursuits the ardor of his love And often, while pering of pages of Coke, Blackstone and R would raise his eyes from his booker hizing! After the labo

"SLEEPY DAVY."-A SPORTING SKETCH. | in on the track, leading a shocking looking BY THE YOUNG 'UN.

The substance of the following sketch of love of female company arose from his con- which they arrived. Those who have read " life on the road " may already have been viction that such tender and angelic beings many novels, are aware that to generally printed, though I never met with it. I were a sure safeguard against immorality terminate by conferring the complished heard it related with most capital gusto or ordina. and "marked emphasis," by a knight of be disap. the ribbons, while journeying through New ways regarded the lovely young girls, with pointed once. When Walter latthe sofa Hampshire, lately-where good horse sto-

bland I had taken a seat on the box with the sessinted driver of the mail coach from B-to logy, he E—, no rail having as yet been laid down to the latter place—and upon handis an af- good-natured and communicative. Three siles from our starting we came out of the woods upon a piece of hard, granite-ized e at road, over which the coachtires rang right teem and affection of friendship. But since events, which should wound the Biose in. merrily, as the team bounded forward. he had seen Mary, he felt within his bosom sensible heart; but though my friends seemingly accustomed to a much better pace thereabouts, than I had hitherto observed en route.

The nigh leader was (or rather had been) one of the "pelters" that we sometimes read about in sporting chronicles; and hammer-headed, strong-sinewed chestnut, of fabulous age, but a nag of unquestionable bottom, with as many "points" as joints He was evidently a "good 'un to go,' malgee his protruding withers and manifold wind-galls; and as he put out on striking the smoother road, I remarked that he was certainly "some pumpkins."

"G'lang, Davy !" said our driver, rather snapper of his long whip as gently upon his flank as an expert disciple of Walton versation. And it would have made those but every fair face only remined him of could possibly drop his trout-fly upon an ed out his traces, and had himself to his business with a will that set the rest of the team into a rollicking gallop, instanter.

For a mile or more, we dashed on at railroad speed, and the performance was really very creditable. The road soon became rough again, however, and our Jehu ha! Well, it's no matter. The drunken became tamer.

"That's a good hoss, sir-that Davy," entured the driver "So I think. Have you driven him

here long?" I inquired. "Over ten years, sir, in all weather, every day but Sundays, back or forth, and At never lost a trip with him."

> "Fact, sir. But Davy's an old 'un. Ten years ago he'd done with whole corn

"Whole corn?" I asked--"how?!" Jehusmiled at my innocence.

"Grinders used up, sir; that's all." As I did not understand, he continued "Teeth gin out, sir. | Couldn't eat corn -he was old, then. So we feed him on

meat. G'lang Davy !" "And how old must a horse be, in this condition?" I asked.

"Sixteen, p'raps." "Then Davy must have seen over a score of years, at least."

Bess ?-He's seen the time when he could slay 'em, though-the best on 'em too." "He travels well," I added

"Well, sir, that's noth'n, now. You see he hitches a little behind. He's a bad spavin .- Mor'n fifteen years ago he had his legs well under him, and was a sure card. We've got eight miles to go yet, and I'll tell a story about him, if you like."

of money was ventur'd on the result. There horses." was a heap o' bragging too, on the ground, and you'd better believe the cattle they brought to the course that time, were fast 'uns. They didn't talk o' nothin' but twoforties, two-fifties, and three minitters, for Church last Sunday. His sermon was in

the running horses, all at once there came rhetoric, but his language is as simple as up to the Judge's stand a drunken man; his argument is powerful. It is very much ; for he (supposing he could carry off a gallon o' licker,) as two quartss'd make him."

"Half-cocked," I suggested.

"Edzackly; I see you understand. Well, he come up, an' says he to the Judge, "Hain't you, 'ic, narry trottin' 'osses, yere?" But the head Judge says to him, 'way, my good man; you're slightly 'neebrated and if you don't git out the way, you'll get knocked down by the horses." But the feller wouldn't! He wanted to not by any improper spirit on the part of think know if they hadn't narry trottin' horse, ious industry; but still it had been one of been but a short time since I first saw you. large warm team result is in the land been one of been but a short time since I first saw you. cheeks. knocked down by nun o' your trottin' 'os- of God. We think the Episcopal Church n who ses," says the feller. "Well, then, I'll in South Carolina very fortunate in having unsyms send for a p'liceman," continued the Judge, elected Bishop Davis to its head. They the day politely-"an' he'll knock you down quick- could not have selected an abler defender ont of his er'n scat." So the drunken man sidled up his Christian humanity and piety, of prethis period of Walter's life, "a change came non-sense, which was spoken on that occa- house, thinking of past scenes, or of busi- to the Judge ag'in, and said he, "I can beat siding over their Diocese. There was a your trottin' 'osses all to rags. Ef you've very large concourse of persons present to got any, fetch 'em on!" Then the Judges hear the Bishop's sermon. took a little more notice of the feller, you

at once, and shortly afterwards staggered vocate.

beast, with an old black saddle on him, and a yallar bridle with blinders on it. Of course, the crowd yelled and hurra-ed like sixty-but the man was too much 'neebrated to care much for that; and, what was wuss, it was clear that his licker was a workin'; for if anything, he grew a little drunker every minute. However, he came

up to the stand with his beautiful nag.

The next race was announced. Three mile heats-best two in three-open to all comers, without distinction-for \$1000 a side. It was a bad show for the poor felmatters, ing him my cigar-case, I found him at once ler, anyhow. He hadn't but a hundred dollars, and the horses were coming up for trial. Suddenly his brother came out of the crowd, all covered over with dust, and out of breath—just arrived—heard ne was FESSOR, in glaring capitals, above a news-there, drunk and fooling away his money, paper advertisement, or flaming at the head and begged him to go home with him. No! The feller was goin' to have a trot with the "big bugs." His affectionate he would lose every dollar he had-but he would trot, anyhow. So, he give his note, and his brother let him have money enough to "anty up" with the betting men all round; who took his seven or eight hundred dollars at large odds against his

You never saw so bad a looking creeter as that man's hoss was. He hitched along behind his drunken owner, with his nose down between his knees, his tongue lolling the seat of his breeches, playing upon two er left his face: Byron, Moore, Bayly and when it already exists, but the can never insinuatingly, as I spoke—and throwing the half out of his thin jaws, his eyes nearly closed, and his tail clinging close to his body, while the "boys" were in high glee at the prospect of the approachig fun. The unbroken stream, old "Davy" straighten- bets were all closed, and those who watched the man thought the excitement had rather helped him-for he really wasn't so drunk as he appeared!

You should have been there, sir, to have seen that horse the instant the bugle sounded, calling the animals to the post! Ha! man vaulted into the saddle, and ten men couldn't have held his horse. At the word 'go!' he jumped into a gait such as the two-forty jockies never dreamed of!

" What!" I exclaimed in amazement "Yes, sir," continued Jehu, enthusiastically, "that drunk, that stupid horse, that dear brother, was all a guy. The lazy nag

second mile had been reached, he had it all his own way, followed only by ten or eleven of the best horses in York; while he pelted right through the three miles, inside of eight minutes, winning the first hea' splendidly !"

"Well-what followed?"

"What followed! Why, one half the horses that chased him in on the first heat, to be sure .- When the Judge said 'go!' the second time, I tell you he was thereand went! Ha! ha! ha!-It's no use talking, he laid 'em all out-coming home the last mile in two-thirty-two-only three of the whole crowd saving their distance. "Five-and-twenty, sir, sure! G'lang Ger'lang, Davy! He's an old 'un now, sir!" continued Jehu, again applying the snapper to his nigh leader.

ed." that this is the animal you have de-

"Oh, yes, sir, that's him; Davy-'Sleepy Davy,' we call him, sir."

While I was lost in thinking of the changes in poor old Davy's career during I readily assented and he continued, thus: the previous twenty years or less, the stage-"As I said, it was near a score o' years horn sounded from the terminus of our ago, that a big race was got up in York route, and the coach rolled up right gal-State, where half a dozen o' the best nags lantly, at a twelve mile gait, before the in the country were up for trial, and a pile door of the tavern where we "changed

BISHOP DAVIS.

We had the pleasure of hearing this distinguished divine preach in the Episcopal six weeks afore the race; and when they defence of the Episcopal religion, and it all got together, it was a good show, sar-tin—bet your life on it.

The style of Bishop in Maryland.

An alliance having thus taken their goods. Well-arter the first race was over with no display, no effort at fine language or power on earth to his Apostles. The Apos tles, again, gave in succession to the Bishons of the Christian Church. In this way the organization of the Christian Church was Romanism, till the Reformation. That had jurisdiction over one of the mountain great event was brought about by the abuses of the Roman Catholics, and not by the rebellious spirit of Protestants. He compared it to the American Revolution, which was caused by the tyranny of England, and copacy as the true church, he did not deny the validity of other churches in the sight

PROFESSOR.

Into our last number we copied a short article, from the Salisbury Whig and Advocate, upon the subject of titles, having for its caption the above term. The subject might have been treated at far greater length by our contemporary; but brevity is, generally, the soul of wit. It is really enough to kinkle one's ire to think of the iberties which the mountchanks of the day are wont to take with the King's English and the wrongs heaped upon this word. PROFESSOR, by unprincipled charlatans, furnish a striking example. In our youth the term presented to our mind's eye the mage of a personage venerable, at least for his learning and station, if not for his years -of some one chosen by the trustees of a College or University to read lectures and nstruct the ingenuous youth of the land in

of a post-bill, we involuntarily picture to ourself a losel Yankee strolling through the country, with a vulgar twang on his tongue and a sheep's scull in his hand, mouthing brother assured him (and the crowd) that barbarous nonsense on the pretended science of craniology; or brazen-faced impostor of the native growth, haranguing on mesmer-

> -" Katerfelto, with his hair on end At his own wonders, wondering for his bread:'

or a still viler scamp imported from abroad his person benight with tinsel jewelry and his face all covered with hair like a goat's, torturing a violin into a cacophony of villainous sounds-in short, almost any sort' of a mountebank, balancing a straw upon his nose, lifting himself from the floor by ewsharps at a time, or entertaining a drunken rabblement on Tuesday night of a County Court with a ventriloguy vile and vulgar as the trash of an Ethiopian Melo-

Verily we have often lamented, and do still lament, the repeal of that section of the Act in such cases made and provided which authorized the infliction of corporal punishment in the case of strolling vagabonds and sturdy rogues who go about the country getting a living without labor. It ought to be re-enacted, with amendments comprehensive enough to embrace all vagrant "Professors:" and if we were Caliph of Bagdad for a day, it should be done, to the terror of all those arrogating to themselves titles to which they are not legitimately entitled.

Other impostures of a similar nature are enacted, to which we may hereafter advert. Here endeth our first lesson.

tices, if the friends of the parties will band them in. The question is often asked, "why did you not publish the notice of the marriage or death of such a person?" . The Gazette very promptly remarks, that it is trouble enough to publish these things gratuitously, without having to hunt up the particulars.

The same erroneous idea prevails here to considerable extent, viz: that it is the business of the Editor to gather these items ; and frequently, people take offence because it is not done in some instances. Persons have complained to us because a notice of he death of a member of their families (a child for instance) was not published; apparently utterly unconscious that it was their business and not ours to attend to. Others again, think that it is not only the Editor's duty to hunt up these particulars, but to write obituary notices, besides, "But you don't mean to say," I inquir- the merits and virtues of the departed.

Our rule is, to publish these notices, without charge (except in certain instances) provided that they are handed in to us for that purpose .- Wil. Herald.

The above is sensible and correct; and we hope the community will pay attention to it. How often is the editor blamed for not publishing the marriages or deaths in his neighborhood, when he has perhaps not heard of them; or, if he has, does not know the names of the parties .- Fay. Argus.

THE ALLIES

The Manch Church Gazette states that the Roman Catholic Priest at that place has openly taken the field for Governor Bigler, the Democratic candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania, and has instructed all his subjects to vote the whole Democratic ticket. The Baltimore Clipper says that this is the case everywhere—it is so

Priests, it is no wonder the Star other Democratic papers of North Carolina are mad with us for speaking disrespectfuler again! that is, he wasn't very drunk, but pooty the style, as we have before said, of Mr. ly of their allies. Of course, their alliance drunk, you know-just about as tight, Calhoun. He said that his text showed is "offensive and defensive." What porthat Christ had delegated a portion of his tion of the Democratic People will fall into this atrocious league, remains to be seen. Wil. Commercial.

Ploughing Deep .- Judge Coulter of Virginia, when first appointed to the bench, counties. The district was made up of wild and unruly fellows. One of the Judge's first acts was to impose a heavy fine, by way of example, upon a rough and hardy backwoods-man, for disorderly conduct. As the man was leaving the court room in charge of an officer, he turned and

addressed the Judge-"Your name is Coulter, is it not?"

"Yes." "Well, all I have to say is, that you are setting your coulter rather too deep for a man who is ploughing new ground. It is recorded that the fellow's wit saved

YELLOW FEVER IN TEXAS.-The yellow fever continues to prevail with great The installation of Rev. Mr. Arthur as severity at Houston. Among the deaths Rector of the Church was an interesting we note that of Mr. George Allen, brother ceremony, and one which we never before of the editor of the Houston Telegraph, The druken man paid an entrance fee, had witnessed .- Greenville Southern Ad- and B. F. Moore, a printer in the same of-